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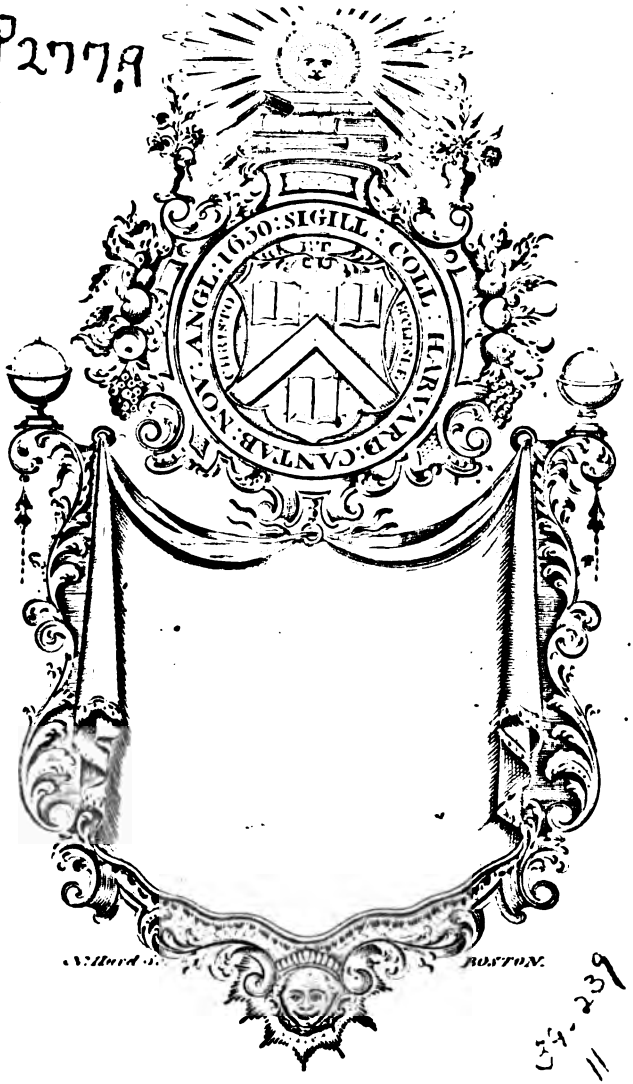

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THE MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY, AND Boston Review,

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candour and with justice. And if we are not able to decide with precision, we shall rest satisfied that we have reasoned as we ought.

A.

For the Monthly Anthology.

MR. EDITOR,

I am so well pleased with your publication, that I have procured all the numbers of the First Volume, and had them bound. Upon looking over the 5th and 6th numbers, pp. 224 and 273, I find "The Collectanea, or Magazine in miniature." Nos. 1 and 2, in which the writer intends to deposit such *Selections, Scraps, and loose Paragraphs*, as his reading or reflexion may furnish. Now this is exactly such a department, as I wish to see reestablished in your work. I have probably the same regard for every "flower" in the Anthology, which led you to keep the whole "collection" from withering away. Whether my incipient efforts will in any sense correspond with the original design of the author above mentioned, I cannot say; with your leave he may resume and prosecute his purpose; but if you have no objection, I wish you to publish the historical scraps I herewith offer under the title of

COLLECTANEA. No. 3.

"Tam prodesse quam conspici."

THE famous arch-pirate Rollo, son of a Norwegian count, being banished from his native land (in the ninth century), put himself at the head of a resolute band of Normans and seized upon the maratime provinces of France, from whence he infested the whole country. Charles the simple, having neither resolution nor power to expel the invader from his dominions, had recourse to negociation; and accordingly offered to make over to Rollo a considerable portion of his territories, provided the latter would marry his daughter Gisela, consent to a peace, and embrace christianity. These terms were immediately accepted; for the Norman pirates being without religion of any kind, were not restrained by prejudice from embracing one which presented to them the most advantageous prospects. Hence the province of Bretagne and a part of Neustria, conveyed by grant from Charles to his son-in-law, were from this time known by the name of *Normandy*.—*Mosheim, vol. 2. p. 374.*

THE whole island of Great-Britain was anciently called Albion. In the time of Julius Cæsar, it was called Britannia, from *birth*, which in the old British tongue signified *painted*; for the same reason that the extra-provincial Britains were afterwards called Picts, from their retaining the ancient custom of painting their skins. But about 800 years after the incarnation of Christ, by a special edict of king Egbert, who was descended from the Angles, a people of Lower-Saxony, in whose possession the greatest part of the country then was, the south part was called Angle, or Englelond, or as we now pronounce it, England.

Chamberlayne's present state of Great-Britain, p. 1.

GREAT events may frequently be traced to trivial causes. Louis 7th of France, in obedi-

ence to the injunction of his bishop, cropped his hair and shaved his beard. Eleanor of Aquitaine, his consort, found him, with this uncommon appearance, very ridiculous and contemptible. She revenged herself by becoming something more than a coquette. The king obtained a divorce, and the queen married the count of Anjou, who shortly after ascended the English throne. She gave him for her marriage dower the rich provinces of Poitou and Guienne; and this was the origin of those wars which for 300 years ravaged France, and cost the French nation three millions of men. All which, probably, had never taken place, if Louis the 7th had not been so rash as to crop his hair and shave his beard, by which he became so disgustful in the eyes of the fair Eleanor.

—

When the moon is in its wane, they say, in Otaheite, the spirits are devouring the deity; and when it increases, he is recruiting himself.—*Cook's last voyage, vol. 1. p. 166.*

—

It was a few years since, and probably now is a custom of the Mohawk Indians, to bury their dead in a sitting posture, and with their faces to the east. This occasion of this was a tradition, that, at some future day, a great man would appear in the *east* and call the dead to judgment. The posture they deemed the most convenient for rising; and by having their faces directed to that particular quarter of the heavens, it was intended that they should see the great man, as soon as he should appear. A suicide was buried with his head downwards and his face towards the west. The reason of this being requested, they answered, that it was to remind him, when called to judgment, that he had been the murderer of himself.

—

The first christian church was established at Jerusalem. Select portions of scripture were read, which were succeeded by a brief and serious exhortation to the people. The preacher usually delivered his sermon sitting, while the people stood. This was, probably, in conformity to the practice of the synagogue.

Gregory's christian church, vol. 1. p. 51.

—

In the fourth century, those applauses which had formerly been confined to theatres or the forum, were permitted in the christian church. The preacher was frequently interrupted by the cry of "orthodox," and clapping of the hands and feet. Chrysostom was applauded in the great church at Constantinople, by the peoples' waving their plumes, their handkerchiefs, and their garments; and by others laying their hands on their swords and exclaiming, "Thou art worthy of the priesthood!" *Ib. p. 189.*

—

Constantine had a very superb church erected at Jerusalem, over the sepulchre of Christ, which he dedicated to the twelve apostles, and intended for his own mausoleum. This is the first instance of church interment.

Ib. p. 184—5.

—

The Saracens invaded Spain in 714, and destroyed the em-

pire of the Visigoths in that country, which had been established there for upwards of 300 years. The conductor of this enterprise was Tarich, who, having encamped on the eminence which commands the bay of Cadiz, occasioned it to be called Gebal Tarich, or the mount of Tarich, which, by corruption is styled *Gibraltar.—Gregory's christian church, vol. 1. p. 424.*

COL. HUMPHREYS' WORKS.

For the Monthly Anthology.

Mr. EDITOR,

THE Reviewers in a late number of your Anthology, in remarking on the Poems of Col. Humphreys, have asserted that "It would be absurd to compare him with the great poets of England"; and in a long essay have undertaken to prove, that the age of good English poetry ended with the reign of queen Anne; that the British Muse has, from that period, been declining in a gradual nervous decay; that her young offspring, the American Muse, inherited from her parent the same disorder; and that both are now in the last stages of an incurable hectick. Though I have not used their language, I submit it to the reader, whether I have stated their ideas too strongly, or done any injustice to their sentiments.

To decide whether their remarks be just, no fairer method can be taken, than to quote similar passages together, and observe in what manner the poets of their Augustan age of England, the modern British poets, and the "bards of Columbia" have written upon the same subject. I will therefore give an example of this kind of comparison.

The description of a realm, once populous and happy, now exhibiting all the marks of ruin and desolation, has been a favourite topick, on which the poets have often exerted their highest talents, and have usually adopted similar images. We will first quote that of Pope, in describing the desolation of England under the first Norman kings.

The fields are ravish'd from th' industrious swains,
From men their cities, and from gods their fanes;
The levell'd towns with weeds lie cover'd o'er;
The hollow winds through naked temples roar;
Round broken columns clasping ivy twin'd;
O'er heaps of ruin stalk'd the stately hind;
The fox obscene to gaping tombs retires,
And savage howlings fill the sacred quires. *Pope's Windsor Forest.*

I shall take my next example from a modern British poet.

The description of a ruined country-settlement, from the *Deserted Village* of Goldsmith.

Sweet smiling village, loveliest of the lawn,
Thy sports are fled, and all thy charms withdrawn;
Amid thy bowers the tyrant's hand is seen,
And desolation saddens all thy green;
No more thy glassy brook reflects the day,
But choak'd with sedges works its weedy way;

Along thy glades, a solitary guest,
The hollow-sounding bittern guards its nest;
Amidst thy desart walks the lapwing flies,
And tires their echoes with unvaried cries.
Sunk are thy towers in shapeless ruin all,
And the long grass o'ertops the mouldering wall;
And trembling, shrinking from the spoiler's hand,
Far, far away thy children leave the land.

The Reviewer, who does not feel how superious is Goldsmith to his predecessor, does not deserve to exist a moment longer in his critical capacity.

We will next try the absurdity of comparing with these the attempts of the bards of Columbia. I cite them in the order as they have been first published.

The description of the desolation of Babylon, imitated from some passages in *Isaiah*.

For there no more shall gay assemblies meet,
Crowd thy full mart, or throng thy spacious street;
No more the bridegroom's cheerful voice shall call
The viol, sprightly in the sounding hall;
No more the lamp shall yield her cheerful light,
Gild thy lone roofs or sparkle through the night;
No future age thy glories shall recal,
Thy turrets lift, or build thy desart wall;
Where the gilt palace pierced the admiring skies,
The owl shall stun thee with funereal cries,
The baleful dragon through thy gardens rove,
And wolves usurp the consecrated grove.
No shepherd there the wand'ring flock shall spread,
Nor tir'd, repose beneath the tented shed;
No stranger there with devious footstep stray,
Where circling horrours guard the fated way;
Eternal ruin rears her standard wide,
And vengeance triumphs o'er the realms of pride.

Trumbull, American Poems.

Does the reader perceive any *absurdity* in comparing these lines with the description of Pope?

The description of the destruction of Jerusalem.

On that dread morn shall Salem hear from far
The trump's shrill clamour and the sounding car,
Hosts trained to blood, her shining seats surround,
And all her glories totter to the ground.
Whose once the palace rapture'd eyes descried,
And the tall temple rear'd its splendid pride,
Round mould'ring walls the nightly wolf shall howl,
Sad ruins murmur to the wailing owl;
In domes, once golden, creeping moss be found;
The long rank weed o'erspread the garden's bound,
The wild Idumean cast a mournful eye
On the brown towers, and pass in silence by.

Dwight, Conquest of Canaan.

Whether the *wolves* and *owls* of the Columbian bards are equal in dignity to the *fox obscene* of Pope, is a question, which, if it cannot be finally settled by the criticks, must be referred to the writers of natural history.

I shall now cite a paragraph from the poems of Col. Humphreys, a band, in his Reviewers' judgment, *incomparable*, but in a new sense of the word.

The description of the future desolation of the States of Barbary.

'Tis done—behold the unchearly prospects rise;
Unwonted glooms the silent coasts surprise;

The heavens with sable clouds are overcast,
And death-like sounds ride on the hollow blast;
The rank grass rustling to the passing gale;
E'en now of men the cheerful voices fail!
No busy marts appear, no crowded ports,
No rural dances and no splendid courts;
In halls, so late with feasts and musick crown'd,
No revels sport, nor mirthful cymbals sound.
Fastidious pomp! how are thy pageants fled!
How sleep the haughty in their lowly bed!
Where the fair garden bloom'd, the thorn succeeds,
'Mid noxious brambles, and envenom'd weeds.
O'er fallow plains no vagrant flocks are seen
To print with tracks or crop the dewy green;
The PLAGUE, where thousands felt his mortal stings,
In vacant air his shafts promiscuous flings;
There walks in darkness, thirsting still for gore,
And raves unsated round the desert shore.
The sandy waste, th' immeasurable heath,
Alone are prowl'd by animals of death.
Here tawny lions guard their gory den,
There birds of prey usurp the haunts of men;
Thro' dreary wilds a mournful echo calls
From mouldering towers and desolated walls;
Where the wan light through broken windows gleams,
The fox looks out, the boding raven screams;
While trembling travellers in wild amaze,
On wrecks of state and piles of ruin gaze.

Humphreys, on the future glory of the United States.

No passage which I have cited is free from faults, or secure against severe and minute criticism; but I hesitate not to declare my opinion, that the expressions in the last quotation are generally the most forcible, and that in strength, novelty, and sublimity, none of the thoughts or images in the others, are equal to the personification of the pestilence by Col. Humphreys.

It is not for the want of learning or genius, that the American poets are so little regarded, and that the publick quietly endure such contemptuous criticisms on their works. It is because, amidst the mutual clamours of contending parties, not one reader in a thousand cares three cents about the poetical or literary honour of his country.

For the Monthly Anthology.

THE BOTANIST. No. 6.

How dead the vegetable kingdom lies!——THOMPSON'S WINTER.

IN the past numbers we treated of the SEED; the ROOT; the STEM; and lastly of the BUD, *hybernacula*, or *winter-quarters* of the vegetative life. Order indicates that we describe the LEAVES and opening FLOWERS in this; but alas! a frost; "*a killing frost*," has "*nipt our shoot*," and check'd us in the bud. Our congeniality, or uncongeniality to the seasons, is founded in the nature of things, let Johnson say what he will to the contrary. When the mercury in the glass, and the mercury in the man, is a degree or two below o, he is fitted rather to write on modern patriotism,

"corporation politicks*," and publick generosity, than on the vernal bounties of exuberant NATURE. *Anthology*† requires the ethereal warmth of spring.

We attribute to the hard, inflexible, horn-beam fibre of a Johnson, which no climate could alter, nor season soften, this erroneous sentiment:—"Those who look upon the mind to depend on the seasons, and suppose the intellect subject to periodical ebbs and flows, may justly be derided as intoxicated by the fumes of a vain imagination. The author that thinks himself weather bound, will find, with a little help from *hellebore*, that he is only idle, or exhausted. But while this notion has possession of the head, it produces the inability which it supposes." This stern philosopher however was compelled, in the evening of his life, to groan out, that we are "*the slaves of sunshine and of gloom.*"‡

When

———"the vernal sun awakes
The torpid sap, detruded to the roots
By wintry winds;"———

or when "*the winter is past, and the rain over and gone;*" when "*flowers appear on the earth, and the singing of birds is come; when the fig-tree putteth forth her green figs, and the vines with the tender grape give a good smell,*"§ then will the BOTANIST quit his conglaciated state, and, congenial to the cheerful season, once more attempt to delineate the beauties of earth's renovated carpet;—unless the cold hand of death, or the still colder hand of *a gothick spirit*, should paralize *his* forever!

Lest those who have regarded the labours of the Botanist with a favourable eye should be disappointed, we seize this opportunity of introducing them to the acquaintance

OF LINNÆUS.

The figure this illustrious physician and naturalist made whilst living, and the reputation of his works now he is dead, will justify us in devoting a number to his honour.

CHARLES VON LINNÉ, or, as the learned throughout the world have latinized it, CAROLUS LINNÆUS, was born at Smaland in Sweden in the year 1707. His father was the parish minister of a small village, with an income so small, and his family so straitened in their circumstances, that this prince of naturalists was on the point of being bound 'prentice to a mechanick.*

When young men are just stepping on the stage of life, they almost all press forward to the acquisition of riches, as the surest road to power and reputation; whilst a few, a very few, consider wealth, as a secondary object, and pursue with ardour fame or reputation, as the first. Hence there have been few famous literary characters, who have not commenced their career in poverty. *Laudatur et alget.* The design of binding Linnæus to a me-

* Dean Swift.

† i. e. A treatise on FLOWERS.

‡ Verses on Winter. § Solomon.

* If the reader would glance over Dr. Pulteney's general view of the life and writings of Linnæus, he will see whence we have taken most of our facts; and will perceive that we have sometimes used his expressions.

chanick was over-ruled, and he was ſent to ſchool, when he was ten years of age. At this early period his chief amuſement was the ſtudy of plants and of inſects.

In the year 1728 he removed to Upſal, where he obtained the patronage of ſeveral eminent men, particularly of OLAUS CELSIUS, at that time Profeſſor of Divinity, and the reſtorer of natural hiſtory in Sweden. Under ſuch encouragement he made rapid progreſs in his ſtudies, and in the eſteem of the Profeſſors. We have a ſtriking proof of his merits and attainments that, after only two years' reſidence, he was thought ſufficiently qualified to give lectures occaſionally from the botanick chair, in the room of Profeſſor Rudbeck.

In 1731 the Royal Academy of Sciences, having a deſire to improve the natural hiſtory of Sweden, deputed Linnæus to make the tour of Lapland, with the ſole view of exploring the natural hiſtory of the arctick region, to which his reputation, as a ſcholar and a naturaliſt, and his tough conſtitution, equally recommended him. He traverſed the Lapland deſert, deſtitute of villages, roads, cultivation, or any conveniences. He ſpent about five months in this tour, ſuffering innumerable hardſhips and privations; and that too for a very ſmall ſtipend, ſcarcely enough to buy him ſhoes, which muſt have been an important article of cloathing; for poor Linnæus travelled ten degrees of latitude *on foot*. Several years after he travelled through Holland, Brabant, and France, in the ſame manner, gathering plants on the way, and ſearching for minerals.

In 1733 this indefatigable naturaliſt was ſent by the government to viſit the mines in Sweden. On his return to Upſal, he gave lectures on mineralogy in the univerſity. In 1735, when he took his degree of Doctor of Phyſick, he publiſhed the firſt ſketch of his SYSTEMA NATURÆ, in a very compendious way, and in the form of tables, in twelve pages only. By this it appears, that he had at a very early period, before he was twenty-four years of age, laid the baſis of that magnificent work, which he afterwards raiſed, and which will ever remain a laſting monument of his genius and induſtry. In the ſame year he retired to *Fahlun*, a town in Dalecarlia, where he gave lectures on mineralogy and the docimaſtick art; and where he practiſed phyſick. But his vaſt and ardent mind would not allow him to be confined to ſuch drudgery, for in 1736 he paſſed over into England, carrying letters of warm recommendation from the famous BOERHAAVE, who was at that time Profeſſor of the Theory and Practice of Phyſick at Leyden, the glory of the medical world, and one of the beſt botaniſts of the age. The patronage of ſo illuſtrious a man rendered Linnæus ſtill more conſpicuous; Boerhaave himſelf being a cultivator of natural hiſtory and botany, the merits of Linnæus could not eſcape his perſpicacity.

In 1738 Linnæus really imagined, that he had fixed down for the laſt time in the practice at Stockholm; for being now married, he concluded it was time to ſettle down for life, and give over gathering plants in the arctick circle, and ſearching the bowels

Along thy glades, a solitary guest,
The hollow-sounding bittern guards its nest;
Amidst thy desart walks the lapwing flies,
And tires their echoes with unvaried cries.
Sunk are thy towers in shapeless ruin all,
And the long grass o'ertops the mouldering wall;
And trembling, shrinking from the spoiler's hand,
Far, far away thy children leave the land.

The Reviewer, who does not feel how superiour is Goldsmith to his predecessor, does not deserve to exist a moment longer in his critical capacity.

We will next try the absurdity of comparing with these the attempts of the bards of Columbia. I cite them in the order as they have been first published.

The description of the desolation of Babylon, imitated from some passages in *Isaiah*.

For there no more shall gay assemblies meet,
Crowd thy full mart, or throng thy spacious street;
No more the bridegroom's cheerful voice shall call
The viol, sprightly in the sounding hall;
No more the lamp shall yield her cheerful light,
Gild thy lone roofs or sparkle through the night;
No future age thy glories shall recal,
Thy turrets lift, or build thy desart wall;
Where the gilt palace pierced the admiring skies,
The owl shall stun thee with funereal cries,
The baleful dragon through thy gardens rove,
And wolves usurp the consecrated grove.
No shepherd there the wand'ring flock shall spread,
Nor tir'd, repose beneath the tented shed;
No stranger there with devious footstep stray,
Where circling horrours guard the fated way;
Eternal ruin rears her standard wide,
And vengeance triumphs o'er the realms of pride.

Trumbull, American Poems.

Does the reader perceive any *absurdity* in comparing these lines with the description of Pope?

The description of the destruction of Jerusalem.

On that dread morn shall Salem hear from far
The trump's shrill clamour and the sounding car;
Hosts trained to blood her shining seats surround,
And all her glories totter to the ground.
Where once the palace rapture'd eyes descried,
And the tall temple rear'd its splendid pride,
Round mouldering walls the nightly wolf shall howl,
Sad ruins murmur to the wailing owl;
In domes, once golden, creeping moss be found;
The lank rank weed o'erspread the garden's bound,
The wild Idumean cast a mournful eye
On the brown towers, and pass in silence by.

Dwight, Conquest of Canaan.

Whether the *wolves* and *owls* of the Columbian bards are equal in dignity to the *fox obscene* of Pope, is a question, which, if it cannot be finally settled by the critics, must be referred to the writers of natural history.

I shall now cite a paragraph from the poems of Col. Humphreys, a band, in his Reviewers' judgment, *incomparable*, but in a new sense of the word.

The description of the future desolation of the states of Barbary.

'Tis done—behold the unchicery prospects rise,
Unwonted glooms the silent coasts surprise;

tion of his death, by the Royal Academy of Sciences, the king of Sweden honoured the aſſembly with his preſence; nay farther, in his ſpeech from the throne to the Swediſh parliament, that philoſophick monarch lamented the death of Linnæus, as a publick calamity.

Linnæus had a good conſtitution, though often grievouſly afflicted with head-ache, and in the latter part of life with the gout. This great man was of a diminutive ſtature, his head large, and its hinder part very high. His look was ardent, piercing, and apt to daunt the beholder; and his temper quick; nevertheleſs his conduct towards his numerous opponents ſhews a dignified ſpirit of forbearance. He diſavowed controverſy, and never replied to the numerous attacks on his doctrine. He laid it down as a firm maxim, that every ſyſtem muſt finally reſt on its intrinſick merit; and he willingly committed his own to the judgment of poſterity.*

Diminutive as was the ſtature of Linnæus, his mind was of gigantick ſize. He was poſſeſſed of a lively imagination, corrected by a ſtrong judgment, and guided by the laws of ſyſtem; added to theſe a moſt retentive memory, an unremitting induſtry, and the greateſt perſeverance in all his purſuits; as is evident from that continued vigour with which he proſecuted the deſign, that he appears to have formed ſo early in life, of *totally reforming and fabricating anew the whole ſcience of natural hiſtory*: And this he actually raiſed, and gave to it a degree of perfection before unknown; and had moreover the uncommon felicity of living to ſee his own ſtructure riſe above all others, notwithſtanding every diſcouragement its author at firſt laboured under, and the oppoſition it afterwards met with. Neither has any writer more cautiouſly avoided that common errour of building his own fame on the ruin of another man's. He every where acknowledges the ſeveral merits of each author's ſyſtem, and no man appears to be more ſenſible of the partial defects of his own.

Linnæus was well acquainted with the art of recommending ſcience by elegance of language, and embelliſhing philoſophy with polite literature. No man of the age had ſo happy command of the latin tongue as Linnæus; and no man ever applied it more ſucceſsfully to his purpoſe, or gave to deſcription ſuch copiouſneſs,

* The Maſſachuſetts BOTANIST is far from being diſpoſed to cenſure any cotemporary writer; but he cannot refrain from remarking, that *Dr. Barton* of Philadelphia ſeldom mentions OUR GREAT MASTER without a ſneer. "*The Swede*," "the *Swediſh naturaliſt*," and the like degrading epithets, run through *Barton's Elements of Botany*, which mark and diſgrace a work, otherwiſe not deſtitute of conſiderable merit. Suppoſe, if ſpeaking of the famous EDMUND BURKE, we ſhould ſay, "*the Iriſhman*"...."*the Hibernian orator*"...."*the Iriſh declaimer*"....would not the admirers of that great man be hurt and offended? Whilſt Dr. Barton ſpeaks in reſpectful and proper terms of Martyn, Miller, Loefling, and other retailers of botanick knowledge, the fountain of, it all is conſtantly ſpoken of in a tone of diſreſpect. Dear Doctor, can any of us make a book two inches thick on botany, without being indebted for half of it to the *Swediſh naturaliſt*?

of the earth for minerals. He however met with great opposition in his business. He was too learned and too eminent not to excite all, that envy and jealousy could engender and inflict. At Stockholm his enemies oppressed him with many difficulties; but the abilities and persevering spirit of Linnæus surmounted them all, and he came into extensive practice. *Count Tessin* was his patron, through whose influence medals were struck in his honour. He enjoyed also a stipend from the citizens for giving lectures in botany.

In 1741 Linnæus was appointed joint Professor of Physick with *Rosen*. These two colleagues agreed to divide the medical department between them. Professor Rosen took *anatomy, physiology, pathology*, and *therapeutics*; whilst Professor Linnæus *natural history, botany, materia medica, diætetics*, and the *diagnosis morborum*. The systematick genius of this prince of naturalists displayed itself in his mode of teaching medicine; for he arranged in a table all the diseases that afflict mankind. Sauvage in France followed his plan, and made many improvements; and the late Dr. Cullen carried it to a high degree of perfection. According to this plan, diseases are arranged, in imitation of botanists, into *classes, orders, genera*, and *species*; and this mode of arranging disorders is called *Nosology*. The reputation of the Swedish university at Upsal rose to a height before unknown, during the time that its medical department was under the direction of Linnæus. But that which has established for ever the name of Linnæus, and which has reflected honour on his country, is THE SYSTEMA NATURÆ. Nothing since the labours of Aristotle can be compared to it for depth of knowledge and extent of research.

From this period the reputation of Linnæus bore some proportion to his merit, and extended itself to distant countries; insomuch that there was scarcely a learned society in Europe, but was eager to elect him a member; scarcely a crowned head, but sought some means to honour him. His emolument kept pace with his fame and honours. It was no longer *laudatur et alget*: his practice as a physician became lucrative; and we find him possessed of his country house and gardens in the vicinity of the capital. Linnæus received one of the most flattering testimonies of the extent and magnitude of his fame, that perhaps was ever shown to any literary character, the state of the nation which conferred it, with all its circumstances, duly considered. This was an invitation to Madrid from the king of Spain, there to preside as a naturalist, with the offer of an annual pension of 2000 pistoles, letters of nobility, and the perfect free exercise of his religion. But, after the most perfect acknowledgments of the singular honour done him, he returned for answer, that "*if he had any merits, they were due to his own country.*"

This extraordinary man died January 11th, 1778, in the 71st year of his life, leaving behind him a glorious reputation. Uncommon respect was shown to his memory. At the commence-

expreſſed a wiſh to ſee her; and ſhe was accordingly preſented in the ſimplicity of her Quaker dreſs, and graciouſly received. This and ſubſequent interviews led to her grand undertaking, a repreſentation of the King in needle-work, which ſhe completed to their entire ſatisfaction, though ſhe had never ſeen any thing of the kind.

We next find her accompanying her huſband on a ſcientifick tour through Holland, Germany, and France, where they obtained introduction to the moſt diſtinguiſhed perſonages, ſuch as the Prince and Princeſs of Orange; at Verſailles, to the Meſſieurs and Meſdames of the Royal Family; and at laſt ſhe was admitted to the toilette of the late unfortunate Queen by her own deſire. The appearance of Quakers was to that princeſs quite a phenomenon, concerning whoſe tenets ſhe was politely earneſt for information, and acknowledged theſe hereticks to be philoſophers at leaſt.

She has written on various ſubjects philoſophical, theological, and poetical, ſome of which have been publiſhed with her name; but more anonymous; and we are informed, her modeſty retains in manuſcript far more than has appeared to the publick, which her friends cannot but hope will ſometime come abroad to the world. When urged on this ſubject, ſhe would ſay, 'Even arts and ſciences are 'but evaneſcent, and ſplendid 'vanities, if unaccompanied by 'the Chriſtian virtues.'

We ſhall conclude this article with the dialogue between her and Dr. Johnſon, by which it will appear, at leaſt, that ſhe is no contemptible advocate for the principles of the reſpectable ſociety of Friends."

.....The dialogue then follows, which on compariſon has been correctly printed in the Anthology for September; with this difference however, that the perſon, "*one of the company*," who made the remark that "*he never ſaw this mighty lion ſo chafed before*," was no other than Mr. James Boswell himſelf, the friend and biographer of Dr. Johnſon.

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For the Monthly Anthology.

LETTERS TO LEINWHA,

TEACHER OF MORALITY IN THE RECESSES OF LATINQUIN....FROM A WANDERER IN THE WEST.

LETTER III.

I AM every day more and more convinced, that men labour after calamity, whilſt happineſs is within their reach. Unwilling to be only happy, they ſeek for ſomething more; and the brief candle of exiſtence goes out, before they find that the world is too narrow for ſuch enjoyments. How hard it is to diſcover truth! how eaſy to be deceived! I have actually changed my opinion more than an hundred times reſpecting this nation, within the ſhort ſpace of thirteen days. Their ignorance has yielded to their wiſdom, and their wiſdom has been eclipſed by

their cunning. What was at first artifice, I afterwards thought ingenuousness; but this was only affability made subservient to interest; and I now find that interest governs all, and for this they labour and are exhausted. They have a national maxim which the infant is taught to lisp in its nurse's arms; it is very long, and I do not recollect it; but I know it is equivalent to '*get money;*' and I believe this useful lesson is never taught in vain. The chief men have grown old in its practice; and still hobble out, with all their infirmities to the place of traffick, when they should be at home in their mansions waiting the call of death. With us, you know, there is content and thankfulness with a little: labour ceases with the vigour of manhood, and age sits down to enjoy what it has acquired in the days of industry and youth.

The very women are not free from avarice. Some of them in the lower classes prefer pleasure to employment, and prostitute their bodies for *money;* whilst those of a higher degree article for it in their very *marriage-contracts!*

When this is the predominant passion of a nation, nothing can be expected but its concomitant evils. The gentler virtues are unknown, and charity is driven into exile. Science is confined to the rules of commerce, and commerce erects an idol, before which all are prostrate. The social principle is lost in its contemplation; love and friendship are diverted to its worship; and honesty is dazzled with its golden splendour. In such a country, genius is like the mistetoe on the rock; it seems to exist upon the barren and unyielding surface only by its own resources, and the nourishment it receives from the dews of heaven. The progress of literature has therefore been very slow; it seems just emerging from the clouds of ignorance, and its lustre is yet too feeble to be seen by the eye alone.

Nearly opposite to the house in which I dwell, resides one of their bards; with him I have lately become acquainted, and he has even condescended to honour me with his visits and his friendship. He is of a short fat figure, extremely good-natured and free in his discourse. The last time I went to see him he complained bitterly of the '*ungrateful publick,*' though he acknowledged a greater share of favour than had been shewn to his contemporaries. He told me, he had published seven poems in quarto, and five political pamphlets in duodecimo; and at that very moment was in debt to his bookseller £.9. He informed me that his last poem, consisting of five '*cantos,*' six hundred lines each, making in all three thousand beginning with P, was then in the press, and speedily to be published. "I am in haste to get it out," said he, "before a friend of mine shall publish his *critico heroico* in Z." He obligingly began to read me his poem, when he was interrupted by his bookseller, who came to consult "whether it should be on wire-wove, hot-press, or imperial foolscap." As there was much whispering between them, I thought

proper to retire; and as I returned to my apartment the novelty of the compoſition made ſo forcible an impreſſion on my memory, that I was able to write what I heard of it on paper. Of this, I ſend you a faithful tranſcript, together with the advertiſement; which it ſeems is more uſually publiſhed before the work itſelf.

Four firſt lines of the poem in the 'original.'

CANTO I.

Prince Polion paus'd, perceiving pounded peas
Plac'd parallel, preſaging *Punick* peace.
Peace's perſuaſive preaſſumptive power,
Preſenting pleaſure, pure perceptions pour.

The advertiſement I have extracted from one of their publick circulating prints.

☞ TAKE NOTICE.

Now in the preſs and ſpeedily to be publiſhed, Prince Polion, a poem, in five cantos, with explanatory notes, adorned with cuts, decorated with engravings, and embelliſhed with a correct portrait and biographical ſketch of the author, by himſelf. The uncommon velocity with which this production has circulated in Europe has induced the author to retouch it in his native land, and preſent it to his countrymen upon a beautiful, fine, light green, wire-wove royal-folio paper, elegantly bound, gilt, and lettered: the panegyricks which have been laviſhed upon this performance, againſt which the harmleſs ſhafts of malevolence and envy fall as againſt a poliſhed cone, ſuperſede the neceſſity of recommending it to an enlightened publick, and render all editorial remarks obtruſive and ſuperfluous.

Bookſellers living at a diſtance may be ſupplied with any number at the ſhorteſt notice; a diſcount of 2 per cent. will be made on payments made in caſh exceeding four hundred dollars.

Subſcribers to this edition are requeſted to call or ſend for their books before the 31ſt inſtant.

Thoſe gentlemen who wiſh this work bound in morocco, gilvered, and lettered, muſt ſend their names to the publiſher before Chriſtmas.

This advertiſement is written by the bookſeller.—Farewel.

For the Monthly Anthology.

TO MEDICUS.

SIR,

IN a late number of the Monthly Anthology you have thought proper to attempt the vindication of a diſcourſe delivered before the Humane Society, againſt the ſtrictures contained in a review of that performance. Your production has excited me to examine thoſe ſtrictures carefully, as well as the ſubject of them; and I confeſs they appear to me ſo juſt and ſo accordant with the preſent ſtate of ſcience, that I cannot refrain from offering ſuch anſwers to your objections, as this inveſtigation has preſented.

In the firſt place you deny that the author of the diſcourſe has conſidered animal heat, as "diſtinct from the reſpiratory proceſs and dependent on an incomprehenſible principle." Let us take the words of Dr. H., quoted by the reviewers on this ſubject, and ſee how far their aſſertion can be ſupported. He ſays, that animal heat is an effect of a *certain property* of animated bodies. What is this property referred to by him? It is "the property of maintaining that action which the firſt impulſe of motion commen-

ces, and of longer reſiſting the perpetual niſus for an equilibrium;" and it is derived "from the nice and peculiar arrangement of the particles" "of animated bodies." But the *firſt impulſe of motion* is given to animated bodies in their embryo ſtate, and long before they are capable of performing the reſpiratory proceſs. According to Dr. H. animated bodies poſſeſs the property of maintaining the action thus commenced, and "animal heat is an effect of this property, and is the criterion of the exiſtence of this diſtinguiſhing characteriſtick." Surely animal heat ſhould be coeval with the property of which it is the effect, and with the exiſtence of which it is the criterion; and ſurely then it is not dependent on a ſubſequent proceſs, viz. the reſpiratory action, as you ſay he conſiders it.

But look again at this paragraph, cited by the reviewers. You will find, that animal heat is ultimately dependent on that cauſe, which gives the firſt impulſe of motion. Now I preſume that Dr. H. here refers to the "ſame principle, the ſame univerſal cauſe, which firſt gave motion to matter." Theſe words, taken by themſelves, would ſeem to imply a reference to the great firſt cauſe of all things; but this is not his meaning, for he evidently ſuppoſes, it is a cauſe, which might be looked for in the animal machine, and that it does actually exiſt there during life. This appears by the following words, which he adds. "Vain and preſumptuous is the attempt to diſcover this principle by anatomical inveſtigation or chemical analyſis; for its evaneſcent exiſtence waits not their reſults, and the moment of reſearch is but the ſignal for its eſcape." Pray, ſir, is not this cauſe "ſubtle, incomprehenſible, and unintelligible"?

It is true that you underſtand the author's opinion to be, that animal heat is dependent on animal action, and animal action on reſpiration. I have looked thro' his diſcourſe with attention, and cannot find any part, in which he ſays that animal heat is dependent on animal action. Even if he did ſay this, he ſurely could not ſay that animal action is dependent on reſpiration. I would not believe him guilty of ſuch abſurdity, without better evidence than your aſſertion. For how could he ſuppoſe that *animal action*, which certainly commences long *before birth*, is dependent on *reſpiration*, which commences *after birth*? or how could he ſay that animal action is dependent on a proceſs, which in ſome ſpecies of animals is never performed at all?

In the next paragraph you obſerve, that as for the diaphragm you do not "believe it contracts at all." Is not the diaphragm a muſcle? if ſo, it muſt be a ſolitary exception to the general laws of muſcular function, if it is incapable of contraction. Examine the ſtructure of this part. Its poſteriour and inferiour diviſion is formed into two large bundles of muſcular fibres, attached to ſeveral of the lumbar vertebræ its anteriour and ſuperiour to the cartilages of ſeveral ribs and that of the ſternum, being tendonous in the middle. Who that ever ſaw a diſſection of the dia

...m could doubt of its con... power ?

... absurdity is nothing com... to what follows. You af... that "if it do contract, it is, Dr. Howard says, its eleva... ;" but why ? Because "if ...phragm contract while the ...ntend, they must counteract ...ther." By the same rea..., you might deny that the ...s of the abdomen contract ...the expulsion of the abdomi... contents, whilst the thorax is ...ed in respiration by the con...on of the intercostals and ... inspiratory muscles; for ... and the abdominal muscles ... equally counteract each oth... in this function. But farther, ... respect to this same dia...hragm you remark, "Elevation ... the ribs must depress it to a ...ne, and contraction of the ab...minal muscles press it to a ...." Now admitting the af...tion ascribed to Dr. Howard, ... which you say is true if the ...phragm contract at all, name... that "*if it do contract*" "*it is ...levation*," then it must follow ... when it does contract it must ...tract from a plane to a cone, ... is, it must *contract* to an *elon...*! Into what follies do wild ...ories plunge their adherents.

You are consistent in speaking ...temptuously of facts, as you ... in the next paragraph. "Sir," ... you, "as you are so fond of ..., let me sprinkle your face, ... with cold and then with warm ..., and you will feel the dif...ence." This must certainly be ...wed to be a just remark; but ... *application* is not quite so ob... It seems to be intend... to invalidate the assertion of the reviewers, that evaporation does not produce the first elevation of the ribs in the new born infant; because if it be covered at the instant of its exclusion it will not be prevented respiring; but that on the contrary respiration, when it does not commence of itself, is promoted by plunging the infant under warm water where evaporation cannot take place from its surface. The expression of "emerging into the air" (instead of its birth), is undoubtedly exceptionable, yet could not be misunderstood by a candid reader. You however have catched at it with avidity, as a fit subject for your witticisms and arguments, extended through a long paragraph; and all must allow it to be a subject worthy the talents of "Medicus."

The observations however appear to be intirely irrelevant to the *question in dispute*. You have confounded the idea of *cold* with that of *evaporation*. Losing sight of the latter, you have built the whole strength of your reasoning upon the influence of cold water, ice, &c. upon the human body; as if *cold* and *evaporation* were convertible terms. If this be not a "dereliction from all principle," it is at least *dereliction from all argument*; for you set out to prove that this commencement of respiration must be produced by *cold* from *evaporation*. Now let me, in my turn, ask a question. When you throw yourself suddenly into cold water, say to the chin, is there not instantly produced the same forcible inspiration, you have dwelt so long upon? and can there be any evaporation from the surface of the

body under the water? But even if there could be, this would not assist your arguments; for you tell us that "if any part of the body be left exposed, the contact of cold air or cold water to that part will raise the chest and produce inspiration." This is very well; but how does it agree with your author's theory of evaporation? "The function of respiration then," says Dr. H., "is to originate and maintain a certain motion of the animal fibre essential to vitality, and the effect is produced by the *contraction from evaporation, excited by atmospherick air.*" Will you please to inform me, "Medicus," whether this paragraph of yours was intended to *oppose* or to *defend* Dr. Howard's opinion?

Asperity in scientifick controversy is unpleasant to every one who is inquiring for truth. It is therefore with regret that I make use of any expressions with that appearance, nor shall I do so farther than you have rendered it necessary. But with regard to the observations on hot and cold air, I must take the liberty to inform you that you have either deserted your author again, or else you do not understand the theory you are defending. Quoting the observations from the review, that "as heat promotes evaporatic hot air should be better for res ration than cold air," you rema as follows. "For my part, should think that hot air wou heat the lungs faster than co air, and that cold air would co the lungs faster than hot air Here, sir, you start from and avc the matter in dispute; but I m bring you back to it. Accordi to your author, respiration is pr duced by *evaporation* from t skin and lungs. The questi then is, whether *hot air* or *cold* a most proper for *evaporation?* T review asserts that heat promot evaporation; therefore, accordi to the *evaporative theory*, hot air more proper for respiration th cold air. It is in vain for you say "that, as the intention is cool the lungs, cool air must preferable to hot." Will co air produce more evaporation the lungs than hot? It shou seem your intention to leave t doctrine of evaporation to its fat but if that was designed, y ought not to have attacked th sentence which opposes it.

If you permit, I shall take t liberty of continuing my remar to you on this subject, and in t mean time leave these things f your *candid* and *profound inves gation.* PHILO-LAVOISIE

For the Monthly Anthology.

THE LITERARY WANDERER. No.

Qui mores hominum multorum vidit, et urbes.—HORATIUS.

AMID the numerous peculiarities, by which the productions of different writers are characterised, none appears more conspicuous, than diversity of style; a diversity, perhaps not less discoverable in common conversation than in the most elaborate literary performance; though at present I shall consider it in the latte

...ntation. Something discrim... predominates in every au... expreſſion. Some are diſ... guiſhed for humorous delinea... others for exquiſite tender... ; ſome for cogency of argu... others for delicacy of ſen... ; ſome for ſublimity of ...eption, and others for beauty ...amenity of communication. ..., though all appear ſolicitous ...each the bourne of eminence, ...employ according to their ...dominant propenſities diſſimi... vehicles for conveyance.

Judicious writers have ever re... garded words, as ſubordinate to ...e, and by no means, as conſti... the principal excellence of ...compoſition; but many, who ...e cautioured of affectation, ...ver condeſcend to expreſs an ...dea, *however* natural, in a natu... manner. By adopting this ...erile mode of communication ...ey imperceptibly become ha... to a very erroneous man... of conception; unhappily ...gining, that magnificence of ...ion, novelty of expreſſion, and ...common conſtructions are eſ... requiſites in an elegant ...formance; and that ſenti... method, and ſimplicity are ...ſecondary conſiderations.

Haſty compoſitors exhibit a ..., diſtinguiſhed for animation ...inaccuracy; for, if an object ...incompletely conceived, the ...ficiency will be immediately ...covered. Too indolent, or too ...ch engaged in other purſuits ...deliberate thought, they clothe ...ir ſentiments in ſuch expreſ... as moſt readily occur, re... leſs, whether they are the moſt ...ant or appropriate. Glow of ...ing however and enthuſiaſm ...unfrequently manifeſt themſelves in ſuch precipitant productions. But animation and accuracy are in no degree incompatible. What I would ſuggeſt, is, that perſons, who compoſe with ſcrupulous exactneſs, are commonly leſs remarkable for warmth of feeling in their writings, than thoſe, who compoſe with greater rapidity at firſt, and afterward pay attention to correctneſs. The pathetick Virgil is reported to have purſued the latter courſe. In the morning he was habituated to pour forth in the glow of poetick enthuſiaſm a large number of verſes, and to devote the remainder of the day to painful and rigid amendment.

As external objects have conſiderable influence on the mind, a perſon's manner of thinking will bear a ſtriking reſemblance of his favourite purſuit. A poet, accuſtomed to contemplate the lovely ſcenes of nature with an eye of rapture, exhibits in his pieces the reſiſtleſs ardour of his ſoul. His expreſſions are lively, picturéſque, and energetick; he communicates a portion of his own ardent feelings to his reader. A ſingle ſentence will ſometimes poſſeſs more intrinſick excellence, than a page of unanimated narration. For example; when our Saviour's turning water into wine was given, as a theme, at an Engliſh univerſity, a member, who afterward became very diſtinguiſhed for poetick abilities, inſtead of compoſing a long circumlocutory account, communicated his vivid conception in one line, which for beauty, force, and originality is perhaps unequalled;

"THE CONSCIOUS WATERS SAW THEIR GOD, AND BLUSHED."

But however numerous may be the modes of expreſſing our ſentiments, the utility of frequently compoſing cannot be queſtioned. A learned writer has obſerved, that "compoſition is for the moſt part an effort of ſlow diligence and ſteady perſeverance, to which the mind is dragged by neceſſity or reſolution, and from which attention is every moment ſtarting to more delightful amuſements." But ſtudies of greateſt pleaſure and facility are not uniformly moſt advantageous; ſince knowledge, attained with painful aſſiduity, is uſually moſt uſeful and permanent. Books, it is acknowledged, are very pleaſant companions to occupy the ſuperfluities of time; but whoever wiſhes to appear to advantage, as a writer, muſt not only acquire a fund of refined and juſt ideas, but a handſome manner of communicating them. With the commanding majeſty of Johnſon he will unite the elegant ſimplicity of Addiſon, and with the impaſſioned exuberance of Burke the faſcinating delicacy of Hawkeſworth. Such endeavours will add double excellence to his performances.

Influenced by the deluſive intimations of indolence, perſons not unfrequently advance with tardy and involuntary ſteps to this elegant and beneficial employment. Some ſtimulus ſeems requiſite to rouſe the ſoul from this fatal ſtupefaction, and to direct it to active and commendable exertions. The reflection, which accuracy of compoſition demands, enables us to correct ill formed opinions, which the ardour and enthuſiaſm of youth may have contributed to produce. By careful attention to compoſition we think with more juſtneſs, judge with more accuracy, improve in propriety of expreſſion, and at the ſame time dignify and ennoble the intellectual powers. We become more happy ourſelves, and more qualified to communicate happineſs to others.

As theſe lucubrations are to be principally compoſed of literary ſketches, miſcellaneous remarks, and diverſified amuſement, I have adventured to aſſume the appellation of LITERARY WANDERER.

B.

Andover, Jan. 15, 1805.

BIOGRAPHIA AMERICANA;

OR MEMOIRS OF PROFESSIONAL, LEARNED, OR DISTINGUISHED CHARACTERS IN THE UNITED STATES. *Continued from page 592.*

☞ Communications for this article will be extremely acceptable to the Editor.

VI. NATHAN FISKE, D. D.

From the Palladium.

MESSRS. YOUNG & MINNS,

IN the obituary notice of the Rev. Dr. Forbes, in your paper of the 25th inſt. it is ſtated, that "while at Brookfield, he aſſiſted his worthy friend, Dr. Fiſke, by furniſhing ſeveral numbers which appeared in the Worceſter Gazette under the ſignature of "The Obſerver," and which, after the death of Dr. Fiſke, were collected and publiſhed in a different form."

On this ſubject the writer muſt have been miſinformed. If theſe

gentlemen ever did unite in a publication, as mentioned, the numbers, it is believed, have never been "collected and published in a different form"; they certainly have not in the manner the writer has mentioned.

The Moral Monitor, to which the writer must have alluded as containing "several numbers furnished" by Dr. Forbes, is a collection of essays, principally from a series of numbers published in the Worcester Gazette, under the signature of "The Worcester Speculator" and "The Neighbour," and in the Massachusetts Magazine, under the titles of "The General Observer" and "The Philanthropist." These publications were not commenced until the year 1786, more than ten years after Dr. Forbes was settled at Gloucester.

The selection for the *Moral Monitor* was chiefly made by Dr. Fiske, a few months previous to his death, and left by him in manuscript. The publication was undertaken with a view to further the benevolent intentions of the Author, and as a tribute of filial respect for his memory.

Worcester, Dec. 27, 1804.

For the Monthly Anthology.

ARGENIS:

A ROMANCE, FROM THE LATIN OF BARCLAY.

[IF our readers will turn to the Month. Anthol. Vol. i. p. 269, they will find a translation begun of Barclay's Argenis. The following attempt is by another, and we presume to say, not less favoured son of the Muses. Whoever will be at the pains to compare the two translations with the original will feel no sensation of regret for the suspension of the first, except what must ever seize the humane scholar in witnessing the failure of a design, which was happily conceived, and not illaudably attempted. But as to the comparative merit of the separate efforts, we hesitate not to prefer the last. If it has not the scrupulous nearness to the Author, which belongs to the first, it is less harsh and circumstantial, and has greater force of expression. The new Translator however, we are certain, does not wish this comparison made, and had no idea, in his undertaking, of doing a justice to the *beginning* of the Romance, which was denied it in a former volume; but he doubtless has the desire, which is common to men of order and taste, regularly to *commence* a work which he intends to complete. We warmly reciprocate his feelings, and hope that no frost of publick neglect will blight this flower in our collection before it shall be fully blown.]

TO the admirers of literary anecdotes we can offer little gratification from the life of John Barclay. It is indeed a melancholy reflection to consider how literally "the sons of science fade away," how little remains of those, whose writings have enlivened our gay hours by their wit, exercised our serious hours by their acuteness, or softened the melancholy of sickness and solitude by the mildness of their wisdom and the dignity of their philosophy.

The gleanings from all the fields to which we have access are only these barren facts; that he was born in France in 1582 of immediate Scotch extraction, and

died in 1621, at that age when mutually the judgment is just disciplined, the passions sobered, and the mental powers expanded to their full luxuriance. As he lived during the turbulence of the early part of the reign of Henry IV., so darkened by folly and crimes, most of his writings are tinged with a colouring of satire. He wrote the Icon animorum, a book of Latin poems, and was the probable author of the Euphormio. Unfortunately he has left none of his familiar epistles, which make a man his own best biographer, as they display the unmeditated feelings of the heart, exhibit the mind in undress, and in all the variety of its attitudes. Accordingly we find that the most valuable biographers since the days of Plutarch, excepting always Boswell's life of Johnson, which is, and from peculiar circumstances forever must be unrivalled and alone, are that of Cicero by Middleton, and that of Erasmus by Jortin.

It would be easy to multiply testimonies to the value of the Argenis; a book, which was almost perpetually in the hands of Richlieu; and which was scarcely known among the cotemporaries of Barclay by any other title, than the "aureus liber." We select however only the epigram of Grotius on the purity of its style.

"*Gente Caledonius, Gallus natalibus hic est,*
"*Romam Romano, qui docte ore loquit.*"

BOOK I.

BEFORE the world had yielded to the majesty of Rome, or the ocean submitted to the sovereignty of the Tyber, on that part of Sicily, where the waters of the Gela meet the sea, a foreign ship disembarked a youth of uncommon elegance. His attendants with the assistance of the mariners conveyed his armour from the ship, and led the horses to the shore. Unused to the roughness of the sea, the stranger reclined on the sand, and endeavoured to compose his head, which still repeated the motion of the waves. He had scarce resigned himself to sleep, when a deep cry disturbed his slumber with an indistinct and unwelcome image of distress, and approaching nearer changed repose for horrour.

An irregular forest arose at a short distance, amidst whose gloomy and entangled underwood appeared some acclivities, which seemed formed to conceal treachery. From this there suddenly rushed a lady of a noble countenance, the lustre of whose eyes was diminished by grief, and whose disordered hair gave her an air of wildness and terrour. The speed of her horse, though urged by blows* and repeated cries, seemed too slow for her wishes. His habitual reverence for misfortune was heightened by regard to her sex, and the violence of her grief. Such an event too at his entrance into Sicily seemed designed by heaven as a favourable omen.

"Oh! whoever you are," she exclaimed, as soon as her agitation allowed her to speak, "if "you reverence valour, lend your "assistance to Sicily, which in the "person of its bravest hero is at-

* "Nec mitius quam in Phrygio, aut Thebano furore ululanti," a simile taken from the extravagances at the feasts of Cybele and Bacchus, if too harsh to be literally translated.

"tacked by banditti. The danger is too imminent to allow "time for entreaty, nor can I "think of courteſy, when the life "of Poliarchus is endangered by "treachery. I fled during the "tumult, and have, I hope, met "you fortunately for his ſafety, "and your glory. Theſe," pointing to her attendants, which now approached, "will aſſiſt you in "your pious and gallant exer-"tions." While the lady made this addreſs, interrupted by ſighs and tears, the ſtranger prepared his arms, and while his attendants brought his horſe he returned this anſwer. "That I am "ignorant of Poliarchus, lady, "you will pardon in a ſtranger, "who has juſt landed on the "iſland; but I ſhall thank hea-"ven, if I can give aſſiſtance to "ſuch valour, as you have de-"ſcribed." He then ſprang on his horſe, and requeſted her to lead the way. One of his ſervants followed him, while the other remained on the ſhore to guard the baggage, which haſte made it impoſſible to collect.

They ſoon reached the entrance of the foreſt; but its numerous avenues confuſed the lady's recollection of the part, where ſhe had left Poliarchus; and this uncertainty renewed all the violence of her grief. The ſtranger alarmed at this exceſſive ſorrow heſitated, whether to remain with her or advance, when ſuddenly the wood reſounding with the ſhouts of combatants, the claſhing of arms, and the trampling of horſes, he was rouſed by the approach of immediate danger. Three ruffians advanced in armour with ſwords unſheathed, and their horſes on foam, preſenting a doubtful appearance either of menace or fear. The ſtranger, with the raſh apprehenſions which ſurprize creates, for a moment ſuſpected the fidelity of the lady, and demanded whether theſe were the enemies he was to encounter. He at the ſame time prepared his ſpear, which he managed with unrivalled ſkill. But flight was their only object, and by various paths they endeavoured to elude their purſuer. Poliarchus, for whom the lady had diſplayed ſo much anxiety, followed them alone, and with a ſingle blow divided the body of the neareſt. He purſued the others with increaſed ardour; but an inequality in the ground cauſed his horſe to ſtumble, and threw him with violence, tho' without injury, to the ground. The lady, who immediately recognized Poliarchus, flew from her horſe to his aſſiſtance; but unhurt either by his fall or his wound, he ſprang forward to meet her.

When Timoclea, for that was the name of the lady, had informed him of the ready offer of aſſiſtance, which ſhe had received from the unknown youth, he turned with eagerneſs to ſalute him. He had however already left his horſe, and thus anticipated the courteſy of Poliarchus. "If "heaven had permitted me to "have known your character, I "ſhould have been offended with "the tears of this lady, which "have compelled me to aſk for-"giveneſs for the offer of my aſ-"ſiſtance. On your intrepidity "I looked with admiration, when "I ſaw three men flying before "you; but with more, when the "manner in which you ſacrificed

"one of them to your revenge "convinced me of the reasonable-"ness of their alarm." Poliarchus with much urbanity returned his acknowledgments; observing that the flight of the robbers must be attributed to their timidity, rather than to his bravery.

After these compliments they exchanged salutations and each had leisure to consider, not only what to say, but the person whom he addressed. They contemplated each other's appearance with eagerness and delight*, each admiring in the other some grace, which the other saw with admiration in him. They resembled each other in age, in symmetry, in attire, in the animated glance of the eye, and, though with different features, there appeared the same nobleness of countenance. The union of courage to so much elegance was almost a prodigy, and Timoclea, rejoiced at the meeting of excellence so closely allied†, resolved to dedicate two portraits to the Goddess of beauty. Although delayed by various disasters, she at length performed her vow, and placed under the picture this inscription.‡

Thus on each cheek the rose of beauty glows,
Thus in each eye the mind's warm feelings shine;
Think not that mortal fire such grace bestows,
Such honours dwell not but on brows divine.

Not with more lustre flames the living light,
As glide the § youths auspicious o'er the waves,
When clouds add horrour to the shades of night,
And o'er the deep the wild wind hoarsely raves.

Not Mars more graceful in Lemnæan arms,
When the shrill clarions hostile armies rouse;
Or when he clasps the Queen of beauty's charms——
Ah! dreadful only to her hapless spouse.

(To be continued.)

* The words in the original "id "quisque, miratus in alio, quo ipse vi-"cissim mirantem rapiebat. Ætas, for-"ma, habitus, et arcanus luminum "vigor, pares anni, & quamvis in diver-"sis frontibus una majestas," display the familiarity of the Author with the beautiful paintings of Livy, which live, and breathe in every line, and on which the translator is doomed to dwell with melancholy delight, and to dismiss without a hope of imitation. The minute observer will notice the author's display of the exactness of his Latinity in observing the distinction between "ætas" and "annus." Our language cannot without circumlocution express a distinction between "two of the same age" and "two the same number of years old." Among the ancients however, life was divided into various periods, each of which was called an age. Isidorus makes six; Infantia, pueritia, adolescentia, juventus, ætas senioris, & senectus. The divisions of Hippocrates and Varro were in a slight degree different. See Faciolatus Totius latinitatis Lexicon.

† It may be doubted whether "tantum par," the expression in the original, is a pure phrase. Barclay might possibly recollect the "totum nil" in Juvenal's humorous inventory of the goods of Codrus, Sat. 3.

‡ The introduction of this circumstance will seem awkward, unless we recollect the custom of the ancients, on any prosperous event, to dedicate temples, statues, altars, pictures, &c. to their tutelary gods.

§ Castor and Pollux, who were said to appear on the waves during a storm with their heads encircled with light.

THE SOLDIERS: *A BRITISH TALE.*

Continued from Vol. I. p. 649.

RODOLPHO's was not that reſtleſs paſſion of inquiſitiveneſs, the never ceaſing attendant on mean minds, whoſe ignorance ſwells trifles into magnitude; 'twas the curioſity of ſentiment, that he could not reſiſt endeavouring to gratify, and he proceeded towards the cottage.

As he drew near the door the ſame man met him; he was a tall ſpare figure, clothed in the ſimple dreſs of a woodman; but the intelligence of his countenance gave expectation of a cultivated mind; his eyes were piercing, the deep lines of his face ſeemed to be the characters of ſorrow—not age; as he appeared not to have reached the meridian of man's life.

Rodolpho paid him the tribute of courteſy, the recluſe returned it, and immediately ſaid: "If chance or curioſity have led you to this ſequeſtered ſpot, or whatever may have been your motive, you are welcome to what my cottage affords. There is nought to pamper luxury; yet I can offer you the temperate meal that will refreſh nature. I *ſaw* the deſtructive poliſh of your weapons through the caſement of my dwelling without diſmay, and *felt* the motive of your order for ſheathing them, as a mark of peace."

"It would ill accord with the character of a true Engliſhman," replied Rodolpho, "to intimidate a defenceleſs unoffending man. My ſword," ſaid he, drawing it out of the ſcabbard, "ſtill retains its luſtre, nor ſhall it ever be tarniſhed by an act ſo incongruous with the genuine bravery of an Engliſhman. Chance directed my ſteps to your dwelling. I am an Engliſh officer journeying to a diſtant camp, and according to the cuſtom of travellers in this land, I ſtopped at the ſkirts of the wood to refreſh myſelf and ſervants. Invited by the harmony of the choriſters, and coolneſs of the deep ſhade, I ſtrolled on while my horſes were feeding, without any determinable motive; enjoying the ſerenity of the ſcene, I became inſenſible of time or diſtance, till this plain burſting to my view, rouſed my feelings, and fixed them in wonder and curioſity; to which your appearance has added an intereſt more worthy and more lively than general events excite in my breaſt."

Whilſt Rodolpho was ſpeaking, the recluſe was engaged in placing on a little table ſome fruits, bread and butter, &c. He appeared evidently agitated during his employment, every moment caſting anxious looks out of the back window of the cottage into the wood behind, and as ſoon as he had completed his office of hoſpitality, without noticing what Rodolpho had ſaid, he haſtily left the room.

Our ſoldier was ſurpriſed at the ſingular demeanour of the ſolitary, and pauſed a few moments in hopes of his return. His manners had promiſed more courteſy. Ten minutes elapſed—all was ſtill; not a ſound, but the waving of the trees was heard. Rodolpho took a more minute view of the room he was in.

It was plain, and ſimply convenient; on a table by the front window lay a ſmall ſilver thimble, a thread caſe, and a volume of Thomſon's Seaſons, open at the ſweet tale of Lavinia. Imagination now gave an intereſt to his feelings that made expectation painful. Fancy in a few minutes drew a faſcinating portrait of the female that reſided with the recluſe: Hope ſaid, ſhe muſt be young, innocent, and beautiful, or the tale would be unintereſting to her.

Rodolpho wearied himſelf with vain conjecture; the recluſe did not return; his men were wandering round the plain waiting his pleaſure, the ſun was already beneath the horizon, but the ardency of his wiſhes to know more of the ſolitary abſorbed his reflections, and he forgot that a thick wood roſe between him and the road, that led to a termination of his journey. He walked round the cottage endeavouring to find the path the recluſe took, when he left him, but in vain; it was impervious, and had he diſcovered it he would not have thought himſelf privileged to intrude.

"Perhaps he did not believe my intruſion accidental," thought Rodolpho, "and is fled, from the fear of perſecution. Alas! how little does he know me; but where is his family? All is myſtery beyond the developement of conjecture."

Reluctantly our ſoldier retraced his path to the cottage, and on a ſlip of paper he wrote with his pencil, "Lieutenant R— leaves this cottage with ſentiments of gratitude to its owner, for the hoſpitality he has received, but with the *painful* apprehenſion that his motive has been miſtaken."

He placed the paper on the opened page of Thomſon, joined his men, and proceeded. When Rodolpho perceived the thick foliage of the trees, in ſome places, prevented the rays of the moon that was now riſen, from lighting their ſteps, he condemned a curioſity that led any but himſelf into difficulty. He frankly told the men he had done wrong. They walked reſolutely on, ſtruggling with briars and thorns for ſome time, without perceiving they had wandered from the path they had entered the wood by; but as it ſtretched a conſiderable diſtance on the road ſide, they hoped to find their way out, and the ſituation they left the ſoldier and their horſes in would then eaſily be diſcovered.

It was now night, and the darkneſs was only interrupted by the watery light of the moon, moving through the clouds that enveloped the horizon, and ſometimes glimmering through the trees, exhibited their ſolitary path. Loud guſts of wind broke the ſilence of the hour, and at intervals the ſound of diſtant thunder added to the drearineſs of the ſcene.

At length Rodolpho perceived the glimmering light of a lamp, or candle, through the trees. It immediately accrued to him, that they had diſcovered the retreat of the recluſe. He ſtood a few moments, debating if he ſhould endeavour to reach the place the light proceeded from, and aſk ſhelter from the ſtorm that momentarily increaſed; or brave its fury, and leave the ſolitary to his repoſe, for he was perſuaded it was him, and was prevented from immediate determination by the fear of again driving him and his family from their abode; for it was evident all had fled at his approaching the cottage.

The flaſhes of lightning darted in quick ſucceſſion; the thunder drew nearer, and the rain poured in torrents. The darkneſs in the ſhort intervals of the flaſhes was frightfully viſible, and as its pale gleams ſhone on the countenances of the men, they exhibited to Rodolpho the perſonification of terrour. His ſtronger mind did not yield to the weakneſs of fear; but he was evidently anxious to get ſhelter for the men, whom he had involved in danger and difficulty. He encouraged them to follow him, and force their way through the thick underwood; for they could diſcover no *path* that led to the light. They were preparing to make an attempt, when their attention was arreſted by ſoft and ſweet muſick, that ſeemed to float in the air as the wind died away, and, as it again ſwelled, it ſeemed to ſwell with it, till its harmony was loſt in the awful combination of thunder and wind.

Rodolpho with extreme amazement ſtood liſtening; he could not immediately determine what inſtrument it was he heard; but was convinced its harmony was increaſed by a female voice. The awfulneſs of the ſcene had before impreſſed his mind, and his ſilent aſpirations had been directed to HIM who was riding on the wings of the wind, when the interpoſition of ſoft ſounds touched the fineſt vibrations of his harmonious ſoul, and lifted it for a moment beyond this ſublunary ſcene. Again the wind ſank, the tones of harmony floated in the air, and were again loſt in the ſtorm.

The men remained fixed to the ſpot, nor either breathed a ſound. *Terrour* had rendered them mute; their feeble minds were now alive only to ſuperſtition, and each was impreſſed with the idea that ſomething ſupernatural dwelt in the wood, and as it ſeemed by ſinging to rejoice at the tempeſt without, they conſidered it a malevolent ſpirit, and were anxiouſly wiſhing their leader would retreat *from*, inſtead of approach the ſhelter the light promiſed, and which was before the object of their wiſhes.

It would not be an unintereſting ſubject for the curious, in the noble microcoſm of the human mind, to inveſtigate why the man, whoſe life has been an evidence of courage, in whoſe breaſt the flame of valour has burnt with the moſt luſtrous brightneſs, ſhould feel his ſoul contract, his frame agitated by an involuntary horrour, and his whole ſelf

THE CHURCH-PORCH....*(Continued.)*

BE ſweet to all. Is thy complexion fowre ?
Then keep ſuch companie ; make them thy allay :
Get a ſharp wife, a ſervant that will lowre.
A ſtumbler ſtumbles leaſt in rugged way.
Command thy ſelf in chief. He lifes warre knowes,
Whom all his paſſions follow, as he goes.

Catch not at quarrels. He that dares not ſpeak
Plainly and home, is coward of the two.
Think not thy fame at ev'ry twitch will break :
By great deeds ſhew, that thou canſt little do ;
And do them not : that ſhall thy wiſdome be ;
And change thy temperance into braverie.

If that thy fame with ev'ry toy be pos'd,
'Tis a thinne webbe, which poyſonous fancies make :
But the great ſouldiers honour was compos'd
Of thicker ſtuffe, which would endure a ſhake.
Wiſdome picks friends ; civilitie playes the reſt,
A toy ſhunn'd cleanly paſſeth with the beſt.

Laugh not too much : the witty man laughs leaſt :
For wit is news onely to ignorance.
Leſſe at thine own things laugh ; leſt in the jeſt
Thy perſon ſhare, and the conceit advance.
Make not thy ſport, abuſes : for the fly
That feeds on dung, is coloured thereby.

Pick out of mirth, like ſtones out of thy ground,
Profaneneſſe, filthineſſe, abuſiveneſſe.
Theſe are the ſcum, with which coarſe wits abound :
The fine may ſpare theſe well, yet not go leſſe.
All things are big with jeſt : nothing that's plain
But may be wittie, if thou haſt the vein.

Wit's an unruly engine, wildly ſtriking
Sometimes a friend, ſometimes the engineer :
Haſt thou the knack ? pamper it not with liking :
But if thou want it, buy it not too deere.
Many affecting wit beyond their power,
Have got to be a deare fool for an houre.

A ſad wiſe valour is the brave complexion,
That leads the van, and ſwallows up the cities.
The gigler is a milk-maid, whom infection
Or a fir'd beacon frighteth from his ditties.
Then he's the ſport : the mirth then in him reſts,
And the ſad man is cock of all his jeſts.

Towards great perſons uſe reſpective boldneſſe :
That temper gives them theirs, and yet doth take
Nothing from thine : in ſervice, care, or coldneſſe
Doth ratably thy fortunes marre or make.
Feed no man in his ſinnes : for adulation
Doth make thee parcel-devil in damnation.

Envy not greatneſſe : for thou mak'ſt thereby
Thy ſelf the worſe, and ſo the diſtance greater.
Be not thine own worm : yet ſuch jealouſie,
As hurts not others, but may make thee better,
Is a good ſpurre. Correct thy paſſion's ſpite,
Then may the beaſts draw thee to happy light.

When baſeneſſe is exalted, do not bate
The place its honour, for the perſons ſake.
The ſhrine is that which thou doſt venerate ;
And not the beaſt, that bears it on his back.
I care not though the cloth of State ſhould be
Not of rich arras, but mean tapeſtrie.

(To be continued.)

THE BOSTON REVIEW,

For JANUARY, 1805.

"BY FAIR DISCUSSION TRUTHS IMMORTAL FIND."—*HUMPHREYS.*

ART. 1.

Sermons on various important subjects, written partly on sundry of the more difficult passages in the sacred volume. By Rev. Andrew Lee, A. M. pastor of the north church in Lisbon, Connecticut.

[Continued from Vol. i. p. 403.]

THESE sermons were partly reviewed in the Anthology for November last. In justice to so respectable a volume, we are bound to notice a few more of the excellent discourses it contains. In that upon "the danger of deviating from divine institutions" its ingenious author points out some of those means, by which innovations have been effected, and the success with which these means have been attended.

Some, *spoiled through philosophy and vain deceit*, have made changes in the divine institutions, and attempted improvements upon them since the commencement of the gospel day. This hath been a leading trait of character in the chiefs of the Romish church. Many of the heads of that communion have signalized themselves in this way. And some of their alterations have operated to impress what was thought to be religion, as hath been observed.

Another way in which they have manifested the same disposition hath been the multiplying of holydays. Under various pretences, nearly half the days in the year have been consecrated to religion, by order of those gods on earth. Some real, and many fictitious saints, have days consecrated to their memory.

Here is a great shew of wisdom, and zeal for God and his cause in the world; calling men so often from their temporal concerns to attend to the duties of religion! Who can do other than approve it? Doubtless many have been deceived by appearances, and considered those as wise and good who have done these things. But this is far from being their character. These have been the doings of "Antichrist, the man of sin—the son of perdition! Because of these things cometh the wrath of God, on the children of disobedience!" All these specious measures are no better than Saul's sacrificing, Uzzah's steadying the ark, and the use of images in divine worship! They are opposition to the orders of the Most High, and rebellion against him.

"Six days shalt thou labour and do all thy work, but the seventh day is the sabbath of the Lord thy God; in it thou shalt not do any work"—Whoever takes it on himself to alter this appointment, "thinks to change times and laws;" which was foretold of him who should "speak great words against the Most High."

The Lord's-day is the only day which God hath sanctified under the gospel dispensation. This infinite wisdom judged sufficient. Had more been requisite, more would have been consecrated by divine order. But not a hint of any other holyday is to be found in the New Testament.

Occasional calls there may be to fasting and thanksgiving; and we have scripture warrant for attending them in their seasons. But fixing on certain days of the year, or month, *statedly* to call men from their secular business to attend to religion, and requiring the consecration of them to religion is adding to the book of God. However well

attended, it goes on miſtaken principles, and however ſpecious in appearance, is affronting the wiſdom and authority of heaven.

Moſt of the errours referred to above, are found among Pagans or Catholicks; but is nothing of the ſame kind chargeable on Proteſtants? "Are there not with us ſins againſt the Lord our God?" And of the ſame nature with thoſe we have been contemplating? The knowledge of others' errours may be for our warning; but the knowledge of our own is requiſite to our reformation. Where then are we directed of God religiouſly to obſerve Chriſtmas, Lent, or Eaſter? Where to attend the euchariſt only twice or thrice a year; and never without one or more preparatory lectures? Where to add a third prayer at the adminiſtration of that ordinance, when our divine pattern only bleſſed the bread, before he diſtributed it to his diſciples, and gave thanks to the Father, before he divided to them the cup? Where are we directed to attend quarterly ſeaſons of prayer, or to hold weekly conferences for religious purpoſes?

But theſe are well intended. So probably was Uzzah's ſteadying the ark—But ſome of theſe do help on the curſe of God, and even more than the ſtale attendance on Lord's-day duties. So thought thoſe who introduced images and paintings into churches. [Some indeed attend thoſe, who neglect Lord's-day duties.]

Have we then diſcovered defects in the divine plan! And do we feel ourſelves capable of making emendations in it!—Of "teaching eternal wiſdom how to rule!"—How to effect its purpoſes of mercy!

Beware leſt any man ſpoil you through philoſophy and vain deceit, after the tradition of men, after the rudiments of the world, and not after Chriſt. "Vain man would be wiſe"—He naturally thinks himſelf qualified, even to ameliorate divine inſtitutions. Temptation to this ſin coincides with a natural bias in depraved humanity. Many and very miſchievous errours have iſſued from it. Would we eſcape the ſnare we muſt liſten to to the apoſtle ſpeaking in the text.—The ſum of his advice is to keep to the divine directions, eſpecially in matters of religion. Theſe are contained and plainly taught in the holy ſcriptures, which we have in our hands, and of the ſenſe of which we muſt judge for ourſelves; remembering that we are accountable to God the judge of all.

As ſome are *ſpoiled through philoſophy and vain deceit*, others are corrupted by regard to *the tradition of men and rudiments of the world.* This endangered the Coloſſians, and eventually ruined the church of Rome. The leading errours of paganiſm were thereby introduced into that chriſtian church, and rendered it completely antichriſtian. Errours, which ſeemed to have been deſtroyed by chriſtianity, were again revived, and the abominations, which they had occaſioned, were acted over again with enlargements!

The *traditions of men, and rudiments of the world*, have ſtill their ſeducing influence. Moſt men ſwim down with the current of the times—adopt the ſentiments and conform to the uſages of thoſe with whom they live. The popular ſcheme of religion they conſider as the orthodox ſcheme, and the religion of the land the true religion. Therefore is one nation Papiſts, another Proteſtants, one Calviniſts, another Lutherans. Theſe differences of ſentiment do not ariſe from differences in the mental conſtitutions of nations, but from the accidental difference of ſituation.

Few have ſufficient independence of mind to "judge of themſelves what is "right." Many, who "call Chriſt "Lord, receive for doctrines the com-"mandments of men." Therefore doth religion vary like the faſhions of the world. Was the faſhion of the world to be the rule of judgment it might be wiſe to follow it: But "we muſt every "one give an account of himſelf to "God," and be judged by the rule which he hath given us. It becomes us therefore to "call no man maſter, becauſe one is our Maſter, even Chriſt." To him we are accountable. At our peril do we neglect obedience to his commands.

In another diſcourſe, upon the fear which terminates in the ſecond death, he obviates thoſe difficulties which the text might ſeem to create, eſpecially in timid

minds; and proves that the fear to which such punishment is annexed, is a fear of that kind, *which precludes trust in God, and reliance on his grace in Christ; which operates to explain away the practical laws of God; which puts men upon duty in order to atone for sin, and which shrinks from the hardships of religion. When fear has this effect, it drives the sinner from the mercy, which alone can save him.*

We can speak with equal commendation of many other discourses in this volume; of that upon divine impartiality; upon the aggravated guilt of him who delivered Christ to Pilate; upon the trial of Peter's love to Christ; upon human characters determined only by divine decision, &c.: all of which discover deep reflection, correct judgment, and catholick sentiments. But we have given sufficient specimens of the work to recommend it to the perusal of such, as are pleased with sound and rational theology.

ART. 2.

Observations on the trial by jury; with miscellaneous remarks concerning legislation and jurisprudence and the professors of the law. Also, shewing the dangerous consequences of innovations in the fundamental institutions of the civil polity of a state. Illustrated by authorities, and manifested by examples. Addressed to the citizens of Pennsylvania. By an American.

[Continued from Vol. i. p. 665.]

HAVING thus traced with much learning and minuteness the origin of the trial by jury; having proved by extracts from the best English authors of law and history that, among all their popular institutions, there is none to which the people of England have adhered with greater firmness, none which they have guarded with more rigid jealousy; that in this country it was the birthright of our American ancestors, and is secured as a constitutional right to every citizen of the United States; that it has always been considered as the darling prerogative of the people, which they would not suffer to be violated with impunity; that the depriving us in many cases of the benefits of a jury was one of the grievances stated in the declaration of independence, as a ground of our separating from the government of Great-Britain, and an high charge of misrule against the British king; that the intervention of a jury is indispensable in every judicial tribunal of common law jurisdiction within the United States, our author indulges himself in expressions of honest indignation against those wild infuriated men who, under the pretext of being the exclusive friends of the people and the sole guardians of their rights, but in reality intent only on exalting themselves and promoting particulars interests by "grinding the faces of the poor" and unwary, have, with infernal artifice, attacked this "bulwark of our personal and private rights, this fortress against petty and private oppression."

Should any man appear among us, who should thus "*dare*," however covertly, in order to accomplish his own purposes, to seduce us out of our most invaluable *rights*, and thus *violate the*

conſtitutions of the land; ſuch man ought to be marked as our worſt enemy.—Let the man with thoſe views alſo beware!—Let him not, by ſchemes of avaricious ſelfiſhneſs and perſonal ambition, attempt to impoſe on a worthy, free, and magnanimous people! If he ſhould, unfortunately, have intrigued himſelf into the confidence of any portion of his honeſt, unſuſpecting countrymen—and found his way into the councils of the nation, by his hypocriſy, his avarice, or his ambition; let him remember, that *the conſtitution* of his country—THE SUPREME LAW OF THE LAND—has interpoſed *barriers* againſt his projects *for ſtripping the rights of the people*. But if *he* ſhould fail to bear this in remembrance, he may be aſſured that an enlightened *people*, jealous of their privileges and the liberties of their country, will *not forget* it. They will readily aſcertain the nature and extent of thoſe boundaries, which limit the power and authority of all publick functionaries, by the anſwer which will ſuggeſt itſelf to the queſtion, What *is a conſtitution?* It will be found to be, in the emphatick words of judge *Patterſon*, "The *form of government*, delineated by the mighty hand of the people; in which certain *firſt principles*, or *fundamental laws*, are eſtabliſhed. The conſtitution is *certain* and *fixed*: it contains the *permanent will* of the *people*, and is the *ſupreme law of the land*; and can be revoked or altered, only, by the authority that made it."

And if it be aſked—What are *legiſlatures?* the anſwer occurs, in the words of the ſame very reſpectable judge:—"*Creatures of the conſtitution*—they owe *their* exiſtence *to* the conſtitution—they derive *their* powers *from* the conſtitution: *it* is *their commiſſion*; and therefore, *all their acts* muſt be *conformable to it,—or elſe* VOID. The *conſtitution* is the work or will of the *people themſelves*; in their original ſovereign, and unlimited capacity: *Law* is the will of the *legiſlature*, in their *derivative* capacity."

The writer obſerves, that the ſame men who have evinced their hoſtility to jury trial have manifeſted an unjuſt, an illiberal antipathy to the profeſſion of the law; the ſame men, ſo zealous for proſcribing the one, are equally deſirous for aboliſhing the other; and traces the origin of theſe prepoſterous and ungrounded prejudices, as the pious and learned Sir Mathew Hale had done before him, to ignorance, jealouſy, and envy.

He then proceeds to give ſome account of the introduction of attornies in England. Formerly, according to the old Gothick conſtitution, as Sir William Blackſtone remarks, every ſuitor was compelled to appear in perſon to proſecute or defend his ſuit, unleſs he was otherwiſe permitted by ſpecial licence under the king's letters patent; and this is ſtill the law of England in criminal cauſes, though as to matters of law ariſing on trial for capital offences the priſoner is there entitled to counſel. The learned commentator further obſerves, that in the Roman law, though it was anciently the practice that no perſon could act in the name of another, yet becauſe this was attended with great inconveniences men began to conduct their judicial controverſy through the medium of lawyers; ſo in the Engliſh, and in our law, upon the ſame principle of convenience, it is provided in general that attornies, conſtituted by the parties, may proſecute or defend any action. The right then is clear and definite both by our law and the Engliſh in civil ſuits, and the conſtitution in this country has extended it in like manner to all criminal actions or proſecutions; and this right has grown out of the neceſſity of the meaſure, grounded on principles of reaſon and juſtice.

Our author next warns his countrymen, againſt projects of innovation on their ancient and eſtabliſhed rights, however plauſible they may be made to appear; againſt being deluded by unreaſonable prejudices againſt courts and officers of the law, fomented by intereſted, treacherous, diſappointed, or deſigning men. He reminds them of the dreadful conſequences which flowed from this diſpoſition, and from theſe abſurd prejudices in England, in the reigns of Richard II. and Henry VI. In the former of theſe reigns, he obſerves, hoſts of poor deluded people, inſtigated by a few crafty and miſchievous leaders, broke into open rebellion againſt the government, committing in their mad career moſt horrible crimes of every kind. The pretences of theſe miſcreants and their followers, according to Dr. Brady, were "liberty, changing the evil cuſtoms of the nation, and cutting off the heads of all the lawyers great and ſmall wherever they could find them, for that the nation never could enjoy true liberty, till they were killed." Theſe wretched men all paid the forfeit of their lives for their crimes; ſome were executed as traitors, others were killed at the head of the rabble.* Seventy years afterwards, in the reign of Henry VI., the ſame tragedy and farce were exhibited on the ſame theatre; the plot, the actors, and the cataſtrophe were alſo of a like nature. Cade was their chief. He alſo wiſhed to "*reform the government*," and "*eaſe the people*"; he alſo abhorred the law, lawyers, and knowledge; and he, with twenty-ſix of his aſſociates, by a moſt righteous judgment, expiated their crimes on a gibbet. Qui eorum veſtigiis inſiſtant, exitus perhorreſcant. Our author concludes the work before us with ſome judicious reflections on the dangerous conſequences of a violent party ſpirit in a free government.

The obſervations, which appeared in our Review for September laſt, on the ſtyle, the candour, and the independence of the political ſentiments of the writer of the Conſtitutionaliſt, apply with equal propriety to the Author of the work before us, and, if we have not been miſinformed, both productions were from the ſame gentleman.

At the cloſe of this volume are inſerted obſervations on the extenſion of the juriſdiction and powers of juſtices of the peace, publiſhed in the Lancaſter Intelligencer in December, 1802, and

* Sir John Gower, who lived in the fourteenth century, and who is ſaid to have been one of the moſt admired poets of the age, wrote a poem called "vox clamantis," which was a chronicle of this rebellion. The ſolemnity of the ſtyle and lowneſs of the ſubject give it in ſome places a burleſque appearance, as in the following catalogue of the leaders of the inſurgents, which we beg leave to introduce for the amuſement of our readers.

Watte vocat, cui Thome venit, neque Symme retardat,
Bitteque, Gibbe, ſimul Hykke, venire jubent,
Colle furit, quem Gibbe juvat nocumenta parantes,
Cum quibus ad damnum Wille coire vovit.
Grigge rapit, dum Daive ſtrepit, comes eſt quibus Hobbe
Lorkin, et in medio non minor eſſe putat.
Hudde ferit quos Judde terit, dum Tibbe juvatur
Jakke domus que virus vellit, et enſnecat, &c.

addreſſed to the legiſlature of Pennſylvania. They were written by the ſame author, previous to the work which we have already noticed at conſiderable length, and give a leſs extenſive view of the ſame ſubject, the trial by jury.

We cannot bid adieu to our author, without again expreſſing our high ſenſe of the independence and boldneſs, with which he nobly dares to deliver his ſentiments on a moſt intereſting topick, although thoſe ſentiments are obnoxious in the extreme to an immenſe majority of the people of Pennſylvania. If Horace believed that his heart muſt ſurely have been caſed in oak or threefold braſs, who firſt had the courage to entruſt himſelf in a ſlender bark to the tempeſtuous billows of the ocean, what terms of admiration can we find to do juſtice to the magnanimity of that mind which, from principle, nobly dares to reſiſt and encounter the perils and ſtorms of the tempeſtuous ſea of an uncontroled democracy, the natural ſtate of which is a ſtate of turmoil? It has no repoſe but the repoſe of a volcano; the appearance of a calm diſguiſes a deep fermentation which prepares only for a new exploſion.

ART. 3.

A diſcourſe to a ſociety of young men in London; preached in the year 1719, by Rev. John Cumming, miniſter of the Scots church, London. Boſton. Manning & Loring.

FROM the advertiſement of this diſcourſe in the newſpaper, one would very naturally ſuppoſe that it was deſigned to counteract infidelity, and to lead chriſtians to a common defence of their religion. It was alſo reaſonable to expect that, as nearly a century had elapſed ſince it was firſt printed, ſome extraordinary merit which it poſſeſſed, or ſome peculiarly "ſeaſonable thoughts" which it contained, recommended its recovery from the dumb forgetfulneſs, in which it had ſo long remained.

But we were ſomewhat diſappointed and ſurpriſed when we found that, inſtead of being a vindication of our common chriſtianity, it is founded on the principle of excluſive orthodoxy, and is a declaration of war againſt all, who do not eſpouſe what is denominated the *common faith* reſpecting the "ever bleſſed and undivided Trinity." Chriſtianity is repreſented as in imminent danger, and infidelity threatening to prevail, becauſe all chriſtians are not Trinitarians. To many perſons this will appear a groundleſs and falſe alarm, conſidered as applied to our age and country; for we ſay nothing of the time and period in which it was written. Whoever was inſtrumental in offering it to the publick at this time ſhould hold himſelf reſponſible for its contents, no leſs, than if he himſelf were the writer. We truſt this was not duly conſidered; if it were, as chriſtians we can hardly deſire to draw him from concealment.

The text of this diſcourſe is the 3d verſe of Jude. *It was needful for me to write unto you, and exhort you, that you ſhould earneſtly contend for the faith which was once delivered unto the ſaints,*

"A diſcourſe on ſuch a ſubject as this cannot be unſeaſonable at any time, and may ſeem neceſſary at a time, when the foundations of our religion are openly attacked, a new faith is impoſed upon chriſtians, and when the revivers of an exploded hereſy impudently boaſt of numbers and authorities.

Now, reader, recollect that this diſcourſe is publiſhed as containing "ſeaſonable thoughts," and deſerves the ſame ſtrictneſs of animadverſion as though it were recently written, and written for the preſent ſtate of the church. We aſk then, what is this "new faith," which "is impoſed upon chriſtians"? Who are the "revivers of an exploded hereſy"?

"All diſtinction between hereſy and ſound doctrine is laughed at as ridiculous," &c. This charge may come very well from a devotee to a Preſbyterian hierarchy; but where are we to obtain our authority for deciding on hereſy, for diſcriminating in all points between ſound doctrine and falſe?

"Things are come to a criſis, and the common vaunt is, that it will be the glory of this age to end in Arianiſm." It is deſirable that this "exploded" controverſy ſhould not be revived; but, when what was deſigned as a reproach at the beginning of the laſt century, is ſo unfairly and preſumptuouſly caſt upon no one knows whom at the beginning of the preſent, we involuntarily wiſh to aſcertain what is meant. Whoever has imagined this diſcourſe ſo "ſeaſonable," will doubtleſs inform us who have boaſted or predicted, "that it will be the glory of this inquiſitive age to end in Arianiſm."

After ſpeaking of heterodox ſchemes and the opinions now propagated among us by the diſciples of Arius, we find the following very ſober and candid reflection.

When ſuch a dreadful ſcene opens to our view, when there is a manifeſt conſpiracy carried on againſt the fundamentals of our religion, it ſhould animate the zeal of chriſtians, &c.

Where, by whom, and in what manner is this dreadful and alarming conſpiracy "manifeſted" and carried on againſt the fundamentals of chriſtianity? In our country ſurely. By infidels? No, by heretical chriſtians. In what ways? Through the inſtrumentality of books, pamphlets, newſpapers, or periodical publications? By ſecret plots, inflammatory declamation, or addreſſes from the ſacred deſk?—This remains to be explained!

From remarking on the divinity and ſatisfaction of Chriſt, the the writer of this diſcourſe proceeds to obſerve,

I might mention other principles in revealed religion, which have a neceſſary connexion with the former, and which are eſteemed fundamental by the unanimous ſuffrage of all the reformed churches.

The "ſuffrage of reformed churches" is not admitted to the rule of faith by Congregationaliſts; nor indeed in words by any other churches. But it is very queſtionable, whether it can be made to appear that there has been ſuch a harmony in opinions, as our author would make us believe. The reformed church of England, for example, has its ar-

ticles of faith, and those to which it requires the assent of all candidates for its protection, honours, and emoluments. But it is well known that many of its clergy, and even dignitaries, most eminent, pious, and candid, have explained many of these articles in a manner very different from the writer of this discourse, and not very satisfactory to him who has disturbed his ashes. What will such say of Tillotson, Clarke, and Watson? They will not surely deny *them* the name of christians. It is not thought expedient to change or annul any articles, or canons of faith in the English church. But, were its clergy assembled in council, we should be far from finding an "unanimous suffrage" in their favour; unless every one would comply with secret constructions and mental reservations.

Without stating many of his premises, this preacher to the young lays down his conclusion,

That it is a necessary part of faith, a fundamental in our religion, to believe that our Lord Jesus Christ is God, in the native and literal sense of the word as it signifies a being of infinite perfections, of absolute eternity, and *necessary existence.* ——This is that faith we must live and die in, if we will be christians: If we suffer ourselves to grow cold or indifferent towards it, it will be an easy matter for the adversaries of the truth first to make us scepticks, and then to overthrow our faith entirely, in those points of revealed religion that are apprehended to be of less moment, or in which a difference in opinion may be thought less hazardous.

It would be very gratifying, if the person who has given us this new edition of Scotch bigotry, would become his author's commentator upon these sentences. And surely he will not shrink from the task through an apprehension of perplexing orthodox christians. He will not suffer *them* to wrest such passages to their own confusion. "Every one that will live and die a christian must believe that Christ is *absolutely eternal, and necessarily existent.*" A glorious anathema, worthy of being fulminated in modern times! And who has authorised a Cumming of 1805 thus rashly to denounce many of our most pious and exemplary men, and to pronounce, damnatory sentence upon the memory of some of our reverend fathers? How does he dare thus insolently to trample on the ashes of the dead? thus presumptuously to arraign the living who have not manifested all that temerity of judgment, and intrepidity in decision, which he is ready to exercise? Is this to become the spirit of our times? Is any one among us to assume it as a truth that a certain church rightly interprets a particular doctrine? to call those, who decide by the same scriptures, hereticks? and to revive a spirit of controversy on a subject, which has already sufficiently confounded the judgment and inflamed the passions of the christian world, and filled English libraries with volumes and volumes of Trinitarian and Unitarian tracts?

Throughout the whole bible Jesus Christ is definitively and absolutely declared to be God and Lord, and the titles and attributes of the only Lord God are, *without limitation*, ascribed to him, &c.

Many, who have read and thought upon this subject, will think that this sentence needs very

CORRESPONDENCE.

To "Harvardienſis."

SIR,

AN injudicious friend often proves as miſchievous as a profeſſed enemy, and extravagant encomium too often wears the ſemblance of irony, the ſevereſt ſpecies of ſatire. When we firſt read your addreſs to the Boſton Reviewers, we conceived that you were ridiculing the talents of a moſt reſpectable man, and we felt juſt indignation at the ſuppoſed inſidious attack. But on a ſecond peruſal we found reaſon to believe you ſerious, and have concluded that you are ſome vain ſtripling, juſt entered into the ſophmore claſs, eager to diſplay your ſcanty reading, and fooliſhly ſuppoſing that the honour of American literature is involved in the fate of the volume which you undertake to defend.

The reſpectable author muſt bluſh at the ridiculous praiſes that you have heaped on him, for no man living poſſeſſes more modeſty, or is leſs infected with thoſe moſt deſpicable of all human infirmities, vanity and egotiſm.

Our review was approved of by the beſt judges, as candid and juſt, copied into the Port-Folio, a publication of diſtinguiſhed taſte, and gave great ſatisfaction, we have reaſon to think, to the Colonel himſelf, who purchaſed ſeveral numbers of the Anthology which contained it, previouſly to his laſt leaving town.

Colonel Humphreys, Sir, we can aſſure you, is not vain of his literary talents, and ſo far from placing himſelf in the firſt rank of Engliſh poets, would modeſtly retreat to the ſixth, though the world in juſtice would willingly aſſign him a ſtation in the fourth. His productions are thoſe of a gentleman, who writes for amuſement, and who has been prevailed on to publiſh, contrary to his own judgment, by the importunities of friends. He juſtly conſiders them as the trifles of his leiſure, which his military and diplomatick character will probably out-live. We carefully culled all the flowers that we could find, and if we overlooked any of ſuperiour bloom and fragrance, it was incumbent on you to ſupply our deficiency. We praiſed the life of Putnam as an intereſting narrative, and if we were ſilent on his other productions in proſe, it was becauſe we could diſcover nothing in them to commend. They are in no reſpect ſuperiour to the daily eſſays of a newſpaper, and we are ſorry to ſay, that his addreſs before the Cincinnati cannot even boaſt this very moderate degree of merit.

Your authorities in ſupport of falſe accentuation are nothing to the purpoſe, as *unknown* is the only word of the many objected to, which you can juſtify by quotations. You cite Watts and Pulteney as accenting it indifferently on the ultimate and penultimate, a ſufficient proof that they were too looſe in the uſe of language to be conſidered as authorities. We have yet to learn that Dr. Watts is a great poet, though we readily acknowledge him entitled to the higher praiſe of having been an excellent man. We muſt confeſs that of the poetical name

of Pulteney we have barely heard, and if he is, as you aſſert, among the *beſt Engliſh authorities*, we muſt take ſhame to ourſelves for our ignorance. If on the other hand, he is merely an obſcure tranſlator, unknown to men of taſte and literature, you ought to bluſh for citing ſuch a writer. Johnſon, who wrote his lives of the poets for the bookſellers, had he been allowed, would doubtleſs have omitted many which he has inſerted.

You attempt to juſtify the emphaſis on adjectives, by quotations from reſpectable writers, and we willingly agree with you that it may occaſionally be a beauty. But its frequent repetition is unqueſtionably a fault, as it carries with it the appearance of affectation; and we will undertake to affirm that there are more inſtances of this affectation in the works which you defend, than can be found in any two good poets in the language.

Your juſtification of *licit*, which you acknowldge is unauthorized, proves you a true diſciple of Noah Webſter, that ſcourge of grammar, no leſs than your ſneer at Engliſh literature. Yet let us inform you, young Sir, that all ſenſible Americans will rely on the great writers of that nation as authorities, until we can produce equal excellence. We know of no American language, that is not Indian, and feel no inclination to reſort to the Choctaws, the Chickeſaws, the Cherokees, and the Tuſcaroras for literary inſtruction. Whilſt we ſpeak and write the Engliſh language, we are ſatisfied to be guided in our uſe of that language by approved Engliſh writers, by which we ſhall guard againſt modern foppery and provincial impurities. If we flatter ourſelves that we have already attained to perfection, we encourage a vain deluſion, which will tend to cheriſh vanity and prevent improvement. Should you, Sir, live till your beard grows, you will be aſhamed of your puerile panegyrick on a volume, whoſe author is probably as much pleaſed with our candid remarks, as he muſt be diſguſted with your abſurd and fulſome adulation.

MONTHLY CATALOGUE

OF NEW PUBLICATIONS IN THE UNITED STATES, FOR JANUARY, 1805.

SUNT BONA, SUNT QUÆDAM MEDIOCRIA, SUNT MALA PLURA.—MART.

ORIGINAL WORKS.

A Digeſt of the laws of Maryland, to which is added the acts of Congreſs for the Diſtrict of Columbia, from the aſſumption of juriſdiction to the end of the ſeſſion which terminated in the year 1804 inclusive. By Thomas Herty, 2 vols. Waſhington.

The Works of the Hon. James Wilſon, LL.D. late one of the aſſociate juſtices of the ſupreme court of the United States and profeſſor of law in the college of Philadelphia. 3 vols. octavo. Philadelphia. Bronſon & Chauncy.

A Digeſt of the revenue laws of the United States, by L. Addington, attorney at Law. Philadelphia.

An Epitome of the arts and ſciences, being a comprehenſive ſyſtem of

the elementary parts of an useful and polite education upon the plan of a similar work of B. Turner, LL.D. of Magdalen college, Oxford; augmented, improved, and adapted to the use of schools in the United States; illustrated by various engravings of subjects in natural history. Philadelphia.

The counting house Calender for 1805, embracing a variety of useful tables well adapted to trading purposes. Baltimore. Warner & Hanna.

A Dissertation on the right and obligation of the civil magistrate to take care of the interest of religion, and provide for its support; in which the arguments in confirmation of said right and obligation, both from reason and the sacred scriptures, are adduced; the usual objections examined; together with several corollaries deduced from the subject. By Rev. Simon Backus, A. M. Connecticut.

A Companion for the festivals and fasts of the protestant Episcopal church in the United States of America, principally selected from Nelson's companion for the festivals and fasts of the church of England. By John Henry Hobart, A. M. an assistant minister of Trinity church, New York. To which are added, Pastoral advice to young persons before and after confirmation, by a minister of the church of England, and an exhortation to family prayer, by Bishop Gibson, with forms of devotion.

The universal restoration of all men proved by scripture, reason, and common sense. By Joseph Young, M. D. author of Calvinism and Universalism contrasted. 1 vol. 8vo. New-York.

Pamphlets.

A sermon preached before the general convention of the protestant Episcopal church in the United States of America, in the city of New York, 12th Sept. 1804, by the Right Rev. Benjamin Moore, bishop of New York. New York. T. & J. Swords.

Sermon on the qualifications, the authorities, and the duties of the gospel ministry, delivered at the consecration of the Right Rev. Bishop Parker of Massachusetts. By Bishop White.

A discourse before the society for propagating the gospel among the Indians and others in North America, delivered in Boston, Nov. 1, 1804. By Rev. Levi Frisbie, A. M. pastor of the first church in Ipswich. Charlestown. Etheridge.

Rev. Mr. Parish's thanksgiving sermon, delivered at Byfield, Nov. 29, 1804.

A discourse delivered before the 2d Baptist society in Boston, on the annual thanksgiving, Nov. 29, 1804. By Rev. Thomas Baldwin, D.D. Boston. Adams & Rhoades.

A funeral sermon occasioned by the death of Mr. Thomas Lewis, A. M. delivered at Salem, Con. By Rev. Holland Weeks. New Haven.

A sermon delivered at Plymouth, Dec. 21, 1804, the anniversary of the landing of our fathers in Dec. 1620. By Alden Bradford, A.M. S.H.S. Boston. Gilbert & Dean.

Republicanism and aristocracy contrasted, or the steady habits of Connecticut inconsistent with and opposed to the principles of the American revolution, exhibited in an oration delivered at New London, Con. July 4, 1804. By Christopher Manwaring. Reprinted at Boston.

A defence of the conduct of Commodore Morris, during his command in the Mediterranean, with strictures on the report of the court of inquiry held at Washington. Printed for Riley & Co. New York.

The accomplished demagogue, or patriot's Vade Mecum, concisely delineating the newest and most approved method whereby to become a man of the people, more particularly adapted to the meridian of Pennsylvania. By a descendant of the great Martinus Scriblerus. Pennsylvania.

Memorial of the agents of the New England Mississippi land company to Congress, with a vindication of their title at law. City of Washington. A. & G. Ways.

William Judd's address to the people of Connecticut on the subject of the removal of himself and four other justices from office by the general assembly of said state, at their late October session, for declaring and publishing their opinion that the people of this state are at present without a constitution of civil government. Printed for the general committee of republicans. From Sidney's press.

Mr. Daggett's argument before the general assembly of Connecticut, Oct. 4, 1804, in the case of certain justices of the peace; to which is prefixed a brief history of the proceedings of the assembly. Hartford. Hudson & Goodwin.

A poem on the death of Gen. Alexander Hamilton, by a young lady of Baltimore.

The Changery, an allegorick memoir of the Boston exchange office; or the pernicious progress of bank speculation unveiled. By Perspective. Boston.

Collection of facts and documents relative to the project of a bridge from South-street in Boston to Dorchester-neck, and the annexation of that peninsula to the town of Boston. E. Lincoln.

The Philadelphia medical and physical Journal, collected and arranged by Benjamin S. Barton, M. D. professor of materia medica, natural history and botany in the university of Pennsylvania.

The Rainbow, series the first, a periodical paper, originally published in the Richmond Enquirer. Richmond. Ritchie & Worsely.

The second and concluding number of the life of Tom Gardner, to which is annexed an authentick copy of his last will and testament. N. York. Hopkins.

The life and military atchievements of Toussaint Louverture. Baltimore.

Justification of Gen. Moreau from a charge of conspiracy exhibited against him by the imperial republick of France, translated by G. L. Gray. Norfolk.

New Editions.

Le Tuteur Anglais, ou grammaire reguliere de la langue Anglais; en deux parties; par William Cobbet. Seconde edit. Chez Jean Bonalds, N. York.

Dilworth's Schoolmaster's Assistant, improved and adapted to the use of the citizens of the U. S. N. York, B. Jansen, publisher.

Wettenhall's Greek grammar, translated into English, with additional notes, &c. by W. P. Farrand. Philadelphia.

The Nurse's Guide, or friendly cautions to the heads of families and others very necessary to be observed in order to preserve health and long life, with ample direction to nurses who attend the sick and women in child-bed. The first American edition, with notes and additions.

A critical pronouncing dictionary and expositor of the English language; in which the meaning of every word is explained, the sound of every syllable distinctly shown; and where words are subject to different pronunciations, the preferable one is pointed out by being placed first; with directions to foreigners for acquiring a use of this dictionary. By John Walker. Abridged and adapted to the use of the citizens of the United States, in the form of Perry's pocket dictionary. New York. Daniel D. Smith.

Travels in China, containing descriptions, observations, and comparisons made and collected in the course of a short residence at the imperial palace of Yeun-Min-Yuen, and on a subsequent journey through the country from Pekin to Canton. By John Barrow, Esq. late private secretary to the Earl of Macartney.

The plays of William Shakespeare, with the corrections and illustrations of various commentators. To which are added, notes by Samuel Johnson and George Stevens, from the 5th and latest London edition published in 1803. Revised and augmented by Isaac Reed, with a glossarial index. New York.

Pamphlets.

A discourse to a society of young men in London, from Jude, verse 3d, preached in the year 1719. By Rev. John Cumming, minister of the Scots church in London. Boston. Manning & Loring.

Report of the trial of Lord Headfort. Philadelphia.

Works in the Press.

Wanostrocht's Recueil de traits historiques et contes moraux. Boston. West & Greenleaf.

Mair's Cæsar. Philadelphia. Wm. P. Farrand & Co.

The history of the late grand insurrection or struggle for liberty in Ireland, impartially collected from Stephens, Hay, Jones, Gordon, &c. Philadelphia.

Wanostrocht's Fr. grammar. Boston.

WORKS TO BE PUBLISHED BY SUBSCRIPTION.

The works of Dr. Doddridge in 10 vols. Philadelphia. Farrand & Co.

Faith no fancy, or a treatise of mental images, by the Rev. Ralph Erskine, A. M. late minister of the gospel at Dunfermline. Philadelphia.

Valerian, a narrative poem, founded on some events in early christian history, and designed in part to illustrate the effects of religion on the manners of barbarous nations. By the Rev. John Blair Linn, late pastor of the first Presbyterian church in Philadelphia. To which will be prefixed, some account of the life and character of the author. Philadelphia. Conrad & Co.

Sermons on several subjects, by bishop Porteus.

The life of God in the soul of man, or the nature and excellence of the christian religion, by Henry Scougal.

Modern Geography abridged, by John Pinkerton.

Kett's Elements of general knowledge. [The four last works to be published by P. Nichols & J. A. Cummings and others, Boston.]

Lectures on the elements of chemistry by Joseph Black, M. D. professor of chemistry in the university of Edinburgh. 2 vols. 8vo. William Duane and B. Graves, Philadelphia.

Adams's lectures on natural and experimental philosophy, corrected and considerably enlarged, by Robert Patterson, professor of mathematicks in the university of Pennsylvania. Philadelphia. Woodward.

A history of the rise, progress, and termination of the revolutionary war between Great Britain and the United States of America, interspersed with biographical, political, and moral observations. By Mrs. Warren, of Plymouth. Boston. E. Larkin, publisher.

Aristotle's ethicks and politicks, comprising his practical philosophy, translated by John Gillies, LL.D. Norfolk. George L. Gray.

Burke on the sublime and beautiful. Portland. Daniel Johnson.

Cruden's concordance, by Thimber. Conrad & Co.

A new selection of songs, entitled, The Union song-book. William T. Clap, publisher. Boston.

INTELLIGENCE.

Mr. Madison, president of William and Mary College, is preparing a map of Virginia, laid down from actual survey and the latest as well as most accurate observation. Every county, and most of the publick roads, &c. will be accurately delineated.

Richard Orchard, of this town, proposes publishing by subscription a correct likeness of Gov. Strong, to be taken from a painting made from the life by an eminent artist, to be of the size of ten by fourteen inches, handsomely engraved and printed on fine thick paper.

Marshall's life of Washington is printing in an elegant 4to. and 8vo. form in London. It is decorated with a fine print of the General, from the famous painting by Stuart, in the collection of the marquis of Lansdown, and is dedicated to that celebrated nobleman. Johnson, the proprietor and publisher, promises to insert at the conclusion of the work a new and original communication from high authority respecting the treaty of 1783, probably from the marquis of Lansdown, who was then prime minister of Great Britain.

Dr. Benjamin Smith Barton has published part 1st, vol. 1st, of the medical and physical journal, dedicated to Sir Joseph Banks. The general plan of this work will be that of the "medical and physical journal," the "medical annals," the annals of botany, and other similar works that are published in Europe, and will regularly appear every six months, each number to contain at least two hundred pages. This publication will contain, 1. original communications relative to all the branches of medicine, natural history, and physical geography; 2. biographical sketches of the lives of eminent physicians and naturalists, especially those of the last half of the eighteenth century and of the present time; 3. reviews of and extracts from

new publications in medicine, natural history, and geography, especially those which have been published in the United States, or which have a particular reference to this tract of country, &c. & miscellaneous facts of various kinds, all however relating to the expressed objects of the work.

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Several interesting sketches of the life of Dr. Priestley who died at Northumberland in Pennsylvania, on the 6th of February, have already been published by Dr. Aiken, Mr. Belsham, and Mr. Toulmin, all of England.

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Dr. Barton of Philadelphia has delivered an eulogium on Dr. Priestley before the Philosophical Society, which we understand is to be published.

MONTHLY POLITICAL REPORT.

Russia.

A mild spirit of interiour government probably influences the councils of this country; but the aspiring disposition of its policy with respect to the east is not to be doubted. The emperor of France will be fortunate, if he should suffer nothing through the opposition of this government to his ambitious projects.

Austria

is said to increase its power continually to such a degree, that a dissolution of the German empire is apprehended. According to a statistical account lately published in the Journal de Commerce Austria may be regarded, after France, as the first power in Europe, as well from the extent of her territory as of her population. The extent of her territory is estimated at 158,840 geographical miles, and her population at between 25 and 26 millions of inhabitants. Her army in the time of peace is fixed by a regulation of last year, at 270,000 men, and in time of war it amounts to 365,000. The revenues of Austria amount to about 10 millions a year; but during the late war she made considerable loans, and her publick debt now amounts to about 40,000,000l. The principal cities are Vienna, which contains 254,000 inhabitants, Venice 180,000, Prague 80,000, Gratz 35,000, Presburgh 30,000, Buda 38,000, Cracovia 24,000, Lemberg 20,000, Saltzburgh 20,000, Trieste 18,000. The publick edifices at Vienna, Buda, and above all, Venice, merit the attention of travellers. The noble Hungarians have castles which correspond with their riches, but not always with our manners. In the castle of Esterhazy, a few miles from Presburgh, and which the Germans compare with the castle of Versailles, there were, when Fortin visited it in 1792, 400 clocks, and not one book.

Sweden.

The frequent collisions between Buonaparte and the king of this country seem ready to kindle between them the flames of war. The latter, counting perhaps on the aid of Russia, assumes a lofty tone in conference with the former, who is said to be preparing measures for a revolution among the Swedes.

Prussia

seems to be a neutral amidst the competitions by which Europe is convulsed; and the surrounding powers are unwilling to disturb this neutrality, lest they should lessen their imagined influence in the Prussian court.

Holland.

That liberty which was once the boast and the happiness of this country has taken to itself wings. The Leyden Gazette is suppressed; the murmurs of the people are changed to groans; and every thing indicates the subjection of this ancient republick to the despotism of France.

United States.

Whatever dislike we might have for the present administration of the American government, and however ruinous we might consider the ultimate tendency of its measures, it is our duty to state, that the common prosperity is not at present impeded by distracted

council: Congress is in session, and the most interesting affair which it has agitated the past month is the impeachment of Judge Chase. The legislature of Massachusetts assembled on the 17th of January, and on the 18th his Excellency the Governour delivered the following speech before both branches of the Court,

Gentlemen of the Senate, and
Gentlemen of the House of Representatives,

I MEET you with much satisfaction at this time, as I am persuaded, that from a continuance of harmony in the several branches of government, the business of it will be conducted with advantage to the publick, and with ease and convenience to those who are employed in its administration.

In the course of the session, you will have leisure maturely to consider those subjects which were postponed at the close of your first meeting. Permit me again to recommend to your revision the arrangement of the terms of the Supreme Judicial Court, established by the late act making further provision in the judicial department. If that arrangement is found to be impracticable or inconvenient, you will undoubtedly make the necessary amendments.

The secretary will lay before you the return of the Militia of the Commonwealth, which I have received from the adjutant-general, with a letter from him, stating some local inconveniences which have arisen under the existing militia laws. He will also deliver to you the quarter-master-general's return of the ordnance and military stores belonging to the state.

The major-generals of several divisions of the militia have informed me, that in the late reviews it appeared, that the regiments and corps composing the several brigades, had improved in all the points which constitute a well-regulated militia;—that their arms and equipments were in better order than at any former period, and that with few exceptions they had good cloth uniforms;—this latter circumstance being voluntary and not required by law, is peculiarly meritorious.

There can be no necessity, Gentlemen, of recommending to you the advancement of the various interests of the commonwealth; your time will be devoted to this object, in attending to the requests of individuals, and removing any just grounds of complaint; in affording suitable encouragement to every species of useful industry, and in supplying, as far as you are able, whatever is deficient in our present system of legislation.—While you thus consider yourselves as deputed to watch over the publick interest; while you support the just claims of our fellow-citizens, and gratify their reasonable expectations, you will merit, and probably retain their respect. But in whatever manner your services shall be estimated by others, you will have the satisfaction which arises from the consciousness of doing good.

We have associated with our fellow-citizens to preserve our rights, by supporting republican governments; in doing this we are all equally and deeply interested. When the constitution of the United States was first proposed, many good men doubted of the fitness or sufficiency of its provisions. But such important benefits have resulted from it, and such confusion and discord would follow from a separation of the States, that probably few, or none of the people are desirous of that event.

The constitution of this State unites us still more closely for our common safety and happiness. It is founded on the basis of equal liberty, and its value does not appear to be lessened in the estimation of the people, by the experience of more than twenty years; our country flourishes in peace and wealth, and we may be thought, from these favourable circumstances, to be out of the reach of danger. But when we see other republicks disgracefully renouncing the fruit of their sufferings and exploits, and tamely submitting to the control of masters, we ought at least to reflect on the causes of their fall, and consider of the means by which we may be guarded against a like degradation.

It will, I think, be agreed that knowledge and virtue in the body of the people, are essential to the support of a free government: without them we should readily submit to any artful usurper. The first settlers of this State, aware of their importance, adopted every expedient in their power to promote them;

and ſo long as we preſerve unimpaired the inſtitutions which have been tranſmitted to us by the wiſdom of our anceſtors, and retain their purity of manners and the leſſons which they inculcated, we may hope to be exempt from the viciſſitudes to which other nations have been expoſed.

Religious principles and inſtitutions are neceſſary to all governments, and eſpecially to republicks. The teachers of religion, of whatever denomination they are, by their moral inſtructions, may have much influence in upholding the order of ſociety, and regulating the conduct of the people; their offices would therefore be of great importance, even if they had no higher objects in view. But all nations have expreſſed a reverence for the Deity, and have united in the belief that ſome mode of worſhip is neceſſary to obtain his favour. Within a few years, indeed, an experiment has been made by the people of *France* of renouncing religion; but we have now ſeen the tendency and termination of their ſyſtem.

To enumerate the inſtitutions eſtabliſhed by our anceſtors might be thought ſuperfluous; many of them, and particularly thoſe which related to education, are ſtill maintained, and we every day experience their beneficial effects. May their poſterity not only preſerve their inſtitutions, but practice their manners and virtues!

It is often ſaid, that moſt of the republicks which I have referred to, were conquered by their powerful neighbours, and that our remote ſituation from *Europe* enſures the ſafety of our governments. Perhaps theſe obſervations are not ſo correct, as we are inclined to believe. Free ſtates are in much greater danger from their own depravity, than from external enemies. The vices, diſorders, and diviſions in former republicks have in all caſes occaſioned their ruin. It will be difficult to find an inſtance, where a free and civilized people have been conquered, who had not degenerated from that virtue by which their liberty was eſtabliſhed. When they are ſurrounded by other nations, they conſider them as watching to take advantage of their folly and weakneſs; this reflection operates as a conſtant check upon their diſorderly paſſions. If an invaſion is threatened, and any publick ſpirit remains in the people, they lay aſide private animoſities, and unite for their common defence: In this manner the apprehenſion of danger from abroad has in numberleſs inſtances prevented contention at home. Our diſtance from *Europe* will be a fortunate circumſtance if we can be at peace among ourſelves; it leſſens the probability of foreign invaſion, though it may increaſe the danger from internal feuds.

In the republicks which I have juſt mentioned, the people had not ſufficient virtue and publick ſpirit to unite their efforts againſt the common enemy.—Their numbers and wealth were as great, as when they reſiſted the moſt powerful princes; and if they had acted with unanimity and vigour, their defenſive attitude might have ſaved them from an attack. But they were divided and weakened by factions; their falſe patriots co-operated with their invaders, and their governments fell, not ſo much by the arms of a conqueror, as by the weight of their own vices. Such are the effects of violent diſorders or implacable diſcord in all free ſtates;—they lead to anarchy, and end in deſpotiſm. There may be much diverſity in the proceſs, but the reſult is nearly the ſame; the chief difference is, that ſmall States generally call in a maſter from abroad, and great nations make a tyrant for themſelves.

When political diſputes are conducted with moderation and candour, they are innocent and may be uſeful. But when parties become eager and vehement;—when in the heat of contention they loſe ſight of the publick intereſt, and endeavour to miſlead the citizens by falſe repreſentations, they corrupt the publick morals, and tend directly to licentiouſneſs and confuſion. In ſuch caſes there would be danger that the moſt unprincipled would be the moſt ſucceſsful;—they might reſort to meaſures which their opponents might be unwilling to adopt;—for honeſt men would diſdain to deceive the people, and would never deviate from right conduct to promote any cauſe, or produce any change in opinions or meaſures. But if men of corrupt principles ſhould

thus predominate, they might choose rather to submit to a despot of their own selection, than hazard the loss of their ill-acquired influence.

From our situation we have the means of safety, in a peculiar manner in our own power, and it depends upon ourselves, whether as a people we become the most respectable or the most wretched.—If we are united in affection, if we retain a frugal course of living, and are animated with zeal for the publick good, we shall possess resources fully sufficient for our security, and shall rise to the highest state of publick honour and happiness. But if intestine divisions and civil discords prevail, we shall be exposed, not only to foreign insults, but to those revengeful domestick enormities, which have been the terrour and disgrace of other nations. It is the great duty then of every citizen, instead of exciting variance and party strife, which are the sources of confusion and misery, to promote concord among the people.—And it will be the aim of good government to unite the citizens in the ties of friendship, and make the happiness of the State consist in the harmony of its several parts. Such a government will be superiour to selfish considerations and partial attachments; and will inspire respect by the equity and uniformity of its principles; by a constant adherence to probity and good faith in its measures, and by causing moral rectitude to be had in honour.

You will readily perceive, Gentlemen, that our safety would be endangered by a general relaxation either of the military or the political virtues; a decay of the former would expose to foreign aggression, and by the decline of the latter we should become an easy prey to the ambitious projects of restless and aspiring men among ourselves.—The history of other republicks will serve to lay open to our view the disguises under which tyranny may be introduced in a free State. In the modern republicks of *Europe*, the scenes, which were formerly displayed in those of *Greece* and *Rome*, have been repeated. Dissension and party-spirit were excited among the people, and their passions were artfully inflamed against the *most* able and virtuous citizens, and against those institutions and restraints which wisdom had devised, and the experience of ages had sanctioned. These republicks, one after another, have lost their freedom, and have been subjected to domestick usurpation, or foreign dominion, by the intrigues of men, who affected the language of patriots while they aspired to the power of masters, and who under the specious pretext of asserting the rights of the people, betrayed and overwhelmed them. Let us take warning from their errours and misfortunes; and may heaven preserve us from a similar destiny!

CALEB STRONG.

January 18*th*, 1805.

MARRIAGES.

In this town, Henry Paine, merchant, to Miss Olive Lyman, daughter of Theodore Lyman, esq.; Thomas Harris, jun. of Charlestown, to Miss Helen Lucinda Fales; by the Rev. Mr. Buckminster, Thomas Hughes, to Miss Sarah Balch, daughter of N. Balch, esq.; Simon Broadstreet, of Gardner, to Miss Lydia Nicholl; John Beath, to Miss Jerusha Babcock; Capt. Theodore Curtis, to Miss Goddard; James Hill, to Miss Mary Ellery; William Cheever, to Miss Maria Delano; John Park, to Miss C. Higgins; Benjamin Lamphear, to Mrs. Susannah King; Wm. Munroe, to Miss Temperance Hyde; Addington Davenport, to Mrs. Barron; Winslow Wright, to Miss Sally Dunlap; John B. Hammett, to Miss Nabby Rumney.

In Waltham, Rev. Nehemiah Coye, of Newport, to Mrs. Lucy Peirce.

In Harvard, Rev. Thomas Beede, of Wilton, N.H. to Miss Nancy Kimball.

In Newhaven, Mr. Jeremiah Day, professor of mathematicks and natural philosophy in Yale College, to Miss Patty Sherman, daughter of Hon. Roger Sherman.

In Rochester, on new-year's day, Samuel Berry, esq. æt. 63, to the widow Dorothy Churchill, æt. 77. Fifty of their male descendants were present at the ceremony which was performed by the Rev. J. Clark, a nephew of the bride.

Necrology;

OR NOTICES COLLECTED OF PERSONS RECENTLY DECEASED AT HOME AND ABROAD.

"Death is the privilege of human nature,
And life without it were not worth our having."

In this town, on Monday, 21ſt inſt. Hon. THOMAS DAVIS, eſq.

Mr. Davis was born at Plymouth, of reſpectable parents, in June, 1756. He received a good ſchool education, which he completed under Alexander Scammel, a diſtinguiſhed officer, and who fell at the ſiege of Yorktown. Under this gentleman he not only acquired the rudiments of uſeful knowledge, but formed thoſe habits of method, reflection, and perſeverance, which marked his future life. Deſtined for commerce, while a youth, important concerns devolved upon him, in whoſe management he diſcovered that intelligence, integrity, and aſſiduity, which promiſed and ſecured ſucceſs in enterpriſe. He mingled with the engagements of his buſy avocation inquiries into practical ſcience, and became well verſed in the hiſtory and principles of commerce, and the ſound maxims and rational theories of government.

The derangement of the municipal concerns of his native town, firſt induced him to engage in publick affairs. Impoveriſhed by the war, and embarraſſed by the perplexities which as often reſult from futile expedients as real diſtreſs, it required an intelligent, active, and perſevering mind, to reſtore harmony, hope, and enterpriſe. Mr. Davis effected it by his natural arrangements. He inſiſted on ſimplicity, order, and punctuality. The reſult was credit and proſperity. His exertions and ſucceſs acquired him the confidence of his townſmen, and produced an attachment which has ever been reciprocal.

At an early age he was elected a repreſentative of his native town to the General Court, and for many years was continued in that ſtation. From this period his whole life has been devoted to publick concerns.—In 1789, he was a member of the convention to decide on the Federal Conſtitution.—In 1792, he was elected a ſenator of this Commonwealth, by the county of Plymouth, and the ſame year was choſen the treaſurer of the State, in which office he was continued during the conſtitutional term. On retiring from the treaſury, he was twice elected a ſenator for the county of Suffolk, when he was unanimouſly choſen the firſt preſident of the Boſton Marine Inſurance Company, in 1798, which office he held until his death. He was a member of the Humane Society, and the Boſton Diſpenſary.—He declined alſo many honorary and reſponſible ſtations from thoſe principles, which induced his acceptance of others.

Always in publick life, Mr. Davis retired from the notoriety of a publick character.—He did not take the poſt of honour for publick obſervation, but for the publick good.—He was the counſellor of his country, not its orator. His active, comprehenſive, and penetrating mind was ever engaged in inveſtigating the cauſes of national proſperity and the conſequences of national meaſures.—His concluſions from his reſearches were cheerfully imparted. His friends embraced them with confidence, and his opponents examined them without jealouſy or ſuſpicion. The arts of intrigue, the madneſs of party, and the clamour of errour, at the period of our civil conteſts, and during the conſideration of the federal conſtitution, were greatly counteracted by his prudence, counſels, frankneſs, and perſeverance. He knew the dependence of a republick on the energy of its intelligent citizens, and generouſly contributed to the claims of his country. His principles and his habits, his ſucceſsful endeavours to view meaſures abſtracted from perſonal conſiderations, were awarded with the diſcernment of truth, and a general conviction of the purity of his heart, and the ſtrength of his mind eſtabliſhed a moſt uſeful influence.—His life was a ſeries and connection of actions produced and continued by principle.—

The favour of good men could not but encourage him, but he ſincerely deſpiſed that popularity "which is raiſed without merit, and loſt without a crime."—He was ſatisfied without praiſe, when he had done nothing to forfeit eſteem. In fine he was that honeſt man, whoſe duty was the ſpring, the rule, and meaſure of his conduct.

The treaſury of the Commonwealth at the time of the appointment of Mr. Davis to its direction, owing to our ſtate debt, the emiſſion of paper, our national depreſſion after the peace, and the deficits in the collectors, was in a moſt chaotick ſtate. The importance of publick credit to our peace, honour, and proſperity induced him to undertake the arduous taſk of bringing order out of confuſion. His comprehenſive mind embraced the whole extent of national obligation and national reſource. Our debt was funded on his ſyſtem, in which there are ſome of the peculiarities of genius, which knows how to apply general principles with their exceptions. A ſinking fund was eſtabliſhed for its gradual diſcharge, which has been ſucceſsful in its operations. A methodical arrangement was adopted in the treaſury, and a ſtrict punctuality faithfully obſerved, and rigidly exacted: Our credit revived; our finances proved adequate to our demands, which in the infancy of a civil eſtabliſhment is not always proportionate to its ability: and at the cloſe of Mr. Davis's conſtitutional term, his report of the ſtate of the treaſury ſecured him the thanks and approbation of thoſe, who beſt knew the extent of his ſervices; while his ſucceſſors, by purſuing his plans, afford additional evidence of their excellence.

As preſident of the Boſton Marine Inſurance Company, he diſplayed the whole of his character. His prudence and judgment in the inveſtment of their capital, his knowledge of the principles which applied to his office, and his juſtice and liberality in the adjuſtment of controverſies, rendered him a director, counſellor, and judge. As an evidence of almoſt unexampled confidence in his judgment and integrity, notwithſtanding his intereſt in this corporation, moſt of the diſputes that originated in the office were referred to his ſole deciſion. He exerted here his uſual aſſiduity, inveſtigation, and perſeverance, and from a ſtudious inquiry into the laws of inſurance in all countries and ages, his opinions on this moſt intricate and perplexing branch of juriſprudence were reſpected, not only by the mercantile world, but by advocates of profeſſional eminence.

His intellectual and moral character was endeared by his ſocial and generous feelings. Through the ſilence of thought, and the reſerve of prudence, were viſible the affections of his ſoul; and the irrefragable evidence of his amiable and friendly diſpoſition is found in the warmeſt attachment of a numerous acquaintance. His charity was as diffuſive as his mind was active, and his friends knew that he was a man, who denied the ſufferer "nothing but—his name." When it is added to this, that religion was the baſe and crown of his virtue, we muſt readily admit that his friends have not been too partial, and the world but juſt in their affection, confidence, and praiſe.

In this town, Mrs. Lucy Pomroy, æt. 24; Henry Wickham, 51; George Sinigleton, 59; Miſs Hannah Heath, 49; Bradſtreet Johnſon, 19; Mrs. Martha Emmons, 44; widow Sarah Elliot, 80; John Brown, 49; Mrs. Abigail Todd, 23; Elizabeth Gridley, 63; Ezekiel Andrews, 49; Phineas Spear, 34; Sarah Madden, burnt to death by accident; Richard Richardſon, 43; Daniel Willard, 28.; Mrs. Ann Houghton, 28; Mrs. Achſah Benjamin, 32; Wm. King, 30; Miſs Arria Sargent.

At Bridgewater, eaſt pariſh, January 18, Rev. Samuel Angier, æt. 62, late paſtor of that pariſh.

At Haverhill, of a paralytick ſhock, Rev. Hezekiah Smith, D. D. paſtor of the Baptiſt church in that town.

At Charleſtown, Thomas Macdonough, eſq. æt. 65, conſul of his Britannick majeſty for the eaſtern department of the United States.

At Shelburne, Hampſhire co. John Long, eſq. æt. 58, member of the houſe of repreſentatives of this State.

At Northampton, Daniel Clark, æt. 92.

At Holden, Elnathan Davis, member of the general court.

At Rutland, Nathaniel H. White, eſq.

At Worceſter, in the priſon, Daniel Robbins, a lunatick, æt. 33, committed four years ſince for murder.

At Stow, widow Mercy Gordon, æt. 85; her ſiſter, Abigail Houghton, 101; her daughter, Abigail Gordon, 73; Bezaleel Hale, 88.

At Bolton, after a long and diſtreſſing illneſs, Dr. Samuel Brown, æt. 36.

At Nantucket, Stephen Huſſey, eſq. collector of the cuſtoms; John Coleman, æt. 89.

At Kingſton, Plymouth co. Thankfull Adams, wife of John Adams, æt. 89. She had lived with her preſent huſband above 70 years, and has left him a ſincere mourner, aged 91, in full exerciſe of his reaſon. They have 10 children, all living in that town; and have had 73 grand ch. and 52 great gr. ch.

At Andover, wid. Suſannah Marſhall, 90; wid. Bethiah Holt, 84.

At Boothbay, Maine, Joſeph Thompſon, æt. 82. His deſcendants were 18 children, 105 gr. ch. and 25 gr. gr. ch.

Drowned, in the ſhip Hibernia, lately wrecked at Plymouth, Capt. Andrew Farrill; Joſeph Cordis, 2d mate, of Charleſtown, and 8 ſeamen.

Connecticut.

At Wallingford, Rev. Seth Kingby, of the Baptiſt church.

At Saybrook, Col. Edward Shippen, æt. 71, an old revolutionary officer.

At Norwich, Samuel Brown, æt. 90.

New York.

At Kinderhook, Hon. Peter Van Neſs.

At New York, Thomas Gardner. He ſerved an apprenticeſhip to the tailor's buſineſs; and afterwards, by a ſteady courſe of induſtry, prudence, and good fortune, acquired real eſtate to the value of 1,000,000 dols.

At Goſhen, Rev. Nathan Kerr, of the Preſbyterian church, æt. 69.

Pennſylvania.

At Middletown, Jack, æt. 116, a man of colour, the property of Col. Chambers.

Maryland.

At Waſhington, Hon. James Gilleſpie, member of congreſs from North Carolina.

Hon. Samuel J. Potter, ſenator of the United States for Rhode Iſland.

Virginia.

In Northumberland co. Hon. James Henry, a member of the old Congreſs, and late a judge of the general court.

South Carolina.

At his reſidence in Sumter diſtrict, on the 20th ult. Laurence Manning, eſq. æt. 48, adjutant-general of that ſtate, and formerly an officer in the revolutionary war.

On Sullivan's Iſland, Captain Simon Tufts, æt. 83. He was one of the firſt naval officers appointed in S. Carolina in the late revolutionary war, and during the whole of his command behaved with the greateſt bravery.

Georgia.

In Savannah, Hon. Joſeph Clay, an officer in the revolutionary war, and ſubſequently judge of the inferiour court.

James Thomas, ætat. 134. His eyeſight was ſo little impaired, that he could read print without the aſſiſtance of glaſſes to the day of his death.

Louiſiana.

At Camp Claiborne, Captain Aaron Gregg, of the 2d regiment of U. S. infantry; a valuable and brave officer.

Abroad.

At Gibraltar, General Barnet; Lord Pelham Clinton; major Raleigh.

Off Tripoli, killed by the blowing up of a fire-ſhip in which they were employed, captain Somers, lieutenant Wadſworth, ſon of the Hon. P. Wadſworth, of Portland, and Mr. Izard, of S. Carolina.

In England, Charles Banniſter, the celebrated comedian.

In London, on the 6th of October, Mr. Thomas Withington, of Hillingden, at the very advanced age of 104. He retained all his faculties, as well to the very laſt hour as ever he did at any other period of his life, and could walk a diſtance of two or three miles with perfect eaſe. His long life was rendered remarkable by his very conſtant attachment to drinking; but he never had any other liquor than gin, of which he daily drank two or three glaſſes, till within a fortnight of his death. He was born in the reign of king William, and had a moſt perfect recollection of the perſon of queen Anne, of whom he often ſpoke. In the rebellion of 1715, he was employed in conveying troops and baggage from Uxbridge to London. His remains were interred a few days afterwads in Hillingden church yard, near his father's, who died about forty years ago, exactly at the ſame age.

Northumberland, (Penn.) Dec. 21. Yesterday morning Fahren. thermometer was 10 degrees below zero.

In New London, Con. from Jan. 1, 1804, to Jan. 1, 1805, died 10 males, 18 females; total 28. The present population is said to be 2991.

The number of deaths at Portland in 1804 was 195.

The deaths in Portsmouth, N. H. in 1804, were 109; 38 less than the year preceding. The town contains 6500 inhabitants.

The deaths in Salem, in 1804, were 89 males, 105 fem. total 194, 8 blacks included. The number in 1803 was 290.

At Plymouth, last year, in the 1st precinct, 38; in the 2d and 3d do. 17. Total 90. The number of inhabitants by the last census was 3523.

STATEMENT OF BIRTHS AND DEATHS IN BOSTON IN JANUARY, FROM THE RETURNS OF 17 PHYSICIANS.

BIRTHS.

Male	36	*Still born.*	
Female	32	Male	2
		Female	2
Total	68		

DEATHS.

	M.	F.	Un.
Apoplexy,	1		
Atrophy, 25*d.*	1		
Cholera infantum, 20*m.*	1		
Consumption, 49, 50, 30, 32, 43, 45, 23, 28	2	6	
Convulsions, 3*d.*		1	
Dropsy, 30	1		
Fever pulmonick, 1	1		
Fungous ulcer of the pericranium of 20 years continuance, 38	1		
Infantile compl. 6*d.* 6*d.* 25*d.*		1	2
Mortification, 10		1	
Palsy, 49	1		
Phthisis, 34			1
Pleurisy, 48, 82, 42, 21	2	2	
Typhus gravior, 33, 24, 15, 17,	1	3	
	12	14	3
Total			29

STATEMENT OF DISEASES FOR JANUARY.

The most common complaints have been rheumatism and pneumonia. In the latter, the pleura has been chiefly, sometimes fatally, affected; although in certain cases the inflammation has extended to the lungs. Catarrhs seem to have been less frequent than in the former part of the season. The scrophulous inflammation of the glands of the neck has appeared often: and erysipelas occasionally, as in the last month. A few cases of typhus mitior as usual. A malignant disease, said to possess the typhoid character, has appeared in one family; singular for its fatal and contagious nature, and for its tendency to putrefaction.

It is worthy remark and a just cause of gratitude, that the severity of the weather has not produced even the usual proportion of diseases among our poor. The physician however often witnesses the extreme distress, which sickness adds to poverty during this very inclement season.

ERRATA LAST MONTH.

For *aneurion*, read *aneurism*. F. *cynanché trachialis*, r. *cynanche trachealis*. Instead of, *vaccination extends slowly*, r. *vaccination extends slowly*.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Cornelia was received too late for the present number.

We exceedingly regret the necessity of again postponing Papers on duelling No 5. and of deferring, to our next Anthology, Theologist No. 3, and another theological communication wisely adapted to the times.

A valuable review of the eighteenth century is received. We thank the writer for his favour, which shall certainly enrich our future pages.

The writer of the Botanist will pardon our neglect to infert the errata, which he obligingly furnished, but which we have carelesly mislaid. He shall not be forgotten.

THE

MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY,

AND

BOSTON REVIEW.

VOL. II. FEBRUARY, 1805. No. II.

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METEOROLOGY from 1st to 25th FEBRUARY.

Day.	Clock.	Barom.	Therm.	Wind.	Weather.
1	8	29,5	30	W	Fair morning.—Afterwards snow and rain in small quantities.
	2	29,2	35	SE	
	ss.	29,2	33		
	10	29,2	30	W	
2	8	29,3	26	W	Fair and clear.
	2	29,3	33		
	ss.	29,3	27		
	10	29,4	19		
3	8	29,4	14	W	Fair morning. Snow from 10 A.M. to 3P.M. Afterwards fair.
	2	29,4	25		
	ss.	29,4	18	W N W	
	10	29,5	14	N W	
4	8	29,5	12	N W	Cloudy. Some snow.
	2	29,5	17		
	ss.	29,5	11	N N W	
	10	29,5	7		
5	8	29,5	6	W	Fair and clear.
	2	29,6	23		
	ss.	29,6	19		
	10	29,8	14		
6	8	29,9	11	W	Fair and clear.
	2	30	31		
	ss.	30	29		
	10	30,1	20		
7	8	30,1	23	N N E	Snow. Rain.
	2	30	33		
	ss.	29,9	32	E	
	10	29,8	33		
8	8	29,7	32	N W	Cloudy.—Snow & rain in the courfe of the day.—Great thaw.
	2	29,6	34		
	ss.	29,5	33	W	
	10	29,3	32		
9	8	29,5	31	N W	Cloudy and fome fnow in the morning.—Fair and clear P.M.
	2	29,6	38		
	ss.	29,6	33	N N W	
	10	29,7	29		
10	8	30	24	N W	Fair morning. Cloudy P. M.
	2	30	40		
	ss.	29,9	35	S S W	
	10	29,9	35		
11	8	29,8	37	S W	Fair and clear.
	2	29,9	54		
	ss.	29,9	45	S S W	
	10	29,9	41		
12	8	29,7	40	S W	Fair.
	2	29,8	50		
	ss.	29,9	43	N W	
	10	30	34		
13	8	30,1	33	S E	Fair and clear.
	2	30,1	49		
	ss.	30,1	42	S	
	10	30	39		
14	8	29,8	41	S E	Cloudy A. M.—Rain P. M.—In evening wind very high.
	2	29,5	42	E	
	ss.	29	41		
	10	29,8	41		
15	8	29,1	26	Variable.	Fair and clear. Wind continued high till near evening.
	2	29,3	30	Moſtly	
	ss.	29,4	26	from W.	
	10	29,4	24		
16	8	29,5	17	N W	Cloudy. A little fnow.
	2	29,4	21		
	ss.	29,5	18	W	
	10	29,5	16	N W	
17	8	29,6	12	N W	Fair.
	2	29,6	22		
	ss.	29,6	19	W	
	10	29,7	13		
18	8	29,7	14	W N W	Fair.
	2	29,7	28		
	ss.	29,8	25		
	10	29,9	25		
19	8	30	25	W N W	Fair.
	2	30	43		
	ss.	30	39	S S W	
	10	30	35		
20	8	29,9	32	W	Fair.
	2	29,9	45		
	ss.	29,8	37	N N E	
	10	29,8	31	S	
21	8	29,8	29	S W	Fair.
	2	29,9	44	N E	
	ss.	29,9	39		
	10	30	29	N N E	
22	8	30,1	27	N W	Fair and clear.
	2	30,1	40		
	ss.	30,1	34	S E	
	10	30,1	28		
23	8	30	31	S W	Fair and clear A. M.—Cloudy P. M.—Some rain in evening.
	2	29,9	46		
	ss.	29,9	39	S S W	
	10	29,9	37	S	
24	8	29,8	38	S W	Fair and clear. Cloudy evening.
	2	29,8	51		
	ss.	29,8	43	S S W	
	10	29,9	40	W	
25	8	29,9	35	W	Fair and clear A. M.—Cloudy evening, a little rain.
	2	29,8	54	E	
	ss.	29,8	47		
	10	29,9	41	S	

THE

MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY,

FOR

FEBRUARY, 1805.

For the Monthly Anthology.

FLORIAN.

LA HARPE is certainly too ſevere on Florian. He gives him little praiſe. For myſelf, I admire the ſweet harmonious proſe of the French Goldſmith. He is ſo gentle, ſo pure, ſo full of naiveté, that you are ſorry when dinner or company oblige you to lay down the book. Florian ſeems to have been a perfect gentleman; the moment you addreſs him, you become acquainted with him; you are at home with ſo eaſy, ſo refined a man, whoſe actions are all grace, and his words ſweeter than the wild bee's buz. La Harpe has not treated him well, though he awkwardly contrives to pay him a compliment on what he is capable of doing. Surely, he could not write a better paſtoral, than his own Galatea, if he were to labour for years; and why will you ſuppoſe, that a hero is equal to the achievements of Du Gueſclin, when he acknowledges, that he is contented if he can ſecure his caſtle from plunder, and defend his daughters from violence.

I always love that writer, who never fatigues me. Johnſon complains, that when we lay down Milton, we don't remember to take him up again. Now this is never the caſe with Goldſmith and Geſner. Whoever loves nature loves theſe writers; and I am afraid I ſhould think badly of that man's heart, who did not like Florian. His tales are pleaſant, like the ſtories of a gallant man, who had lived among knights, and had fought at tournaments, where there were ladies and the daughters of princes. I do not mean his Spaniſh, or his Engliſh or French tale; but his Gonſalvo de Cordova and his Numa Pompilius. In theſe he often ſoars to the dignity of epick, and always ſuſtains a full, manly deportment. I do not believe he was made to be commanding in heroick ſong; yet his courteſy and nobleneſs always attract, and make me do him reverence. His little poems, paſtorals, &c. are however my chief delight. Theſe are ſweet, chaſte, full of rural life and manners. They abound with a kind of unknown beauty, like the peculiar fragrance of a wild wood roſe, or like the ſong of Cowper's Taſk in early morn-

ing. I wiſh I could perſuade my friends to read them. I would learn French, if it were only to read Florian; and though La Harpe has condemned him, yet he is guilty in company with Shakeſpeare, "nature's darling child"; and with Milton, the pride of ſcience, and the pomp of ſong.

For the Monthly Anthology.

PAPERS ON DUELLING. No. 5.

MR. EDITOR,

PLEASE to inſert from Rawley's 3d edition of *Reſuſcitatio*,

THE DECREE OF THE STAR-CHAMBER, AGAINST DUELS.

THIS day was heard and debated at large, the ſeveral matters of informations here exhibited by Sir *Francis Bacon* knight his majeſties attorney general, the one againſt *William Prieſt* gentleman, for writing and ſending a letter of challenge, together with a ſtick, which ſhould be the length of the weapon, and th' other againſt *Richard Wright* Eſquire for carrying and delivering the ſaid letter and ſtick unto the party challenged, and for other contemptuous and inſolent behaviour uſed before the juſtices of the peace in *Surrey* at their ſeſſions, before whom he was convented. Upon the opening of which cauſe his highneſs ſaid attorney general did firſt give his reaſon to the court, why in a caſe which he intended ſhould be a leading caſe, for the repreſſing of ſo great a miſchief in the common-wealth, and concerning an offence which raigneth chiefly amongſt perſons of honour and quality, he ſhould begin with a cauſe which had paſſed between ſo mean perſons as the defendants ſeemed to be; which he ſaid was done, becauſe he found this cauſe ready publiſhed: and in ſo growing an evil, he thought good to loſe no time, whereunto he added, that it was not amiſs ſometimes to beat the dog before the lyon, ſaying further, that he thought it would be ſome motive for perſons of birth and countenance to leave it, when they ſaw it was taken up by baſe and mechanical fellowes, but concluded: that he reſolved to proceed without reſpect of perſons for the time to come, and for the preſent to ſupply the meanneſs of this particular caſe by inſiſting the longer upon the general point.

Wherein he did firſt expreſs unto the Court, at large, the greatneſs and dangerous conſequence of this preſumptuous offence, which extorted revenge out of the magiſtrates hand, and gave boldneſs to private men to be law-givers to themſelves, the rather becauſe it is an offence that doth juſtifie it ſelf againſt the law, and plainly gives the law an affront; deſcribing alſo the miſerable effect which it draweth upon private families by cutting off young-men otherwiſe of good hope, and chiefly the loſs of the king and common-wealth, by the caſting away of much good blood, which being ſpent in the field upon occaſion of ſervice were able to continue the renown, which this kingdome hath obtained in all ages, of being eſteemed victorious.

Secondly, his majeſties ſaid attorney-general did diſcourſe touching the cauſes and remedies of this miſchief, that prevailed ſo in theſe times, ſhewing the ground thereof to be a falſe and erroneous imagination of honour and credit, according to the term, which was given to thoſe *duels*, by a former proclamation of his majeſties, which called them *bewitching duels*, for that it is no better than a kind of ſorcery, which enchanteth the ſpirits of young-men, which bear great minds with a ſhew of honour in that which is no honour indeed, being againſt religion, law, moral vertue, and againſt the preſidents and examples of the beſt times, and valianteſt nations of the world, which though they excelled for proweſs and military vertue in a publique quarrel, yet knew not what theſe private *duels* meant: ſaying further, that there was too much way and countenance given unto theſe *duels* by the courſe that is held by noble-men and gentlemen in compounding of quarrells who uſe to ſtand too punctually

upon conceits of satisfactions, and distractions, what is before-hand, and what behind hand, which do but feed the humour: adding likewise that it was no fortitude to shew valour in a quarrel, except there were a just and worthy ground of the quarrel; but that it was weakness to set a mans life at so mean a rate, as to bestow it upon trifling occasions, which ought to be rather offered up and sacrificed to honourable services, publique merits, good causes, and noble adventures, and as concerning the remedies, he concluded: that the only way was, that the state would declare a constant and settled resolution to master and put down this presumption in private men, of whatsoever degree, of righting their own wrongs, and this to doe at once, for that then every particular man would think himself acquitted in his reputation, when that he shall see that the state takes his honour into their hands, and standeth between him and any interest, or prejudice, which he might receive in his reputation for obeying; whereunto he added likewise, that the wisest and mildest way to suppress these *duels*, was rather to punish in this Court all the acts of preparation, which did in any wise tend to the *duels*, (as this of challenges and the like) and so to prevent the capital punishment, and to vex the root in the branches, than to suffer them to run on to the execution, and then to punish them capitally, after the manner of *France*, where of late times gentlemen of great quality, that had killed others in *duel*, were carried to the gibbet with their wounds bleeding, least a natural death should keep them from the example of justice.

Thirdly his majesties said attorney general did, by many reasons which he brought and alledged, free the law of *England* from certain vain and childish exceptions, which are taken by these *duellists*: The one, because the law makes no difference in punishment between an insidious and foul murther, and the killing of a man upon challenge and fair terms, as they call it. Th'other for that the law hath not provided sufficient punishment, and reparation for contumely of words, as the *lye*, and the like, wherein his majesties said attorney-general did shew, by many weighty arguments and examples: that the law of *England* did consent with the law of *God*, and the law of *nations* in both those points, and that this distinction in murther between foul and fair, and this grounding of mortal quarrels upon uncivil and reproachful words, or the like disgraces, was never authorised by any law, or ancient examples, but it is a late vanity crept in from the practice of the *French*, who themselves since have been so weary of it, as they have been forced to put it down with all severity.

Fourthly, his majesties said attorney general did prove unto the Court by rules of law and presidents; that this Court hath capacity to punish sending and accepting of challenges, though they were never acted nor executed; taking for a ground infallible, that whersoever an offence is capital or matter of fellony, if it be acted and performed, there the conspiracy, combination, or practice tending to the same offence is punishable as a high misdemeanour, although they never were performed. And therefore that practise to impoison though it took no effect, and the like, have been punished in this Court: and cited the president in *Garnons* case, wherein a crime of a much inferiour nature, the suborning and preparing of witnesses, though they never were depos'd, or depos'd nothing material, was censured in this Court, whereupon he concluded, that for as much as every appointment of the field is in law but a combination of plotting of a murther, howsoever men might guild it: that therefore it was a case fit for the censure of this Court, and therein he vouched a president in the very point, that in a case between *Wharton* plaintiff, and *Elerker* and *Acklam* defendants. *Acklam* being a follower of *Elerker* had carried a challenge unto *Wharton*, and although it were by word of mouth, and not by writing, yet it was severely censured by the Court; the decree having words, that such challenges do tend to the subversion of government: and therefore his majesties attorney willed the standers by to take notice that is was no innovation that he brought in, but a proceeding, according to former presidents of the Court, although he propos'd to follow it more throughly then had

been done ever heretofore, becauſe the times did more and more require it. Laſtly his majeſties ſaid attorney general did declare and publiſh to the Court in ſeveral articles his purpoſe and reſolution in what caſes he did intend to proſecute offences of that nature in this Court, that is to ſay, that if any man ſhall appoint the field, although the fight be not acted or performed. If any man ſhall ſend any challenge in writing, or meſſage of challenge, if any man ſhall carry or deliver any writing or meſſage of challenge, if any man ſhall except or return a challenge. If any man ſhall accept to be a ſecond in a challenge of either part: if any man ſhall depart the realm with intention and agreement to perform the fight beyond the ſeas: if any man ſhall revive a quarrel, by any ſcandalous bruits or writings contrary to a former proclamation, publiſhed by his majeſty in that behalf, that in all theſe caſes his majeſties attorney general, in diſcharge of his duty, by the favour and aſſiſtance of his majeſty and the Court, would bring the offenders of what ſtate or degree whatſoever to the juſtice of this Court, leaving the lords commiſſioners marſhal to the more exact remedies; adding further, that he heard there was certain councel learned of *duels*, that tell young men when they are beforehand, and when they are otherwiſe, and did incenſe and incite them to the *duel*, and made an art of it, who likewiſe ſhould not be forgotten, and ſo concluded with two petitions, the one in particular to the lord chancellor, that in caſe advertiſement were given of a purpoſe in any to go beyond the ſeas to fight, there might be granted his majeſties writ of *Ne exeat regnum* againſt him: and the other to the lords in general, that he might be aſſiſted and countenanced in this ſervice.

After which opening and declaration of the general cauſe, his majeſties ſaid attorney did proceed to ſet forth the proofs of this particular challenge and offence now in hand and brought to the judgement and cenſure of this honourable Court; whereupon it appeared to this honourable Court by the confeſſion of the ſaid defendant *Prieſt* himſelf, that he having received ſome wrong and diſgrace at the hands of one *Hutcheſt*, did thereupon in revenge thereof writ a letter to the ſaid *Hutcheſt* containing a challenge to fight with him at ſingle rapier, which letter the ſaid *Prieſt* did deliver to the ſaid defendant *Wright*, together with a ſtick containing the length of the rapier, wherewith the ſaid *Prieſt* meant to perform the fight; whereupon the ſaid *Wright* did deliver the ſaid letter to the ſaid *Hutcheſt*, and did read the ſame unto him, and after the reading thereof did alſo deliver to the ſaid *Hutcheſt* the ſaid ſtick, ſaying, that the ſame was the length of the weapon mentioned in the ſaid letter; but the ſaid *Hutcheſt* (dutifully reſpecting the preſervation of his majeſties peace) did refuſe the ſaid challenge, whereby no further miſchief did enſue thereupon. *(To be continued.)*

For the Monthly Anthology.

ON JUNIUS.

HUGH BOYD.

AMONG the various characters to whom the authorſhip of the Letters of Junius has been attributed, Mr. Boyd is particularly diſtinguiſhed, as well by the zeal of his friends, as by facts and arguments both numerous and important. Publications, avowedly intended to prove him to be Junius, have been ſent into the world, which were written in all the blandiſhment of ſophiſtry and anſwered with all the oppoſition of diſbelief. Mr. Lawrence D. Campbell, in a voluminous "Life of Boyd," Mr. J. Almon, in his "Biographical, Literary, and Political Anecdotes," as alſo in two letters addreſſed to Mr. Campbell, and Mr. George Chalmers, in his "Supplemental Apology," have ſeverally contributed their ſentiments in his favour.

We ſhall give a brief account of his life, ſo far as it is connected

with the preſent controverſy, ſtate the evidence advanced in his behalf, and the reaſoning which thence has been deduced, and then introduce our own obſervations on the ſubject.

Hugh Boyd, the ſon of Alexander Macauly, Eſq. of the county of Antrim in Ireland, was born at Ballycaſtle, in that county, in the month of October, 1746. It is related, that from his earlieſt youth his naturally great abilities were highly cultivated. His father, who was a particular friend of Swift, ſuperintended his education, and "obſerving that his proſe was too poetical," preſcribed to him as a model the chaſte ſtyle of the Dean and of Addiſon, that he might learn to combine ſtrength and preciſion with ſimplicity and elegance. So early as the age of fourteen he was placed at Trinity college in Dublin, and graduated in the year 1765. Amongſt his fellow-ſtudents he was particularly famous for the retention of his memory; and although diſſipated, wild, and extravagant, he was ſcholaſtick, generous, and humane. He was intended for the church, but the bent of his inclination was towards the army; the profeſſion of a ſoldier being more congenial to his aſpiring and ambitious mind. Before he had come to an ultimate determination, Mr. Macauly died *inteſtate*; which event at once baffled his riſing hopes, and daſhed the cup of expectation from his lips. His pecuniary proſpects thus overcaſt, rendered it neceſſary for him to adopt a more lucrative occupation; and he choſe the *law*, as beſt adapted to gratify his deſire of reputation, and literary wiſhes. With this intention he went to London, in 1766, where he proſecuted the ſtudy for three years, and then diſcontinued it. This attention to his books was not without intermiſſion; for his love of "living while he lived," carried him into exceſſes, and precluded the probability of profit. His knowledge of law was nevertheleſs conſiderable, his memory aſtoniſhing, and his acquirements in polite literature were diſtinguiſhed. With theſe attainments, towards the cloſe of 1768, he was active in collecting all kinds of political information. To facilitate this purſuit, he introduced himſelf into faſhionable life and literary ſociety, and became intimate with ſeveral political characters of the day. Mr. Burke, Lord Aſhburnham, Mr. Wilkes, and Count Brhull, the Saxon ambaſſador, were numbered amongſt his acquaintances.

About this time he married miſs Morphy, a lady to whoſe evidence in his favour much confidence is attached. She poſſeſſed a handſome competency; but her husband's diſſipation and pecuniary negligence ſoon obliged them to quit London, and they retired to a country houſe a few miles diſtant from the city. The entanglements which ſuch conduct produced were ſo inextricable, that he never was entirely freed from them through the courſe of his ſubſequent life.

His biographer *relates, that he now began a correſpondence with the Daily Advertiſer, which he conducted with the moſt impenetrable ſecrecy; and even his moſt intimate friends were perfect ſtrangers to his nature and deſign.

* Mr. Lawrence D. Campbell.

This correſpondence he cloſed in 1772; juſt at the time when the letters of Junius ceaſed to appear. In 1776 he went over to Ireland, where the political furor was highly excited on account of an approaching election of member of parliament for Dublin. He addreſſed the people in ſeveral papers entitled "The Freeholder;" in which he attacks the miniſtry in a ſtrain of brilliant invective, and enforced the neceſſity of parliamentary reform with great boldneſs of thought and freedom of expreſſion.

When Mr. Boyd returned to England he found parties in a ferment. The declaration of American Independence, had juſt been promulgated, and had excited much intereſt of diſpute and aſperity of cenſure. He immediately ſent a few papers on the ſubject to the "Publick Advertiſer," and afterwards publiſhed a manifeſto in the name of *Waſhington*, which attracted general attention, and was for a long time ſuppoſed to be genuine.

Mr. Boyd now attended cloſely to Indian politicks, and wrote a pamphlet and ſeveral letters on certain tranſactions in India, which had then cauſed many diſputes with the Eaſt India Company. Towards the latter part of the year 1779 he began the laſt political publication of any importance which he ever wrote. It was addreſſed to the people of England and entitled "The Whig." The ſpirit, manner, and ſtyle of this work cloſely reſemble the writings of Junius; indeed ſtronger affinity in every reſpect can be there, than in almoſt any other political tract extant.

The imperious demands of his neceſſitous ſituation now arreſted the attention, which Mr. Boyd had hitherto paid to publick affairs, and turned it towards his own. Having ſought employment, he was ſoon appointed ſecond ſecretary to lord Macartney, on whom the government of Madraſs had been conferred; and in the autumn of 1781 he departed from England for India. Soon after his arrival there, he was deputed by the governour and council of Madraſs on a ſpecial miſſion to the king of Candy. The object of this miſſion was an alliance of the two governments, but the ambaſſador returned without ſucceſs.

The Indian Obſerver, a paper written by Mr. Boyd, appeared on the 9th of September, 1793; This was a literary work, and had much encouragement in India; but intending to publiſh an account of his embaſſy to Candy, he cloſed it at the expiration of one year, with a conditional promiſe to renew it at a future period. A ſtop however was put to this intention, for on the 19th of October, 1794, a violent fever ended his exiſtence.

Thus terminated the chequered life of Hugh Boyd, whoſe elegance of manners, beauty of perſon, and generoſity of ſoul, were more remarkable than his depth of reſearch, great wiſdom, or wonderful acquirements. The retention of his memory, his lively imagination, and brilliant wit exalted his reputation; but not more than his prodigality, his convivial diſſipation, and utter diſregard of the wants of his family diſhonoured it.

A.

For the Monthly Anthology.

THE THEOLOGIST. No. 3.

IN our former eſſays we have conſidered the neceſſity and advantages of a divine revelation. In the preſent we ſhall dwell on the probability, à priori, that the Deity has actually made ſome external revelation to mankind.

We have already ſhown, that it is neceſſary to our well being. Our nobleſt endowments are our intellectual powers, and their beſt uſe is in religion. Religion is therefore the principal end of our being; for it is eaſy to perceive, that the chief end of every creature of God is the beſt to which it is fitted. This capacity would however be in vain, without the perception of thoſe truths on which religion is founded.* For if ignorant of the exiſtence or attributes of God, or of our relations to him, we could render him no worſhip, nor have any regard to his will and authority. If reaſon be not a competent guide to theſe truths, the end of our exiſtence muſt be perverted if no revelation be made. Is it probable, then, an all-wiſe Creator will leave his own deſigns unfiniſhed? Is it probable, a Creator of infinite benevolence will permit his creatures to ſuffer through his neglect? It is impoſſible. If natural reaſon be inſufficient to direct us in religion, it is as abſurd to ſuppoſe a race of intelligent creatures without a revelation, as to ſuppoſe an animal of the common ſtructure living without air and aliment.

Should we admit, that reaſon is ſufficient to diſcover the eſſential truths of religion in a courſe of time, the probability of a revelation would be ſcarcely diminiſhed. The evils reſulting from ignorance would in that caſe be experienced by a part only of mankind. But neglect of an individual is equally inconſiſtent with the divine attributes, as neglect of the whole order of intelligent beings. It is moſt reaſonable to believe, that not a ſingle atom of his univerſe is miſplaced, not an individual creature unfit for its end, nor a ſingle act of his government inconſiſtent with infinite benevolence.

Should we grant all that can be demanded, that reaſon is a ſufficient foundation for religion, yet, from the advantages of a revelation, it appears exceedingly probable that it would be granted. • There is both advantage and pleaſure in certainty. In the affairs of common life we know its value, when we can take our meaſures with confidence of ſucceſs, and enjoy the object of our wiſhes by anticipation, undiſturbed by anxiety. In religion it is of greater importance, in regard to the lamentable conſequences of errour, and our need of its conſolations while paſſing through this ſtate of trial. When the Deity informs us of our relations to him, aſſures us of his mercy, providence, and grace, and promiſes immortal happineſs to the juſt,

* This capacity of religion is that eſſential attribute which diſtinguiſhes man from brutes.—*Vide Howe's Living Temple, p. 4.*

there is no room for doubt in the pious heart, to reſtrain the exerciſes of faith, gratitude, and hope.* Is it not probable, that certainty ſo deſirable will be put within the reach of mortals? If not to all, will it not be granted to ſome? if not in the beginning, yet at ſome period of time? Whoever can perceive marks of the divine wiſdom and care in the ſtructure of a plant, or the inſtinct of an animal, muſt acknowledge the probability of a revelation from the ſame paternal being.

To confirm what we have already advanced, we ſhall now endeavour to exhibit a probability, from matter of fact, that mankind were inſtructed by revelation at the beginning, and that all their religious knowledge has been derived from this ſource. We cannot pretend, that prior to the goſpel there was ever made ſo complete a diſcovery of divine truth. But the great outline of religion has been the ſame in every diſpenſation, though the more minute parts of the divine plan have been gradually developed. In every diſpenſation ſufficient has been diſcovered to teach the upright mind a way to find acceptance with God.

We muſt alſo confeſs, that the knowledge thus received has not been preſerved in its ſimplicity, but, on the contrary, its utility has been nearly deſtroyed by mixtures of human invention; and the memory of its divine origin entirely loſt. Theſe times of ignorance and errour do not however prove, that truth was never revealed, but that men had neither wiſdom nor inclination to retain it.

The proof, that all religious knowledge has been derived directly or indirectly from revelation, is difficult only by the deficiency of profane hiſtory. In thoſe fragments that have been preſerved, we find much to confirm and nothing to contradict the opinion; and this probability in its favour, when taken together with its apparent neceſſity, will amount to ſomething, little leſs than demonſtration. The ſubject requires a larger diſcuſſion, than is now admiſſible, and we muſt therefore content ourſelves for the preſent with arranging a few hints under the following obſervations.

1. As to the ſtate of the world prior to the deluge, we have only traditionary accounts in addition to the writings of Moſes; but if no facts can be alleged in contradiction, the probability of our hypotheſis remains undiminiſhed. Beſides, if the Moſaick account of the deluge be true, it is hardly conceivable, ſo tremendous a judgment would have been executed upon a race guilty of abuſing natural reaſon only.

2. The account of the deluge with all its principal circumſtances is to be found in the moſt ancient fragments of hiſtory, and is generally a part of tradition among unlettered nations. This fact is ſupported by all the evidence any reaſonable man can deſire. There can be no doubt therefore of a revelation to the family ſo wonderfully preſerved

* The difference of the effects of probability and certainty, with reſpect to a future ſtate, is ſtrikingly diſplayed in the death of Socrates compared with that of any chriſtian martyr. The firſt martyr Stephen is a good example.

to repeople the earth, and the advantages of it extended undoubtedly to their posterity.*

3. The universal prevalence of some religious rites renders it extremely probable, that men derived their religious notions from one common source. For the illustration of this observation we may mention, the rite of sacrifice,

* Grotius de Veritate Christ. Relig. Lib. i. sect. 16.

For the corroboration of the Mosaick history of the flood, Grotius brings forward the testimony of Berosus preserved by Josephus, and that of Abydenus by Eusebius and Cyrill. Among many others, which are to be found in that learned work on the truth of the christian religion, is the following fragment of *Lucianus de Dea Syria*, which is not important for the antiquity of the work in which it is found, but for the antiquity of the tradition it records, and the character of the writer, whose opposition to christianity is a security for his veracity in this passage. 'When he begins to treat of the very ancient temple at Hieropolis,' says Grotius, 'he adds. This temple, it is said by many, was built by Deucalion. I mean that Deucalion in whose time there happened the great flood of water. I have heard in Greece the following story, which the Greeks relate of this same man. The first race of men, say they, was destroyed, and the present is the second race, who sprung from Deucalion and have gradually multiplied into this great multitude. The men of the former race were extremely wicked, for they neither regarded oaths, were hospitable to strangers, nor worshipped the gods, upon which account they were overtaken by a dreadful calamity. Water suddenly began to gush out of the earth, rain fell from the sky, the rivers swelled, and the sea overflowed the land, so that every thing was inundated and all mankind perished. One man only was left upon account of his wisdom and piety to repeople the earth, and that was Deucalion. He was preserved in this way. He built a large ark, and, after he and his family were gone into it, there came horses and all kinds of lions and serpents, and in short every species of animals, of each a pair. Deucalion took them all into the ark with himself, and, through a divine influence upon their tempers, they all lived together in the utmost harmony, and as long as the earth was covered with water they sailed about in the ark. This is what the Greeks say of Deucalion; but the people at Hieropolis say, that in this place there was a vast chasm made to receive the waters of the deluge, and that over this chasm Deucalion built the temple of Juno. In memory of this event, they have a ceremony of bringing water from the sea to the temple, twice every year. It is performed not only by the priests, but by all Syria and Arabia. This rite, they say was instituted by Deucalion in memory of the calamity which had destroyed the rest of the world, and of his own wonderful preservation. This is the old tradition concerning this temple.'

Sir Wm. Jones, that accurate scholar, in a discourse on the Hindu's chronology, shews with great probability that it is the same with our own, but embellished and obscured by the fancy of poets, and the riddles of astronomers. Their manwantaras and divine ages are merely astronomical periods. The following extract, giving some account of the avowed opinions of the Hindus, will not be deemed out of place. 'We are now,' says Sir William, 'according to the Hindus, in the first day or calpa of the first month of the fifty-first year of Brahma's age, and in the twenty-eighth divine age of the seventh manwantara; of which divine age, the three first human ages have passed, and four thousand eight hundred and eighty-eight of the fourth.

In the present day of Brahma, the first *menu* was surnamed *Swayambhuva*, or *son of the self-existent*, and it is he by whom the institutes of civil and religious duties are supposed to have been delivered. In his time the deity descended at a sacrifice, and by his wife *Satarupa* he had two distinguished sons and three daughters. This pair were created for the multiplication of the human species, after that new creation of the world,

both euchariſtical and atoning, and the obſervance of the ſeventh day as a ſacred feſtival.† Theſe appear more like poſitive inſtitutions, than inferences from the nature of things.

4. The learned Bochart has ſhewn, by his laborious reſearches into ancient geography and hiſtory, the great probability, that the family of Noah is the ſtock, from which have proceeded the nations that now dwell on the earth. This is an additional confirmation of the Moſaick hiſtory, and, of courſe, the divine origin of religion.‡

5. When men have loſt by miſconduct the talents beſtowed by

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which the Brahmans call *Padmacalpiya*, or the *Lotos Creation*.

Of the five Menus who ſucceeded him I have ſeen little more than the names, but the Hindu writings are very diffuſe on the life and poſterity of the ſeventh Menu ſurnamed *Vaivas'wata*, or *Child of the Sun*. In the reign of this ſun-born monarch the Hindus believe the whole earth to have been drowned, and the whole human race deſtroyed, by a flood, except the pious prince himſelf, the ſeven Riſhis, and their ſeveral wives; for they ſuppoſe his children to have been born after the deluge. This general *praylaya*, or deſtruction, is the ſubject of the firſt *purana*, or *ſacred poem*, which conſiſts of fourteen thouſand ſtanzas; and the ſtory is concifely but clearly and elegantly told in the eighth book of the *Bhagawata*, from which I have abſtracted the whole and tranſlated it with great care; but will only preſent you here with an abridgment of it.

"The demon Hayagriva having purloined the Vedas from the cuſtody of Brahma, while he was repoſing at the cloſe of the ſixth manwantara, the whole race of men became corrupt, except the *ſeven Riſhis* and *Satyavrata*, who then reigned in *Dravira*, a maritime region to the ſouth of *Carnata*: this prince was performing his ablutions in the river *Cutimala*, when *Viſhnu* appeared to him in the ſhape of a ſmall fiſh, and, after ſeveral augmentations of bulk in different waters, was placed by *Satyavrata* in the ocean, where he thus addreſſed his amazed votary. 'In ſeven days all creatures who have offended me ſhall be deſtroyed by a deluge, but thou ſhalt be ſecured in a capacious veſſel, miraculouſly formed; take therefore all kinds of medicinal herbs, and eſculent grain for food, and together with the ſeven holy men, your reſpective wives, and pairs of all animals, enter the ark without fear; then ſhalt thou know God face to face, and all thy queſtions ſhall be anſwered.' Saying this, he diſappeared; and after ſeven days the ocean began to overflow the coaſts, the earth to be flooded by conſtant ſhowers, when *Satyavrata* meditating on the Deity ſaw a large veſſel moving on the waters; he entered it, having in all reſpects conformed to the inſtructions of *Viſhnu*, who, in the ſhape of a vaſt fiſh, ſuffered the veſſel to be tied with a great ſea-ſerpent, as with a cable, to his meaſureleſs horn. When the deluge ceaſed *Viſhnu* ſlew the demon and recovered the *Vedas*, inſtructed *Satyavrata* in divine knowledge, and appointed him the ſeventh *Menu* by the name of Vawaſwata."

Let us compare the two Indian accounts of the creation and the deluge, with thoſe delivered by Moſes. It is not made a queſtion in this tract, whether the firſt chapters of Geneſis are to be underſtood in a literal, or merely in an allegorical ſenſe; the only points before us are, whether the creation deſcribed by *the firſt Menu*, which the Brahmans call that of *the Lotos*, be not the ſame with that recorded in our ſcripture? and whether the ſtory of the *ſeventh Menu* be not one and the ſame with that of Noah?—*Aſiatick Reſearches*, *vol.* 1. *p.* 117.

See the ſtory at large above alluded to, tranſlated from the eighth book of the Bhagawata, by Sir Wm. Jones, in the Aſiatick Reſearches, vol. 2—or the ſame, with ſome judicious remarks, in the vol. ſupplementary to Calmet's Dictionary, entitled *Fragments*, the laſt Engliſh edition.

† Grotius de Veritate, &c.

‡ Bocharte's Phaleg.

the God of nature, they have no right to demand miracles for their reſtoration. But divine mercy is infinite, and therefore we may expect whatever act of mercy is conſiſtent with perfect wiſdom. It is too evident to be queſtioned for a moment, that religious knowledge has declined and riſen at various periods. The cauſes of its declinations are to be ſought for in the human heart; but can we find in the ſame place the originating cauſe of its revival? The probability is certainly on the other ſide. It is evident likewiſe, that the world at large has derived much benefit from the writings and inſtitutions of Moſes, and we can put no certain limits to the extent of that benefit. From the Hebrews the Egyptians and Grecians firſt learnt the uſe of letters, and copied many of their laws; and from them theſe philoſophers borrowed their ideas of the divine unity and attributes, which are ſo much vaunted as diſcoveries of natural reaſon. Modern inquiries into Aſiatick literature have brought to light the moſt incontrovertible evidence of the knowledge of the Hebrew religion by the wiſeſt nations in the Eaſt.*

6. With reſpect to the preſent age it cannot be denied, that the moral and religious knowledge ſo generally diffuſed is derived from thoſe writings which claim to be a divine revelation.

At the chriſtian æra what was the ſtate of moral ſcience? The being of a ſupreme, ſpiritual, and holy God, was ſcarcely acknowledged; the worſhip of imaginary deities was performed by the moſt abſurd, diſguſting, or barbarous ceremonies; the rule of moral rectitude was ſo perverted as to juſtify the moſt licentious manners. Egypt and Perſia had riſen and fallen, and enriched with their ſpoils the literature of other nations. Greece had filled the world with the ſplendour of her arts and arms, and had yielded her ſtores of philoſophy to her conquerors; and Rome had added to theſe rich ſpoils the labours of her own philoſophers. Whatever therefore can be atchieved by induſtry, ingenuity, or time, is here to be ſeen, and it amounts to a ſyſtem of ſuperſtition, folly, and vice, with ſcarcely a lineament of truth. Sad monument of human wiſdom!

But if the world was actually overwhelmed with pernicious errours, and was unable to recover the knowledge which had been loſt, does not a divine revelation appear conſonant with the wiſdom and goodneſs of the Deity? One thing is certain, that a rapid and vaſt improvement took place at the time of which we ſpeak. Is it probable, that human reaſon, after being ſo long enveloped with darkneſs, burſt forth in ſo much ſplendour? Is it probable, that theſe ſublime diſcoveries, theſe exalted views of the divine character, and perfect rule of moral excellence were the productions of a few illiterate, uninſpired fiſhermen. Incredible!

Here we ſhall leave the ſubject with our readers, with confidence,

* Vide Grotius de Veritate, &c. Cudworth's Intellectual Syſtem, B. 1. c. 1. ſect. 9. Gale's Court of the Gentiles, vol. 1. Prieſtley's Compariſon of the Moſaick and Hindoo Laws. Aſiatick Reſearches.

that every one, guided by right reaſon, will acknowledge the neceſſity of revelation, and inſtead of deriding, ſubmit with grateful reverence to its inſtructions.

COLLECTANEA. No. 4.

"Tam prodeſſe quam conſpici."

DIFFERENT vegetables require different ſoils; and yet experiments ſhow, that they owe not their life and growth to the earth itſelf, but to ſome agreeable juices or ſalts reſiding in the earth. Mr. Boyle ordered his gardener to dig up and dry in an oven, ſome earth fit for the purpoſe, to weigh it, and to ſet in it the ſeeds of an Indian pompion. The ſeeds, when ſown, were watered with rain or ſpring water only; but though fruit was produced in one experiment of near three pounds, and in another of above fourteen pounds, the earth when dried and weighed again was ſcarcely diminiſhed in its weight. —*Dialogues in a Library.*

Helmont dried two hundred pounds of earth, and planted in it a willow weighing five pounds, which he watered with rain or diſtilled water only; and to ſecure it from any additional earth, he covered the box in which the willow was planted, with a plate of perforated tin. After five years, weighing the tree with all the leaves it had produced in that time, he found them to weigh one hundred ſixty-nine pounds three ounces; but the earth to be diminiſhed only about two ounces in its weight.—*Idem.*

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...." I ENTERED a moſque, and read four ſentences, which were very diſtinctly written on the wall, ſignifying that the world was given us for our own edification, not for the purpoſe of raiſing ſumptuous buildings; life, for the diſcharge of moral and religious duties, not for pleaſurable indulgencies; wealth, to be liberally beſtowed, not avariciouſly hoarded; and learning, to produce good actions, not empty diſputes." We could not but reſpect the temple, even of a falſe prophet, in which we found ſuch excellent morality. [Sir William Jones remarks on the iſland of Hinzuan, or Johanna. *Aſiatick Reſearches*, vol. 2, p. 80.]— Fas eſt ab hoſte doceri. Theſe ſentiments would honour the church in its moſt refined ſtate; and, conſidering from whence they are taken, are a ſevere ſatire on the controverſial and bigoted ſpirit of many chriſtians.

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THERE is one clear and well-atteſted fact, which, I think, proves that all the alphabets now known might be derived from one and the ſame origin. Can two ſets of letters appear to the eye more different than the Samaritan and the French (or Engliſh)? Yet it is very certain, and may eaſily be proved, that the letters of our alphabet were derived from the Samaritan. We received our letters from the Romans, they from the Greeks, theſe from the Phœnicians; and the learned are now agreed, that the Phœnician and Samaritan characters were

the ſame.—*Goguet's origin of laws, arts and ſciences, vol. 7, p.* 183.

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AMMON, one of the fathers of the Egyptian monks, by the entreaties of his friends, conſented to marry. On the evening of his nuptials, he conducted the lady who had been ſelected for him to their wedding chamber; where, after reading to her St. Paul's epiſtle to the Corinthians, he expounded the apoſtle's admonition; and ſo effectually exhibited to her all the pains and inconveniences to which married women are expoſed, that ſhe conſented to elope with him to the deſerts, and to lead a monaſtick life.—*Gregory's Chriſtian church. vol.* 1, *p.* 180. *note.*

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An epitaph taken from an ancient grave-ſtone.

Qu an t d c vul ſti
os gois riſti iro um nere avit.
H tan Ch m tum mu l

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Two miracles, of reſtoring ſight to a blind man and of healing the hand of one who was lame, are aſcribed to the emperor Veſpaſian. Suetonius has accounted for theſe ſtories in the introduction to his narration, ſaying, that "ſomewhat was wanting to give dignity and authority to a new-choſen emperor." At the beginning of his life of Veſpaſian he obſerves, that "the Flavian family was not renowned for its antiquity." It is eaſy for any one to diſcern from ſeveral things ſaid by Suetonius and Tacitus, that Veſpaſian was very willing to encourage the belief of extraordinary things concerning himſelf.—*Dr. Lardner.*

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PLINY obſerves, that the moſt ancient manner of writing was on the leaves of palm-trees. Afterwards the inner bark of a tree was uſed for this purpoſe, which being in latin called *liber*, and in greek βιβλος, the ſame names have ever ſince been retained in thoſe languages to ſignify *a book*. Another way, practiſed by the Greeks and Romans, was to write on tables of wood covered with wax. On theſe they wrote with a bodkin or ſtyle of iron; and hence it is that the different *manners* of compoſitions were called different *ſtyles*. But, on the invention of the *Egyptian papyrus*, all other methods of writing were ſuperſeded. This was made by parting the ſeveral inner ſkins of the papyrus, which in ſome degree reſembled a bulruſh, and grew in the marſhes of Egypt near the Nile. From this, that on which we now write has the name of *paper*. The books of the celebrated library of Ptolomy Philopater were written on the papyrus. The paper which we now uſe is ſuppoſed to have been brought from the eaſt.—*Prideaux's Con. vol.* 1. *p.* 496.

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ABOUT 354 years before Chriſt, died Mauſolus, king of Caria, who was celebrated by the grief of Artemiſa who was his ſiſter and wife. She gathered his aſhes, and having beaten his bones to powder, took a portion of them in her drink every day, intending to make her body the ſepulchre of her huſband. In two years ſhe pined to death with ſorrow; but before ſhe died, ſhe erected a famous monument at Halicarnaſſus, which was conſidered as one of the ſeven wonders of the world. From hence all monuments of extraordinary magnificence are called *mauſoleums*.—*Ib. B.* 7. *p.* 469,

For the Monthly Anthology.

TO CONSTANCE.

*******, January 15, 1805.

YES, my dear Conſtance, the intereſting ſcience, whoſe tendency you have inveſtigated and juſtly eulogized, does indeed ſhed new light on the beſt intereſts of man; and though to the mere naturaliſt it is little more than an amuſement, to the chriſtian botaniſt it preſents a chaplet of never fading flowers.

And ſurely, my friend, ſince the love of nature is intimately connected with that of her Author, it is "devoutly to be wiſh'd" that a taſte for all her ſublime and touching beauties might be univerſally and aſſiduouſly cultivated. If the ſtudy of her lowlieſt children tends to contemplations the moſt elevating; if the vegetable world demonſtrates the wiſdom, the goodneſs, and the power of the creator, ought not an attention to grander harmonies to ſublimate the ſoul and all its capacities?

To a well toned mind and refined taſte inexhauſtible ſources of pleaſure are opened. Change of ſeaſons preſents objects ever new; and even in the ſhort compaſs of day and night, the ſenſes and the imagination are regaled by a ceaſeleſs variety of beauties. The mere connoiſſeur who criticiſes nature, as he does the fine arts, is inſenſibly animated and purified by it. The cheerful morning invigorates his mind and his affections; and the ſerene evening, while it ſoothes the jarring paſſions awakened by the events of the day, communicates to his heart that tenderneſs and benevolence, of which it ſeems the reflected image.

But how are theſe advantages enhanced, theſe pleaſures ennobled, to the being who beholds the great Artificer through the medium of his works! In the ſimplicity and grandeur of that ſyſtem, which bleſſes our world with alternate light and ſhade, he views the goodneſs of a Father, and adores the majeſty of a God; whilſt every proof of his omnipotence and omnipreſence fills the heart with that ſweet confidence, which is an antidote to all the ills of life. And when the weſt is ſplendid with crimſon and gold, how ſuperiour to the pleaſure of the painter and the poet is the rapture of gratitude which raiſes the ſoul to him, by whoſe law grey maſſes of vapour are transformed into objects pleaſing to the eye, animating to the fancy, and elevating to the feelings of the admiring obſerver!

I know your opinion of Cowper, the faithful poet of nature and of chriſtianity, too well to imagine you can have peruſed his life, written by the elegant and affectionate Hayley, without pleaſure. There is genuine ſatisfaction in finding the author whoſe *works* we admire, worthy our eſteem and confidence as a *man*; his precepts acquire a ſtrength and grace, when illuſtrated by his own example, which nothing elſe can give to them. We are grateful to the good-natured biographer, who, by preſenting us with a favourable portrait, adds energy to the page whence we derive wiſdom and delight. But there are dangers in this ſpecies of biogra-

phy; and on the whole, which do you think moſt beneficial to the cauſe of virtue and ſcience, the tender partiality of Hayley, or the ſtern inveſtigation of Johnſon?

Hoping for an anſwer, I bid you an affectionate farewel.

CORNELIA.

For the Monthly Anthology.

LETTERS TO LEINWHA,

TEACHER OF MORALITY IN THE RECESSES OF LATINGUIN.—FROM A WANDERER IN THE WEST.

LETTER IV.

THOUGH the people of this country are a nation of merchants, their paſſion for letters is not extinguiſhed by trade. It is continually ſtruggling with the obſtacles that oppoſe it, and in its efforts to ſurmount them you may behold the glory of genius vanquiſhed by adverſity, and ſmiling ſuperiour to neglect.

I always thought that a ſevere law in Latinguin, which prohibits any one to write a book, until he ſhall have paſſed an examination by the great Crit, upon the penalty of loſing the thumb and firſt finger of his right hand, and having his belly blown up with the ſame quill which was inſtrumental in committing the offence. The lawgiver here has been more humane; there is nothing ſo hoſtile to *literature* in in all their code. Every one has an unlimited right to think for himſelf, and write what he pleaſes. Almoſt all claſſes avail themſelves of this indulgence. The mechanick, when the day is done, lays down his inſtruments and retires to his apartment; he examines the edicts of his national aſſembly, and furniſhes the printer with his comments on their proceedings. He arraigns their judgment, or commends their wiſdom. He calls upon his fellow-citizens to co-operate with him in oppoſing their deſigns, or adopting their meaſures; and concludes with declaring his diſintereſted zeal for the welfare of himſelf, his country, and poſterity.

There are others, who write in a manner called "*periodical.*" Many of theſe productions I ſent you by the laſt caravan. By them you may deviſe the purſuit of theſe authors. You will wonder perhaps at what you may imagine a want of method, the choice of expreſſion, and the typographical negligence, which ſometimes ſeem to violate the rules of compoſition. But, as they are written for the whole world, they are conveyed to the publick by the ſame vehicle, which contains the wants of the needy; a ſchedule of the merchant's articles which he offers for ſale; an account of foreign and domeſtick intelligence; with a catalogue of murders and marriages. To this may be added another reaſon: the writers are generally thoſe, who wiſely ſtudy *originality*, rather than *elegance*; they are not reſtrained by thoſe forms, which would only ſerve to abridge their performances; nor overloaded with reading, which would unavoidably ſteal into their compoſitions; and, as their avow-

ed object is to reform the errours of the age, ſurely none are better calculated than they, whoſe minds are unbiaſſed by any favourite ſyſtem, and unoccupied by any thing but their object.

I find the women here are alſo writers; and ſome of their productions are not inferiour to thoſe of the men. They are free from unneceſſary exactneſs, and minuteneſs of ſtyle, beautifully miſcellaneous, and abounding with tales. The love of imitating the bards prevails with theſe females; in this character they aſſuage the pangs of love when they deſcribe its delight. My friend, whoſe poem I ſo lately mentioned to you, told me he had ſold all his "*copies.*" I ſuppoſe him to mean the printed books of his poem. In the courſe of his viſit, he gave me a paper full of verſes, which he ſaid were written by a lady of his acquaintance, to whom he has promiſed to introduce me. She is a woman of great literature and uncommon virtue. I tranſcribe theſe verſes for your collection of writings.

SONNET TO A RED-BREAST,

(Who flew in at my window while I was aſleep, and flew out before I awoke.)

Sweet roſeate ſongſter of the leafy grove,
Return again; ſweet bird, again return;
Warble thoſe ſtrains that Echo told to Love,
Before bright Phœbus could awake the morn.

And when I hear thy note from yonder trees,
Silence and Taciturnity ſhall ſleep;
Thy note ſhall meliorate the perfum'd breeze,
And the ſoft breeze on wings of down ſhall creep.

Then ſhall the muſick of the ſpheres be ſtill,
Or if not ſtill, leſs ſweet, fair bird, than thine;
Thy voice ſhall riſe, the air ſhall ſeem a hill,
Round which to heaven thy melody ſhall twine.
Return, ſweet bird; ſweet bird, again return;
Nor let this breaſt thy abſence, Red-breaſt, mourn.

DELLA AURORA BOREALIA.

I have not yet diſcovered the ſchools of the philoſophers. I have however met with a proclamation in a common paper, from one of their learned ſocieties, purporting to be the contents of a new book. I wiſhed much to ſend it to you, but as I could not, its matters are here faithfully tranſcribed.

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13. State of the treaſury.

For the Monthly Anthology.

THE BOTANIST. No. 7.

HAVING exhibited a biographical ſketch of that eminent *phyſician* and *naturaliſt*, LINNÆUS, we mean now to give our readers a conciſe *hiſtory of botany*, from the earlieſt ages until the ſcience came finiſhed from the hands of that great maſter.

Βοτάνη in the Greek language means an *herb*, whence is derived botany, which at this day ſignifies the ſcience relating to vegetables, for which the ancients had no name, as it was not in their days erected into a regular ſcience.

Although botany as a ſcience may appear to ſome a ſtudy too dull for an exalted and refined genius; yet if we caſt our eyes back on the earlier ages, and trace this branch of knowledge down to our own times, we ſhall find, that it has been cultivated by thoſe of the brighteſt parts, and careſſed by men of great diſtinction. We need only mention him, who is called by way of pre-eminence "*the wiſe man.*" Though born to a throne and deſtined to rule over a powerful people, yet was SOLOMON ſo captivated with the charms of botany, that he is ſaid in the ſcriptures to have known plants "*from the cedar of Lebanon to the hyſſop that ſpringeth out of the wall;*" and we find in his "book of wiſdom," that he not only "*knew the diverſities of plants, but the virtues of their roots.*"

SOLOMON flouriſhed about 170 years after the ſiege of Troy, or in the year of the world 2129, and is ſaid to be the firſt botaniſt on *our* records of mankind. But on examining the oldeſt book we have, we find an account of a plan for eſtabliſhing a *botanick garden* as early, as 899 years before Chriſt. See the xxi. chapter of the 1ſt book of KINGS, 2d verſe.

I can find no mention of a botaniſt, from the glorious SOLOMON down to the venerable father of medicine, *Hippocrates*. He gives us the names and virtues of 234 plants, but no deſcription by which we can aſcertain what they were. Cotemporary with the father of phyſick, lived *Cratevas*, whom he calls the prince of botaniſts. A conſiderable ſpace after him appeared *Theophraſtus*; who wrote ten books on plants, of which nine have reached our hands. Theſe merit the higheſt encomiums.

Theophraſtus was a diſciple of Ariſtotle, and flouriſhed in the third century, he may juſtly be conſidered as the *father of botany*. He treats of the vegetable life; and the anatomy and conſtruction of plants, and of their origin and propagation. He divides vegetables into ſeven claſſes, which diviſion is founded on the generation of plants, their place of growth, their ſize, as trees and ſhrubs, their uſe, and their lacteſcence, which laſt circumſtance reſpects every kind of liquor, of whatever colour, that flows in great abundance from them when cut. This golden monument of botany cannot be too ſtrongly recommended to the curious.

The Romans were devoted to Victoria, a deity ſo adored by

that rough people, that they paid little attention to the ſciences, Pliny ſays that they were ſtrangers to botany till Pompey conquered *Mithridates*, the moſt philoſophick king of the age. His obſervations on the medicinal virtues of plants falling into the hands of Pompey were, by his orders, tranſlated into latin. *Dioſcorides*, though by birth a Grecian, lived under the Roman empire. He was the next botaniſt of note after Theophraſtus. It is highly probable, that ſeveral botaniſts lived between the time of Theophraſtus and Dioſcorides, a ſpace of nearly 400 years; yet if we except Antonius Muſa, Euphorbius, and Æmilius Macer, who was a ſoldier, poet, and botaniſt, and the firſt who clothed botany in poetry, we find no mention of any one who paid attention to that ſcience. Dioſcorides mentions about 600 plants; 410 of which he deſcribed, together with their medicinal virtues; about 500 of them were mentioned by the father of botany. Dioſcorides arranged plants, from their uſes in medicine and domeſtick economy, into four claſſes, viz. *aromaticks*, *alimentary vegetables*, *medicinal*, and *vinous*; a vague and fallacious diſtinction.

Pliny, in his immenſe compilation, called the hiſtory of the world, mentions 400 plants more than are to be found in Dioſcorides; and yet he lived but about forty years after him. He, who wiſhes to ſee all the natural hiſtory of the ancients at a glance, may conſult Pliny to advantage.

The famous *Galen* flouriſhed about 130 years after Chriſt. He was for that day a great traveller, and might have increaſed the catalogue of plants; but he contented himſelf in deſcanting on the medicinal virtues of thoſe mentioned by his predeceſſor.

After the 6th century, learning was almoſt entirely aboliſhed by the Goths. Whilſt a northern ſwarm of barbarians were deſtroying taſte and learning in the weſtern empire, the Arabians, who were followers of the renowned Mahomet, over-ran the eaſtern. By conquering Greece, they monopolized all the writings of that famous nation. During 400 years there was no attempt to draw from its obſcurity the botany of the ancients. At length one of the Saracen califs ordered the Greek books on medicine to be tranſlated into Arabick, or their mixed Saracen language; and botany, which is a branch of medicine, attracted their notice. *Serapio* collected the Greek and Arabian authors, who had written on plants; and after him followed Razis, Avicenna, Averhoës, Actuarius, and ſeveral others of leſs note. They were more attentive to the materia medica in general, than to plants in particular. To them we owe the knowledge of ſugar, of diſtilled ſpirits, of rhubarb, ſenna, and moſt of the milder catharticks.

After a dark and diſmal period, emphatically ſtyled the barbarous or dark ages, a dawn of light began to appear, firſt in Italy, and from thence, a ſecond time, over the world, when Medicine, and her hand-maid Botany, emerged from the gloom of barbariſm; for in 1470 *Theodore Gaza*, a Greek refugee at Rome, re-

ſuſcitated philoſophy by making elegant tranſlations of Ariſtotle and Theophraſtus, who were commented on in the ſequel by Scaliger and Stapel. Dioſcorides was likewiſe tranſlated into pure and beautiful latin by a Venetian nobleman.

John Parkinſon wrote his *Paradiſus Terreſtris* in 1629. He was apothecary to the king. The hiſtory of flowers he gave at great length. In his *Theatrum Botanicum*, he has comprehended more ſpecies of plants, than were to be found in any hiſtory of plants publiſhed before his time.

Among publick gardens, in which plants were demonſtrated by profeſſors, that of Padua is the oldeſt. It commenced about the year 1530. From that period profeſſors of botany have been eſtabliſhed in almoſt every ſchool of medicine.

The famous *Coſmo de Medicis* founded a botanick garden at Piſa, and committed it to the care of *Andreas Caſalpinus*, a celebrated phyſician, botaniſt, and anatomiſt, the father of the botanick ſyſtem, and profeſſor of botany at Padua.

Proſper Alpinus was nearly as eminent in botany as in phyſick. He made a large and rare collection of plants in Egypt, and afterwards read lectures on botany at Venice.

The famous Henry the fourth of France founded the botanick garden at Montpelier in 1598. The care of which has ſucceſſively been committed to diſtinguiſhed botaniſts, who were alſo phyſicians.

Francis the firſt was a great admirer of botany and a liberal encourager of every plan that could improve and advance it.

Lewis the thirteenth founded a noble garden in the ſuburbs of St. Victors at Paris, and put it under the care of *Heroard* his chief phyſician, and *Guido Broſſeau* his phyſician in ordinary.

It is about 150 years ſince botanick gardens were eſtabliſhed in England. Thoſe at Chelſea and Oxford are the moſt ancient. About the ſame time, botanick gardens were formed in Holland. The garden at Leyden is the moſt celebrated. The great *Boerhaave* was profeſſor of botany there, at the ſame time that he filled Europe with his fame as profeſſor of phyſick.

Prior to this period two illuſtrious brothers appeared, who alone have done more for the advancement of botany, than all the reſt together, who preceded and followed them, until Tournefort. Rare geniuſſes! ſays the celebrated Rouſſeau, whoſe vaſt knowledge and ſolid labours, conſecrated to botany, render them worthy of that immortality which they have acquired. For, till this part of natural hiſtory falls into oblivion, the names of *John* and *Caſpar Baubin* will live along with it in the memory of mankind. Each of theſe indefatigable men, *par nobile fratrum*, undertook an univerſal hiſtory of plants, and to add to it a *ſynonymy*, or exact liſt of the names that every plant bore in all the writers which preceded them.

John nearly completed his undertaking in three volumes folio, but did not live to publiſh the whole. *Caſpar* laboured forty years, but the life of man is too ſhort for the execution of a plan ſo extenſive. Their works are ſtill the guide to all thoſe, who

wiſh to conſult ancient authors on botany. John Bauhin was born at Lyons in 1541, and died in 1624. Caſpar was born 1560, and died 1624.

After this period, ſcarcely an author wrote on medicine, but wrote more or leſs on botany; of theſe we muſt not omit *Fuchſius*, who in 1530 publiſhed 510 figures of plants; nor *Rondeletius*, a phyſician of Montpelier. Nor may we forget *Turner*, a learned Engliſh phyſician, who publiſhed the firſt hiſtory of plants in Engliſh with moſt of the figures of Fuchſius. He gave the names of the plants in Latin, Greek, German, and French, in alphabetical order.

Hyéeronymus Bouc, a German, was the firſt of the moderns who has given a methodical diſtribution of vegetables. In his hiſtory of plants publiſhed 1532 he divides the 800 ſpecies there deſcribed into three claſſes, founded on their qualities, habit, figure, and ſize; Cluſius endeavoured ſoon after to eſtabliſh the natural diſtinction of Theophraſtus, which was into trees, ſhrubs, and under-ſhrubs. Others attempted to characterize plants by the roots, ſtems, and leaves, but all were found inſufficient.

For the Monthly Anthology.

MR. EDITOR,

IT ſeems to be the aim of ſome perſons, abounding more in zeal than in knowledge or moderation, to force their opponents upon one of the horns of this dilemma.... either to maintain their ſpeculative religious tenets in the publick newſpapers, or to paſs with the publick at large as incapable or timid. The former courſe of conduct, I hope, will never be purſued, whatever may be the conſequence. Timidity or incapacity can only be inferred by thoſe, whoſe opinions are unworthy of regard.

The ſubſcriber is not, aſſuredly, one of thoſe, "who have no preference of one ſtyle of Divinity to another"; nor does he even think it a matter of ſmall importance what are the ſpeculative tenets of an inſtructor of youth; yet he cannot but be of opinion, that it is of leſs importance, whether the candidates for the vacant chairs of the univerſity be followers of Arminius or of Calvin, of Arius or of Socinus, than that they be learned, able, pious men, capable of diffuſing inſtruction, and anxious, by diſcharging their duty with fidelity, to approve themſelves worthy ſervants of their great Maſter. Though not a follower of the Reformer of Geneva, the preſent writer could never think of objecting to a man as a publick inſtructor, that he was a Calviniſt; and he muſt do ſo much juſtice to thoſe who think with him, as to aſſert, that they are generally incapable (as indeed are all ſenſible men of different ſentiments) of a proceeding ſo uncandid and intolerant. It is very well known, however, that the alarm has been raiſed, Beware, he is an Arminian! he is an Arian!

Fœnum habet in cornu—longe fuge!

Feeling, as I do, moſt ſeriouſly

intereſted in the proſperity of our Alma Mater, I ſhall lament, as deeply injurious to her uſefulneſs and reputation, that hour, when her preſent liberal principles ſhall be exchanged for ſubſcriptions to Articles of Faith; or, what is the ſame thing, when the belief of a certain ſpeculative ſyſtem ſhall be eſteemed neceſſary in him, who aſpires to the honorable ſtation of an inſtructor of her ſons. The next ſtep, a very ſhort one, is to require ſuch a condition from the youth at their matriculation; to turn the college catalogue into an Index Expurgatorius; and to expel from the ſhelves of the library all heretical publications. So ſhall all acceſs of errour be prohibited, and the fountain of knowledge ſhall flow with an unpolluted ſtream from generation to generation.

I beg leave to introduce to your readers, a ſhort extract from biſhop Watſon's preface to John Taylor's "Scheme of Scripture Divinity," publiſhed in the firſt vol. of his tracts.

"The reader is here preſented with the plan which Dr. TAYLOR followed, in leading his pupils to a juſt and rational acquaintance with the principles of religion, founded upon an accurate knowledge of the ſcriptures.

"The importance of this ſervice, and his accountableneſs in a great meaſure for the event, were conſiderations of the laſt moment, and cauſed him to compoſe, and deliver his academical inſtructions with the utmoſt circumſpection. To his own judgment, after the ſtricteſt reviſal, the principles here advanced, appeared juſt and ſcriptural; but he did not therefore preſume they were abſolutely free from errour; much leſs did he think himſelf authoriſed, as a publick tutor, to impoſe his ſentiments on young minds with an overbearing hand. That he might do juſtice to his pupils, and himſelf, he always prefaced his lectures with the following ſolemn CHARGE, which does honour to the author, and affords a noble precedent to ſeminaries of learning.

I. "I do ſolemnly charge you, in the name of the God of Truth, and of our Lord Jeſus Chriſt, who is the Way, the Truth, and the Life, and before whoſe judgment-ſeat you muſt in no long time appear, that in all your ſtudies and inquiries of a religious nature, preſent or future, you do conſtantly, carefully, impartially, and conſcientiouſly attend to evidence, as it lies in the holy Scriptures, or in the nature of things, and the dictates of reaſon; cautiouſly guarding againſt the ſallies of imagination, and the fallacy of ill-grounded conjecture."

II.—"That you admit, embrace, or aſſent to no principle, or ſentiment, by me taught or advanced, but only ſo far as it ſhall appear to you to be ſupported and juſtified by proper evidence from Revelation, or the reaſon of things."

III.—"That, if at any time hereafter, any principle or ſentiment, by me taught or advanced, or by you admitted and embraced, ſhall, upon impartial and faithful examination, appear to you to be dubious or falſe, you either ſuſpect, or totally reject ſuch principle or ſentiment."

IV.—"That you keep your mind always open to evidence.—That you labour to baniſh from your breaſt all prejudice, preposſeſſion, and party-zeal.—That you ſtudy to live in peace and love with all your fellow-chriſtians, and that you ſteadily aſſert for yourſelf, and freely allow to others, the unalienable rights of judgment and conſcience."

Now, Mr. Editor, ſuppoſing ſuch a man as Taylor were now a candidate for a vacant chair in the Univerſity, would his religious ſentiments be an inſuperable objection? and what opinion muſt we form of the chriſtian charity and candour of thoſe, who would ſhut the doors of the lecture rooms in the face of ſuch a man, becauſe he was an Arian? C

THE SOLDIERS: A BRITISH TALE.

Continued from p. 29.

ONE of the men, whoſe terrour rendered mute every other feeling, beſought Rodolpho to retire into any other part of the foreſt; that he had rather ſtand a *hundred* tempeſts, or any thing except being *ſhot* for deſertion (for then a man can never expect to go to heaven), than remain within the ſound of the voice of the devil, whom he knew could take any form to deſtroy.

Our ſoldier was rouſed from the pauſe of mind, that ſuſpended his faculties, by the intreaty of the ſoldier; but as he was endeavouring to reaſſume his ſpirits, the voice, unaccompanied by any inſtrument, in the ſweeteſt tone ſang the following *Sonnet*.

SONNET TO HUMANITY.

Humanity, thou parent of the tear, and tender ſigh
That burſts from virtue's breaſt; that loves to feed
The wretched orphan in its time of need,
Caſt on the world's bleak waſte, no friend or parent nigh;

Thy power pervades the grated dungeon dark,
Where, chain'd and wretched on his bed of ſtraw,
The priſ'ner ſcarce his feveriſh breath can draw,
Whilſt to his aching ears ten thouſand fetters clank.

Thine is the voice of heaven, that ſounds ſo ſweet,
Which love celeſtial ſpeaks to man below,
In ſoft and melting tones to ſooth his woe,
To mitigate the heart's tumultuous beat.
Ah! what is grandeur to ſuch pride as thine!
Ambition, avarice, ſhrink and bend beneath thy ſhrine.

The full notes of wild harmony, that were evidently confined to no rules, in which this imperfect but feeling ſonnet was ſung, for ſome moments entranced Rodolpho; he was reluctant to move, and though he did not imagine he was in an enchanted foreſt, or to encounter a ſupernatural being, yet he vaulted into the regions of romance, and dreſſed up in his imagination a *mortal* goddeſs, whom he was now impelled by an irreſiſtible impulſe to endeavour at ſeeing.

The ſtorm, while the ſonnet was ſinging, had gradually decreaſed; the moon emerged from the clouds, that paſſed in rapid ſucceſſion, and diſcovered to the wanderers a path that appeared by its direction to lead to the light.

Rodolpho endeavoured to quiet the fears of the moſt timid of the men, and proceeded. In a few minutes they came to the cottage, from which the light glimmered. Immediately Rodolpho ſaid aloud; "ſome travellers, who have loſt their way, appeal to the *humanity* of the being who ſang its delights, for an hour's

ſhelter, till morning will enable them to retrace their path out of the *wood*."

The moon ſhone brightly on the caſements of the cot, and they perceived an old negro woman looking out of the window, who aſked, "who they were?" "Strangers in diſtreſs," replied Rodolpho. Immediately a voice from within ſaid, "lay a faggot on the fire." And the next moment the door opened; and the ſame perſon Rodolpho ſaw in the morning appeared with a lamp in his hand.

Rodolpho repeated his requeſt. "I opened the door for you," replied the recluſe, "ceremony is unneceſſary in a wilderneſs,—troubleſome in a palace." And he led the way to a room that our ſoldier perceived was the ſame in which the recluſe had left him in the morning, and that he had now entered by the back way.

The two men did not follow their leader, the appearance of the ſtranger impreſſed their minds with apprehenſion; the ſettled gloom on his countenance as the lamp gleamed on it, they conſtrued into malevolence.

The recluſe placed Rodolpho a ſeat, and ſtirred the fire into a blaze; but his ſilent manners repelled familiarity.—"My attendants are wet and weary, will you allow me to call them in?" ſaid our ſoldier, after a minute's pauſe of *wonder*.

"*Yes*," ſaid the recluſe, and again ſtirred the fire; it ſeemed a well-timed ſignal of welcome.

When the men entered, he opened the door of an inner apartment, in which was *another* wood-fire, and pointed with his hand for the men to go to it. He then called aloud "Faithful." An old negro appeared. "The travellers are wet and weary," ſaid the recluſe. The woman diſappeared, and ſoon returned with a change of dreſs, which ſhe firſt placed before Rodolpho; and then carried the remainder to the two men, without uttering a ſyllable.

The gloomy reſerve of the recluſe, and the ſilence of his ſervant puzzled Rodolpho, and reſtrained within painful bounds the acknowledgments that were due for the comforts he enjoyed, and repelled every advance to familiarity.

There is no ſelf denial ſo painful to a mind of genuine ſenſibility, as that felt from reſtraining the effuſions of gratitude; every expreſſion that flows from that ſublimated ſource diſſipates the oppreſſive idea of obligation, and gives us back that independence of mind, ſo dear to the heart of man.

Would thoſe favoured beings, whoſe felicitous diſpoſitions prompt to deeds of benevolence, for a moment ſuppoſe themſelves in the ſituation of the obliged, they would feel that their *endurance* of grateful expreſſion, from the being they have benefited, confers a more refined obligation, by indulging a ſweet and ſoothing emotion, than even the deed that excited the firſt ſenſation of thankfulneſs.

Reſtraint of expreſſion was as painful to Rodolpho, as a heart awake to thankfulneſs can imagine; but he entered into the humour of his hoſt, changed his apparel in ſilence, and with a look of thankfulneſs only, acknowledged the kindneſs.

The men for ſome time gaped with wonder at the ſilence of the recluſe, and the negro; *then* debated in whiſper if they ſhould either change their apparel, or refreſh themſelves with the offered repaſt. The moſt timid of the two, declared his opinion to his companion, that the old negro was an imp of *darkneſs*, and the ſolitary her familiar; therefore the proviſion and clothes *muſt* be poiſonous to good Chriſtians, for whom theſe ſort of beings had a peculiar hatred. He immediately began to relate a diſmal tale of an old witch, whoſe appearance and actions he contrived ſhould reſemble the old negro, till at the end he worked up his imagination to the full ſtretch of fear; his limbs trembled; his courage left him; and to look round the room that was enlivened only by a blaze of a wood fire, was an effort beyond his reſolution.

It is among the inexplicables, why a mind much more enlightened than this man's, attending to the deſcription of images, that thrill the ſoul with horror, ſhould ſolicit a continuance of ſuch ſenſations; but ſo it is; for we may obſerve whenever a tale of horror has been related by one in a party, that every other member in his turn, will rummage

his memory for ſome incident, if poſſible, ſtill more terrifick, and when reminiſcense can furniſh no more, he feels diſſatisfied, and had rather ruminate in ſilence on events out of the order of nature, than make an effort to free himſelf from prejudices (that contract the mind) by rational inveſtigation.

(To be continued.)

POETRY.

WINTER.

Tranſlation of Mr. William Thompſon's Ode Brumalis.

By the Reverend Mr. Tatterſall.

ALAS! no longer now appear
The ſofter ſeaſons of the year.
Of ſports and loves what Muſe now ſings?
Away my lyre;—boy, break the ſtrings.

Old joyleſs Winter, who diſdains
Your ſprightly, flow'ry, Attick ſtrains,
Wrapt into ſable, calls for airs,
Rough, gloomy, as the rug he wears.

Pleaſure, for ever on the wing,
Wild, wanton, reſtleſs, flutt'ring thing,
Airy ſprings by with ſudden ſpeed,
Swifter than Maro's flying ſteed.

Ah! where is hid the ſylvan ſcene,
The leafy ſhade, the vernal green?
In Flora's meads the ſweets that grew,
Colours which Nature's pencil drew,
Chaplets, the buſt of Pope might wear,
Worthy to bloom around Ianthe's hair?

Gay-mantled Spring away is flown,
The ſilver-treſſed Summer's gone,
And golden Autumn; nought remains
But Winter with his iron chains.

The feather-footed hours that fly,
Say, "Human life thus paſſes by."
What ſhall the wiſe, the prudent? they
Will ſeize the bounty of to-day,
And proſtrate to the Gods their grateful homage pay.

The man, whom Iſis' ſtream inſpires,
Whom Pallas owns, and Phœbus fires,
Whom Suada, ſmiling goddeſs, deigns
To guide in ſweet Hyblæan plains,
He Winter's ſtorms undaunted ſtill ſuſtains.

Black louring ſkies ne'er hurt the breaſt
By white-rob'd Innocence poſſeſt.
Roar as ye liſt, ye winds,—begin,—
Virtue proclaims fair Peace within;
Ethereal pow'r! 'tis you that bring
The balmy Zephyrs, and reſtore the Spring.

ODE,

To a Friend, diſſatisfied with his ſituation.

By Turnbull.

IN vain from place to place we roam,
In vain we quit our native home,
In vain explore tempeſtuous ſeas,
To purchaſe happineſs and eaſe;
And hope to find ſerener ſkies,
Where undiſturb'd contentment lies;
Dæmon Care, fly where we will,
Purſues us like a blood-hound ſtill.

In frigid northern realms confin'd,
We curſe the ruthleſs winter's wind;
The chilling froſt and beating rain
Drive pleaſure from the naked plain;
And fiercer foes than thoſe prevail,
To make mankind their lot bewail:
Oppreſſion rules with iron rod,
And vaſſals tremble at his nod.

If we retreat to milder climes
The ſcene preſents a land of crimes,
Where freedom proſtituted bleeds,
And bears the name of horrid deeds,

Which diſcord, in her maddeſt fit,
Hath made outrageous fiends commit;
Who, eager to enjoy the ſpoils,
Involve the land in endleſs broils.

Where Roman greatneſs once bore ſway,
The hills are green, the fields are gay;
The garden blooms in many a hue,
A thouſand temples riſe to view,
Rich palaces of coſtly mould,
Blaze to the ſun in burniſh'd gold;
But ſuperſtition's ghaſtly face
Theſe ſcenes of luxury diſgrace.

And ſee! where Greece in ruin lies!
Fair Greece, the mighty and the wiſe;
Where claſſick Athens roſe ſublime,
Whoſe learning o'er the wreck of time
Spreads ſcience to each diſtant ſhore,
To live when Athens is no more;
Now held in ſlav'ry's baſeſt chains,
Proud ignorance in triumph reigns.

Behold! on Perſia's golden coaſt,
Her ancient wealth and ſplendour loſt,
Her lofty domes in aſhes laid,
Her richeſt cities long decay'd;
Thoſe groves where once her magick
ſtray'd
The rude barbarians now invade,
And void of law, a people's guide,
Dire outrage lords its far and wide.

If we to Indian groves repair,
Care's meagre form will meet us there:
Amidſt Arabia's ſpicy vales
Devouring peſtilence prevails,
And though on fair Columbia's coaſt,
Rich Mexico her mines can boaſt,
Her ſolid hills of richeſt ore
Cannot the bloom of health reſtore.

Where will the boundleſs ſearch extend?
Where will the painful labour end?
Bright reaſon wiſely whiſpers, "Care,
"Weak man, will haunt thee every
where!"
Content alone can boaſt the charm,
That can the buſy fiend diſarm;
And care will ever fly the cell,
Where innocence and virtue dwell.

THE CHURCH PORCH. *(Continued.)*

THY friend put in thy boſome: wear
his eyes
Still in thy heart, that he may ſee what's
there.
If cauſe require, thou art his ſacrifice;
Thy drops of blood muſt pay down all
his fear:

But love is loſt, the way of friendſhip's
gone,
Though *David* had his *Jonathan*, *Chriſt*
his *John*.

Yet be not ſurety, if thou be a father.
Love is a perſonall debt. I cannot give
My childrens right, nor ought he take
it: rather
Both friends ſhould die, then hinder
them to live.
Fathers firſt enter bonds to Natures
ends;
And are her ſureties, ere they are a
friends.

If thou be ſingle, all thy goods and
ground
Submit to love; but yet not more than
all.
Give one eſtate, as one life. None is
bound
To work for two, who brought himſelf
to thrall.
God made me one man; love makes
me no more,
Till labour come, and make my weak-
neſſe ſcore.

In thy diſcourſe, if thou deſire to pleaſe,
All ſuch is courteous, uſefull, new, or
wittie.
Uſefulneſſe comes by labour, wit by
eaſe;
Courteſie grows in court; news in the
citie.
Get a good ſtock of theſe, then draw
the card:
That ſuits him beſt, of whom thy
ſpeech is heard.

Entice all neatly to what they know
beſt;
For ſo thou doſt thy ſelf and him a
pleaſure:
(But a proud ignorance will loſe his reſt,
Rather than ſhew his cards) ſteal from
his treaſure
What to aſk further. Doubts well
raiſ'd do lock
The ſpeaker to thee, and preſerve thy
ſtock.

If thou be Maſter-gunner, ſpend not all
That thou canſt ſpeak, at once; but
huſband it,
And give men turns of ſpeech: do not
foreſtall
By laviſhneſſe thine own and others
wit,

As if thou mad'ſt thy will. A civil gueſt
Will no more talk all, then eat all the feaſt.

Be calm in arguing: for fierceneſſe makes
Errour a fault, and truth diſcourteſie.
Why ſhould I feel another mans miſtakes
More then his ſickneſſes or povertie?
In love I ſhould: but anger is not love,
Nor wiſdome neither: therefore gently move.

Calmneſſe is great advantage: he that lets
Another chafe, may warm him at his fire,
Mark all his wanderings, and enjoy his frets;
As cunning fencers ſuffer heat to tire.
Truth dwells not in the clouds: the bow that's there,
Doth often aim at, never hit the ſphere.

Mark what another ſays: for many are
Full of themſelves, and anſwer their own notion.
Take all into thee; then with equal care
Balance each dramme of reaſon, like a potion.
If truth be with thy friend, be with them both:
Share in the conqueſt, and confeſſe a troth.

Be uſefull where thou liveſt, that they may
Both want and wiſh thy pleaſing preſence ſtill.
Kindneſſe, good parts, great places are the way
To compaſſe this. Finde out mens wants and will,
And meet them there. All worldly joys go leſſe
To the one joy of doing kindneſſes.

Pitch thy behaviour low, thy projects high,
So ſhalt thou humble and magnanimous be:
Sink not in ſpirit. Who aimeth at the ſky,
Shoots higher much then he that means a tree.
A grain of glorie mixt with humbleneſſe
Cures both a fever and lethargickneſſe.

Let thy minde ſtill be bent, ſtill plotting where,
And when, and how the buſineſſe may be done.
Slackneſſe breeds worms; but the ſure traveller,
Though he alight ſometimes, ſtill goeth on.
Active and ſtirring ſpirits live alone.
Write on the others, *Here lies ſuch a one.*

Slight not the ſmalleſt loſſe, whether it be
In love or honour: take account of all;
Shine like the ſunne in every corner: ſee
Whether thy ſtock of credit ſwell, or fall.
Who ſay, I care not, thoſe I give for loſt;
And to inſtruct them, 'twill not quit the coſt.

Scorn no mans love, though of a mean degree;
(Love is a preſent for a mightie king)
Much leſſe make any one thine enemie.
As gunnes deſtroy, ſo may a little ſling.
The cunning workman never doth refuſe
The meaneſt tool, that he may chance to uſe.

All forrain wiſdome doth amount to this,
To take all that is given; whether wealth,
Or love, or language; nothing comes amiſſe:
A good digeſtion turneth all to health:
And then, as farre as fair behaviour may,
Strike of all ſcores; none are ſo cleare as they.

Keep all thy native good, and naturalize
All forrain of that name; but ſcorn their ill:
Embrace their activeneſſe, not vanities.
Who follows all things, forfeiteth his will.
If thou obſerveſt ſtrangers in each fit,
In time they'l runne thee out of all thy wit.

(To be continued.)

THE BOSTON REVIEW,

For FEBRUARY, 1805.

BY FAIR DISCUSSION TRUTHS IMMORTAL FIND.—*HUMPHREYS.*

ARTICLE. 7.

Letters of Shahcoolen, a Hindu philoſopher, reſiding in Philadelphia, to his friend El Haſſan, an inhabitant of Delhi. Boſton, printed by Ruſſell & Cutler, proprietors of the work. 1802.

THESE letters are repreſented in the publiſhers' advertiſement, as "ſucceſsful imitations" "of the oriental ſtyle." If this be ſo, the *Perſian Letters* of Littleton, and Goldſmith's *Citizen of the World*, have been greatly miſconceived; there is not the ſmalleſt affinity ſubſiſting between theſe productions and the Letters of Shahcoolen. Theſe occaſional eſſays were firſt publiſhed in the New-York Commercial Advertiſer, and it evidently appears from the author's preface, and the letters themſelves, they were never calculated to meet the publick eye in their preſent form. But ſuch is the rage for *book-making*, that every "ephemeral" contributor to the columns of a newſpaper, after a time, comes forth "ſtitched in blue" or "bound in calf." So that a library, compoſed of modern publications, will ſoon exceed the ancient Roman laws, which, according to Livy, *tam immenſus aliarum ſuper alias acervatarum legum cumulus*, that they were computed to be the burthen of many camels. This is one of the evils incident to the early ſtate of literature in all countries, and which can only be alleviated by time and experience. It was not till three centuries after the taking of Rome by the Gauls, that publick ſchools were erected, or learning engaged their attention. So rude were they at that period, that a nail was annually driven up with great pomp and ceremony in the temple of Jupiter Capitolinus, in order to aſſiſt the common people in reckoning the years. At preſent there ſeem to be more writers than readers in this country; but as we advance, the numbers of the former will be leſſened, and thoſe of the latter increaſed; the multitude of fine-bound books will ceaſe to accumulate; the eye will become weary with the baubles of literature, and the ear fated with their ſound.

The little volume, in review, compriſes fourteen letters; they are of a local nature, and the juvenile writer does not ſeem to have looked beyond the city from which he indites. The four firſt letters contain "a general account of the new philoſophy and the practical influence of Mary Wolſtonecraft's writings in the United States." In his remarks on this ſubject the writer is unwarrantably ſevere. The publications of Miſs Wolſtonecraft have had little effect, comparatively, with the author's ſtatement. In ſome of the *warmer* ſouthern ſtates ſhe may have found votaries to whom her notions were congenial,

but in the *temperate regions of the north* paſſion has not yet overturned the empire of reaſon. It is a groſs and indecorous charge to attribute ſuch general and extenſive influence, as to revolutionize the morals of a country, to a woman whom he calls "*phrenzied* "*and extravagant in her mind*; "whoſe writings are obſcure, "rhapſodical, and often *wholly* "*unintelligible*; where figures "are daubed with extravagant "colouring; ſhadows and ſubſtan- "ces are joined; he-goats and "foxes are yoked together; ſo "that a man of correct mind and "dignified taſte muſt be ſhocked "with the *rhetorical abſurdities in* "*every page*."

His delineation of Mary Wolſtonecraft's character is a ſpecimen of "ſucceſsful imitation." Thoſe who have ſeen the works of Goldſmith, Littleton, and Monteſquieu, in the oriental manner, may now decide upon the merit of Shahcoolen.

It requires no great acuteneſs to diſcern the reaſon why Mary laboured to eſtabliſh this doctrine. She was herſelf a *lewd woman*; and, unleſs lewd women could be made reſpectable, ſhe was conſcious that ſhe muſt alſo yield to that infamy, which well regulated ſocieties univerſally throw upon *female impurity*. After being engaged in ſeveral open and *ſhameful amours*, particularly with *a Mr. Imlay*, an American gentleman, and Mr. Fuſeli an Italian, Miſs Wolſtonecraft toward the cloſe of her life married one William Godwin, having previouſly *cohabited with him ſeveral months*. This man has written her hiſtory, in which, ſo far from expreſſing any remorſe on account of his connection with ſo abandoned a woman, he celebrates, in ſtrains of philoſophical eulogium, the purity of her mind, and the ardour of her affections.

In the letter immediately ſubſequent to that, from which this ſpecimen is taken, the author, it muſt be confeſſed, makes his neareſt approach to the eaſtern manner of writing, and, with an abatement of the hyperbole, we do not heſitate to give it as the author's happieſt effort.

Often, when reclining on a ſofa, by the ſide of a fair American, I have thought that her white boſom, ſcarcely veiled at all from my ſight, and her finely proportioned limbs, which the extreme thinneſs and narrowneſs of her apparel rendered quite evident to the eye, would have excited impure emotions in any heart, leſs ſubject to reaſon, than that of a Hindu philoſopher.—When I have ſtopped in my walks, as I often do, at ſome publick corner, the confined motion of the limbs, in robes ſcarcely eighteen inches in breadth, has enabled me to compare with great accuracy the delicate proportions, and graceful movements of the ſprightly fair ones, who wander forth into the ſtreets of this metropolis.

We believe the profanity, mentioned in the fourth letter, is applicable to no *ſect* of females, but that with which Shahcoolen ſeems to be ſo intimately acquainted. In what ſociety are "*curſes diſ-* "*tributed as the common compliments* "*of an evening*"? Where does the female "*curſe her fate at a* "*card-table, damn the ſoul of her* "*partner for inattention, and grace* "*every exclamation with an appeal* "*to her God*"? The author incurs the imputation of *groſs falſe-hood*, when he ſtates it to be a "remarkable fact," that this practice of profane curſing and ſwearing "has acquired the moſt ex- "tenſive ſway in the moſt poliſh- "ed circles."

Letter ſixth contains the ſtate of American poetry, and extracts from poetical writers. The wri-

ter is here a little too ironical with regard to the poets of what he unwittingly calls "*Engliſh America*." America has not yet produced (and it would be injuſtice to expect it from her) poets, who can in any meaſure ſtand in competition with thoſe of England. There is a coldneſs, a want of energy and harmony, which characteriſe American poetry; thoſe who have endeavoured to avoid this are involved in the obſcurity of *bombaſt*. The reaſons are obvious. Few have yet applied ſeriouſly to literature. Thoſe who have practiſed in metrical compoſition are either uneducated females, who publiſh every thing they write, or men, who write rather from motives of vanity than the impulſe of genius. Perhaps the Conqueſt of Canaan, an epick poem by Dwight, is the happieſt ſpecimen of American poetry.

The deſcription of the "Cataract of Niagara," in the ſeventh letter, is very *uncouth*. It is more like the definition of a geographer; than the delineation of a Hindu philoſopher.

In letters ninth and tenth the "Song of Solomon" and the "Gitagovinda of Jayadeva" are injudiciouſly ſaid to be analogous. It is not for us to point out the difference. If it were, the writer has ſuperſeded the neceſſity by *large extracts*; a portion of theſe, *ſo ſimilar* to the "Song of Solomon," will be ſufficient for our purpoſe.

With a garland of wild flowers, deſcending even to the yellow mantle that girds his azure limbs, diſtinguiſhed by ſmiling cheeks, and by ear-rings that ſparkle as he plays, Heri exults in the aſſembly of amorous damſels. One of them preſſes him with her ſwelling breaſt, while ſhe warbles with exquiſite melody. Another, affected by a glance from his eye, ſtands meditating on the lotos of his face. A third, on pretence of whiſpering a ſecret in his ear, approaches his temples, and kiſſes them with ardour. One ſeizes his mantle, and draws him towards her, pointing to the bower on the banks of *Yamuna*, where elegant *Vanjulas* interweave their branches. He applauds another, who dances in the ſportive circle, whilſt her bracelets ring as ſhe beats time with her palms. Now he careſſes one, and kiſſes another, ſmiling on a third with complacency; and now he chaſes her whoſe beauty has moſt allured him. Thus the wanton Heri frolicks, in the ſeaſon of ſweets, among the maids of Vraja, who ruſh to his embraces, as if he were pleaſure itſelf aſſuming a human form.

In letter twelfth, the author informs us he "*has not yet done with the Gitagovinda of Jayadeva.*"

The two laſt letters are political; they form a dialogue between the writer and a modern philoſopher, on the banks of the Schuylkill, which is by far better calculated to diſplay the author's powers, and the general nature of the performance, than all the preceding letters.

Upon the whole, we cannot but wiſh that the *lucrative* views of the publiſhers could have been ſatisfied in ſome other way, than by *preſenting* to the publick, in *a form amenable to criticiſm*, eſſays, which grew out of occaſion, and which were intended to be laid aſide with the newſpaper in which they appeared. There is a puerility which pervades them throughout; a looſeneſs and inaccuracy of expreſſion, inexcuſable even in private epiſtles. Phraſes are made uſe of, which it would be unnatural to ſuppoſe a Hindu would acquire, or adopt. He uſes ſome unmeaning terms, many wholly

unauthoriſed, and not a few objectionable. The following are *vulgarities*: "reverential reſpect," "ſexual tenderneſs," "kept miſtreſs," "little Bohea," "round half ſpeed," "nibble half a biſcuit," "jaded ſpirits," "glowing novels," "dazzling ſplendours," "imbued with virtue," "roaring over rugged bottoms," "dipped into a poem," "heath and jungle."

The writer, in his preface, by way of apology, pleads *numerous avocations, a haſty review, and imperfect health.* It is our duty to inform him, that *invalids ſhould never appear in publick.* There is nothing ſo cenſurable, as that *paſſion* which ſome men have to be reputed *authors.* The intereſts of literature are abſorbed in the contemplation, and in labouring to gratify it we loſe ſight of its conſequence. Under the colour of *reform*, vanity introduces innumerable errours; and, if a work is only admired, *its effect* is but a a ſecondary conſideration.

ART. 8.

A ſermon preached at Trinity Church, December 9, 1804, *on the death of the Right Reverend Samuel Parker, D. D. Biſhop of the Proteſtant Epiſcopal Church in the State of Maſſachuſetts. By John Sylveſter J. Gardiner, A. M. aſſiſtant miniſter of Trinity Church. Publiſhed at the unanimous requeſt of the wardens and veſtry.* Boſton, Gilbert & Dean, 1804. *Text Heb. xiii.* 7.

DISCOURSES upon funeral occaſions are deſigned principally to benefit the living, by exciting the hearers to an imitation of the virtues they once ſaw exemplified. To this object Mr. G's diſcourſe is happily directed. The text ſtands only as a motto; and the whole diſcourſe is a delineation of the character, virtues, and honours, which were poſſeſſed, exemplified, or acquired by Biſhop Parker. It informs us of the difficulties to which he and his church were expoſed, during the commencement of the late revolution, his perſeverance and firmneſs under them; by which means, the epiſcopal intereſts in Boſton were eſſentially ſerved, and the church ſaved from diſſolution. It then portrays his various characters of uſefulneſs as a miniſter and citizen; the piety of his heart and the hoſpitality of his houſe; his zeal and fidelity as a friend, his tenderneſs as a huſband, and affection as a parent; the approbation beſtowed upon his ſervices, and the dignity with which they were rewarded.

His addreſs to the relict of the Biſhop is ſufficiently pathetick and copious: that to the children is maſterly and unrivalled: and throughout the diſcourſe the elegant and claſſick ſtyle of the author is as apparent, as in his other productions.

The reſpectable lady, left with eleven children, will remember the important duties impoſed on her. Deprived of one protector and guide, they will look up to her for advice, inſtruction and conſolation. She muſt ſupply the place of her deceaſed conſort, and perform the offices devolved on her with fidelity. The taſk is indeed arduous, but it is noble, and great will be her reward. She will recollect, that thoſe, whom God loveth, he chaſteneth, that wholſome, though unpalatable, is the bitter medicine of adverſity. She will call to mind the frailty and uncertainty of human life, the diſeaſes that torment, and the

vexations that haraſs man, during his ſhort pilgrimage on earth, that he is born to trouble, that he is deſtined to affliction and ſorrow, that he has a ſhort time to live, and is full of miſery, that he cometh up like a flower and is cut down. She will call to mind, that her calamity is not peculiar and uncommon, that many noble inſtances of paſſive courage have been diſplayed by her ſex, which as far ſurpaſſes ours in true fortitude, as in numerous other virtues. Above all, ſhe will remember, the promiſes and conſolations of her religion, and feel aſſured, that the righteous widow's barrel of meal will not waſte, nor her cruſe of oil fail; that the righteous woman will not be forſaken, nor her ſeed be left to beg their bread. Next to her Heavenly Father, ſhe will repoſe confidence on her numerous and reſpectable connexions, and the countleſs multitude of her friends. Every ſupport and conſolation, which they can afford, ſhe may be aſſured of receiving; and while thus ſuſtained and conſoled, ſhe will exclaim, in the language of chriſtian reſignation, "the Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away; bleſſed be the name of the Lord."

ART. 9.

Terrible Tractoration!! A poetical petition againſt Galvanizing trumpery and the Perkiniſtick inſtitution. In four cantos. Moſt reſpectfully addreſſed to the royal college of phyſicians. By Chriſtopher Cauſtick, M.D. LL.D. A S S. Fellow of the royal college of phyſicians, Aberdeen, &c. &c. Firſt American, from the ſecond London edition; reviſed and corrected by the author, with additional notes. New-York. Stanſbury.

THIS is a humorous poem, in which the ſtyle of Hudibras is moſt happily imitated. Thoſe, who delight to laugh at the philoſophick follies of the day, will be much gratified by a peruſal of "Terrible Tractoration." In every age the half-learned are offering their wild theories and exhibiting their minute diſcoveries to the world, for which they claim high ſeats in the temple of ſcience and demand evergreen honours. Such always find gazers to look up and admire, whilſt flattery decorates them with laurels. It is the part of ſatire to aſſign them their proper rank, and to ſtrip from their brows the unmerited wreaths, which encompaſs them. To a certain portion of the philoſophiſts and empiricks of the day Chriſtopher Cauſtick has performed this office, although it would ſeem incidental only to the main object of his work.

This "petition" was written in London, and, as appears by the title, is addreſſed to the college of phyſicians in that place. By ironical praiſe of various ſubjects and perſonages, which have received attention from the medical publick there, and by a ludicrous exhibition of arguments, which have been offered by medical men againſt the uſe of the tractors, the author upbraids the faculty for their oppoſition to Perkiniſm. He humorouſly relates his own "lamentable ſtory," declares that "he once ſtood high on Fortune's ladder," boaſts his ſuperiority to many philoſophers of the age, and then adds,

> But I in ſpight of my renown
> Alas! am haraſs'd, hunted down;
> Completely damn'd, the ſimple fact is,
> By Perkins's Metallick Practice!

That they may avoid a ſimilar fate he urges his medical brethren to wage war againſt Perkiniſm, and to lay low its adherents; and endeavours to alarm them by ſuggeſting, that drugs and

doctors will be rendered useleſs by this new, ſafe, cheap, and expeditious method of curing diſeaſes. Had Mr. Perkins offered a reward to the beſt advocate of the tractors, he could not probably have found any one ſo able to advance his cauſe as this laughing poet.

The author has for the moſt part been juſt, as well as ſevere in his ſatire, but he does not appear to us to be ſo in every inſtance. We do not underſtand what provoked the attack on Mr. Coleman. We have conſidered him an ingenious and worthy man, and he is at the head of a reſpectable inſtitution. His pupils muſt receive from him very uſeful inſtruction, even if they do not remain with him long enough to be fully inducted in the veterinary art. With reſpect to the communication to the Royal Society, mentioned p. 43, we have to remark that the author of the *Purſuits of Literature*, as well as Dr. Cauſtick, has unjuſtly cenſured the author of the experiments therein recited. No phyſiological fact is to be conſidered uſeleſs. It appears to us an affected delicacy to mourn the ſacrifice of a few animals, in any mode for the benefit of philoſophy, when we daily conſume them without reflecting, whether they were ever alive or not.

The torrent of ridicule poured out upon Dr. Haygarth is ſo immediately connected with the cauſe of Perkiniſm, for the advancement of which the work was written, that the notice of the firſt leads to the conſideration of the other. Mr. Perkins had profeſſed, that the virtues of his tractors were to be attributed to a peculiar combination of metals. That the application of his tractors could produce beneficial effects he proved by certificates from ſenſible and learned men of various profeſſions, who were eye witneſſes to his experiments. No one pretended, that the uſe of the tractors was injurious, and many began to hope, that a remedy was diſcovered for the relief of pain and diſeaſe, at once ſafe and ſimple. Dr. Haygarth however, with ſome others, entertained a ſuſpicion that the real operation of the tractors was, like animal magneti ſm, through the medium of the imagination. To determine how far this ſuſpicion was juſt, he inſtituted ſome experiments with inſtruments ſimilar to the tractors in form and appearance, though different in ſubſtance; ſuch as pieces of ivory, wood, &c. By the application of Dr. Haygarth's tractors cures were effected, which will bear a very good compariſon with thoſe performed by Mr. Perkins and his diſciples. Similar experiments were performed by Mr. Smith, a friend of Dr. Haygarth, and ſince that time, by others, with ſimilar reſults. Dr. Haygarth conceived that his ſuſpicion was juſtified, and publiſhed ſome obſervations on imagination as a cauſe and cure of diſeaſes, among which he introduced the experiments with *his* tractors.

To the juſtice of the concluſion drawn by Dr. Haygarth, Mr. Perkins and his friends did not aſſent. The ſubſtance of their objections, as given by Dr. Cauſtick, is as follows. The experiments by Dr. Haygarth

were not fairly made, ſince no friend of the tractors was preſent when they were performed; they were not contraſted with ſuch experiments with the genuine tractors, as Mr. Perkins could have exhibited; for they were accompanied with much parade, formality, and grimace, whereas the genuine tractors do not require this aſſiſtance in effecting cures; and, laſtly, that the genuine tractors cure the diſeaſes of infants and of brute animals, on whom they ſurely cannot operate through the medium of the imagination. This laſt objection only appears to us worthy particular attention.

Theſe experiments on brute animals and on infants have been much inſiſted on by Mr. Perkins, and, if true, they conſtitute the beſt evidence in favour of the ſpecifick phyſical influence of the tractors. But here it is to be noted, that while biſhops and doctors of divinity, with learned laymen, have atteſted the cures effected by the tractors on the adult human ſubject, ſuch characters are not found to certify the cures of infants and horſes; at leaſt, certificates from ſuch men have not come to our knowledge. It muſt be intereſting to Mr. Perkins to ſubſtantiate his hiſtory of ſuch cures, when produced, and it behoves him to call in good witneſſes on theſe occaſions.

For our own part, we do not yet find reaſon to doubt the explanation of the *modus operandi* of the tractors offered by Dr. Haygarth. The wit of Chriſtopher Cauſtick will induce many perſons to join him in the laugh at this phyſician. We will not undertake to become the defenders of Dr. H's reputation in every point; but on this ſubject he appears to have laboured worthily. When a remedy is offered to the publick for the cure of diſeaſe, without any explanation of the principle, on which its application is made, the inveſtigation of this principle becomes the proper office of phyſicians. If the compoſition of the remedy be a ſecret, it is not only fair, but praiſeworthy to inquire, if we have any other means in our hands, which will produce ſimilar effects. Such has been the conduct of Dr. Haygarth.

But we are told that, if a remedy is found uſeful, it ſhould not be rejected becauſe the modus operandi is unknown. This is certainly true; nor is it controverted by Dr. Haygarth. Let Mr. Perkins proceed in his benevolent labours, and join to himſelf as many diſciples as he finds worthy. But every one cannot work cures with the tractors. With reſpect to phyſicians, we know, that many have found themſelves incapable of giving relief by the uſe of them; they have therefore of neceſſity left this work to more ſucceſsful labourers.

ART. 19.

Sermons by the late Rev. John Logan, F. R. S. Edinburgh; miniſter at Leith. Firſt American from the fourth London edition. Boſton, printed by D. Carliſle for Caleb Bingham.

THESE ſermons have been much celebrated in Great-Britain; and we are glad to ſee an Amer-

ican edition, ſo well printed, and at the ſame time rendered ſo eaſy to the purchaſer, by compriſing the two volumes in one, which met with a ready ſale at a very advanced price.

In this volume are contained thirty-five ſermons, five lectures, and two diſcourſes at the ſacrament of the Lord's ſupper, which, in Scotland, is adminiſtered with great ſolemnity, and very *ſeldom*, leſt the minds of the communicants ſhould grow familiar with it. In this we think them *too ſuperſtitious*; and it is certainly contrary to the rules of the primitive church, where they enjoyed a love feaſt and broke bread every Lord's-day. The ſermons of Mr. L. are well ſuited to this occaſion, and although very pathetick, and highly deſcriptive, contain excellent ſentiments, by which the mind may be improved with what deeply affects the heart.

Contrary to the expectations of moſt readers, the lectures contain no peculiar illuſtrations of ſcripture, nor critical remarks. They are mere expoſitions for the morning ſervice, inſtead of a ſermon. This is commonly practiſed in the Preſbyterian churches, and calculated rather to eaſe the preacher, than exhibit the fruits of cloſe application to ſtudy; though we conceive the practice of expounding might be rendered in a high degree profitable.

The thirty-five diſcourſes are upon different ſubjects, and executed with different degrees of ſucceſs. They all contain uſeful, practical obſervations in ſo lively a ſtyle, that many will eagerly peruſe them for the beauties of compoſition, who regard not the ſerious truths they contain. We are convinced of the propriety of diffuſing ſerious works, which have a tendency to win people over to true wiſdom by the alluring graces of the author. The following extract, from the diſcourſe on Rom. xii. 11, muſt pleaſe every claſs of readers.

We are urged to the practice of ſome virtues by our ſtrong ſenſe of their inviolable obligations; we are allured to the love of others by the high approbation of their native beauty, which ariſes in every well diſpoſed mind; we are engaged to the performance of others by our experience of their utility and influence upon the publick good. Piety is equally enforced in all theſe reſpects. Its obligation is indiſpenſable; its beauty is ſupreme; and its utility is univerſal. It is not ſo much a ſingle virtue, as a conſtellation of virtues. Here reverence, gratitude, faith, hope concentre their rays, and ſhine with united glory. Whatſoever things are lovely, whatſoever things are pure, honeſt, and of good report, if there be any merit, any praiſe in human actions, piety comprehends the whole. There is not a diſpoſition of the mind more noble in itſelf, or which is attended with greater pleaſure, than piety. It is accompanied with ſuch inward ſatisfaction, that the duty is ſufficiently rewarded by the performance. It exalts us to a ſtate little lower than the angels. The moſt illiterate man, under the impreſſion of devotion, and in the more immediate acts of divine worſhip, contracts a greatneſs of mind that raiſes him above his equals. Thereby, ſays an admired ancient, we build a nobler temple to the Deity, than creation can preſent.

Some of theſe diſcourſes however are not only leſs correct than others, but have too much tinſel with the pure ornaments of ſpeech. In attempting the ſublime he ſoars to the *ſuper-ſublime*; the language is more artificial than natural, and the writer is ſo fond of antitheſes, as to be diſ-

gusting to every reader who prefers Engliſh ſermons to the Anglo-Frenchified tribe of authors. Some, who prefer truth in a ſimple dreſs, will ſay, that all the diſcourſes have the rich and glowing ſtyle of the *poet*; for Logan is diſtinguiſhed among the *Scottiſh bards*. Who can read the *Braes of Yarrow*, or the *Elegy to the memory of an unfortunate young lady*, without feeling every tender emotion, of which the human boſom is ſuſceptible? Yet, with all his luxury of imagination, the preacher exhibits ſubſtantial truths in many beautiful paſſages, well adapted to the occaſions upon which they were delivered.

Our author's ſentiments are evangelical, according to the common uſe of this term. His candour is ſtill more worthy of praiſe, than his orthodoxy. He maintains the doctrine of a vicarious ſacrifice; the inſufficiency of the beſt moral life without the graces of the goſpel; and ſays ſo much concerning the ordinances, that he almoſt makes them neceſſary to ſalvation. But he never ſcolds like certain divines of the *Kirk*, and ſeems more deſirous to convince by the light of truth, than with *matches of brimſtone*, or corruſcations from the *lake which burneth with fire*.

Having made theſe obſervations, our duty obliges us to ſay ſomething, not ſo much in the author's favour. We find whole pages tranſcribed from one ſermon to another, which, though practiſed by Sterne and others, is not allowable. We may expect it from mercenary ſcribblers, not from celebrated divines. But this is not the greateſt fault of this book. The ſermon upon *Charity*, from Iſaiah lviii. 7, is taken in a great meaſure from Seed. Let any perſon peruſe a ſermon upon Prov. iii. 28, which he will find in the volumes of that ſweet and faſcinating writer, and he will ſee not only the ſame definition of *Compaſſion*, the ſame plans of diſcourſe, but the ſame ſentiments conveyed in the ſame words. Doubtleſs, the preacher at Leith had no expectations that this would ever be printed; how injudicious, therefore, are the friends of deceaſed authors to exhibit poſthumous works!

This is ſometimes done, with a deſire to ſerve the cauſe of religion and learning; ſometimes, it is owing to affection and eſteem for an author, who did not publiſh enough during his life; but, more frequently, from pecuniary conſiderations. Nothing can juſtify it. How very little can be obtained from the *gleanings* of an author's ſtudy to add to his reputation! Whatever is prepared for the preſs by his own hand may well be given to the publick; but the world is too full of books to make it neceſſary to print every thing which appears in the hand-writing of thoſe, who have made themſelves eminent. For there are ſome, who have plenty of oil, and yet will borrow of their neighbours greater abundance; as well as thoſe who, having none of their own, would fain *trim* their lamps, and hang them up in *temples of knowledge*.

ART. 11.

Eccentrick Biography, or memoirs of remarkable characters ancient and

modern; ornamented with eight portraits. Boſton. B. & J. Homans. 1804.

SUCH is the nature of curioſity, that it is frequently more excited by ſucceſsful vice and eccentrick behaviour, than by virtuous renown, or a uniform life of literary celebrity. Fielding's hiſtory of Jonathan Wild is probably more read than Jortin's account of Eraſmus, and the peaceful tenour of Robertſon's life never raiſed ſuch emotions as the few anecdotes in Boſwell's Johnſon of the gay, the ingenious, and the diſſolute Beauclerk. This propenſity is not dangerous, if we are guarded againſt faſcination; and the bulk of mankind are ſeldom led by the peruſal of acts of heroiſm or eccentricity to enterpriſes of danger, or courſes of irregularity. The volume before us principally contains the lives of miſers, adventurers, players, impoſtors, et hoc genus omne. Some characters of literary and political renown are introduced, ſuch as Bacon, Butler, Cromwell, &c. The accounts are generally ſhort, but incidents and anecdotes are well ſelected and arranged. Little indelicacy offends the reader, yet that little is too much, and is too glaring. This volume is the biography of eccentrick *men*, and is diſtinct from that of *women*, which we have not ſeen, but which the publiſhers in an advertiſement prefixed to this volume ſay, is alſo to be purchaſed. This work will probably do little injury; and will certainly excite laughter, ſurpriſe, curious thought, and droll remark. As a ſpecimen we offer the life of Haſtings.

Haſtings, an original character, was ſon, brother, and uncle to the earl of Huntingdon. In 1638, he reſided at Woodlands, in the county of Dorſet. The manſion houſe ſtood in the middle of the park, ſurrounded with deer, fiſh-ponds, and plenty of hares and rabbits. He kept all ſorts of hounds for buck, fox, otter, hare, and badger; long and ſhort winged hawks. The great hall was filled with all kinds of dogs and cats in great plenty; gamekeeper's and hunter's poles; with a vaſt number of hawks, perches, terriers, hounds, ſpaniels, and marrow bones. The walls of the houſe were covered with the ſkins of foxes and pole cats. The great parlour windows were filled with croſs bows, ſtone bows, and arrows. His old green hats were full of pheaſants' eggs and litters of young cats. Tables, dice, cards, and books were not wanting. The pulpit in the chapel was well ſtored with gammons of bacon, roaſt beef, veniſon paſties, and large apple pies. His pulpit door was always open, which made him much careſſed. His cellar, in which was plenty of ſtrong beer, was always open to his neighbours. He lived a century, and died in 1650. He was always very temperate at meals, when he only drank one pint of ſmall beer, ſtirred with roſemary, and one or two glaſſes of wine, with ſyrup of gilliflowers. His dreſs was always green cloth, with a green hat. He ate oyſters twice a day throughout the year, and rode to the death of a ſtag when near 90 years of age.

ART. 12.

A diſcourſe delivered before the members of the Boſton Female Aſylum, Sept. 21, 1804, being their fourth anniverſary. By John Lathrop, D. D. miniſter of the ſecond church in Boſton. Printed by Ruſſell & Cutler. 8vo. *Text Lam. v. 3.*

DISCOURSES upon charity have been ſo frequent, that novelty is ſcarcely to be expected. But the ſubject is always intereſt-

ing, and the feelings of an audience are generally alive whenever it is touched upon. A perſon ever comes forth to advantage when addreſſing an aſſembly like that, to which this ſermon was delivered. The altar and the wood are already prepared, and a ſpark almoſt will kindle the fire of benevolence in the breaſt of the hearers. The author ſeizes this opportunity. He delineates the deplorable ſituation in which orphans, and particularly females, are left, when extreme poverty is added to orphanage, and commends the benevolence of an inſtitution deſigned "to reſcue them from "want and ſuffering, from temp-"tation and vice, and by aſſiſt-"ance and inſtruction, to prepare "them for uſeful employments, "and reſpectable ſituations in "life." Through the whole of this diſcourſe we trace the amiable temper and benevolent heart, which are univerſally known to diſtinguiſh its author. It is reſpectable for ſtyle, and is well adapted to the deſign for which it was written. If it may not be claſſed among the moſt elegant diſcourſes upon charity, it ſtill holds a reſpectable rank.

ART. 18.

An epitome of book-keeping by double entry; delineated on a ſcale ſuited to the faculties and comprehenſion of ſenior ſchool boys and youth, deſigned for the mercantile line. Comprifing ſyſtematick and unerring rules for the forming monthly ſtatements of books, as well as thoſe for opening, conducting, adjuſting, and cloſing them; with explanations of theory, and exhibitions of practice, rendered eaſy to the ſmalleſt capacity; and calculated to initiate them in the true principles, and to make them perfect in the rules, by a little practice. To which are added, rules for keeping retail books by double entry, without altering the proceſs of ſingle entry in the day book or journal, for all ſales of merchandize; by which one half the writing is ſaved, and the ledger exonerated from items, and rendered a prompt and ſure proof of monthly balances and annual profits. Alſo, the moſt eaſy, conciſe, and ſafe way of calculating any rate per cent. And eſpecially that of intereſt at ſix per cent. per annum. By Thomas Turner, profeſſor and teacher of book-keeping, at Portland. Portland. Jenks & Shirley. 1804. *pp.* 148.

AFTER reading the above formidable title page, we expect to find, that the author has reduced the ſcience of book-keeping to a ſtate of perfection. But we are compelled to pronounce, that in our opinion, the deſign of the work is much ſuperiour to its execution. Mr. Turner has omitted to deſcribe the waſte book, conſidering it as of no value to the learner. He has given the journal and ledger ready poſted, but has neglected to explain the manner of poſting; and he has merely mentioned the names of the ſubſidiary books, without any exhibition of their real utility. The author pretends to teach the method of keeping retail books by double entry, forming his double entries upon books of ſingle entry, and yet he has omitted to teach the manner by ſingle entry. The principal novelty of this work is the "monthly ſtatement balance," a thing productive of

great trouble and little advantage. This work is intended "to inſtruct ſenior ſchool boys and youth deſigned for the mercantile line." But from the author's improper uſe of technical terms, and from his unphiloſophical treatment of the ſubject, we fear, that his work will be equally uſeleſs to the merchant and to the ſcholar.

ART. 14.

The ſervice of God, as inculcated in the bible, our reaſonable choice. A ſermon delivered at Scituate, Oct. 31, 1804. By Henry Ware, A. M. paſtor of a church in Hingham. Publiſhed by requeſt. Boſton. Lincoln. *pp.* 20.

THIS diſcourſe was not probably written with a view to publication, though its worth entitles it to that honour. It is founded on that memorable paſſage in Joſhua, xxiv. 15. "And if it ſeem evil unto you to ſerve the Lord, chooſe you this day whom you will ſerve." After a ſhort and eaſy introduction, the author conſiders the appeal in the text as grounded on the principle, 1. That every man will have ſome kind of religion. 2. It is not a matter of indifference what religion a man chooſes. 3. Chriſtianity is the beſt of all religions. 4. In proof of this aſſertion, he aſks, What is there valuable in other religions, which is not in the goſpel? And, on the contrary, What is there in the goſpel, which ought to be expunged? The form of this diviſion is happy, though not altogether novel. Jortin has a ſimilar method in treating the ſame ſubject. But in his anſwer to the laſt queſtion, which indeed ſeems to be the ſcope of the ſermon, Mr. Ware is perſpicuous and ſearching beyond ordinary preachers. The diſcourſe in ſhort is exactly ſuch as might be expected from that meek, ſound, and excellent divine.

ART. 15.

The Portſmouth Miſcellany, or Ladies' Library improved; deſigned as a reading book for the uſe of young ladies' academies. Prepared and publiſhed by Charles Pierce. Portſmouth.

A RATHER precious and uſeful compilation, from the writings of Miſs More, Mrs. Chapone, Gregory, Bennet, &c. and at the cloſe a liſt of books recommended to the peruſal of young ladies. Mr. Pierce ſeems by no means a convert to the ſyſtem which ſuppoſes female intellects ſo giddy and unſolid, that they cannot ſubmit to ſevere reſearch; as we find he recommends to their attention the works of Butler and Joſephus!

ART. 16.

A diſcourſe delivered in Providence, September 6, 1804, before the Female Charitable Society for the relief of indigent widows and children, by Theodore Dehon, A. M. rector of Trinity Church in Newport. Providence. Heaton & Williams.

THE author has attempted by pathetick deſcription and refined ſentiment to excite the feelings of his audience in favour of a very laudable inſtitution. From a careful peruſal of the diſcourſe, we preſume that Mr. Dehon did not fail in ſo delicate and dangerous an attempt.

MONTHLY CATALOGUE

OF NEW PUBLICATIONS IN THE UNITED STATES,

FOR FEBRUARY, 1805.

SUNT BONA, SUNT QUÆDAM MEDIOCRIA, SUNT MALA PLURA.—MART.

☞ *The Editor readily acknowledges the imperfection of the preſent liſt; but wiſhing that this article may contain a ſort of hiſtory of new publications in our country, he takes the liberty of requeſting the aid of authors and publiſhers towards rendering it complete. If notices of their works and propoſals ſhall be furniſhed, free of poſtage, they ſhall be gratuitouſly inſerted.*

ORIGINAL WORKS.

Addreſſes of the ſucceſſive preſidents of the United States to both houſes of Congreſs at the opening of each ſeſſion, with their anſwers, from the commencement of the preſent government to Jan. 1, 1805, with the inaugural addreſſes of the ſame period, and the farewel addreſs of General Waſhington. Waſhington. Samuel Harriſon Smith.

Pamphlets.

A ſermon, addreſſed to aged people, entitled, The infirmities and comforts of old age. By Joſeph Lathrop, D.D. paſtor of the firſt church in Weſt Springfield.

A ſermon delivered at the opening of the Branch church in Salem, February 6, 1805. By Joſhua Spalding, A.M.

A diſcourſe delivered at the ordination of Rev. Joſeph S. Buckminſter to the paſtoral charge of the church in Brattle-ſtreet, Boſton. By Joſeph Buckminſter, D.D. paſtor of the north church in Portſmouth, N. H. To which are annexed, the charge, by Rev. Mr. Cuſhing of Waltham; and the right hand of fellowſhip, by Rev. Mr. Emerſon of Boſton. 8vo. pp. 36. Boſton. For Young & Minns.

A man in the ſmoke, and a friend endeavouring to help him out; being remarks on Mr. Baldwin's ſermon upon the eternal purpoſe of God, the foundation of effectual calling. Alſo a ſcriptural explanation of the words purpoſe, elect, and election. By Elias Smith. Portſmouth.

The anſwer and pleas of Judge Chaſe to the articles of impeachment exhibited againſt him by the houſe of repreſentatives of the United States. Salem.

Conjectures on prophecies, written in the fore part of the year 1799. By John Bacon, Eſq.

Dr. Waterhouſe's lecture upon the pernicious effects of tobacco, and ardent and vinous ſpirits. Cambridge. Hilliard.

The third number of the Literary Miſcellany, for November, December, and January. Cambridge. Hilliard.

A letter to a federaliſt, in reply to ſome of the popular objections to the motives and tendency of the meaſures of the preſent adminiſtration. Boſton. Adams & Rhoades.

A report of the trial of Richard Dennis, the younger, for the murder of James Shaw, with all the evidence, ſpeeches, and arguments, as they were delivered by the counſel for the proſecution and the priſoner. To which is prefixed, a diſcourſe upon the probable cauſes of the groſs relaxation of morals which has for ſome time been obſervably increaſing in this community, and a hint at the remedies which ought to be applied, and particularly at the duty of juries By S. C. Carpenter. Charleſton, S. C.

New Editions.

Illuſtrations of Maſonry. By Wm. Preſton. The firſt American improved edition; to which is annexed, many valuable maſonick addenda, and a complete liſt of the lodges in the U. States. Edited by George Richards, P.G.S.G.L.M. Portſmouth. W. & D. Treadwell. 12mo.

Memoirs of the life, writings, and correſpondence of Sir William Jones. By Sir John Shore, now Lord Teignmouth. 1 vol. 8vo. With a portrait of Sir Wm. Claſſick Preſs, Philadelphia.

Jay's ſermons. 1 vol. 8vo. Boſton.

A report of the trial of Joſhua Nettles and Elizabeth Cannon, for the murder of John Cannon. By S. Cullen Carpenter. Charleſton, S.C.

Perry's ſpelling-book, carefully reviſed, corrected, and enlarged. Worceſter. Iſaiah Thomas, junt.

By Subſcription.

Dr. Hunter's ſacred biography. New York. Deane & Andrews.

Knox's hints to publick ſpeakers, with an eſſay on eloquence by Jenningham. Boſton. For B. & J. Homans.

A beautiful pocket edition of Milton's works. In 2 vols. Charleſtown. Etheridge & Stebbins.

Shakeſpeare's poems, from a late publication by Mr. Malone. Philadelphia. G. White & T. J. Rogers.

The hiſtory, civil and commercial, of the Britiſh colonies in the Weſt Indies. By Bryan Edwards. 4 vols. 8vo. Philadelphia. James Humphreys.

Doctor Johnſon's dictionary of the Engliſh language, with a life of the author. By J. Aikin, M. D. 4 vols. 8vo. Philadelphia. James Humphreys.

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Young ſteam engineer's guide. By Oliver Evans.

LAW REPORT.

REPORT OF THE CONTROVERSY BETWEEN THE COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS AND THE TOWN OF BOSTON, RESPECTING THE OLD STATE-HOUSE.

AT the Supreme Judicial Court holden at Ipſwich, for the county of Eſſex, in June, A.D. 1800, Mr. Sullivan, the attorney general, preſented, in behalf of the commonwealth of Maſſachuſetts, a petition for partition of the Old State-Houſe, which is ſituated in Boſton. The commonwealth claimed in the petition "to be ſeized in fee ſimple and undivided of ſeven eighth parts of the eſtate in common with perſons unknown." The Court ordered publick notice to be given, and aſſigned a day for a hearing at the term following for the county of Suffolk. At that term, which was holden in February 1801, the town of Boſton appeared by Mr. Lowell, and objected to the petition of the commonwealth, and claimed to be ſole ſeized in fee ſimple of the eſtate, whereof petition was prayed. The county of Norfolk, which was formerly a portion of the county of Suffolk,* alſo appeared by Mr. Ames, and in their plea denied, that the Commonwealth was ſeized of more than one half of the eſtate, and claimed "to be ſeized and entitled to their proportional part of the demanded premiſes," but did not ſpecify that proportion. A ſpecial jury was, at the motion of the attorney general, ſummoned from the towns of Hingham and Chelſea in the county of Suffolk, to try the iſſues, which were ſeverally joined between the commonwealth and the town of Boſton, and between the commonwealth and the county of Norfolk. After a hearing of the parties, the Court ordered the cauſe to ſtand continued to the next term, for the purpoſe of obtaining further information, and

* The diviſion took place March 26, 1793.

a new day was aſſigned. At the next term the cauſe was again heard. The claim of the county of Norfolk, being by the Court conſidered in aid of that of the commonwealth, was not permitted to be proſecuted. The jury, after a full inveſtigation, brought in a verdict, "that the commonwealth had no right to the ſoil, but were entitled to one half of the building, for the purpoſes for which it was erected."

Mr. Sullivan appeared for the commonwealth; Mr. Parſons and Mr. Lowell for the town. The Court were equally divided in ſentiment. The chief juſtice Dana and judge Sewall expreſſed in their addreſſes to the jury an opinion favourable to the town: the judges Bradbury and Strong inſiſted, that the claim of the commonwealth was well founded.*

The attorney general moved for a new trial on the following grounds, 1. That the verdict was rendered againſt the weight of the evidence. 2. That it was given againſt the principles of law. 3. That it did not decide the queſtion, which was involved in the iſſue. And 4. That as the caſe was to be decided on legal deductions from facts, which were not diſputed, and as there was no deciſion of the judges on the principles of law, the trial ought not to be conſidered as concluſive. The action was continued without any deciſion had on this motion, and at the next term in Feb. 1802, the parties agreed to refer the caſe to the Hon. Oliver Wolcott, Eſq. of Connecticut, appointed by the Court, the Hon. Benjamin Bourne, Eſq. of Rhode-Iſland, appointed by the attorney general, and the Hon. Jeremiah Smith, Eſq. of New-Hampſhire, appointed by the ſelectmen and town-clerk, "to hear the parties and to determine finally in equity and juſtice, what proportion the commonwealth was entitled to have and hold of the ſaid land and buildings." On 20th July, 1802, the referees met in the ſenate-chamber of the New State-Houſe in Boſton, and the parties were publickly heard.

* A right to the ſoil in Maſſachuſetts, which is included within a line running "three miles to the ſouth of Charles river and three miles north of Merrimack river from the Atlantick to the South ſea," was conveyed by the patent of the council of Plymouth to Sir Henry Roſewell and his aſſociates. In 1628 this title was confirmed by the royal charter of Charles I., the original deſign of which inſtrument was, to veſt in the patentees the powers of a corporation, which ſhould be ſimilar to that of the Eaſt India Company. The government of the colony immediately exerciſed the right of granting land to the ſettlers, and to all who came over.

Boſton was called by the natives *Shawmut*, and afterwards,

* The judges Paine and Dawes, being citizens of Boſton, did not ſit in the cauſe, and judge Thatcher did not addreſs the jury.

* The facts in this caſe were gleaned from ancient records of the commonwealth, of the county of Suffolk, and of the town of Boſton. Mr. Hutchinſon's Hiſtory of Maſſachuſetts and governour Winthrop's Journal were frequently quoted at the trial.

probably by the French, *Trimontaine*. In 1630 the court of assistants ordered it to be called by its present name, which was the only account of its incorporation. But in the same manner were other towns incorporated. *Agawam* was ordered to be called Ipswich; *Naumkeag*, Salem; *Mount Wollaston*, Braintree. The peninsula, on which Boston is built, was originally claimed by a Mr. Blaxton†. In 1633 the government of the colony made him a grant of fifty acres at the west part of the town. This was the only instance shewn, in which the government undertook to grant land in a town, after having given it a name. In 1684 certain aged citizens deposed, before the governour of the colony, that the inhabitants purchased of Mr. Blaxton his right to the soil, and that each householder paid him six shillings for releasing his right. But the deed from Mr. Blaxton could not be produced, nor was it shewn that it could be legally demanded, as the first law which made a deed necessary was enacted in 1641, and the release from Blaxton was as early as 1635.

† "Mr. Blaxton left England, being "dissatisfied there, and not a thorough "conformist: but he was more dissatis- "fied with the non-conformity of the "new-comers. He told them, he "came from England because he did not "like the Lords Bishops, but he could "not join with the Lords Brethren. He "claimed the whole peninsula upon "which Boston is built, because he first "slept upon it. He had a grant of a "very handsome lot there, at the west "part of the town, but he chose to quit "all, and removed to the southard, at "or near what is since called Provi- "dence, where he lived to old age."— 1 Hutchinson's Hist. Col. Mass. 21.

The town produced a deed of release of the soil to them, dated in 1684, from an Indian chief whose name was *Wompatuck*. In the recital to this deed he mentions, that he had been informed by aged Indians and by his own council, that his grandfather *Chickatabut*, who originally owned the soil, granted it to the inhabitants of Boston. But this deed was executed in the time of James II. when the colony feared that they should lose their charter, and was probably fabricated for the circumstances of the times.

Whether the soil, on which the house stands, was originally the scite of a fort, or whether it was used for a market place, was very doubtful. The spot was most ineligible for any purposes of defence, and the circumstances of the colony would not permit the construction of a fort for ornament. Before 1635 a fort was built on what is now called Fort Hill. The streets were not named by the authority of the town until 1708. And though Mr. Winthrop, in his Journal, says, that in 1632 a fort was erected "in the cornhill," yet it did not appear, whether the street, where the house now stands, was at that time, as it is at present, called Cornhill, or whether corn was not cultivated on Fort Hill, which might have led Mr. Winthrop to adopt the expression. It was equally uncertain, whether this fort was intended for defence against the French, or against the Indians.

When it was first proposed, that a house should be erected for the accommodation of the colony, the county of Suffolk, and the town, the latter proposed, that if

any of the citizens would undertake to build the houſe, they ſhould be entitled to the profits of the building. By this was probably meant, that the publick objects being firſt attained, the proprietors ſhould be entitled to all advantages, which could be derived from other uſes, to which the houſe could be applied, together with the right to the ſoil. Nothing was done in conſequence of this offer.

A houſe, which was in 1657 built at the expenſe of the town by ſubſcriptions obtained from the inhabitants, was uſed by the reſpective governments of the colony, the county, and the town. In 1660 the town offered to the general court the uſe of this building for legiſlative and other purpoſes of the government, praying at the ſame time, that in conſideration thereof the court would remit the proportion of the colony tax, to which the town would be liable for one year. The court accepted the offer, and remitted the tax on the further condition, that the county of Suffolk likewiſe ſhould have the privilege of uſing the houſe for the ſeſſions of its courts of juſtice.* The town always received the rent of the cellar and of thoſe parts of the building, which were not occupied for the above purpoſes. One half of the expences of repairing that building was paid by the colony, one quarter by the county of Suffolk, and one quarter by the town. In 1693 this proportion was eſtabliſhed by law.

After the conflagration in 1711, in which the Old Town-Houſe was conſumed, the province deſignated this ſpot, being the ſcite of that building, for a new State-Houſe. Accordingly a houſe, of which the walls of the preſent were part, was built, and the expenſe was defrayed by the province, the county, and the town, in the proportion which was eſtabliſhed in 1693. That houſe was partly conſumed by fire in 1747, and again repaired. The town remonſtrated againſt its ſhare of the burden. Faneuil-Hall, in which all municipal affairs were then tranſacted, having been built five years before, the town had no further uſe for the State-Houſe. In the remonſtrance it is ſaid, that the houſe was originally built on land belonging to the town. Of that building, which is the ſubject of the preſent controverſy, the commonwealth, the county, and the town have continued in poſſeſſion to the preſent day.

*Sketch of the arguments of Mr. Parſons for the town, and of the Attorney General for the commonwealth.**

Mr. PARSONS. The referees are bound by the terms of the ſub-

* The time when the general court firſt occupied this building was not diſcovered, till after the diſcuſſion had been cloſed. The above fact, which took place in the year 1660, was found by Mr. Lowell in one of the ancient journals of the general court and was by conſent of the parties ſubmitted to the referees.

* This ſketch was formed from a few brief minutes, which were taken at the hearing before the referees. If there are errours in the ſtatement of the facts, or in the heads of the arguments, they muſt be attributed to the writer. At the ſame time he wiſhes, that he could have done juſtice to the eloquence of the learned counſel on both ſides.

miſſion to decide, whether the commonwealth is ſeized of any part of the Old State-Houſe, and to declare what the proportion is. Their award will be in the nature of an interlocutory judgment. They have not a diſcretionary power to leave the law of the land, and to decide on the broad ground of the equity of the caſe, though the ſubmiſſion might have been expreſſed, ſo as that the preſent deciſion ſhould have been final.†

A title to the ſoil in Maſſachuſetts was by the patent to Sir Henry Roſewell and his aſſociates, and by the charter of Charles I. veſted in the Old Colony. It is a rule of the common law, that at the diſſolution of a corporation, all the lands of which it is poſſeſſed ſhall revert to the donor. But if while in exiſtence it has conveyed land to others, that land in the poſſeſſion of the grantees will not at the diſſolution of the corporation revert to the original donor. If then the old colony conveyed lands of which it was lawfully ſeized and during the exiſtence of its charter, the diſſolution of that corporation will not affect the title of its grantees, or of their aſſigns.

The inhabitants of Boſton are lawfully ſeized of the ſoil on which the town ſtands. We muſt view the law and the tranſactions of the times, when Maſſachuſetts was firſt ſettled, according to the language and views of thoſe times. Our anceſtors brought with them ſuch principles of the common law of England as were applicable to their ſituation. In incorporating a town, however laconick the act of incorporation, they meant to convey all thoſe rights and privileges, which were well known by them to belong to towns. When the government of the colony ordered this peninſula to be called Boſton, they in reality conferred on it, in the ſimple manner of that day, the immunities of a corporation. To grant lands was one of the prerogatives of the government. But when a town had received a name, the government never aſſumed the right, except in the ſolitary inſtance to Blaxton, to diſpoſe of the lands within its limits. After the ſettlements had multiplied, and the lands had become valuable, the boundaries of the towns were fixed. This ſimple mode of conferring the rights of a corporation ſuited the circumſtances of thoſe times. It will be vain to ſay, that towns could not be thus created. When government gives any thing, the grantee acquires by the gift power to receive. Such gift deſtroys the incapacity, if any previouſly exiſted. There is then a reaſonable certainty, that the ſoil on which the houſe was built belonged to the town. It has not been ſhewn, that this ſpot was originally reſerved by the colony for the ſcite of a fort, or for any publick purpoſe. The firſt houſe was undoubtedly erected at the expenſe of the town. If that houſe was uſed by the colony for legiſlative purpoſes, it was without queſtion with the conſent of the town, who did at that time and have ever ſince continued to derive advantages from this ap-

† The parties finally agreed to interpret the rule, ſo that the referees ſhould decide the caſe on its moſt equitable grounds.

propriation of the building. But can it be pretended, that the ſpecial occupation of a houſe for a particular purpoſe by government or by an individual, for any length of time, will convey to the occupant a general right to the ſoil?

If the town ever conveyed this ſtate, or any part of it, let the grant be ſhewn. The town having exhibited a title, the burden of proof is ſhifted upon the commonwealth. It is a well known maxim, that a grant ſhall not be preſumed where records exiſt, and, during the whole time which this controverſy embraces, regular records have been kept by the government, the county, and the town. The expenſes of repairing this building were, it is true, divided between the parties. It is but equitable, that the occupants of a building ſhould repair it: but becauſe government contributed to the repairs, does it follow, that it is entitled to the ſoil on which the houſe is built?

The commonwealth has now the ſame right in this building, which it has had ever ſince the year 1711. It may be ſtill uſed by the government for legiſlative purpoſes, but for no other. This title to an appropriate uſe was founded on a good conſideration, and may be claimed by a preſcriptive right. We admit, that the commonwealth has a right to the uſe of certain parts of this building for certain purpoſes. If it is ſeized in common of any part, it muſt be for general purpoſes, and for this part a writ of partition would lie. But a writ of partition will not lie, where the petitioner has but a right to the uſe of the thing, not to the thing itſelf. Partition may not be made of any thing, which by the partition would be deſtroyed.

We may expect, that the evidence relative to recent events ſhould be clear and ſatisfactory: but where facts, to be aſcertained, are involved in the obſcurity of ancient times, we muſt be content to obtain reaſonable evidence. Vain is it to inſiſt on certainty, where demonſtration is impracticable.

The Attorney General. He firſt conſidered the law relative to partition. Neither tenants in common nor joint tenants could be compelled at common law to make partition. The ſtatutes of 31 Hen. viii. c. 31, and of 32 Hen. viii. c. 32, provided a writ for this purpoſe. By the common law parceners could always be compelled to make partitions. In all caſes where a writ of partition may be brought at common law, or by thoſe ſtatutes of Hen. viii., partition may be had under the ſtatutes of this commonwealth.

The attorney general then noticed the rule and the facts which led to the ſubmiſſion. The referees were not, he conſidered, to be confined to thoſe ſtrict legal principles, which would govern a court of law: but in conformity to the ſpirit of the rule and the wiſh of the parties, their award ſhould be founded on the equity of the caſe.*

* The advocate for the commonwealth here produced the report of a committee, conſiſting of Dr. William Euſtis and William Smith, Eſq. appointed by the town to conſider the ſubject,

On what was the right of the town to the ſoil originally founded? The naming of a town could not convey to its inhabitants the ſoil, for it would be a grant but by implication and contrary to all legal ideas. Neither did it inveſt the rights of a corporation. The colony was originally a body with the rights of a corporation. Till 1634 there was no government, but that of the governour and aſſiſtants. Boſton was then firſt organized, and before that year had not the powers of a corporation. The grant to Blaxton proves, that the government did claim and exerciſe the right to diſpoſe of lands in a town, after having given it a name, and thereby inveſted it, as the counſel on the oppoſite ſide contend, with the immunities of a corporation.

Does the commonwealth own any part of this building? In 1711, when the province deſignated this ſpot, on which to erect a State-Houſe, and the town agreed to it, nothing was ſaid of the right to the ſoil. The parties agreed to build a houſe for their mutual accommodation. This muſt be conſidered either as chicanery and cunning on the part of the town, or elſe a grant, or the conceſſion of a grant, that the province was entitled to a certain proportion of the ſoil.

It cannot be denied, that a tenancy in common may be acquired by preſcription. Ninety years ago theſe parties came together, and conſtructed this building. No one at that time, nor till this controverſy aroſe, doubted the title of the commonwealth to a certain proportion of this building. Quiet poſſeſſion of land for ſixty years will veſt a title in a corporation or a ſtate, as well as in an individual: and the commonwealth has been poſſeſſed in common of this building from the year 1711 to the preſent time. This fact alone proves beyond controverſy, that the claim of the commonwealth, which is ſet forth in the petition for partition, is well founded, and will ſerve to guide the referees to an award, which will be founded in equity and which will be conformable to the law of the land.

REPORT OF THE REFEREES.

The Commonwealth of Maſſachuſetts by James Sullivan, Eſq. Attorney General,

vs.

The Seleƈtmen of the town of Boſton.

The referees having fully heard the parties, their evidence, and the pleas and arguments of their learned counſel, report, That the ſaid commonwealth is not ſeized of any undivided part of the land, whereof partition is prayed for.

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and to report to whom the Old State-Houſe belonged. They reported, that the ſoil and one quarter of the building belonged to the town, one half to the commonwealth, and the remaining quarter to the county of Suffolk. Mr. Lowell—"This committee were never acquainted with the extent of the legal rights of the town in this property. They never inveſtigated them. The ſtatement in the report is erroneous; and it is well known, that the errour of a party ſhall not injure him." Mr. Parſons—"This paper contains only the opinion of thoſe gentlemen. It is however neither a grant, nor the evidence of one." Attorney General—"I do not conſider it as either. The report was ſubmitted to the town and accepted. I offer it as the ſenſe of the town on this ſubject."

The referees do further report and award, that the ſaid commonwealth hath a right to uſe and occupy the building in the ſaid petition mentioned and deſcribed, for the purpoſe of holding the ſeſſions of the Governour and Council, and the General Court of the ſaid commonwealth: and that certain bodies corporate have other rights and uſes in the ſame building in ſuch form and manner to be enjoyed, that the ſaid building is not partible in the common and ordinary mode.

At the requeſt of the ſaid parties, and adopting their conſtruction of the powers of the referees, under this rule, the referees do further award, that the commonwealth contributing to the neceſſary repairs of the ſaid building is entitled to receive one half of the rents or income of the ſame. And whenever all the parties intereſted in the ſaid building ſhall agree to diſpoſe of the ſame, that the ſaid commonwealth is entitled to one half the proceeds of ſale.

The referees further award, that the coſts be borne equally by the parties to this rule.

OLIVER WOLCOTT,
BENJ. BOURNE,
JEREMIAH SMITH.

Boſton, July 28, 1802.

Supreme Judicial Court, Auguſt term at Boſton, A.D. 1802.

Report read and accepted, and judgment accordingly.

JNO. TUCKER, *Clerk.*

AGRICULTURE.

WE have long had a wiſh, and we now begin ſeriouſly to purpoſe, to devote a portion of our journal to the intereſts of agriculture. We ſolicit the aid of gentlemen farmers towards rendering our labours of this kind eaſy to ourſelves, and uſeful to the publick. The following letter has been lately ſent us, which we publiſh with pleaſure.

PEACH-TREES.

FOR THE MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY.

Mr. Editor,

If you deem the following treatiſe on preſerving peach-trees worthy a place in your collections, by inſerting it you will favour your friend and the publick. N. V.

WITHIN the courſe of a few years I have made a diſcovery, which to me was entirely new, reſpecting the preſervation of peach-trees, during the winter ſeaſon. It has been a general eſtabliſhed opinion, ſupported by experiments, that the northern part of theſe New England ſtates is ſo cold during the winter months as to kill peach-trees without admitting even an exception. Though this opinion, like the great laws of nature, had received ſuch a ſanction in the publick mind, that to call it in queſtion would only demonſtrate our ignorance, I nevertheleſs attempted ſilently to try ſome experiments, knowing that perſonal experience would afford a ſtronger conviction on the mind, than the greateſt received maxims. In the courſe of my experiments I planted ſome peach-ſtones in various parts of the garden, which produced promiſing ſhoots. As ſoon as the ſnow fell, I was careful to remove it from

many of the young trees, ſo as to conſtantly keep the ground naked round them the diſtance of 4 feet. The next ſpring I found, that thoſe trees which I thus treated were all alive and promiſing, but thoſe I neglected were entirely dead. In this way I treated my peach-trees, and the laſt ſeaſon they afforded me conſiderable fruit as a reward for my labour, which I ſuppoſe is the firſt fruit of the kind raiſed in this northern climate.

This led me to meditate on the ſubject, and make ſome philoſophical inquiries into the nature of ſuch different effects. In theſe inquiries, the moſt reaſonable theory which preſented itſelf to my mind was this. The ſnow generally falls before the ſurface of the earth is frozen, and conſequently keeps the earth and roots of the tree in a comparative ſtate of warmth. When the ſeaſon begins to open, the roots of the tree, kept under a cover of ſnow, feel the vegetative powers of nature ſooner, than if they were incloſed with a body of frozen earth. When the roots are thus covered with ſnow, the ſap or juices of the roots are in a ſtate ready to aſcend, as ſoon as the ſun by its warmth opens the pores of the tree. The pores of the trunk and branches are frequently opened, in a very early part of the ſeaſon, at mid-day, when they receive the full rays of the ſun. The roots of the tree thus kept from the froſt have nothing to check the ſap from aſcending, and, when the froſt of the night returns, it chills and freezes this ſap in the trunk and branches, and at once deſtroys the power of the pores and the life of the tree.

This is principally owing to two conſiderations. The firſt ſap which ariſes is very weak, and aſcending ſo early, there is but a ſmall quantity of it. Like weak adulterated ſpirits, it does not contain ſufficient ſtrength to withſtand the froſt in the ſurrounding atmoſphere, and being in that part of the tree which nature never deſigned for a congealed ſtate, it deranges the order of nature and renders her powers abortive. But when the ground is frozen, though the pores of the branches are open to receive the ſap at too early a period for the climate, the roots being ſurrounded by froſt keeps the ſap from aſcending till the earth and atmoſphere have received ſufficient warmth to raiſe a large quantity of it in a day, and not deſtroy its life by froſt in the night.

On theſe principles it would be worthy the attention of every gentleman in theſe eaſtern States to keep the ſnow from his peach-trees through the winter. It may prevent the tender buds from dying, which is frequently experienced in theſe States.

NEWSPAPERIALS.

Count Rumford has preſented to the Royal Society, (England,) an account of a curious phenomenon, which he, in company with Profeſſor Pictet, of Geneva, obſerved on the Glaciers of Chamouny. This phenomenon, which is ſaid to be very common in thoſe high cold regions is thus deſcribed: "At the ſurface of a ſolid maſs of ice, of vaſt thickneſs and extent, we diſcovered a pit, perfectly cylindrical, about ſeven inches in diameter, and more than four

feet deep, quite full of water; the ſides were poliſhed, and the bottom well defined."

From the guides our philoſophical travellers learnt that theſe cylindrical holes are frequently found on the level parts of the ice; that they are formed during the ſummer, increaſing gradually in depth as long as the hot weather continues; but that they are frozen up, and diſappear on the return of winter. Theſe circumſtances are thus explained by Count Rumford: "The warm winds which in ſummer blow over the ſurface of this column of ice-cold water, muſt undoubtedly communicate ſome ſmall degree of heat to thoſe particles of the fluid with which this warm air comes into immediate contact; and the particles of the water at the ſurface ſo heated being rendered ſpecifically heavier than they were before, by this ſmall increaſe of temperature, ſink ſlowly to the bottom of the pit, where they come into contact with the ice, and communicate to it, the heat by which the depth of the pit is continually increaſed."

MEDICINAL.

M. Tommaſi, a Neapolitan chemiſt of ſome celebrity, who has been ſeveral years at Paris, has lately made many experiments to prove the power of the muriat of ſoda, or kitchen ſalt, in deſtroying the long white worms which are found in the inteſtinal canal.—When he put thoſe worms into a ſolution of an ounce of ſalt in fifty ounces of water, they did not live more than 24 minutes; but when the ſame quantity was diſſolved in eight ounces of water, they lived only 8 minutes. Hence he infers, that the method of curing the malady is eaſy and effectual.

MECHANISM.

Mr. Thomas Beatt has conſtructed a Griſt-Mill, Saw-Mill, and Fulling-Mill, to go with the tide (or any ſtream of an equal force.)

The griſt mill has two pairs of ſtones, and is ſo conſtructed as to grind both together, or ſeparate, with either flood or ebb, or the one with the flood and the other with the ebb.

The Saw-Mill and Fulling-Mill work on the ſame principle, either together or ſeparate, with either flood or ebb.

The whole works on a water wheel that riſes and falls with the tide or ſtream, and will work each mill ſeparate, or either two, or all together.

The model has been placed divers times on different places on the tide, and in the preſence of a number of reſpectable citizens and men of mechanical genius, and is found to completely anſwer the end deſigned.

Mr. BEATT is a native of New Jerſey, and a citizen of the townſhip of Greenwich, in the county of Glouceſter.

A model of this curious machine is in my poſſeſſion, and may be ſeen gratis, by any citizen inclined to view the ſame.

JOHN FIRTH.

Barnſboro', Glouceſter County,
N. Jerſey, January 1, 1805.

COTTON MACHINE.

The ginning and carding part of this machine was invented ſome time ago, by Mr. M' Bride, in South-Carolina, before he moved to this ſtate, and may be uſed with great advantage by private families. He has lately, after many trials and much labour, conſtructed it to gin, to card, and to ſpin at the ſame time by the turning of one wheel. It requires daily one perſon to attend it. It is not neceſſary to ſtop the machine, except for the purpoſe of mending a broken thread, or of taking away the full ſpools and putting empty ones in their places. The threads break very ſeldom, and by paying more attention to the workmanſhip, the inventor believes, that this inconvenience will be almoſt wholly removed. It ſpins yarn of the ſize of ſeven hundred, at the rate of 15 dozen in 12 hours, though it be conſtructed for ſpinning only 15 threads at a time. It may be eaſily altered to ſpin yarn of any ſize in common uſe. Machines of this kind can be made either upon a ſmall ſcale, to work by the hand of the attendant, or on a larger to go by means of horſes or water. After the portion of cotton, which each of the ſaws gives to their reſpective bruſhes, has paſſed through the cards and rollers, which prepare and ſtretch them ſmall enough for threads without interfering in the leaſt degree with each other, they are twiſted cloſe to the rollers, and gently taken on by the ſpools, which are regularly filled by means of another

part of the machine, which ſlowly recedes and returns for that purpoſe. Two ſets of ſpools will be ſufficient, as the inventor has fixed a reel at the one end of his machine to reel one ſet while the other is filling.

It is the opinion of competent judges that the yarn ſpun upon this new invention is equal, if not ſuperiour, to the yarn which is generally ſpun in families upon common wheels.—*Tenneſſee Pa.*

POUGHKEEPSIE, *N.Y. Jan. 15th.* The firſt ſnow we had here the preſent winter was Nov. 14; it fell about an inch on the ſurface, and was carried off by rain the ſucceeding day; but the neighbouring mountains have ſince been covered with ſnow. The latter part of November was warm and pleaſant. Dec. 3d and 8th inconſiderable ſnows fell, and again on the 11th and 12th, ſince which we have had good ſledding, generally extreme cold weather, with frequent though ſmall ſnows, except on the 10th, when it fell 9 or 10 inches deep. The river cloſed, ſo as to impede navigation from this place to New York about the 30th. The coldeſt ſeaſons we have had are as follows: December 18, at ſunriſe, the mercury in Fahrenheit's thermometer ſtood at 8 degrees below 0. January 4, 11 o'clock, P.M. at 9 degrees below 0. January 12, 7 o'clock A.M. at 17 degrees below 0. We underſtand the mercury in Fahrenheit's thermometer has never been known to ſettle lower than 19 degrees below 0, by any obſervation taken in this place. The ſnow is now, on an average 18 inches deep.

Novel cure for the Gout.—A perſon known at Shadwell by the name of the Doctor, having got rid of a ſevere rheumatiſm by an extraordinary pedeſtrian exertion, a Mr. Longden, of Ratcliffe highway, who for years had been a crippled martyr to the gout, reſolved to attempt to walk off the malady; he accordingly laid a wager to walk from his houſe to Boſton, in Lincolnſhire, a diſtance of 117 miles, in four days. He ſtarted, lame in both feet, and ſupported himſelf on ſticks; the pains, however, gradually ſubſided as he advanced, and although nearly exhauſted by the fatigue of his march, he arrived within the appointed time, and on Friday returned home without the leaſt remains of the gout.—*Eng. Pap.*

Shocking accident and wanton barbarity.—One cold evening laſt week four apprentice boys of Mr. M' Intire's, ſtone cutter, Warren ſtreet, perceiving ſome people ſkaiting at a little diſtance from the ſhore, ſet out to go to them. Before they reached them, they met a man with a pole in his hand, and aſked him how far he had been, the fellow aſſured them he had juſt come from the Jerſey ſhore, and that it was good croſſing all the way. On hearing this aſſertion three of them began to run, inclining a little up the river; the fourth got alarmed and returned, having in vain endeavoured to perſuade the reſt to come back with him. The three that perſiſted have not been heard of ſince. There can be no doubt, however, what muſt have been their fate, and that they are all drowned, for it is now known, that the river on the Jerſey ſhore was not even ſkimmed over. Endeavours have been made, without ſucceſs, to diſcover the man who betrayed them to their death. The names of the three who are drowned are John Craig, John Neſbitt and Adolphi Harris.—*N. York Ev. Poſt.*

Extraordinary example of Honeſty.—A perſon of the Quaker profeſſion having through misfortune about forty years ago become inſolvent; and not being able to pay more than eleven ſhillings in the pound, formed a reſolution, if providence ſmiled on his future endeavours, to pay the whole amount; and in case of death, he requeſted his ſons to liquidate his debts by their joint proportions. It pleaſed God, however, to ſpare his life, and after ſtruggling with a variety of difficulties (for his livelihood chiefly depended on his own labour) he at length ſaved ſufficient to ſatisfy every demand.

A few days ago, the old man came with no inconſiderable ſum, to the ſurviving ſon of one of his creditors, who had been dead about thirty years, and inſiſted on paying him the money he owed his father, which he accordingly did with heart felt ſatisfaction.

Such a diſplay of virtuous reſolution we record with infinite pleaſure, as it

not only reflects the higheſt honour on a worthy individual, but alſo on that ſociety to which he belongs, whoſe members have long been diſtinguiſhed, and deſervedly reſpected, for their upright and equitable dealing.—*Lon. Paper.*

CHARITY.

On peruſing Dr. Parr's *Tracts by Warburton*, &c. I was peculiarly pleaſed with the following eloquent deſcription of CHARITY, which *Leland* gave, in his reply to the letter-writer:—"CHARITY never miſrepreſents; never aſcribes obnoxious principles or miſtaken opinions to an opponent, which he himſelf diſavows; is not ſo earneſt in refuting, as to fancy poſitions never aſſerted, and to extend its cenſure to opinions, which will perhaps be delivered. CHARITY is utterly averſe to ſneering, the moſt deſpicable ſpecies of ridicule, that moſt deſpicable ſubterfuge of an impotent objector. CHARITY never ſuppoſes, that all ſenſe and knowledge are confined to a particular circle, to a diſtrict, or to a country: CHARITY never condemns and embraces principles in the ſame breath; never *profeſſes* to confute, what it *acknowledges* to be juſt, never preſumes to bear down an adverſary with confident aſſertions: CHARITY does not call diſſent inſolence, or the want of implicit ſubmiſſion a want of common reſpect.—*Cenſ.*

ANECDOTE.

The Rev. Mr. Whiſton, ſo well known in the literary world for his writings, being one day in diſcourſe with the late lord chief juſtice King, who was brought up at Exeter a rigid diſſenter, a debate aroſe about ſigning articles which men do not believe, for the ſake of preferment; which the chief juſtice openly juſtified, "becauſe," ſaid he, "we muſt not loſe our uſefulneſs for ſcruples." Mr. Whiſton, who was quite of an oppoſite opinion, aſked his lordſhip, "If in their courts, they allowed of ſuch prevarication? He anſwered, "They did not." "Then," ſaid Mr. Whiſton, "ſuppoſe God Almighty ſhould be as juſt in the next world, as my lord chief juſtice is in this, where are we then?"

ANECDOTE OF A ONCE OBNOXIOUS MINISTER.

When Sir Robert Walpole was miniſter, in the Spaniſh war, a ſcheme was mentioned to him of taxing the American colonies. He ſmiled, and ſaid, "I will leave that for ſome of my ſucceſſors, who may have more courage than I have, and leſs a friend to commerce than I am." He added, "It has been a maxim with me, during my adminiſtration, to encourage the trade of the American colonies in their utmoſt latitude (nay, it has been neceſſary to paſs over ſome irregularities in their trade with Europe); for by encouraging them to an extenſive growing foreign commerce, if they gain 500,000l. I am convinced, that, in two years afterwards, full 250,000l. of their gain will be in his majeſty's exchequer." He ended with ſaying, "This is taxing them more agreeably both to their own conſtitution, and to ours."

Bill of mortality for Portſmouth, N. H. for the year 1804.

Aptha	2	Hooping cough	4
Apoplexy	2	Lock jaw	1
Atrophy	9	Mortification	5
Bilious fever	2	Nonclosure of the foramen ovel & canal. arteriosus	1
Conſumption	26		
Convulſions	13		
Cholera of inf.	5	Old age	6
Caſualties	7	Palſy	5
Dropſy	3	Pulmonick fever	1
Dropſy of the brain	5	Phrenzy	1
		Purperal fever	1
Dyſentery	1	Quinſy	4
Gravel	1	Still born	3

Total 110

Of which 51 were males, and 59 fem.

The births in the ſame period were 163 males, and 130 females; total 293

Marriages 64.

Portſmouth is ſituated 43°. 5′. N. lat. and 6°. 26′. E. long. from Waſhington, and contains about 6000 inhabitants.

In New-York, during the month of January, there were born 157 males, 148 females, total 305; the deaths, during the ſame period, were 111 males, 106 females, total 217.

MARRIAGES.

In this town, Mr. Stephen Higginſon, jun. to Miſs Louiſa Storrow; Daniel Livermore, Eſq. to Miſs Hannah Sumner; Mr. John Long, to Miſs Elizabeth Rogers; Dr. Anthony Porronomy, to Miſs Betſy Needham; Mr. Eliſha Wild, to Miſs Priſcilla Greenwood; Mr. Chriſtopher Lincoln, to Miſs Eliza Williſton; Mr. Jonathan Cloutman, of Salem, to Miſs Ann Sancry; Mr. Wm. Froſt, of Salem, to Miſs Prudence Blood.

At Newburyport, Captain George C. Horton, to Miſs Mary Clarkſon.

At Kennebunk, Dr. Joſeph Gilman, to Miſs Hannah Grant.

At Keene, New-Hampſhire, Deacon J. Lanman, to Miſs Suſan Goldthwait.

At Weſthaven, Vermont, Mr. Chriſtopher Minot of this town, to Miſs Catherine Smith.

London, Dec. 13.—The Earl of Ormond yeſterday led to the Hymeneal altar the amiable Miſs Clark, of Sutton Hall, who is poſſeſſed of a fortune of near 30,000l. per annum, beſides near 100,000l. in ready caſh.

Necrology;

OR NOTICES COLLECTED OF PERSONS RECENTLY DECEASED AT HOME AND ABROAD.

"Death is the privilege of human nature,
And life without it were not worth our having."

Died, in this town, on the 15th inſt. WILLIAM POWELL, Eſq. aged 79 years. It was the happineſs of this gentleman to rank among thoſe few mortals, who live according to nature, by leading a life of order, and "doing every thing in its proper ſeaſon." But whilſt he realized many ſatisfactions, naturally ſpringing from regularity, it was impoſſible that he ſhould be wholly exempt from the vexations of a world, where the maſs of its inhabitants without rule or reaſon give the reins of their conduct into the hands of paſſion and prejudice. Poſſeſſing quick perceptions and a ſtrong mind, he readily formed his opinions and purpoſes, and was not eaſily diverted from the one, nor ſhaken from the other. Deſcended from a rich and reſpectable family, he was ambitious to increaſe its wealth, and preſerve its fame; and this laudable ambition was abundantly gratified. He lived to ſee the ſucceſs of thoſe plans, which his good ſenſe, enterprize, and induſtry promoted in early life. Although he lived to be old, his age was not burdenſome. He manifeſted great partiality for his native town, from which he would rarely be abſent even for a night. He was exemplary for his attendance on publick worſhip, and ſaw, what every wiſe man ſees, a cloſe connexion between the obſervance of religious inſtitutions and the proſperity of a people. His days were paſſed methodically, and therefore prolonged. Buſineſs was neceſſary to him through the force of habit; whilſt geography, muſick, and walking formed his principal amuſements. Though diſcriminating and moderate in his pleaſures, he was no ſtranger to convivial joys, and reliſhed highly the converſation of well bred men. Alternate cares and relaxations thus agreeably diverſified his hours, and ſo gentle was the approach of age, that it neither impaired the agility of his ſtep, nor dimmed the brightneſs of his intellect. He deſcried the common enemy in its firſt advances, and ſubmitted to his fate with fortitude.

In reviewing ſuch a life, we think we diſcern the operation of a ſettled deteſtation of unrighteouſneſs in principle and practice. If a uniform courſe of integrity in mercantile affairs, loyalty and patriotiſm as a citizen, fidelity as a huſband, and of ſtrong attachment to his children, to whoſe education and happineſs he was inceſſantly attentive, give evidence of an equitable character, Mr. Powell was entitled to that high honour. In caſes where he might have retained his property without injury to his reputation; in caſes where he was never likely to be applauded for his mercy; and in caſes where he might

greatly have augmented his fortune by small and too cuſtomary deviations from the line of ſtrict integrity, he was known, by particular friends, to have been ſcrupulouſly and nobly honeſt. In this grand article of character he ſuſtained through life an unſpotted reputation. And this ſurely is no common praiſe. For whoever conſiders the importance of equity in all the arrangements of ſocial intercourſe, will acknowledge in the well known lines of the poet,

"A wit's a feather, and a chief's a rod,
An honeſt man's the nobleſt work of God."

Mr. John Coxe, æt. 38; Mrs. Ann M'Million, æt. 81; Mrs. Mary Freeman, æt. 66; Mrs. Mercy Goodwin, æt. 75; Miſs Eliza Coxe, æt. 20; Mr. Elven. Pope, æt. 85; Mrs. Ann Williams, 75; John Lewis, æt. 55; Mrs. Mary Saxton, æt. 50; Mrs. Polly Green, æt. 29; Mrs. Sally B. Rallion, æt. 36; Abraham Tuckerman, eſq. æt. 81; Miſs Sally P. Hatch, æt. 17; Mrs. Louiſa C. Farnum, æt. 29; Capt. Roger Bartlet, æt. 81.

At Roxbury, Mrs. Robinſon, æt. 94.

At Charleſtown, Timothy Tufts, eſq.

At Leiceſter, Mr. Wm. Earle, æt. 90.

At Marlborough, Mrs. Ann Quincy, æt. 80, relict of the late Joſ. Quincy, eſq. of Quincy.

In Nantucket, on the 24th Jan. laſt, the Hon. STEPHEN HUSSEY, Eſq. Æt. 69 y. 6 m.; chief juſtice of the court of common pleas, and collector of the cuſtoms. In the year 1766, he was choſen a repreſentative to the general court at Boſton, and continued a repreſentative, ſucceſſively, from the year 1768 until 1775; and at the cloſe of the American revolutionary war, he took his ſeat in the firſt congreſs of the United States. He then received his commiſſion as a civil magiſtrate, and collector of the cuſtoms; both of which places he filled with ſatisfaction to the general government, and his fellow-citizens; and preſided as chief juſtice of the county until the year previous to his death. He was of a mild, happy diſpoſition and temper; an agreeable addreſs; truly religious; indefatigable in fulfilling the duties of his office—no partizan; but an invaluable friend to the beſt intereſts of his country. He left a widow, and five children to bewail the loſs of one of the moſt affectionate of huſbands and parents, and ſociety to regret the exit of one of its moſt valuable members.

At Eaſtport, Maine, John Allan, eſq. æt. 66.

At Oxford, Mrs. Eliz. Kidder, æt. 93.

New-Hampſhire.

At Portſmouth, T. Martin, eſq. æt. 73.

At Concord, Mrs. Hannah Lovejoy, æt. 90. Of her poſterity 89 ſurvive her.

Connecticut.

In Litchfield, Iſaac Baldwin, eſq. æt. 94. He took his degree in Yale college, in the year 1735.

In Wilton, Mrs. Rachel Betts, æt. 102. She had enjoyed good health till within a few days of her death, which was occaſioned by a fall upon the ice.

New-York.

In New York, the Hon. JOHN SLOSS HOBART, in the 67th year of his age; judge of the diſtrict court of New-York. In the death of judge H. another of our revolutionary patriots has left the ſtage. During the war he was employed in ſome of the moſt confidential and influential ſituations in New-York, and always acquitted himſelf to publick ſatisfaction. Mr. Jay, Mr. Hobart, and Mr. Yates were the three judges of the ſupreme court firſt appointed after the revolution. This ſituation he held for many years. He was once elected ſenator of the United States. Of judge Hobart it may with truth be ſaid, that from his earlieſt manhood to his death, no man ever ſuſtained a more blameleſs and unſpotted character.

New-Jerſey.

At Morriſtown, Gen. Joſeph Brearley, æt. 93.

In Amwell, Mrs. Naylor, æt. about 103 years. She was born in that neighbourhood, in its firſt ſettlement. Her huſband was killed in Braddock's expedition, in the year 1755; ſince that time ſhe remained a widow, being left with nine children. She enjoyed good health till within twenty-four hours of her deceaſe, and laſt ſummer could walk two or three miles. It is remarkable, that for upwards of fifty years paſt her whole diet conſiſted of bohea tea, and a little bread and butter three times a day; and her amuſement was continually ſmoking tobacco.

Virginia.

Col. John Talliaferro.

In Brunſwick county, Mrs. Harriſon, æt. 110.

At Richmond, Mrs. Weſt, jun. of the Virginia theatre.

At Norfolk, Col. Littleton Savage.

At Fincaſtle, Mr. William Dunkin, æt. 124. He poſſeſſed his mental faculties to the laſt hour.

Abroad.

In England, Rev. Richard Graves, rector of Claverion, author of the Spiritual Quixote, and various other works.

Rev. Mr. Ayſcough, æt. 55, a librarian of the Britiſh Muſeum, and an eminent compiler. He was ſaid to have examined more books than any man in England.

Mr. George Morland, æt. 40; a celebrated painter of rural ſcenes.

Alderman Boydell, æt. 87; one of the moſt eminent encouragers of the arts in the age in which he lived.

In Scotland, Lieut. Col. Blakenly. He was ſeverely wounded in the battle of Bunker's hill, North America.

In France, Mechain, a reſpectable aſtronomer.

In Pruſſia, M. De Struenſee, miniſter of ſtate, æt. 70; celebrated for his great talents and ſervices under three kings.

MEDICAL REPORT.

Statement of Diseases for February.

Rheumatiſm has been leſs frequent than in January, and pneumonia has nearly diſappeared. Catarrhs have been more common. Glandular inflammations have occurred more frequently than uſual, in many inſtances ſuppurating. The malignant diſeaſe which appeared laſt month has in ſome meaſure ſubſided. Complaints of minor importance have been frequent, but the town has been unuſually exempt from mortal diſeaſes.

STATEMENT OF BIRTHS AND DEATHS IN BOSTON IN FEBRUARY, FROM THE RETURNS OF 12 PHYSICIANS.

BIRTHS.

Male	22	*Still born.*	
Female	28	Male	1
		Female	1
Total	50		

DEATHS.

	M.	F.
Cancer, 5	1	
Cancer uteri, 39		1
Conſumption, 34, 18, 38, 22	1	3
Convulſions, 2		1
Fever—bilious malignant		1
Intemperance, 21	1	
Old age, 82	1	
Ovarial dropſy, 29		1
Pleuriſy, 60, 29		2
Small pox, 34, 21	2	
	6	9
Total		15

HUMANE SOCIETY.

At a late meeting of the Humane Society, the following officers were ſelected for the year enſuing:

Dr. John Warren, *Preſident.*
Rev. Dr. John Lathrop, *Firſt V. P.*
Dr. Aaron Dexter, *Second V. P.*
Rev. Dr. John Eliot, *Treaſurer.*
Dr. William Spooner, *Correſpond. Sec.*
John Avery, Eſq. *Recording Sec'ry.*
Nathaniel Balch, Eſq.
Jeremiah Allen, Eſq.
Samuel Parkman, Eſq.
James Scott, Eſq.
Edward Gray, Eſq.
John Phillips, Eſq.
} *Truſtees.*

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Medicus, Literary Wanderer No. 2, Admirer, &c. and an elegant parcel from a poetick friend were received at too late a day for the preſent number.

As we can have no intereſt in maintaining errours, we will thank our correſpondents to note them, as they may occur in the work, and tranſmit them for rectification.

It may be worth while to make the following corrections, in addition to thoſe which we have formerly marked. Month. Anthol. vol. i. p. 511, for *diæreſis* read *diæreſis*; ibid. for *ſyræneſis* read *ſynæreſis*; ibid. p. 645. for *fractes* read *bractes*. Vol. ii. p. 20, for *urbis* read *urbes*.

THE

MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY,

FOR

MARCH, 1805.

TO "PHILO-LAVOISIER."

SIR,

IS there, or is there not, ſuch a thing as *caloric?* Have philoſophers told us idle tales, or is there a ſubſtance, which pervades all bodies, diſtances their component parts, and ſurrounds their minuteſt corpuſcles? Do not all bodies expand and contract, in proportion as the caloric atmoſpheres of the integral corpuſcles increaſe or diminiſh? Does not Lavoiſier himſelf, and it ſeems by your ſignature that you are a friend to him, acknowledge this a *phyſical axiom?* If there be ſuch a ſubſtance, is it not *caloric?* Where is the ſpace, it does not fill? What body ſo ſolid, which it does not pervade? What ſyſtem, planet, or atom moves without it? What phœnomenon does not witneſs its influence? Does it not warm the cold, illumine the dark, ſoften the hard, liquify the congealed, animate the inanimate? In light, in ſound, in taſte, in ſmell, in touch, do we not feel its vibrations?* What ſolution, decompoſition, combination, or motion takes place without it? Is it not the *ſolvent*, in which matter moves, diſplays all its forms, its beauty, its magnificence, and its force?

Now, let me aſk, can the animated fibre contract, unleſs its integral corpuſcles approximate? Can its integral corpuſcles approximate, unleſs they loſe *caloric?* Will they not loſe caloric by the contact of air, above or below animal temperature? The mercury, in a thermometer, whoſe ſurface is moiſtened with water, contracts in air above animal temperature. Why then ſhould not the animated fibre? If moiſt ſurfaces, animate or inanimate, loſe *caloric* in an atmoſphere, whoſe preſſure is diminiſhed, or temperature increaſed, how can you explain this phœnomenon upon any other principle, than that of *evaporation?* In air of a certain temperature or preſſure, moiſture muſt evaporate from all ſurfaces, that are moiſt, and it is proved by the thermom-

* *Vibrations.* This word is perhaps exceptionable. Caloric does not act, unleſs the compound corpuſcles vibrate. But bodies in vibration, vibrate upon their atmoſpheres. Whether it be correct to ſay, their atmoſpheres vibrate upon each other, I am not certain. I have thought fit however to uſe the word, *vibration*; and thoſe who do not like it may ſubſtitute the word, *influence*, or ſome other they like better.

eter, that the moiſture cannot evaporate without abſorbing *caloric* from the ſurface, that was moiſt; and if calorick be evaporated, abſorbed, or, in any way, abſtracted from a *thermometer* or or an animal, will not *contraction* be produced? All however I contend for, is, that *animated matter* loſes *caloric*, when it *firſt* touches the air; that hence the intercoſtals contract; the cheſt is raiſed, a cavity is formed, and, conſequently, air is admitted. Air does not always produce this effect. A denſer fluid, as *water*, is ſometimes neceſſary. But of what conſequence is it, whether the *caloric* be abſtracted by air, water, ice, ſnow, æther, irritation of the ſchneiderean membrane, by whipping, or by the contact of any ſubſtance, ſolid, or fluid, which either *abſtracts caloric* from the animated fibre, or *checks its vibration?* For it is a law, applicable to animal, vegetable, mineral, and all other ſubſtances, that the corpuſcles of all bodies approximate, as they loſe caloric, and that they loſe *caloric*, as they loſe their *vibration*. When air does not abſtract ſufficient *caloric* to produce this contraction of the intercoſtals, *water* will; but it muſt not be *warmed*. *Warm* water will not abſorb caloric ſo faſt as *cold* water. The difference of the ſenſations is a proof of it. Would you ſprinkle a perſon's face with "*warm*" water to excite reſpiration? Do you open or ſhut the windows in caſe of ſyncope? Is there a *phyſician*, who would uſe "warm" water to recover a child from a ſtate of aſphyxia? Does it agree with principle or practice? Is there one reaſon or example to ſupport it? Daſh cold water in the face, and the animal inſpires. Every old midwife knows this.

You object to the theory of *evaporation*. Do you object to the theory of *abſtraction of caloric?* How, I would aſk, is the *firſt* inſpiration produced in an atmoſphere, that condenſes, inſtead of evaporating? Explain this, and, perhaps, we ſhall agree about *evaporation*. Heat promotes evaporation. But this is no reaſon, that, the hotter the air, the better it is for reſpiration. Cold, likewiſe, promotes contraction of the intercoſtals. But would it not be too vague to ſay, that, the colder the air, the better it is for reſpiration? *Evaporation* would be promoted in a hot oven, or in a vacuum, and the *intercoſtals* would contract in an atmoſphere, where mercury would congeal; but in ſuch circumſtances, the new-born animal could not *live;* though, if its ſurface were moiſt enough, the intercoſtals would contract, and the animal would inſpire. It would have *one* gaſp at leaſt.

I have, indeed, aſſerted, that animal heat is dependent on animal action, and animal action upon reſpiration. You maintain, that animal action is not dependent upon reſpiration, and "that "you would not believe Dr. H. "guilty of ſuch abſurdity, without "better evidence, than" my "aſ-"ſertion." "For how," ſay you, "could he ſuppoſe, that animal "action, which commences long "before birth, is dependent upon "reſpiration, which commences "after birth? or how could he "ſay, that animal action is de-"pendent upon a proceſs, which,

"in ſome ſpecies of animals, is 'never performed at all?" You will pleaſe to obſerve. The Review for Auguſt, and thoſe philoſophers, whoſe theories Dr. H. preſumed to doubt, maintain, that, at leaſt, *animal heat* is dependent upon reſpiration. Your objection then is the ſame againſt *animal heat*, as againſt *animal action*. For the animal certainly has *heat* before it is born. You offer an objection againſt your own theory. I grant there is animal action before birth; but is it not impoſſible to continue animal action, without reſpiration, after birth? The embryo, in its chryſalis, or the chick in ovo, cannot, in the common acceptation of the term, be ſaid to breathe. But, after birth, all action ceaſes, unleſs reſpiration commences. Unleſs animals breathe, they die. The animal in utero is a part of its mother, as the apple is of the tree. One or the other muſt breathe, or the fœtus dies. But you ſay, there are "ſome "animals, in whom reſpiration is "never performed at all." I do not know any animals, who do not breathe, and, if there are ſuch, ſhould be glad to be acquainted with them. When I ſay this, I do not mean to confine breathing to air*, or any *particular organization*. If I were aſked, how the vital action, in any ſpecies of animals, was ſupported; I ſhould anſwer, by the alternate abſtraction of *caloric* from the external and internal ſurfaces. This abſtraction of caloric will, and nothing elſe can produce the contraction and conſequent expanſion of the veſſels, upon which circulation depends.

* Does a fiſh breathe air or water?

If the contact of air, or water, upon one ſurface, in any ſpecies of animals, will produce this effect, this is what I call *breathing*. Viewing the ſubject in this light, why is it ſo abſurd to ſay, that *animal action* depends upon *reſpiration*? If it be abſurd, is it not equally ſo, to ſay *animal heat* depends upon *reſpiration*?

You affirm, that, if the contraction of the diaphragm be its elevation, "it would contract to an elongation." To this it might be anſwered, that, if the diaphragm contract, while it is diſtended, it then elongates in contracting. I know very well, that all phyſiological writers maintain with you, that the contraction of the diaphragm is its depreſſion. I ventured to doubt; but am not unwilling to agree with them and you too upon this ſubject.

The experiment of ſprinkling the face with cold water, you think, is "not ſo obvious, and invalidates," you ſay, "the theory of *evaporation*." Pour cold water upon a hot iron, or your own boſom, and is it not obvious, what produces the contraction? Is it not becauſe *caloric* is abſorbed by the water from the hot iron or warm boſom? Can you account for contraction upon any other principle? Of what conſequence then is it, whether caloric be abſtracted by air, or water? Is not the effect the ſame? Is the principle leſs true? If animals never breathed, until cold water was thrown in their faces, we ſhould not think it correct to ſay, that *evaporation* was the cauſe of inſpiration, or firſt contraction of the intercoſtals. But, if the intercoſtals contract merely by contact of

air, we conclude, that air, as well as water abſtracts their caloric, and cauſes inſpiration. The principle, upon which the fibre contracts, is the ſame in both caſes. Hence the theory is not invalidated. The mercury contracts when the thermometer is ſprinkled with water, or touched by colder air. Why ſhould not the animated fibre?

You aſk me, whether, "when "I throw myſelf into cold water, "ſay to the chin, there is not inſtantly produced a forcible inſpiration? and can there," you aſk, "be any evaporation from "the ſurface of the body under "the water?" I tell you again, I do not ſay, *evaporation* takes place under water. A thermometer or a man plunged under water do not loſe their caloric by *evaporation*. But, if their moiſt ſurfaces be expoſed to air above animal temperature, how do they loſe their caloric then? Is it not by evaporation? What elſe can you call it? In the preceding paragraph you aſſert, that reſpiration is promoted "by plunging "the infant under *warm* water." Heat and cold then produce the ſame effect? Into what miſtakes does *want of principle*, as well as "*wild theories*," lead us.

You tell me, that I have "caught at the word, *emerging*, "with avidity, as a fit ſubject for "my witticiſms and arguments, "and that all muſt allow it to be "a ſubject worthy the talents of "Medicus." What do you mean by this? Look again, and you will find, that nothing is ſaid about it. The word, had it been noticed, would not have been thought worthy of comment. I have more reſpect and charity for you, at preſent, than to think you made this *blunder* on purpoſe; and believe me, I hate *wit* in all ſerious inveſtigation of truth.

MEDICUS.

PAPERS ON DUELLING. No. 5.

THE DECREE OF THE STAR-CHAMBER, AGAINST DUELS.

(Continued from Vol. II. p. 62.)

THIS honourable Court, and all the honourable Court this day ſitting, upon grave and mature deliberation, pondering the quality of theſe offences, they generally approved the ſpeech and obſervations of his majeſties ſaid attorney general, and highly commended his great care and good ſervice in bringing a cauſe of this nature to publick puniſhment and example, and in profeſſing a conſtant purpoſe to go on in the like courſe with others; letting him know, that he might expect from the Court all concurrence and aſſiſtance in ſo good a work. And thereupon the Court did by their ſeveral opinions and ſentences declare how much it imported the peace and proſperous eſtate of his majeſty and his kingdom to nip this practice and offence of *duels* in the head, which now did over-ſpread and grow univerſal, even among mean perſons, and was not only entertained in practice and cuſtome, but was framed into a kind of art and precepts; ſo that according to the ſaying of the ſcripture, *Miſchief is imagined like a law.* And the Court with one conſent did declare their opinions. That by the ancient law of the land, all inceptions, preparations, and combinations to execute unlawful acts, though they never be performed as they be not to be puniſhed capitally except it be in caſe of treaſon, and ſome other particular caſes of ſtatute law: ſo yet they are puniſhable as miſdemeanors and contempts: and that this Court was proper for offences of ſuch nature, eſpecially in this caſe, where the bravery

and inſolency of the times are ſuch as the ordinary magiſtrates and juſtices, that are truſted with the preſervation of the peace, are not able to maſter and repreſs theſe offences, which were by the Court at large ſet forth, to be not onely againſt the law of God, to whom and his ſubſtitutes all revenge belongeth, as part of his prerogative, but alſo againſt the oath and duety of every ſubject unto his majeſty, for that the ſubject doth ſwear unto him by the ancient law, allegiance of life and member, whereby it is plainly inferred that the ſubject hath no diſpoſing power over himſelf of life and member to be ſpent or ventured according to his own paſſions and fancies, in ſo much as the very practice of chivalry in iuſts and tournayes, which are but images of martial actions appear by ancient preſidents not to be lawful without the kings licence obtained. The Court alſo noted, that theſe private *duels* or combats were of another nature from the combats which have been allowed by the law as well of this land as of other nations, for the tryal of rights or appeals. For that thoſe combats receive direction and authority from the law, whereas thoſe contrariwiſe ſpring only from the unbridled humours of private men. And as for the pretence of honor, the Court much diſliking the confuſion of degrees which is grown of late (every man aſſuming unto himſelf the term and attribute of honor) did utterly reiect and condemn the opinion that the private *duel*, in any perſon whatſoever, had any groundes of honor, as well becauſe nothing can be honourable that is not lawful, and that it is no magnanimity or greatneſs of mind, but a ſwelling and tumor of the mind, where there faileth a right and ſound judgement; as alſo for that it was rather juſtly to be eſteemed a weakneſs and a conſcience of ſmall value in a mans ſelf to be dejected, ſo with a word or trifling diſgrace, as to think there is no recure of it, but by the hazard of life: whereas true honour in perſons that know their own worth is not of any ſuch brittle ſubſtance, but of a more ſtrong compoſition. And finally, the Court ſhewing a firm and ſettled reſolution to proceed with all ſevetity againſt theſe *duels* gave warning to all young noble men and gentlemen, that they ſhould not expect the like connivence or tolleration as formerly have been, but that juſtice ſhould have a full paſſage without protection or interruption. Adding, that after a ſtrait inhibition, whoſoever ſhould attempt a challenge or combat, in caſe where the other party was reſtrained to anſwer him, (as now all good ſubjects are) did by their own principles receive the diſhonour and diſgrace upon himſelf, and for the preſent cauſe, the Court hath ordered, adjudged, and decreed, that the ſaid *William Prieſt* and *Richard Wright*, be committed to the priſon of the *Fleet*, and the ſaid *Prieſt* to pay five hundred pounds, and the ſaid *Wright* five hundred marks to their ſeveral fines to his majeſties uſe. And to the end that ſome more publique example may be made hereof amongſt his majeſties people, the Court hath further ordered and decreed, that the ſaid *Prieſt* and *Wright* ſhall at the next aſſizes to be holden in the county of *Surrey* publiquely in face of the Court, the judges ſitting, acknowledge their high contempt and offence againſt God, his majeſty, and his laws, and ſhew themſelves penitent for the ſame. Moreover the wiſdom of this high and honourable Court thought it meet and neceſſary that all ſorts of his majeſties ſubjects ſhould underſtand and take notice of that which hath been ſaid and handled this day touching this matter, as well by his highneſs attorney general, as by the lords, judges, touching the law in ſuch caſes. And therefore the Court hath enjoyned maſter attorney to have ſpecial care to the penning of this decree, for the ſetting forth in the ſame ſummarily the matters and reaſons, which have been opened and delivered by the Court touching the ſame, and nevertheleſs alſo at ſome time convenient to publiſh the particulars of his ſpeech and declaration, as very meet and worthy to be remembered, and made known to the world, as theſe times are: and this decree, being in ſuch ſort carefully drawn and penned, the whole Court thought it mete, and ſo have ordered and decreed, that the ſame be not onely read and publiſhed at the next aſſizes for *Surry* at ſuch time as the ſaid *Prieſt* and *Wright* are to acknowledge their offences as aforeſaid; but that the ſame be likewiſe publiſhed and made known in all ſhires of this kingdom.

And to that end the juſtices of aſſize are required by this honourable Court to cauſe this decree to be ſolemnly read and publiſhed in all the placings and ſittings of their ſeveral circuits, and in the greateſt aſſembly, to the end, that all his majeſties ſubjects may take knowledge and underſtand the opinion of this honourable Court in this caſe, and in what meaſure, his majeſty, and this honourable Court, purpoſeth to puniſh ſuch as ſhall fall into the like contempt and offences hereafter. Laſtly this honourable Court much approving that which the right honourable Sir *Edward Coke* knight, lord chief juſtice of *England* did now deliver touching the law in this caſe of *duels*, hath enjoyned his lordſhip to report the ſame in print, as he hath formerly done diverſe other caſes, that ſuch as underſtand not the law in that behalf, and all others may better direct themſelves and prevent the danger thereof hereafter.

THE LITERARY WANDERER. No. 2.

. . . . . Two Genii ſtood,
Still as the web of being was drawn forth,
Sprinkling their powerful drops. From ebon urn
The one unſparing daſhed the bitter wave
Of woe; and, as he daſhed, his dark-brown brow
Relaxed to a hard ſmile. The milder form
Shed leſs profuſely there his leſſer ſtore;
Sometimes with tears increaſing the ſcant boon,
Mourning the lot of man. R. S.

WHAT more embitters exiſtence, than the anguiſh of diſappointment? A conſiderable portion of pain or pleaſure accompanies the anticipation of misfortune or felicity; and theſe eventually operate leſs forcibly, becauſe the eagerneſs of expectation renders them familiar to the mind; but diſappointed hope is always affliction, and ſometimes inſupportable.

It would be ſuperfluous to adduce a multiplicity of arguments, to prove the unhappy influence of a calamity, which all are doomed to encounter; for who has experienced uninterrupted proſperity; who has ſailed down the ſtream of life without meeting unexpected obſtructions? In the vernal period of our exiſtence we enjoy a continued exhibition of novelties, a participation of innocent amuſements. The morning breeze welcomes us to bliſs, and the mild radiance of evening reluctantly bids us adieu. Elate with hope and juvenile ardour, we commence the journey of life. The pictured fields of proſperity and preferment gleam before us in their morning ſplendour. Diſtant proſpects brighten with increaſing luſtre and beauty. Anticipation paints in brilliant colours the evening of our courſe; but no ſooner have we overpaſt the fairy land of youth, than the deluſion dies, and obſtacles inſurmountable intercept our paſſage.

Youth comes with ſmiling face and beauteous mien;
Pleaſures, enjoyments, life's endearments ſweet
Sport in her train, and promiſe endleſs bliſs.
The ſcene ſoon changes; ſoon the peaceful hours,
Which fond imagination once foretold,
Are changed to cares, to ſorrows, and vexations.

With advancing years we imperceptibly advance with them into the dreary wilderneſs of the world. All is dark. What we once conſidered the offspring of cauſeleſs inquietude, ſudden exclamations of miſery, which are ſoon heard no more, we ultimately experience in bitterneſs of heart,

The hand, which we fondly anticipated would continue the munificent diſpenſer of comforts, either repoſes in the grave's cold quiet, or, what is ſtill more afflictive, is metamorphoſed into ice; and the eye, which once beamed with heavenly benevolence, beams on us no longer. Such is the melancholy declaration of the unhappy, who are too often accuſtomed to magnify inconſiderable misfortunes, and to extenuate or not acknowledge the numerous poſitive pleaſures of life. We all know, that infelicity is incident to humanity, and that every ſituation has its peculiar diſquietudes; but we alſo diſcover, that exiſtence is diverſified with pleaſures and pains, joys and ſorrows; and that the happieſt are not allowed to ramble the bright fields of continual proſperity, nor the unfortunate doomed forever to roam the dark, unlovely region of adverſity.

A return of a traveller to his native country ſeldom produces that unmixed ſatisfaction, which imagination officiouſly promiſed. Diverſity of purſuit, extenſive intercourſe with mankind, and the imperceptible hand of time obliterate juvenile impreſſions, and cauſe inconceivable changes in the human character. Viator laments his long abſence from the companions of his youth; imagines their former attachment unchanged; and is aſſured they will receive him with the cordiality of friendſhip, and the ardour of congenial affection. He arrives; what fruſtration of hope! Moſt of his youthful acquaintance, to whom he was united by the tender endearments of friendſhip, have paid the mournful debt of nature, and the remainder, "eſtranged in heart," with difficulty recognize their former intimacy, and, "beholding him with quick-averted glance, paſs on the other ſide." The frigid indifference of their countenances, and the inſignificant formality of their behaviour evince the pleaſing picture, which fancy had painted in ſuch attractive colours, to be nothing more than a ſhort-lived deluſion.

Having adventured his all on the ocean of uncertainty, Mercator anticipates a return of ſuch abundance, as will enable him to relinquiſh the ſervility of trade, retire to ſome ſequeſtered country ſeat, and paſs the reſidue of life in affluence, eaſe, and contentment. The ſame wind, which was to beſtow complete happineſs, diſconcerts his ſchemes of enjoyment, and drives him into a ſtate of deſtitution.

Perſons who indulge an inordinate deſire of attaining ſome future advantage, are frequently too ardent and poſitive to entertain a poſſibility of failure; and by this means the pain of defeated expectation becomes doubly embittered. But hope, unaccompanied with exertion is productive of miſery, ſince thoſe, who implicitly obey the deceptive intimations of indolence, uſually experience the bitterneſs of diſappointment. Such indiſcretion is not uncommon, and our beſt-contrived ſchemes are likewiſe liable to prove abortive. Though diſappointments occaſion temporary unhappineſs, yet experience demonſtrates their frequent ſubſerviency to our beſt intereſts. Our contracted comprehenſions are in-

capable of determining, what in the end will prove beneficial or injurious; ſince apparent misfortunes are frequently harbingers of approaching proſperity.

As nothing is more unpleaſant, than perpetual uniformity, and as viciſſitude affords numerous intellectual gratifications, occaſional diſappointments diſcover the value of proſperity, as well as manifeſt the inſtability of temporal enjoyments, and repreſs the confidence of unbounded expectation. They withdraw us from too eager a purſuit of acquiſitions, which are evaneſcent and precarious; and direct us to a contemplation of thoſe things, "which neither wax old, nor fade away."

Reſolute reſiſtance of adverſity, ſuperiority to adventitious calamities, and equanimity of mind in every ſituation of life are virtues, which ſecure their poſſeſſors from numberleſs perplexities, and ſweeten the delights of life. Reliance on Providence beſt ſerves to diſſipate thoſe clouds of deſpondency, which ſometimes darken around us. We ſhould participate with gratitude the bounties of heaven, and endure with reſignation, fortitude, and compoſure its adverſe diſpenſations; confident that our kind Benefactor allots every incident of our lives for our improvement in virtue. Though the ſtar of hope ſometimes ſink from the deſpairing traveller's view, ſtill its lovely beams will riſe with renovated ſplendour, and guide him on his lonely way; though ills preſs on ills, and diſappointments purſue him through this vale of tears, ſtill there is another, there is a "better world."

"And happy they, who in this holy faith
"Bow meekly to the rod! A little while
"Shall they endure the proud man's contumely,
"The hard wrongs of the great. A little while
"Though ſhelterleſs they feel the wintry wind,
"The wind ſhall whiſtle o'er their turf-grown grave,
"And all beneath be peace."

O.

BIOGRAPHIA AMERICANA;

OR MEMOIRS OF PROFESSIONAL, LEARNED, OR DISTINGUISHED CHARACTERS IN THE UNITED STATES. *Continued from Vol. I. p. 642.*

☞ Communications for this article will be extremely acceptable to the Editor.

7. DAVID TAPPAN, D.D. A.A.S.

HOLLIS PROFESSOR OF DIVINITY IN HARVARD COLLEGE.

Rev. Dr. Tappan was born in Mancheſter, in the county of Eſſex, April 21, 1753. His father was Rev. Benjamin Tappan, the much reſpected miniſter of that town.

At a ſuitable age he was placed at Dummer Academy, under the care of the late Mr. Samuel Moody, a preceptor diſtinguiſhed for his love of the ancient claſſicks; his diſcernment of the characters of his pupils, and ſkill and ſucceſs in conducting the early education of ſome of the firſt men in our country.—Here he diſcovered abilities and diſpoſition which endeared him to his maſter, and indicated his ſubſequent eminence.

At the age of fourteen he was admitted into Harvard College; where, young as he was, he was remarked for his religious ſeriouſ-

neſs, his literary diligence and improvement, and his irreproachable morals. Having received the honours of the univerſity, he occaſionally taught a ſchool; but was principally employed in theological ſtudies with a view to the profeſſion, to which his thoughts had been directed from earlieſt youth. He commenced preaching in Auguſt, 1773, and was ordained over the 3d church of Newbury, in April following:—Here in the exemplary diſcharge of the paſtoral office, among a kind and reſpectful people, he ſpent eighteen years. During the whole of this period, he devoted a great portion of his time to ſtudy; compoſed his ſtated ſermons with much pains and accuracy; and increaſed in profeſſional gifts and qualifications, in uſefulneſs and fame. In the year 1792 he preached the election ſermon; which was received with high approbation, and contributed to extend the knowledge of his character and talent.

The office of profeſſor of divinity in the college having been vacated by the reſignation of Dr. Wiggleſworth, on account of his infirmity, Mr. Tappan was choſen his ſucceſſor. After a period of anxious and devout deliberation, with much diffidence and concern, he accepted the place. It opened a larger ſphere for his induſtrious benevolence, he therefore regarded it as a ſtation aſſigned to him by Divine Providence. The painful ſeparation between him and his people having taken place, he was inaugurated into the office of Hollis profeſſor of divinity in Feb. 1793. Entering upon the duties of this ſituation, with a deep ſenſe of their importance, he diſcharged them with unabating zeal, fidelity, and diligence, and with a ſucceſs, which fully anſwered the expectations of his friends and of the publick. Dr. Tappan poſſeſſed much activity and vigour of mind; fertility of invention and force of imagination. He had a facility in fixing his attention, and diſcriminating and arranging his thoughts. His his head was clear, and his apprehenſion quick. His readineſs of conception, and command of language, enabled him, both in ſpeaking and writing, to expreſs what he thought and felt, with propriety, perſpicuity, and force. His love of knowledge was ardent, and his abilities ſufficient for acquiring every ſpecies of literature, neceſſary to adorn the ſtation which he filled.

As a moral and religious being, Dr. Tappan appeared with diſtinguiſhed luſtre. His religion was at once the ſtrong conviction of his underſtanding, the warm ſentiment of his heart, the prevailing bias of his ſoul, and the ſteady tenour of his life.

His faith operated in ſolicitude for every part of virtuous and holy practice, and his love of God in the love of man. In the exerciſe of piety and goodneſs many of the tendencies of his natural temper united with religious principles and moral culture. He poſſeſſed an original ſenſibility, which fitted him for entering into the raptures of devotion, and feeling all the fervour of godly zeal. His nature diſpoſed him to cheerfulneſs and hope, to affection and ſympathy, to tenderneſs and love. Kind affections lighted up his countenance, gave a glow to his

converſation, and a cheerfulneſs to his active benevolence. Next to religion, and a good conſcience, peace and union were dear and ſacred to his heart. He was ſtudious to pleaſe; cautious of offending; ſlow to be offended. So eaſy and obliging was his nature, that it would have coſt him an effort to refuſe even an improper requeſt. He was ready to give up his opinions and rights, where diſcretion or duty appeared to require it, in condeſcenſion to the weakneſſes, and in accommodation to the prejudices of others. Yet he had ſufficient courage and conſtancy, to make a ſtand, in caſes where he thought it proper and neceſſary: Although diſdaining to be neutral upon intereſting queſtions in religion or politicks, and utterly incapable of the leaſt indifference about moral diſtinctions; yet he was candid towards ſuch as differed from him in ſentiment; a mild interpreter of the actions, and an equitable judge of the characters of his fellowmen. His underſtanding was too much enlarged to allow his charity to be confined. He knew too much of the conſtitution of the human mind, and the cauſes of a diverſity of opinions; he had too much regard to the rights of private judgment, and the uſes of free inquiry; he was too wiſe, too modeſt, and too juſt, to indulge in himſelf, or to encourage in others, a dogmatical, intolerant ſpirit. To benevolence and candour, ſincerity in ſpeech, and uprightneſs in conduct, he joined the careful cultivation and practice of the perſonal virtues: knowing that the good ſervant of God and good friend of man muſt be maſter of himſelf. He was humble, meek, and modeſt. He was ſuperiour to low cares and little gratifications, to all fretful and anxious thoughts about his temporal affairs, and vanity of external appearance. He valued honeſt fame; not as a diſtinction, which gratified his ambition, but as a means, by which his talents might be rendered more uſeful. He had a command over his indolent propenſities, his animal appetites, and angry paſſions: and ſubmitted to the inconveniences and evils of life with patience and reſignation.

In the intercourſe of private life ſuch a man could not but engage eſteem and love. As a ſon, a huſband, a parent, a brother, and a friend, he was moſt dear and valuable. In converſation he was inſtructive and entertaining; but not chargeable with haſte and profuſion of words. Fond of gaiety and wit; but watchful againſt improper levity. His deportment and ſpeech beſpoke an unſuſpicious ſimplicity of heart, a dignified ſenſe of propriety, and a deep conviction of religious and moral obligation. So far was he from erecting himſelf into a dictator in ſociety, that he generally avoided diſputation, and maintained his opinion in the character of an inquirer, and not of a combatant. In the written controverſies in which he was engaged, he joined fairneſs with good temper, to acuteneſs and addreſs.

In the publick relations which he ſuſtained Dr. Tappan aimed to act up to the higheſt ſtandard. In the offices of a chriſtian paſtor he was diſcreet, devout, laborious, and conſcientious. His devotional addreſſes in publick and in pri-

vate, were ſolemn and affectionate. His ſermons were the reſult of cloſe thought and ſtudy. He dwelt frequently on what he deemed the peculiar doctrines of revelation; but ever ſought to repreſent them as inſtruments of moral goodneſs; and to unite the warmth of exhortation with the light of argument. He had the eloquence of a man actuated by ſolicitude for ſouls, and intent on convincing and perſuading thoſe whom he addreſſed. If his ſtyle was diffuſe, it was correct and perſpicuous—and poſſeſſed animation and glow; and his metaphors were well choſen and applied. In delivering his ſermons, a conſciouſneſs of the importance of his ſubjects to his hearers elevated his feelings, and animated his expreſſions, and ſecured to him the moſt intereſting attention. His funeral ſermons were remarkably appropriate; and his diſcourſes at ordinations were compoſed and pronounced with great energy and pathos.

In the office of profeſſor of divinity he exhibited a bright aſſemblage of the qualifications required by the ſituation. He entered into the young mind, and had a juſt comprehenſion of its movements. Not expecting youth to overlook their pleaſure in their deſire of improvement, he aimed, in his treatment of the ſeveral ſubjects of natural and revealed religion, in his publick lectures, to be full, clear, and exact, and at the ſame time entertaining; to be at once didactick and perſuaſive, profound and pleaſing. He ſought to fortify his diſciples againſt the errours and vices of the times, to put them on their guard againſt the extravagant conceits of ſkeptical philoſophy, and the pernicious tenets of libertine writers, and to bring them ſo acquainted with the foundation and principles of evangelical truth, that one claſs might be qualified to maintain their own faith, unperverted by the artifices of infidelity; and the other be able, in the character of religious teachers, with ſkill and ſucceſs, to defend and to diſpenſe the word of God. He was always eaſy of acceſs to his pupils, and delighted with every opportunity to aſſiſt and adviſe them. Young clergymen reſorted to him with confidence, as to a ſympathizing friend and a prudent counſellor.

As one of the executive government of the college, he diſcharged that truſt with great mildneſs and firmneſs. Whilſt deſirous to conciliate the good will of the ſtudents, he was uniformly faithful to his colleagues, and ſupported the diſcipline of the univerſity with ſteadineſs.

As a citizen, whilſt loyal and ſubmiſſive to legal authority, he neither poſſeſſed nor affected an indifference about the political courſe of affairs; but eſpouſed the principles of thoſe men whom he conſidered patriots, aſſociated for honeſt purpoſes, and addreſſing themſelves to the reaſon and intereſts, and not the prejudices and paſſions of the people. In conformity to ſuch principles he vindicated the rights, he unfolded the dangers, and inculcated the duties of his country, without entering into the violence of party-ſpirit, or departing, in any degree, from the decorum of his profeſſion, the dignity of his ſtation, or the charitable ſpirit of his relig-

ion. Conſidered as a miniſter, a profeſſor, a chriſtian, a man, and a patriot, Dr. Tappan occupies a high rank among thoſe, who have been ornaments of human nature, and benefactors of mankind.

His publications are numerous and uſeful, and many of them worthy of a new edition. It is to be hoped, that a ſelection from his ſermons and lectures will be printed, that the publick may derive that benefit from his labours, which accrued to his immediate pupils and occaſional hearers.

In conſequence of a feeble conſtitution, and ſevere application, Dr Tappan's health was always delicate, and often interrupted. On the firſt Lord's-day in Auguſt, 1803, having officiated both parts of the day, and adminiſtered the Lord's Supper, in Brattle-ſtreet church, he was much exhauſted; and on his return home, found himſelf quite indiſpoſed. His diſorder increaſed to a fever, which exhibited alarming appearances: Theſe appearances, however, afterwards gave way to more hopeful ſymptons, and for ſeveral days he was thought to be recovering, until about thirty hours before his death, when a change was obſerved, which ſoon indicated ſpeedy diſſolution. He received the intelligence of the deſperate nature of his caſe with ſurprize, but ſteadineſs. During the following day, and part of the night, he had the exerciſe of his faculties, and manifeſted thoſe views and diſpoſitions, which became a dying chriſtian. He declared his "hope, founded on what he conſidered the evidences of a criſtian temper in himſelf, the atonement of the Saviour, and the infinite mercy of God." He expired on Saturday morning, the 27th Auguſt.—A wife, and four children, and aged mother, brothers and other relatives, lament the loſs of a guardian, a monitor, and a friend, one who felt the bonds of kindred, and ſought the happineſs of all with whom he was connected. His funeral was attended on the following Monday with every proper mark of reſpect. Dr. Lathrop, the oldeſt miniſter of the Corporation preſent, made a ſolemn and affectionate prayer, and Mr. Holmes did great juſtice to the melancholy ſubject in a ſermon from Acts xi. 24—"For he was a good man." The excellent muſick performed by the ſtudents, accorded with the mournful occaſion. On commencement day, ſuch notice was taken of the event, as conſiſted with the duties of the day.—*Col. Cent. Vol.* 40. *No.* 2033.

THE BOTANIST. No. 8.

SUCH was the unſettled ſtate of botanical method, when *Conrad Geſner* of Switzerland turned his eye to the *flower* and *fruit*, and ſuggeſted the *firſt idea* of a ſyſtematick arrangement. It was in 1560 that Geſner propoſed to the world his idea of an arrangement from the parts of the flower and fruit. No plan however was eſtabliſhed by Geſner upon this principle; he merely ſuggeſted the idea;—but the application of it was made, twenty years after, by *Cæſalpinus*, a phyſician and profeſſor of botany at Padua, who thus favoured the world with the *firſt ſyſtem* of botany; which

occurrence marks the second grand æra in the history of this science.

It might have been expected, that a method, founded like that of Cæsalpinus upon genuine scientifick principles, would have been immediately adopted by the learned, and, in establishing itself, have totally extirpated those insufficient characters, which during so many ages had disgraced the science. The fact however is, that this system of Cæsalpinus perished almost as soon as it had existence; for with this learned physician died his plan of arrangement; and it was not till nearly a century after, that Dr. *Robert Morison* of Aberdeen, attaching himself to the principles of Gesner and Cæsalpinus, re-established their scientifick arrangement upon a solid foundation; and from being only the restorer of a system has been generally celebrated as its founder.

Imperfect as is the mode of distribution by Morison, it has furnished many useful hints to *Ray*, *Tournefort*, and *Linnæus*, those great luminaries of the science, who were not ashamed to acknowledge the obligation.*

* We mentioned in our last number Dr. *William Turner*, an English physician of singular learning, who had the honour of publishing the first botanical work in the English language. There is a copy of this curious book in the library of the university at Cambridge, bearing this title, *A new Herbal, wherein the names of herbes in Greke, Latin, Englyshe, Dutch, Frenche, and in the Potecaries and Herbaries Latin, with the properties, degrees and natural places of the same, gathered and made by William Turner Physician unto the Duke of Somersettes Grace.* Imprinted at London, anno 1551.

There are but few books in the English language, printed 250 years ago, executed with more elegance, both as it regards the numerous figures of plants, as well as the type. There were but one or two botanical books, containing figures of plants, prior to this, in Europe; yet most of Turner's wooden stamps are so well done, that the herborizer would know the plant at first glance.

'Tis pleasant to compare these first efforts of the graphick art with the splendid performances of *Miller* and *Thornton* in London, and those of the FLORA BATAVA, executed under the direction of Messrs. *Sepp* and *Kops*, at Amsterdam.

Ray proposed his method to the world in 1682. It originally consisted of twenty-five classes, two of which respect trees and shrubs, and the remaining twenty-three herbaceous plants. The distinction into herbs and trees, with which Ray's method sets out, acknowledges a different, though not more certain principle, than that of Cæsalpinus and Morison. The former, in making this distinction, had an eye with the ancients to the duration of the stem; the latter to its consistence. Ray has called in the buds as an auxiliary, and denominates trees, all such plants as bear buds; herbs, such as bear no buds. The objection, which lies against Linnæus's distinction into shrubs and trees, from the same principle, may be still more powerfully urged in the present case: for though all herbaceous plants rise without buds, all trees are not furnished with them; many of the largest trees in warm climates, and some shrubby plants in every country, being totally devoid of that scaly appearance, which constitutes the essence of a bud.

Ray allots one division to submarine plants, or such as grow at the bottom of the sea, or upon

rocks that are ſurrounded by that element. They are either of a hard ſtony nature, as the plants termed *lithophyta*, of a ſubſtance reſembling horn, as the *corallines*, or of a ſofter herbaceous texture, as the *fuci*, *ſponges*, and *ſea-moſſes*. It is curious, that the *corallines* have ſucceſſively paſſed thro' each of the three kingdoms of nature. Some have claſſed them with the *mineral* kingdom; the greater part have arranged them with *vegetables*; but naturaliſts have now demonſtrated, that they belong to the *animal* kingdom. The animality of this ſingular tribe of natural bodies was hinted at by *Imperati*, an Italian, in the year 1599, and afterwards by *Peyſſonel* in 1727; but it is to M. *Bernard Juſſieu*, a French academician, and Mr. *Ellis* of London, that we owe deciſive facts and a regular detail demonſtrating, that corallines are ramified animals. Mr. Ellis has, in his natural hiſtory of corallines, parcelled them out into their ſeveral genera, by means of fixed and invariable characters obvious in their appearance.

Ray's general hiſtory of plants contains *eighteen thouſand ſix hundred and fifty-five* ſpecies and varieties. His method was followed by *Sir Hans Sloane*, in his natural hiſtory of Jamaica; by *Petiver*, in his Britiſh herbal; by *Dillenius*, in his ſynopſis of Britiſh plants; and by *Martyn*, in his catalogue of plants that grow in the neighbourhood of Cambridge.

Dr. Herman, profeſſor of botany at Leyden, was the firſt who introduced into Holland a genuine ſyſtematick arrangement of plants from the part of fructification. Moriſon's method had been left incomplete; and Ray's, though perfect from its firſt appearance, did not all at once attract the attention of the learned, and was indeed for many years ſtudied chiefly in England, the native country of its author. Ray laboured under ſome diſadvantages; he was not a phyſician, but a divine. The defects of Ray's original method, and its *impracticability*, did not elude the obſervation of Dr. Herman. He had applied himſelf with unremitting ardour from his earlieſt years to the ſtudy of plants, had examined with attention every plan of arrangement, and had actually undertaken a long and perilous expedition into India, with the ſole view of promoting his favourite ſcience. Herman exhibited ſuch marks of unwearied diligence, that he alone, it is ſaid, reared twice as many plants in the garden at Leyden, as had been introduced by all his predeceſſors, Bontius, Clutius, Pavius, Cluſius, Vortius, Schuylius, and Syenus, put together, in the long ſpace of a hundred and fifty years. Such a man merited the applauſe of the publick, and attained it.

Dr. Herman's method conſiſts of twenty-five claſſes, which are founded upon the ſize and duration of plants; the preſence or abſence of the petals and calyx; the number of capſules, cells, and naked ſeeds; the ſubſtance of the leaves and fruit; the form and conſiſtence of the roots; the ſituation and diſpoſition of the flowers, leaves, and calyx, and figure of the fruit. The method propoſed by Herman excels all, which preceded it, in the uniformity of its claſſical characters.

The famous *Boerhaave*, the glory of the medical art, was appointed profeſſor of botany at Leyden in 1709. His method was a mixture of Ray's, Herman's, and Tournefort's. The ſubmarine and imperfect plants, which find no place in the ſyſtem of Herman, are borrowed by Boerhaave from Ray. Boerhaave's claſſes are thirty-four in number, and ſubdivide themſelves into an hundred and four ſections, which have for their characters the figure of the leaves, ſtem, calyx, petals, and ſeeds; the number of petals, ſeeds, and capſules; the ſubſtance of the leaves; the ſituation of the flowers, and their difference in point of ſex. By this method Boerhaave arranged nearly ſix thouſand plants, the produce of the botanical garden at Leyden, which he carefully ſuperintended for the ſpace of twenty years, and left to his ſucceſſor Dr. Andrien Royen in a much more flouriſhing ſtate, than he had himſelf received it.

Botanical writers were diſpoſed to walk in the track of their predeceſſors. Few had ſufficient courage to venture upon an unbeaten path. Moriſon followed Cæſalpinus; Ray improved upon Moriſon; Knaut abridged Ray; Herman formed himſelf partly on Moriſon, and partly on Ray; and Boerhaave makes Herman his guide. *Rivinus*, a profeſſor of phyſick and botany at Leipſic, was the firſt, who in 1690, relinquiſhing the purſuit of affinities, and convinced of the inſufficiency of the fruit, ſet about a method, which ſhould atone by its facility for the want of numerous relations and natural families. A method purely *artificial* appeared to Rivinus the beſt adapted for the purpoſe of vegetable arrangement. It reſts upon the equality and number of the petals; a ſyſtem no leſs admired for its ſimplicity, than for the regularity and uniformity of its plan.

The method of *Knaut*, *Ludwig*, *Pontedra*, and *Magnolius*, will be preſented in our next number in the form of a table, together with ſeveral others from Cæſalpinus to Linnæus.

The celebrity of *Tournefort* requires that we ſhould dwell a little on his hiſtory and character. *Joſeph Pitton de Tournefort* was born at Aix la Provence in 1656. He was educated in the Jeſuits' college in Aix, and like the great Boerhaave intended for a divine, but like that great man, quitted divinity for phyſick. In early life he was nearly as fond of anatomy and chemiſtry, as of botany. In 1679 he went to Montpelier, where he perfected himſelf in anatomy and phyſick. The botanick garden, eſtabliſhed in that city by Henry IV., rich as it was, could not ſatisfy his unbounded curioſity. He ranſacked all the tracts of ground within more than ten leagues of Montpelier. Then he explored the Pyrenean mountains, the Alps, and returned, examined the vegetables in Provence, Languedoc, Dauphiné, and Catalonia. He travelled through Spain and Portugal. He took his degree of doctor in phyſick in 1698, when he publiſhed his *Hiſtory of the plants, which grow about Paris, together with an account of their uſe in medicine.*

In the year 1700 Dr. Tournefort received an order from the

king to travel into Greece, Asia, and Africa, not only to discover plants, but to make observations on natural history in general, upon ancient and modern geography, and even upon the customs, religion, and commerce of the people. From this grand tour he brought home *one thousand three hundred and sixty-six* NEW species of plants, most of which ranged themselves under one or other of the six hundred seventy-three genera he had already established, and for all the rest he had only twenty-five genera to create, without being obliged to augment the number of classes. A circumstance, which sufficiently proves the advantage of a system, to which so many foreign and unexpected plants were easily reducible. When Tournefort returned to Paris he thought of resuming the practice of physick, which he had sacrificed to his botanick expedition; but experience shews us, says his biographer, *see Hist. de l'Acad. des Sciences. An.* 1708, that, in every thing depending on the taste of the publick, especially affairs of this nature, delays are dangerous. Dr. Tournefort found it difficult to resume his practice. He was at the same time professor of physick; the functions of the academy employed some of his time; the arrangement of his memoirs still more of it. This multiplicity of business affected his health, and, when in this uncomfortable state, he accidentally received a blow on his breast, which in a few months put an end to his active, useful, and honourable life, which happened in Dec. 1708.

The system of Tournefort is too extensive and intricate to allow us to give even an analysis of it. We shall exhibit a mere outline of his method, in a tabular form, in our next number; and shall only observe here, that Tournefort surpassed all his predecessors in supplying a clue to the immense labyrinth, which the vegetable kingdom exhibited to the astonished botanist. He gave the first complete regular arrangement, and cleared the way for one still greater than himself. For in 1735* rose the sun of the botanick world, LINNÆUS, of whom we have already spoken, and to whom we shall frequently advert, as the source of light and intelligence.†

* The first sketch of Linnæus's system was published in 1735, the last edition of the *Systema Vegetabilium* in 1784; the *Critica Botanica* was published in 1737; the first edition of the *Genera Plantarum* the same year, and the last in 1764; the first edition of the *Species Plantarum* in 1753, the second in 1762 and 1763.

† We have compiled this history of botany from the writings of Linnæus, from the history of the French Acad. of Sciences, from Miln, and J. J. Rousseau.

SYLVA. No. 1.

Illic purpureis tecta rosariis
Omnis fragrat humus, calthaque pinguis
Et molles violas et tenues crocos
Fundit fonticulis uda fugacibus.....PRUDENTIUS.

IRONY is a difficult rhetorical figure. It is seldom well supported through a long regular course. Burke, whose mind was excursive as light, and whose judgment was as mature, as his

fancy was prolifick, has ſhown himſelf unequal to the compoſition of an ironical eſſay. He is known to have failed in his ſhort treatiſe on natural ſociety, though he was politely flattered in its being aſcribed to lord Bolingbroke. I believe no one now reads it, except from mere curioſity; regret, that Burke ſhould have been the author, follows the peruſal, and we are forced again to recollect the inequality of intellectual powers, evidenced in Euripides, Tully, and Burke.

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I KNOW not why ſmoking a ſocial ſegar ſhould be ſeverely blamed. *Valet auctoritas doctiſſimorum hominum.* Raleigh, Barrow, T. Warton, and Parr have ſanctioned the uſe of tobacco, and the grave Dr. Johnſon had a high opinion of its ſedative qualities. It ſoothes the labours of the Lapland woodcutter, and relaxes the angry paſſions of the Turkiſh baſhaw. An Hindoo loves the pleaſant fumes of his cheroot after his religious bathing in the Ganges, and *mi Caballero Caſtellano* thinks that day a poor portion of a wretched exiſtence, in which he has not enjoyed his ſegar and *ſieſta*. Againſt the theological metaphor of king James, the diſſertation of ſhilli-ſhalli Ruſh, and the pleaſant lecture of the theoretical Waterhouſe, I confidently oppoſe the ſimilar practice of widely diſtant nations, and the authority of wit, virtue, and erudition.

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NOTHING can excuſe the want of rectitude. No ſituation in private life and no political dilemma can juſtify a departure from moral principle. Virtue and happineſs are inſeparably connected; they are like the heat and the light of the ſun, always warming, enlightening, and invigorating the habitations of man. If you can lay down in your bed each night, and according to the advice of Pythagoras review the tranſactions of the day, and find that your heart has been honeſt and pure, where is the man under the canopy of the ſky, with whom you would change ſituation? There is none. Rejoice then and be glad. Happineſs is always in your power, becauſe you can always be virtuous.

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IF you wiſh to form your ſon, or daughter, to gracefulneſs and virtue, let them read the Spectator and the Rambler, in which they will alſo diſcover ſome good poetry and much genuine criticiſm.

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EVERY art and ſcience has a peculiar phraſeology. The lawyer talks of *avowries*, *formedons*, *demurrers*, and *certioraris*; a chemiſt of *muriate of ſoda*, *oxygenous gas*, *ſepton*, and *hydrogene*; the metaphyſician aſtoniſhes us with *occult forms*, *entities*, and *realities*, *eſſence* and *identity*; whilſt the grave geometrician talks ſoberly of *trapeziums*, *aſymptotes* and *parallelopipedons*. My logical tutor puzzled me and himſelf alſo in *barbaras*, *ſapeſmos*, *concretes*, and *negatives pregnant*; the next day I had to learn from the profeſſor of anatomy the uſes and properties of what he called *aorta*, *ganglion*, *diaphragm*, *duodenum*, and *os hyoides*; and the merchant ſhould not ſmile at profeſſional pedantry, for who invented *bot-*

tomries, agios, uſances, and *hypothecations?*

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GLUTTONY is loathſome and immoral; perhaps epicuriſm is not. But exceſſive attention to the palate is certainly dangerous; it leads to many vices, it may occaſion various diſorders; and ſurely it is raſh, unſkilful, and hazardous to approach the confines of vice. Who will venture to the edge of a precipice of tremendous depth? Who can aſcertain the neareſt circle of ſafe approximation to an irreſiſtible whirlpool? Fly then from the pleaſures of the table; give no ear to the charm of the epicure, charming ever ſo ſweetly; turn from the road, that leads to the houſe of feaſting and drinking, for the wild ſtorm is over your head, and the earthquake is burſting beneath you.

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SHENSTONE's ſhort obſervations on men and manners diſcover a mind not unacquainted with the world. There is in them much good ſenſe ariſing from experience, the mother of all uſeful knowledge; and it is conveyed in ſo eaſy, unembarraſſed a ſtyle, that one might think, that he was never in debt. The Rev. Mr. Graves of Claverion, who knew him well, uſed to ſay, that Johnſon's notion of Shenſtone's continual embarraſſment from ſheriffs and writs was not true; and as that venerable pedeſtrian is now dead, we perhaps may anticipate ſome new and intereſting notices from his papers reſpecting the poetick gardener of the Leaſowes. According to Smith, to be out of debt is one of the three eſſentials of human happineſs, but from the general opinion that prevails reſpecting Shenſtone, I am afraid that he ſeldom experienced this great and enviable bleſſing. From the epithet "*irritabile,*" which Horace applies to the "*genus vatum,*" I ſhould ſuſpect, that the Roman bards were often haraſſed by their creditors; and they were probably not of a very different temper from their modern brethren, who, like Butler, Otway, Shenſtone, and Goldſmith, were eminent for poverty, peeviſhneſs, and debt.

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RELIGION is the only balm for a wounded ſpirit. It is the only ſure ſtaff for the weary traveller through this wilderneſs of miſery and ſin. What an inexpreſſible grace does it throw over the countenance and actions of its ſincere votaries? It purifies, it adorns, it ennobles our nature. By it we are lifted far above the little conſiderations of an exiſtence, ſhort as the winter twilight, and unimportant as the faint viſion of a diſtant ſtar. We are led by its influence to contemplate "the firſt good, firſt perfect, and firſt fair"; and as without the aid of a teleſcope the ſhipwrecked ſailor could never diſcern the veſſel that is to bring him relief, but might abandon himſelf to deſpair; ſo without religion, man's views would be confined to a narrow circle of melancholy incidents and thoughts; and he might reſign his mind to the dreadful idea, that the earth was his only home, and that death was an eternal ſleep. But now he ſoars in certainty to other worlds of endleſs duration,

where he ſhall join his parents and his friends in the preſence of a common God.

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I KNOW not if the commentators have well explained, "*Nutbook! Nutbook! you lie.*" 2d part of Henry 4th, in Dol Tearſheet's addreſs to the beadle. From a late "critical review" I learn, that "nutk-hut" in the language of the Bazeegurs or Nuts of Hinduſtan ſignifies "raſcal" or "blackguard"; and that it was probably introduced into England by the gypſies, between whoſe language and manners and thoſe of the Nuts a conſiderable ſimilarity has been diſcovered by Mr. Richardſon, as detailed in the 7th vol. of the Aſiatic Reſearches. This is curious and intereſting. Nothing eſcaped the all-pervading mind of Shakeſpeare. The chemiſt has melted every thing in his crucible....men, language, arts, gold, "wood, hay, and ſtubble." The enchanter had ſomething better than Aladdin's lamp. He had the hoarineſs of the ſage and the frenzy of the poet. He pierced into minuteneſs with a glaſs. He graſped extenſion at will, and remains undiſputed ſovereign in the regions of intellect.

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MR. Wilberforce has obtained ſome celebrity from his religious publication; the doctrine is however conſidered as too Calviniſtick, and does not therefore perfectly ſuit the liberality of Engliſh divines. I do not mean to diſcuſs the orthodoxy, or expedience of his ſentiments. He may be an excellent theologian; he certainly is a moſt miſerable parliamentary orator. His figure is awkward and his ſtature ſmall. He dreſſes very negligently, and looks more like a petty journeyman tailor, than a dignified repreſentative of a Britiſh parliament. He loves to hear himſelf talk; but unfortunately his hearers are not much pleaſed with him, and therefore his long preaching affords an opportunity to take a lounge in the lobby, or a diſh of tea in the coffee room. Sometimes he is not treated thus indifferently well; when the orator is tedious, as he often is, the members begin to ſcrape and ſneeze and hum gently, and blow their noſes, and though Wilberforce ſays, "I have nearly done," and though the ſpeaker calls, "order in the houſe, order at the bar, order in the gallery," yet the noiſes ſtill continue; the low voice of the honourable member is ſcarcely diſtinguiſhable; his diminutive, lean figure wriggles about; he twiſts his old hat; he ſays, "Mr. Speaker," and ſits down mortified and impotently revengeful. Mr. Pitt's tall form then riſes in majeſty; the houſe is mute as a church at midnight; the oration commences in ſimplicity, continues in a regular flow, increaſes in dignity, grandeur, and force, concludes with mighty energy and irreſiſtible effect; his friends are aſtoniſhed, and his foes are confounded.

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A CURIOUS dialogue might be compoſed between Homer and Shakeſpeare in Elyſium, as to comparative ſuperiority in the opinions of mankind. Homer ſhould allege, that Alexander placed his Iliad in the moſt precious caſket of Darius; and Shakeſpeare might declare, that

Engliſh virtuoſos have given more for a mere play-bill of his age, in hopes of important diſcovery concerning him, than European literati have given for a "*princeps editio*" of the Grecian bard.

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No complaint is more common among young men, who pretend to be learned, than that general female converſation is very inſipid, becauſe it principally turns upon weather, walking, faſhions, viſits, company, and other chit-chat. The charge is very ridiculous. Trifles compoſe the frequent buſineſs of human life. "Little things are great to little man." Politicians and ſtateſmen may alter laws and conſtitutions; but the inferiour arrangements of human life, the common incidents of domeſtick economy, the ten thouſand things of a pleaſant day ſpent in faſhionable ſociety, are important and immutable. The gentleman who can agreeably talk on all theſe minute actions and evaneſcent circumſtances, is more enviable than the ſcholar who diſcourſes about books and algebra. The former has ſilver and current money, with which he may buy oranges, nuts, and playthings for his boys and girls; the other has mines of gold in barren places, which nobody wants or cares for.

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The Greek ſcholar ſhould have in his library Bos' Ellipſes, Vigerus de Idiotiſmis, and Hoogeveen's Doctrina Particularum. Every Engliſh Cantabrigian pores over the two firſt; and the latter work, by a learned Dutchman, ſometimes perplexes the ſtudent, and aſtoniſhes the proficient. The Port Royal Greek Grammar and Scapula's Lexicon are abſolutely neceſſary for him, who digs deep into the mine. Gibbon for ſome time had only Hederic's Lexicon, but he gladly reſigned it, when he was preſented with Conſtantine's; yet this is not generally eſteemed ſo good as that of Scapula, and both are inferiour to the wonderful Theſaurus of Henry Stephens.

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The winter is gone and the pleaſant ſpring has returned. Now is the time to walk in the tender fields, or by the river ſide in dry places. In a warm day at this ſeaſon I like to pierce into the middle of a wood; to hear the ſouth wind gently ſtir the old dry leaves; and liſten to the large ground fly, as he buzzes round his winter's hole. This is to me better, than noiſe and the ſong and the midnight dance. I envy not the gay daughters of pleaſure. I love the ſcenes of nature, the freſh ſmell of morning, and on a high hill the diſtant ſounds of village labour. If then I have a good conſcience within, and Cowper in my hand, what to me are riches, honours, compliments, and fame?

THURSDAY LECTURE. No. 4.

From the Boſton Weekly Magazine, Vol. I. No. 14.

1 Cor. xv. 53. *This mortal muſt put on immortality.*

THIS to be ſure is a very extraordinary propoſition, and one which ſeverely exerciſes the mind of every rational believer. To be told, that the body of man, which is ſuſtained by food, grows

to perfection, decays, dies, and corrupts like that of other animals, will hereafter be reſuſcitated and made a glorious and incorruptible body, is a doctrine ſo contrarious to preſent obſervation, that the deiſt immediately rejects it. But the marks of authenticity and truth which it bears convict him of extreme temerity. At leaſt it merits a rigorous examination. Of all the proofs, and there are ſeveral, which are brought to its ſupport, the weightieſt and brighteſt is the reſurrection of Chriſt. This argument, which is managed with great force in the context, lies in a ſmall compaſs, and is eaſily apprehended. It is principally contained between the twelfth and twentieth verſes, and the ſum of it is this. If there ſhall be no reſurrection of the virtuous, whence the reſurrection of Jeſus Chriſt? If Jeſus Chriſt did not riſe from the dead, your faith in the goſpel is vain. If your faith in the goſpel is vain, we apoſtles are of all men the greateſt liars, and of all liars the greateſt fools. For what do we gain by our falſe teſtimony and abſurd doctrine? Mocking, ſcourgings, bonds, and impriſonment! In defence of this ſyſtem of folly and fanaticiſm, our lives are every moment in jeopardy; and we have too many reaſons to believe, that a firm adherence to our cauſe, and on this we are determined, will finally ſubject us to the ſhame, agonies, and death of our Maſter. No, chriſtians. Our cruel ſufferings and ſtill more horrid expectations prove the truth of our *teſtimony*, which proves the truth of the *goſpel*, which involves the reality of *Chriſt's reſurrection*, which proves the poſſibility and certainty of *yours*, and is the deep and immoveable foundation of your heavenly hopes.

LETTERS TO LEINWHA, No. 5.

TEACHER OF MORALITY IN THE RECESSES OF LATINQUIN, FROM A WANDERER IN THE WEST.

THE faireſt hopes of man are blaſted in a moment, and when he fancies himſelf ſecure, at the very ſummit of felicity, he is moſt in danger of being hurled from the enjoyment. While I yet write, a peſtilence deſolates the city; and thouſands are ſwept into eternity unpaid of their laſt honours! Death, who outſtrips the fleeting feet of Fear, ſeems impatient of Time, and the only conſolation left to the afflicted, is the certainty of following thoſe whom he has taken away. It would harrow up thy heart, Leinwha, ſon of Tſi-ſo-vang, to behold the exceſs of grief in thoſe, whoſe minds are not diſciplined by philoſophy, and who ſeem in their firſt paroxiſm to forget, that death is the beſt gift from heaven to man.

.....As all communication with you will be now awhile cut off, and the avenues to the city cloſed to-morrow, I am about to retire into the country; and await the return of health and tranquillity.

Farewel! May that bleſſing, of which this land is deprived, never be wanting to the friend of my boſom.

ARGENIS:

A ROMANCE, FROM THE LATIN OF BARCLAY.

Continued from Vol. I. p. 26.

AFTER this peruſal of the countenance of his new friend, Poliarchus amuſed himſelf with obſerving the pallid countenance, and diſordered hair of the lady, and gaily inquired, whether ſhe had fallen among Satyrs. "Do not imagine," ſhe anſwered with a careleſs ſmile, "that this diſorder was the effect of diſtraction. Terrour at your danger made me heedleſs of my path through the foreſt, and the oppoſing boughs unlooſed the claſp of my hair. Retire however, without indulging in converſation, to my villa, happily not far diſtant, and repoſe yourſelves after the danger of the ſea, and the fatigue of the combat." The propoſal was too grateful to be refuſed, and after collecting their ſervants, they took the path which the lady pointed out.

Poliarchus and his friend poſſeſſed thoſe kindred minds which at once baniſh reſerve; he therefore readily anſwered to his inquiries, "that he had left the royal encampment in the morning for Agrigentum, and had overtaken this lady returning from a viſit to the daughter of the king. While the attendants were careleſsly wandering in the foreſt, till he was left almoſt alone with the lady, he was ſuddenly attacked by five ruffians. Happily however," ſaid he, "I was at firſt their only object, and Timoclea's alarm being communicated to her horſe, ſhe was carried by a moſt auſpicious accident to a friend both courteous and brave. Animated by the danger, and two ſlight wounds, which were given me before I was on my guard, I diſabled two of the robbers, and the remainder fled with a timidity as diſgraceful, as their attack was unmanly."

While engaged in this converſation, they arrived at the villa of the lady, elevated on an eminence near the banks of the Himeſa. Around one ſide of the manſion wound the ſlow current of the river, and on the other appeared

——thick-woven arborets, and flowers
Imbordered on each bank,*

while the eye was delighted with the extended proſpect of the courſe of the river, the ſpreading plains, the foreſt, and the diſtant hills. The ample and regular economy diſplayed the character of the lady, whoſe ſpotleſs honour after the deceaſe of her huſband added luſtre to her anceſtry. The rapid approach of night compelled them to accept the hoſpitable offer of invitation of the lady to remain till morning. While ſupper was preparing, Poliarchus bathed his wounds in diluted vinegar, and ſoftened their irritation with oil mingled with the flowers of the Acyſon. This ſimple and unbought remedy was far more ſecure, than to confide to the mercenary ſkill of a phyſician, who often receives an iniquitous

* I ſhall be forgiven the anachroniſm of making Barclay quote Milton, when it is ſeen what a charming tranſlation theſe lines are of *arbuſtis inter ſe implicatis & lentato vimine miſcentibus nexus*, the delightfully claſſical expreſſion of the original.

reward for retarding the efforts of nature.†

When they had reclined on the couch at ſupper, Timoclea by delicate approaches inquired the name and country of her gueſt, and whether accident or deſign had brought him to the iſland. He was, he anſwered, a native of Africa; but that thoſe, who had a right to exact obedience, required him to conceal his real name under that of Archombrotus. That he had directed his courſe to Sicily from deſign, attracted by the celebrity of the court of the king. Timoclea and Poliarchus looked on each other with aſtoniſhment to hear, that with ſuch bloom of complexion, he was from Africa, and remarked with ſurprize, that he had neither the thick and protuberant lips nor the dark and hollow eyes, which diſtinguiſh its natives.

After the banquet was removed, and they had retired to reſt, Archombrotus deſired his friend to inform him from what cauſe Sicily was infeſted with robbers, who was Lycogenes from whoſe camp he ſuppoſed they had iſſued, and what was the ſtate of the kingdom in all its relations. As they were now alone, Poliarchus anſwered theſe inquiries without reſerve. "It is the tendency of ſome qualities" ſaid he, "in themſelves virtuous, to degenerate into faults, or rather ſuch qualities take the colouring of virtue or vice from accident and ſituation. Meleander, of whom you muſt have heard, holds the ſceptre of Sicily by unqueſtioned right; a man of moſt gentle affections; but ſo ignorant of the diſpoſitions of mankind, as to give indiſcriminate confidence to others, expecting from his own goodneſs to receive in return equal confidence and truth. Perhaps too unmingled proſperity has been to him a ſource of misfortune. For at the beginning of his reign, the peaceful poſſeſſion of unlimited power impaired his control of his paſſions, made him indulge in the common and almoſt venial vices of princes, and without deſtroying his reverence to virtue, leſſened his ſeverity to vice. He yielded to an immoderate paſſion for hunting, in which he diſſipated the year. He formed his friendſhips without judgment and cheriſhed them with ardour, laviſhed his revenues on the unworthy, and weary with the cares of government, committed it to the profligate. I wiſh, my friend, I could be ſilent on this ſubject; but it is better you ſhould hear theſe things from the candour of a friend, than that they ſhould reach you enlarged by rumour and diſtorted by enmity. For enemies ſeize with eagerneſs on every failing, and give it falſe and darkened ſhades.

Such are the cauſes of the misfortunes of our amiable monarch. The envy and ambition of Lycogenes has ſwelled every fault, and hung with malignant delight over every errour. The haughty conſciouſneſs of royal anceſtry makes him unwilling to move in

† It ſeems to have been the univerſal topick of merriment and ſatire to the wits of this and the ſucceeding ages to laugh at the diſciples of Hygeia. Yet, however unjuſt may be ſuch indiſcriminate ſatire, he muſt be moſt copiouſly beſprinkled with "Cimmerian dew," who does not enjoy the poignancy of Le Sage, and the vivacious ſallies of Moliere.

a ſubordinate ſphere. He is equally energetick in his deſigns and actions, and though from exquiſite artifice of gentle demeanour to the populace, yet, where he may diſplay himſelf with ſafety he is a man of unequalled ferocity, perfidy, and pride. He eaſily inſinuated himſelf into the confidence of a man of Meleander's unſuſpicious virtue, and while the king was diſſolved on the boſom of pleaſure, he diſtributed the revenues and divided the offices of ſtate among his retainers.*

* The portrait of Meleander is drawn with a maſter's pencil. The reader will perhaps enjoy theſe characters better, when he is informed that Meleander is a fictitious name for Henry III. of France, and Lycogenes for the houſe of Guiſe.

To the Editor of the Anthology.

SIR,

OBSERVING in a late number of the Anthology ſome intereſting coincidences in the cuſtoms of nations widely ſeparated from each other, I take the liberty of offering a ſimilar communication; by the inſertion of which you will oblige,

A CONSTANT READER.

MEN in eaſtern nations are extremely jealous of their ſuperiority over the female ſex; and hence it is that a man ſeldom condeſcends to eat with his wife. It is her buſineſs to ſerve her huſband at table, with all the care and aſſiduity of a ſervant; nor does ſhe find herſelf at liberty to ſit down to a meal until he has done. He never deſires her opinion, or deigns to converſe with her on the ſubject of family affairs. He ſeldom aſſigns her a taſk which may not be performed without ſtirring abroad, nor any buſineſs abroad, but what may be performed under her veil. Women in every condition of life are ſubjected to theſe regulations, and their time is employed with their children and houſehold affairs, which, however, from their plain and ſimple manners, require little application. I was ſtruck with the great ſimilarity I diſcovered in this point between the manners of the American ſavages and thoſe of the Arabs, as well as other Aſiatick tribes; a reſemblance very ſurpriſing, when we conſider the great diſtance the Arab and American are removed from each other. In America the ſavage charges himſelf with nothing but his gun, while his wife follows behind him, loaded with every article of family baggage. In Aſia it is the ſame. The ſavage entertains no converſation with his wife, nor does ſhe preſume to be preſent at any of his parties. The ſame are the manners of Syria, and indeed of the Aſiatick continent in general. In the Biſſayan iſles, and among the Marratta tribes, as well as in America, the fields of Indian corn are cultivated by the women alone. The Arab mounts his aſs, and leaves his wife with a large bundle on her head, to travel on foot. The ſavage ſits at his eaſe in his canoe, while his wife labours at the oar without complaint. It appears very remarkable, that two people inhabiting oppoſite hemiſpheres of the globe, and wholly unacquainted, ſhould ſo ſtrongly reſemble each other.

Travels round the world, in the years 1767-68-69-70 & 71, by M. De Pagé.

TO MEDICUS.

SIR,

YOU ſupport the opinion of your author in oppoſition to the "*doctrine of latent and ſenſible*," i. e. latent and ſenſible caloric, or combined and free caloric, or latent and ſenſible heat: theſe terms have been employed promiſcuouſly. Let us inveſtigate this matter.

About the year 1760 the illuſtrious *Dr. Black* made the diſcovery of the intimate combination of heat, or caloric, with certain ſubſtances, having previouſly acquired a high reputation by demonſtrating the exiſtence and properties of fixed air. Theſe two diſcoveries, ſays his biographer, "fixed air, and combined heat, gave the incitement, pointed out the road, and furniſhed the chief helps for purſuing the improvements, which have ſince been made in this intereſting branch of chemiſtry" (pneumatic chemiſtry). The truth of theſe remarks is confirmed by the great importance the French chemiſts gave to thoſe diſcoveries, and the uſe they made of them in the experiments on gazeous ſubſtances, by which they ſubverted the phlogiſtick theory.

Lavoiſier therefore commences his "elements of chemiſtry" with an explanation of the combinations of heat or caloric. "This "ſubſtance," ſays he, "being the cauſe of heat, or, in other words, the ſenſation we call *warmth* being cauſed by the accumulation of this ſubſtance, we cannot in ſtrict language diſtinguiſh it by the term *heat*; becauſe the ſame name would then, very improperly, expreſs both cauſe and effect."* "Wherefore we have diſtinguiſhed the cauſe of heat, or that exquiſitely elaſtick fluid which produces it, by the term CALORIC."

"*Free caloric* is that which is not combined in any manner with any other body."

"*Combined caloric* is that which is fixed in bodies by affinity or elective attraction, ſo as to form part of the ſubſtance of the body, even part of its ſolidity."

"*Senſible heat* is only the effect produced upon our ſentient organs by the motion or paſſage of caloric diſengaged from the ſurrounding bodies."

Thus clearly and decidedly diſtinguiſhing between heat, as a ſenſation, and heat, as a cauſe, he alſo ſhows how heat or caloric may enter into and combine with bodies; and that it does ſo, when-

* In common language the word *heat* is uſed to expreſs a ſenſation, and alſo to expreſs the cauſe of that ſenſation.—According to Johnſon, heat is 1. The ſenſation, cauſed by the approach or touch of fire. 2. The *cauſe* of the ſenſation of burning. This produces a confuſion, which is apt to miſlead unreflecting perſons, who often miſtake the effect for the cauſe. Though cuſtom has hitherto authorized this double meaning of the word, it would be better to confine it to the ſignification of one only of theſe ideas. In my humble opinion, the Reviewers would have done well to give their aſſiſtance and authority to lay aſide a term univerſally conſidered improper in the double application, and inſtead of it have adopted the word *caloric*, and *combined caloric*. The miſuſe of the word, however, does not in the leaſt affect the great doctrine of latent or combined caloric.

Girtanner injected nitrous gas into the jugular of a dog. When it came, in the courſe of circulation, to the lungs, nitrous acid was formed.

Many other experiments he made to the ſame effect. In one he proved deciſively, that the florid colour of arterial blood was not produced by the loſs of its carbon and hydrogen. For he injected *oxygen gas* into the jugular of a dog, and found, that it rendered the blood in the *right* ventricle florid, though that blood had not parted with any thing.

Theſe are ſome of the experiments in favour of the opinion, that oxygen is abſorbed by the blood in the pulmonary veſſels. I leave to you and the learned to decide, whether they are invalidated by your objection, that "the oxygen inſpired is in an aeriform ſtate."

In the laſt ſentence of the paragraph, above referred to, you aſſert that, "through the whole of the paragraph from which this queſtion is taken, there is confuſion and miſrepreſentaion." I have carefully compared it with the diſcourſe, and I believe every one, who examines candidly, will agree with me in declaring it perfectly clear, and perfectly accurate. Your aſſertion therefore deſerves to be conſidered as the offspring of an unjuſt and childiſh petulance, or elſe the "confuſion and miſrepreſentation" exiſted in your over-heated brain.

PHILO-LAVOISIER.

The following letter from a female correſpondent ſeems deſigned as a compliment to the preface of our firſt volume, which accompanied the Anthology for December laſt. We regret that our engagements forbade us to give it an earlier inſertion.

To the Editor of the Monthly Anthology.

IN ſympathy with the publick feelings we give you our private gratulations on the adoption of a being, whoſe rights to parental tenderneſs you have ſo wiſely legitimatized, and whoſe promiſe inſpires you with ſo much courage. Far from taxing you with preſumption, we honour your compaſſionate diſpoſition. We love to follow with you his future ſteps, and in fond ſpeculation behold his hoary head crowned with wiſdom. But, when we trace him through his Methuſelahian years, we cannot but tremble at the viciſſitudes he will experience from revolutions in manners, ſcience, and politicks. Yes, the child of generous ſenſibilities may become hard-hearted and churliſh in the vale of age; and the poliſhed youth, who now decks the majeſty of truth with the flowers of literature, may become, through commerce with a corrupted world, a fanatical ſcioliſt, and a pander of deſpotiſm. Amidſt the deſolation of manners and principles, which were the delight and boaſt of happier times, he may hereafter recal the feſtive ſcenes of juvenility, when he attended balls, routs, and theatrical amuſements; but will it be with the returning love of publick freedom and ſocial felicity? In ſupporting his varieties of character, will he not have forgotten the gentle courteſies of

life, and retained the corrosive remembrance merely of disappointed ambition?

It is painful, Mr. Editor, to indulge these gloomy apprehensions; yet I cannot but express a fear, lest theological sentiments are to hold only a subordinate rank in the education of your ward. It is true, in a character so necessarily mixed, and formed by various contributions of charity, we cannot expect to see features the most nicely defined. After all the ornaments of learning, sentiment, and taste, with which his fosterfather has furnished him, our stranger appears to be no other, than a citizen of this lower world, exposed to some of its most mortifying hardships, and, like the first inhabitants of Eden, to death itself. Nor should such a calamity be lamented as untimely or singular. Concerning most of the works of our fathers, we may ask, "Where are they?" And how many libraries of the ancients have perished forever!

The only character superiour to innovation and death was drawn by the hand of St. Paul. In that are combined the finest polish of courteous manners, with the bravery of a warriour and the zeal of a martyr. But his education is of an extraordinary sort, and his habits formed by a new and peculiar process. His body is nailed to a cross; his senses are mortified; his passions are under a perpetual tutorage; or, in the bold language of inspiration, *he is dead;* dead to a world of vanity, delusion, and sin. He passes, it is true, through courts and seminaries; but it is not in them he receives the rudiments of his education, or the form and complexion of his character. Strange as it may seem, he derives his birth and instructions from a world invisible and incorruptible. Thence he borrows his maxims of conduct, and there he is incorporated into the privileges of a being wholly spiritual, sublime, and immortal. In him we behold a hero, who not merely bleeds and dies, but who, until long habits have quelled the mutinies of passion and sublimated his desires, suffers a constant martyrdom. If he is prepared for conflicts, it is with "the preparations of the gospel;" if shielded for combat, it is with the unseen "breastplate of righteousness and faith;" and if he is crowned and already partaking of the greatness of his election, it is with "the hope of salvation." I am sketching the portrait of no imaginary being. I have in my mind a real person. It is he who is happy in a dungeon, because the father of lights illumes it with his support and promises. It is the exile who, forced to take the wings of the morning and fly to the uttermost parts of the earth, yet clings with confidence and joy to an omnipresent hand. It is, in short, he who feels himself respectable amidst the obloquies of the crowd, rich amidst losses, prosperous in sickness, and living in death.

CONSTANCE.

******, Jan. 25, 1805.

THE SOLDIERS: A BRITISH TALE.

Continued from p. 82.

RODOLPHO's ſervant, whoſe mind was not ſo much the ſlave of ſuperſtition as the ſoldier's, obſerved, through the half-opened door, that his maſter had changed his dreſs, and was partaking of the refreſhment on the table;—this drove the tale of his companion from his mind, and with his perſuaſion, aided by the cheering warmth of the fire, the ſoldier followed his example, and changed his clothes; comfort animated his ſpirits, ſuperſtition weakened, and with ſharpened appetites they eat the offered repaſt, and ſoon loſt their fears and fatigue in ſleep round the fire, which the negro ſupplied with freſh fuel as often as it needed.

The mind of Rodolpho was too much engaged to ſleep; the repulſive manner of the ſolitary, while he performed ſuch acts of kindneſs, was an inconſiſtency that engaged his reflections: fear never impels a generous mind to cordiality, thought our ſoldier; his countenance was unmoved at the ſight of us, our bayonets, our muſkets; his authoritative tone, and frigid look had nothing in it that implied diſmay; his conduct ſeems more the reſult of deſperation; he has fled ſociety; he is perhaps diſguſted with his ſpecies; life is not the object of his care; to take it from him would only rid him of what he values not: he has therefore given way to the urbanity of his nature, which events may have rendered obſcure, though not eradicated, and relieves thoſe whom chance may caſt within his influence regardleſs of the event.

Theſe reflections ſerved only to irritate the curioſity of Rodolpho; he longed to ſee the female whoſe harmonious voice gave harmony to the tempeſt, and created ſuch an intereſt in his feelings; to hear why a man whoſe addreſs and appearance betrayed natural politeneſs had choſen ſo complete a retirement abſtracted from ſociety: yet he could not reſolve to commence a converſation with his hoſt by aſking queſtions; it would be breaking a ſocial law which directs us, as far as our powers will admit, to return the kindneſs we receive; and to ſome characters, a compliance with their humour is the moſt acceptable return we can offer. We are more flattered by an allowance for our failings, than by applauſe for our virtues.

Rodolpho conſidered the determined taciturnity of the recluſe indicative of his humour, and remained ſilent, often looking at him, who kept his eyes fixed on the fire, except when he caſt a momentary glance at our ſoldier:—his head was uncovered, his countenance had an expreſſion of ſteraneſs, that ſeemed leſs the effect of nature than events; for ſometimes his contracted brow would relax, his features expand, to an appearance of candour, and then a ſigh, indicative of ſorrow, would heave his breaſt.

They had ſat a conſiderable time ſilent; Rodolpho took out his watch;—"It is *nine* o'clock," ſaid he; the exclamation was involuntary, the recluſe ſtarted, and caſt his eyes on our ſoldier; their eyes met—there was ſomething ſo ſorrowful and impreſſive in thoſe of the ſolitary, that diſſolved the quick ſuſceptibility of Rodolpho into a tear; the recluſe kept his eye fixed on it as it fell on the watch.

The contending feelings that paſſed in rapid ſucceſſion through his countenance and which ſeemed by his heaving breaſt to be labouring for utterance—the overflowing ſenſibility which appeared in that of Rodolpho—the ſilence of the ſcene, that was only interrupted by the ruſtling of the branches of the trees that ſurrounded the cottage, raiſed the feelings of Rodolpho to their full compaſs.

The recluſe was evidently agitated, ſome tears fell, and he appeared to be on the point of giving freedom to his labouring breaſt, when a voice, that, to the ears of Rodolpho, gave an idea of ſeraphick ſweetneſs and affection, exclaimed, "My dear uncle, what is the matter? why do you weep?" and inſtantly the form of a female, light as goſſamer, ſprang acroſs the room, fell on his neck, breathing reſponſive ſighs.

Rodolpho roſe from his ſeat, and made an involuntary exclamation of ſurpriſe; but a moment's reflection told him, to interrupt by inquiry, or to attempt conſolation, would not be an act of kindneſs.

The ſoul whoſe ſenſibilities have been long ſuppreſſed feels a ſenſation of extreme relief, when nature meliorates the nerves that were become rigid; he ſat down in ſilence viewing the female, who, in ſoft whiſpers, was comforting the recluſe:—during her tender attentions, he often kiſſed and preſſed her to his boſom.

The intellect of Rodolpho was lodged in his eye and ear. The female, while ſoothing her uncle, did not notice him; but ſhe exhibited a face and form calculated to warm the frigid breaſt of an anchorite. To nature ſhe owed all; her dreſs was in the ſimple ſtyle of a peaſant, diſtinguiſhed only by a peculiar neatneſs;—her hair flowed in all the luxuriance of nature; her employment gave an intereſt to her figure ſenſibly felt by Rodolpho.

Is there in nature a contemplation more enchanting to the mind, that can appreciate the ſweet, the tender cordialities of life, than youth conſoling the afflicted? What a magick influence does it caſt over the character of a female when we view her ſmoothing the pillar of age or ſickneſs, or endeavouring to cheer the deſponding mind with the bright colours of youthful hope; the conſolation of young and uncorrupted hearts have an harmony all their own to the ear of age. Nature ſpeaks in their voice, cheers and gently ſlopes their paſſage to the grave. And believe me, fair ones, to the eye of virtue it adorns you more than the gayeſt habit, and will yield more exquiſite delight on reflection, when the parent, the friend, or the ſtranger is departed, that the moſt refined ſcene of ſenſual enjoyment.

The recluſe gently diſengaged himſelf from the embrace of the young woman, and ſaid, "Antonia, take a chair and ſit near me;"—Rodolpho made an effort to place a ſeat, but her light and rapid movement anteceded his; ſhe obſerved it, and, ſmiling, acknowledged the *kindneſs* of his intention—ſhe ſcarcely knew the meaning of the word '*polite*,' that ſlides ſo ſmoothly off the tongue of poliſhed females, without ſpringing from the heart. Untutored nature ſpoke in her voice, whoſe *politeneſs* is a diſpoſition to be pleaſed and pleaſe.

The ſolitary recovered his ſcattered ſpirits, and fixing his eyes (that had loſt all the ſternneſs which before animated them) on our ſoldier, thus addreſſed him. ....." The reſerve of my manner, that ill accords with the hoſpitality due to a ſtranger, may have impreſſed you with an unfavourable idea of my heart, and the agitation of ſpirits you have witneſſed, given an appearance of weakneſs to my mind, that the frigid philoſopher affects to deſpiſe."

"Whilſt in the enjoyment of the comforts you have diſpenſed to me, a ſtranger," replied Rodolpho, "I ſhould not merit their experience, if I felt any other ſentiment than gratitude. I am a ſtranger, a barrier to your judging unfavourably of me, and the ſame barrier prevents my thinking of the agitation I have witneſſed (the cauſe of which I am ignorant), with any other feeling than regret, fearing its removal may be beyond my power."

"It is," replied the recluſe; "my language (vanity is dead in my heart) is not, I feel, in uniſon with the ruſtick ſimplicity of my dwelling and appearance; all to you ſeems enveloped in myſtery; a myſtery, that it may be your duty as a ſoldier, in theſe times of bloody warfare to unfold, when every man that is unarmed is eſteemed an enemy to the country to which he belongs. I am of *no* country; I *was* a citizen of the world; I am now a being, whoſe boundary is a deſert:" the recluſe pauſed, memory ſeemed to have no pleaſures for him.

Rodolpho was ſilent; every ſentiment he could have uttered would have ſeemed cold and intruſive. Antonia ſpoke not, but the mantling bluſh of her cheek, the tenderneſs of her eye, that floated in liquid amber, told her participation in the feelings of her *uncle*.

Fifteen years only had Antonia been a being of this world, freſh and blooming as the roſe of the wilderneſs where ſhe grew was her countenance; pure as the lily of the valley was her mind; nature was all alive in her heart; vivacious and tender. With the lark ſhe offered her morning oriſons to the God of day, and chaunted with the lonely Philomel her evening thanks to the ſame beneficent Being; after that, her moſt lively ſenſation was love for her uncle. Her form and manner perſonified the idea of an Arcadian, beautiful and artleſs. *(To be continued.)*

POETRY.

ORIGINAL.

DOMINUS PROVIDEBIT.

NEMO Deum vano confidens invocat ore ;
Et bene cœleſtes dextera ſancta colit,
Sic ABRAHAM fidei ſubnixus robore quondam
Præſentis ſenſit numina magna Dei.
Juſſus erat natum ſacras mactare per aras,
Matris delicias, deliciaſque patris
Quas non concepit triſti ſub pectore curas ;
Turbavit magnus territa corda dolor.
Magnus amor ſobolis, reverentia magna Jehovæ
Ambiguum mentis tunc habuêre ſenem,
Heu quid agat genitor! ſobolis num pluris amorem,
Quam ſummi faciat juſſa verenda Dei ?
Non ita ; divinæ mandata capeſſere vocis,
Mentis opus ſanctæ credidit eſſe pium,
Surgit et auriti ſuccingens corpus aſelli,
Luſtra per obſcurum devia carpit iter.
Mons erat, infigni florum veſtitus amictu,
Campus in aerio vertice planus erat ;
Quo ſimul ac ventum eſt, fundamina collocat aræ ;
Ponit et arſuris arida ligna focis.
Victima cum deſit, Pater optime, filius inſit,
Quis gladii tibi, quis fomitis uſus erit ?
Excipit hic genitor ; Domino præviſa potenti
Concidet, et laudem victima grata feret.
Dixit ; et impoſitum nodis ligat inſuper aræ,
Armaque clam trepidâ ſtringit acuta manu.
Quid cenſes animi tunc forte fuiſſe parenti ?
Jam ſpes in puero parva ſalutis erat.
Intonat excelſo cum magnus ab æthere clamor ;
Parce, pater, ſoboli, ſic volo, parce tuæ.
Nec mora : vervecem nudo Deus objicit enſi ;
Mactato peragit quo pia ſacra ſenex.
Tum nunquam Domini fidentes gratia linquit ;
Fluctibus at mediis auxiliator adeſt.
Quid tecum, Fortuna, mihi, tua projice tela,
En rebus DOMINUS providet ipſe meis ?
Providet ipſe meæ vitæ Deus atque ſaluti ;
Ille meus Dominus, ſit Deus ille meus.

L.

SPRING.

Nunc pater omnipotens fœcundis imbribus Æther
Conjugis in gremium lætæ deſcendit,———
Virg. Georg. II.

THE merry pipe, the dance, the paſt'rol lay,
The ſimple tale, and laughter-moving jeſt,
That whil'd the hour away,
Beneath the humble roof ;
And many a ruſtick ſport and rude conceit
To cheat dull winter of his iron ſway ;
Diffus'd o'er hill and green,
Now welcome Spring's return.

The burthen'd zephyr on its boſom bears
The bloſſom's perfume and the wood-land ſong,
Or, while along the lawn,
Or mead, or lengthen'd dale,
Through bending lilies as it winds its way,
Shrill Echo rouzes from her ſylvan cell,
And wakes a mingled ſound,
And joins the general joy.

Oh gleeful Spring! our groves and plains for thee
With woods and vales their richeſt livery wear ;
And o'er yon' eaſtern hill,
Refracted by the beams

From dewy tears diſperſing vapours ſhed,
See where the bright triumphal arch is rear'd,
Bedeck'd with ſprightlieſt hues,
To greet thy lov'd approach.

Now, while the ſwain aſcends his mountain ſide
To trace the orient bluſhes of the morn,
Or mark the purple gleam
O'erhang his weſtern bed;
Charm'd by the ſimple ſong and ſmiling ſcene
Let thine own breath his boſom then inſpire,
When gazing on thy charms
To bleſs the ſource of Spring.

Oft let me wander, when departing day
Juſt ſerves to guide my vagrant feet along,
Near yonder mountain's brow,
Or through its vale beneath,
And mark the lowly cot, the diſtant ſpire,
The tinkling bell, or ſhepherd's ſimple horn;
Till Evening's duſky car
Slow circle o'er the plain.

Then, when the unſeen wanderer wakes the lyre
To ſounds harmonious, ſweet as infinite,
All but the breeze be ſtill,
And Silence' ſelf attend,
Till from the eaſtern wave, that owns her charms,
The radiant Queen of Night, ſerene and mild,
Lights the fair landſcape round
With counterfeited day.

And now, while penſive as I ſtray beſide
The ſtream, that woos her image to its breaſt,
The ſylvan chauntreſs claims
Awhile my liſt'ning ear.
And oft her plaintive ditty has beguil'd
To melancholy muſing; till the dews,
Soft ſtealing, warn'd me home
To dream it o'er again.

Thus, gentle Spring, with thee the laughing year,
The loves, and graces, and the hours, are led;
And, while the ſeaſons roll,
We hail thy genial ſway.

&c.

SONG.

Tune.... "*Hollow Drum.*"

When the buſy toil of day is done,
When beneath the mountain ſinks the ſun,
Soft and fair
The vernal air,
And Echo anſwers merrily;
When I move
To meet my love
My bounding heart beats cheerily.

When the yellow moon-beams light the vale,
When the bird of ſorrow tells her tale,
Sad and low
The warbl'd wo
Sounds thro' the wild woods drearily,
Then breathe I
The tender ſigh,
While beats my heart leſs cheerily.

&c.

SELECTED.

THE CHURCH PORCH.

CONTINUED.

AFFECT in things about thee cleanlineſſe,
That all may gladly board thee, as a flowre.
Slovens take up their ſtock of noiſomneſſe
Beforehand, and anticipate their laſt houre.
Let thy mindes ſweetneſs have his operation
Upon thy body, clothes, and habitation.

In almes regard thy means, and others merit.
Think heav'n a better bargain then to give
Onely thy ſingle market-money for it:
Joyn hands with God to make a man to live.
Give to all ſomething; to a good poore man,

Till thou change names, and be where he began.

Man is God's image; but a poor man is
Chriſt's ſtamp to boot: both images regard.
God reckons for him, counts the favour his:
Write, *So much giv'n to God*; thou ſhalt be heard.
Let thy alms go before, and keep heav'ns gate
Open for thee; or both may come too late.

Reſtore to God his due in tithe and time:
A tithe purloin'd cankers the whole eſtate.
Sunday ſtudy obſerve: think, when the bells do chime,
'Tis angels muſick; therefore come not late.
God then deals bleſſings: If a king did ſo,
Who would not haſte, nay give, to ſee the ſhow.

Twice on the day his due is underſtood;
For all the week ſo oft thy food he gave thee.
Thy cheer is mended; bate not of the food,
Becauſe 'tis better, and perhaps may ſave thee.
Thwart not th' Almighty God: O be not croſſe.
Faſt when thou wilt; but then 'tis gain, not loſſe.

Though private prayer be a brave deſigne,
Yet publick hath more promiſes, more love:
And love's a weight to hearts, to eyes a ſigne.
We all are but cold ſuitours; let us move
Where it is warmeſt. Leave thy ſix and ſeven;
Pray with the moſt; for where moſt pray, is heav'n.

When once thy foot enters the church, be bare.
God is more there then thou; for thou art there.
Only by his permiſſion. Then beware,
And make thyſelf all reverence and fear.
Kneeling ne're ſpoil'd ſilk ſtocking: quit thy ſtate.
All equall are within the churches gate.

Reſort to ſermons, but to prayers moſt:
Praying's the end of preaching. O be dreſt;
Stay not for th' other pin: why, thou haſt loſt
A joy for it worth worlds. Thus hell doth jeſt
Away thy bleſſings, and extreamly flout thee,
Thy clothes being faſt, but thy ſoul looſe about thee.

In time of ſervice ſeal up both thine eyes,
And ſend them to thine heart; that ſpying ſinne,
They may weep out the ſtains by them did riſe:
Thoſe doores being ſhut, all by the eares comes in.
Who marks in church-time others ſymmetrie,
Makes all their beautie his deformitie.

Let vain or buſie thoughts have there no part:
Bring not thy plough, thy plots, thy pleaſures thither.
Chriſt purg'd his temple; ſo muſt thou thy heart.
All worldly thoughts are but theeves met together
To couzen thee. Look to thy actions well:
For churches are either our heav'n or hell.

Judge not the preacher; for he is thy Judge:
If thou miſlike him, thou conceiv'ſt him not.
God calleth preaching folly. Do not grudge
To pick out treaſures from an earthen pot.
The worſt ſpeak ſomething good: if all want ſenſe,
God takes a text, and preacheth patience.

To be continued.

THE BOSTON REVIEW,

For MARCH, 1805.

BY FAIR DISCUSSION TRUTH'S IMMORTAL KIND.....HUMPHREYS.

ARTICLE 17.

A Treatiſe on the Law of Inſurance. In four books. I. Of marine inſurances. II. Of bottomry and reſpondentia. III. Of inſurance upon lives. IV. Of inſurance againſt fire. By Samuel Marſhall, ſerjeant at law. Firſt American, from the Engliſh edition; two volumes in one. Boſton, printed by Manning & Loring for Daniel Johnſon, of Portland. 1805.

THE works of the ancient writers on the law ſo much abound in technical terms, and are ſo much broken by the repetition of quaint maxims, that though they may rouſe the attention, they will never faſcinate the love of the ſtudent. But thoſe writers were the original maſters of the profeſſion, and from their productions, as from living fountains, we may draw copious and healthful ſtreams of legal ſcience. It muſt be confeſſed, that the principal excellence of a treatiſe on the law will forever conſiſt in the fidelity with which the author reports the principles and deciſions, which belong to his ſubject. If he has with laborious reſearch ſought for truth, if he has diſcovered what was before unknown, or illuſtrated what was before imperfectly underſtood, he will by his work have rendered an acceptable ſervice to ſcience, although it ſhould be deficient in the charms of eloquence. Formerly it was ſuppoſed, that the dry and abſtract ſubjects of the law were incapable of the graces of diction: but who has read Sir William Blackſtone's *Commentaries on the Laws of England*, or the *Eſſay on the Law of Bailments*, by Sir William Jones, and will not confeſs, that they will be read both with profit and delight by the lover of refined and elegant compoſition? To give intereſt to ſuch ſubjects is, to be ſure, a difficult taſk: but ſucceſs in one inſtance proves the capacity of the ſubject to receive the impreſſion of elegance; and therefore, in future, the writer of law reports, the commentator on ſtatutes, and even the harmleſs lexicographer of the profeſſion, muſt not feel themſelves freed by their ſubject from an obſervance of the ordinary rules of criticiſm.

The ſtyle of this elementary work is clear, nervous, and elegant. The author ſees things in their native forms, and deſcribes them with admirable facility, and with juſt diſcrimination. But willing that our readers ſhould, by their own diligence and obſervation, form their opinion of the treatiſe, we ſhall proceed to ſtate, that the author treats, 1ſt, of marine inſurances, including the ſubject of bottomry and reſpondentia; 2d, of inſurances upon lives; and, 3d, of inſurances againſt loſſes by fire. The firſt chapter is intended as an intro-

pened in this reign, gave to the reviving ſpirit of commerce, a new and extraordinary impulſe. While the Portugueſe were creeping along the coaſt of Africa, and ſlowly and cautiouſly exploring a paſſage by ſea to India by the eaſt, Columbus conceived the project of ſailing thither by the weſt, and in the attempt diſcovered the Weſt Indies, and the vaſt continent of America, in the year 1492. The Portugueſe ſtill perſevered, and, in the year 1497, achieved their great deſign. Vaſques de Gama doubled the Cape of Good Hope, and opened a paſſage by ſea to India, China, and Japan. Europe now emerged out of that darkneſs, in which ſhe had been involved from the ſubverſion of the Roman empire. The arts awoke from a ſlumber of 12 centuries. So vaſt a field for foreign diſcovery and commercial enterpriſe was now opened to the view of the maritime ſtates of Europe, that the thirſt of military glory, ſo long predominant, ſoon gave place to the avidity of wealth, and a paſſion for adventure in the newly diſcovered regions. Colonization followed, and the Engliſh ſoon formed valuable ſettlements in the Eaſt and Weſt Indies, and on the continent of America.

Having traced the growth of commerce and the correſponding improvement in the marine law, the author proceeds to conſider that branch both of the law of merchants and of the marine law, which is denominated the law of inſurance, and which was borrowed by the Engliſh from the Lombards. This law is to be found "in the marine law and in the cuſtom of merchants, which may be collected 1ſt, from the ordinances of different commercial ſtates; 2d, from the treatiſes of learned authors on the ſubject of inſurance; and 3d, from judicial deciſions in this country, and others profeſſing to follow the general marine law and the law of merchants."

This author has in a ſatisfactory manner diſcuſſed in his ſecond chapter, the queſtion on the legality of inſurances on the property of the enemies of the ſtate in time of war. On the policy of ſuch contract, political writers, as well as judges among commercial ſtates, have differed in opinion. Bynkerſhoek, the eminent Dutch juriſt, condemns ſuch inſurances, as contrary both to law and to good policy. He ſays, that while they do moſt certainly extend the commerce of the enemy, it remains extremely queſtionable, whether from ſuch cuſtom more gain than loſs will reſult to the inſurers, and therefore he concludes, "quod quia hoſtibus eſt utile, et fere redundat in noſtram necem, omni ratione prohibendum eſt." Quæſt. Jur. Pub. l. i. c. 21.

In France, ſuch inſurance is unlawful. Valin, who wrote a learned commentary on the celebrated ordinance of the marine of Louis XIV. in reference to the conduct of the Engliſh, who conſtantly in the courſe of the war, which was terminated by the peace of Paris, in 1763, inſured French ſhips and cargoes, whether deſtined for France, or for her colonies, or to the ports of her allies, or to neutral ports, obſerves, "that it is true, this did not prevent our ſhips when taken, being declared good prize; but the conſequence was, that one part of that nation reſtored to us, by the effect of inſurance, what the other took from us by the rights of war."

The practice of inſuring the property of the enemies of the ſtate, in time of war, aroſe in England, rather from a notion of

policy and expedience, than from any principle of law. Lord Mansfield thought, that such insurances were, in point of law, void; but he considered that the law of England was, in this respect, impolitick and unwise, and therefore in trials on policies on enemy's property, he did all in his power to prevent, what he considered so dishonourable a defence being made.

However grateful it is to our indolence, to recline on the authority of precedents, more especially when they are fortified by great names; yet it must ever be recollected, that judicial decisions are the sentiments but of men, and that there may be incorporated in them a portion of human errour. A lawyer is bound to examine the foundation of solemn judicial decisions, and likewise the simple opinions of eminent judges; and when he finds that they were not originally supported by good reason, or that their authority has been weakened or overthrown by time, he ought with modesty, but with firmness, to state the result of his investigation. In the long list of judges, who have adorned Westminster Hall, no name is more renowned and venerable, both at home and abroad, than that of lord Mansfield. But still we heartily approve of the following observations of Mr. Marshall on the sentiment and conduct of that judge on the above subject.

From this statement of the learned judge, (Sir Dudley Ryder) it is evident that he himself doubted, at least, of the legality of insurances on enemy's property, and that the opinion which he so anxiously sought, and which lord Mansfield so studiously withheld, was, that, *in point of law*, they were void; but that he thought the law of England was, in this respect impolitick and unwise.—Entertaining this opinion, it was certainly competent to him and Sir Dudley Ryder, *as members of parliament*, to argue against the policy of the law, when the question was agitated *there*, whether these insurances should be restrained by an express statute or not; because every member of parliament has an undoubted right to call in question the wisdom, or the policy, of any rule of law, when he opposes the passing of a bill which is meant to enforce the observance of it. But to avow or insinuate, that it might, in any case, be proper for a judge to prevent a party from availing himself of an indisputable principle of law, *in a court of justice*, upon the ground of some notion of fancied policy or expedience, is a new doctrine in Westminster Hall, and has a direct tendency to render all law vague and uncertain. A rule of law once established, ought to remain the same till it be annulled by the legislature, which alone has the power to decide on the policy or expedience of repealing laws, or suffering them to remain in force. What politicians call expedience, often depends on momentary conjunctures, and is frequently nothing more than the fine-spun speculations of visionary theorists, or the suggestions of party and faction. If expedience, therefore, should ever be set up as a foundation for the judgments in Westminster-Hall, the necessary consequence must be, that as different men must often entertain different notions of expedience, that which to-day would be deemed law in one court, might be thought contrary to law to-morrow in another, or even in the same court. Indeed the learned judge himself has given us an instance of this; for he says, that *in the present war*, he thinks the insurance of enemy's property *would not be expedient*, and yet he informs us, that lord Mansfield was of opinion that it was for the interest of the country, *in his time*, to encourage such insurances.

The third chapter is occupied "on the subject matter of marine insurances." No contract of in-

ſurance is valid, which is intended to protect riſks, which are undertaken contrary to law. Becauſe an engagement to do what is unlawful, is not a contract, and can raiſe no obligation. In the words of Mr. Park, at the concluſion of his twelfth chapter, "all inſurances upon a voyage generally prohibited by law, ſuch as to an enemy's garriſon, or upon a voyage directly contrary to an expreſs act of parliament, or to royal proclamation in time of war, are abſolutely null and void." Syſtem of the Law of Marine Inſurances, p. 243.

By the law of England, an inſurance on a contraband trade is illegal, notwithſtanding the nature of the trade was known to the inſurer at the formation of the contract. At the trial, the inſurer may avail himſelf of this objection. This privilege does not proceed from any diſpoſition to favour him in preference to the inſured, but from the general policy of the law, which will not lend its aid to a man, "who founds his cauſe of action upon an immoral or an illegal act." Roccus conſiders, that the inſurer is not in ſuch caſe diſcharged, unleſs he has had no notice of the illegality of the trade. But Bynkerſhoek holds, that the contract is void, even if in the policy it were ſtated, that the goods were contraband. In ſuch caſes, the performance of the contract depends on the mere will of the parties; and "quod meræ voluntatis eſt in judicio defendi nequit."

Whether a trade prohibited by the laws of one country, may be the ſubject of a legal inſurance in another, is conſidered in this chapter; and on this queſtion there has been much difference of opinion amongſt writers on inſurance. Valin inſiſts, that an inſurance on goods prohibited by the laws of another ſtate, is valid, provided that the inſurer was appriſed of the contraband nature of the goods. According to Emerigon, goods may be inſured in France, which are contraband only with reſpect to foreign countries, provided they are not ſo by the laws of France. But Pothier, who was ſwayed by a morality much more pure and elevated, combats this opinion, and inſiſts, "that to carry on an illicit commerce in a foreign country, and to engage the ſubjects of that country to aſſiſt in ſo doing, is againſt good faith, and conſequently, a contract made to favour or protect this commerce is peculiarly unlawful, and can raiſe no obligation."

But the law of England in this reſpect pays no regard to the revenue laws of other countries. On the authority of lord Manſfield, in the caſe of Lever vs. Fletcher at N. P. after Hil. 1780. Park, 237, if an inſurer has with full knowledge of the fact, inſured a ſmuggling trade with another ſtate, it is a fair contract between the parties.

In further conſidering the ſubject matter of the contract of inſurance, Mr. Marſhall informs us, that the wages of ſeamen cannot legally be inſured. The reaſon of this prohibition, as laid down by Bynkerſhoek, is, that it will tend to ſtimulate their beſt exertions in behalf of the ſhip and voyage. This is conformable to the policy of all maritime ſtates,

which have generally not only prohibited insurance on the wages of seamen, but have enacted laws to restrain masters and owners from paying their seamen beyond seas above a certain proportion of the wages, which are then due to them. In most cases, the payment of the wages of seamen is made to depend on the successful termination of the voyage. The following case, decided in France, is quoted from Emerigon, and seems to have been adjudged upon sound principles.

A seaman, who was engaged for a voyage, while the ship was in a foreign harbour, threatened to leave her, unless his wages already earned were secured to him. The captain gave him a note, by which he undertook *to pay him his wages then due to him at all events.* The ship was afterwards taken.—The seaman, on his return to France, sued the captain on the undertaking. The captain alleged, that this undertaking was against law, and that he only gave it to prevent the seaman from deserting the ship.—This was considered as a just and proper answer to the seaman's demand, and his suit was dismissed with costs.

In England, freight may be insured, and this, according to the following passage from Roccus, Not. 96, is conformable to the practice in Italy. "Locata navi pro asportandis frumentis in civitatem Neapolis dominus ipsius se assecurari fecit pro naulis ei promissis, et dum iter faciebat dicta navis, capta fuit ab inimicis; egit locator contra assecuratores pro solutione integri nauli. Decisum per Consulatum fuisse condemnatos assecuratores ad solvendum integrum naulum in casu prædicto."

To entitle the owner, however, to recover for a loss, on a policy on freight, it must appear that, before the loss, the owner's right to freight had commenced; that is, that the ship had actually begun to earn freight, for till then the risk on freight does not commence. Therefore, if the cargo be ready to be put on board, but the ship is lost while preparing for the voyage, the insured shall not be entitled to recover for the loss of freight. But if part of the cargo be shipped, there is then an inception of the risk on freight, and the insured, upon a valued policy, shall recover for the whole freight. So, if the ship sail on her voyage to the port where she is to take in her cargo, this shall be a commencement of the risk on the freight, and if the ship be lost before her arrival at her port of loading, the insurer on the freight is liable.

It has never yet been decided in England, whether profit was *eo nomine* an insurable interest. In the case of a loss, it would be a most difficult thing to calculate the profit: and in estimating a total loss upon goods insured by an open policy, the profit has never been avowedly added, even where the loss has happened at the port of delivery.

We have now communicated to our readers the principal subjects of the three first chapters of this work, and have, by copious selections and by an analysis of some of the most interesting discussions, introduced them to an acquaintance with the style and manner of the author. If we find leisure we shall prosecute our review of this treatise, which is in our opinion well calculated to inspire a taste for the science of insurance. We recommend it to the patronage of the mercantile part of the community, and to the particular attention of law students.

To commerce we owe all the refinements and most of the con-

veniences of life. The invention of insurance affords to this source of national wealth and grandeur greater protection and encouragement, than can be derived from the establishment of numerous and powerful fleets. The study of its principles affords sincere delight and satisfaction, since they flow from the fountain of equity, and are calculated to inspire an exalted sentiment of the system of commercial law.

ART. 18.

The true reasons on which the election of a Hollis professor of divinity in Harvard college was opposed at the board of overseers, Feb. 14, 1805. By Jedidiah Morse, D.D. member of the board of overseers. Charlestown. Printed for the author. 8vo. *pp.* 28.

THE object of this pamphlet is not a little singular. It is to prove, that it was the intention of Mr. Hollis, the founder of the professorship of divinity in the university of Cambridge, to confide that office solely to one professing calvinistick sentiments; that in the late choice of a professor, no evidence has been given of his being a Calvinist; and, consequently, that the nomination of the corporation, and the confirmation of the overseers have been improper, contravening the intent of the founder, and even subversive of the tenure of the bequest.

The title is not very correct, for though the pamphlet may set forth the "true reasons" upon which Dr. Morse and some others ground their opposition, yet it will not be pretended that *all* the opponents acted under the influence of these reasons; political considerations, if we are not misinformed, were the cause of opposition with the majority.

The design of our fathers in the foundation of the university, it is justly remarked, was to give to religion the aid of learning; *Christo et Ecclesiæ* being the motto of the college arms. The principles of the founders were undoubtedly calvinistick; and of their zeal to perpetuate those principles there is sufficient proof. Mr. Hollis himself appears to have been much in the same sentiments with respect to doctrine; though we can by no means judge decisively upon that point from the extracts given by Dr. Morse. Except a general expression to Dr. Coleman, accompanying a present of the works of Calvin, "I imagine they will please you as they do me," of which we say only, *valeat quantum valere potest*, we see no expressions which an Arminian might not have used.

In his (Mr. Hollis) "Rules, Orders, and Statutes," relating to his professor, he is explicit in declaring what *shall* be his qualifications and principles, and in prescribing his duties. The *first* and *eleventh* articles declare what shall be his qualifications and principles.

I. "That the professor be a Master of Arts, and in communion with some christian church of one of the three denominations, Congregational, Presbyterian, or Baptist."

XI. "That the person, chosen from time to time to be a professor, be a man of solid learning in divinity, of *sound* or *orthodox* principles, one who is well gifted to teach, of a sober and pious life, and of a grave conversation."

The *second*, *fourth*, and *fifth* prescribe his duties.

II. "That his province be to instruct the students in the several parts of theol-

ogy, by reading a ſyſtem of *poſitive*, and a courſe of *controverſial divinity*, beginning always with a ſhort prayer."

IV. "That the profeſſor read publickly once a week upon divinity, either poſitive, controverſial, or caſuiſtical; and as often upon church hiſtory, critical expoſition of ſcripture, or Jewiſh antiquities, as the corporation with the approbation of the overſeers ſhall judge fit, always terms of vacation excepted."

V. "That the profeſſor ſet apart two or three hours one afternoon in the week to anſwer ſuch queſtions of the ſtudents, who ſhall apply to him, as refer to the ſyſtem, or controverſies of religion, or caſes of conſcience, or the ſeeming contradictions in ſcripture."

We ſubjoin here as explanatory of theſe articles (as we think Dr. M. in fairneſs ſhould have done, inſtead of chooſing to conſider it ſeparately) the "*Plan or form for the profeſſor of divinity to agree to at his inauguration.*"

"That he repeat his oaths to the civil government, that he declare it as his belief that the ſcriptures of the old and new teſtament are the only perfect rule of faith and manners, and that he promiſe to explain and open the ſcriptures to his pupils with integrity and faithfulneſs, according to the beſt light that God ſhall give him. That he promiſe to promote true piety and godlineſs by his example and inſtruction; that he conſult the good of the college and the peace of the churches of our Lord Jeſus Chriſt on all occaſions; and that he religiouſly obſerve the ſtatutes of his founder, and all ſuch other ſtatutes and orders as ſhall be made by the college not repugnant thereunto."

And here naturally comes up to view the main point in the controverſy, viz. what did Mr. Hollis mean by the phraſe in the 11th article—"*of ſound or orthodox principles?*" Did he, or did he not, mean that he ſhould be of the principles commonly denominated *calviniſtick?* Theſe words were not uſed by the founder without meaning. They were carefully examined, not only by Mr. Hollis himſelf, but by a number of the moſt learned divines, who had been educated at the firſt univerſities in Europe, and who muſt have perfectly underſtood the meaning of theſe terms. They evidently imply, that in the view of the founder, ſome ſects of chriſtians were *ſound* or *orthodox*, and that others were *unſound* or *heterodox*. The latter he meant to exclude from his profeſſorſhip. Will it be pretended that all ſects of chriſtians are orthodox; i. e. "ſound in opinion and doctrine"? It is believed no one will avow this ſentiment. Some then muſt be heterodox. But who are they? Not Calviniſts, for they are univerſally diſtinguiſhed, nay, ſometimes reproached, by the term *orthodox*. To no other ſect of chriſtians has the term ever been applied. In all eccleſiaſtical hiſtory, the doctrines which Calviniſts hold, as the truth of ſcripture, and which, for ſubſtance, are compriſed in the articles of the Church of England, and the Aſſembly's Shorter Catechiſm, in which Mr. Hollis was educated, have been denominated the *orthodox faith*, in diſtinction from the doctrines of Arminius, Arius, and Socinus, and their followers. The term has never been applied to the faith of any of theſe ſects of chriſtians.

But if a doubt remain in the mind of any perſon, as to the meaning of theſe terms in the article before us, it muſt vaniſh when it is recollected what was the religious faith of the man who uſed them. Every man has a right to explain his own language; and certainly it would be very abſurd to ſuppoſe that Mr. Hollis, by "*ſound* or *orthodox* principles," meant Arminian, Arian, or Socinian principles, which are all eſſentially different from his own. The principles of theſe ſects are the principles, beyond all reaſonable doubt, which he meant to exclude from his profeſſorſhip.

We agree that this is the main point of the controverſy, viz. Whether Mr. Hollis, by ordaining that his profeſſor ſhould be "a man of ſound or orthodox principles," meant to confine the choice excluſively to a Calviniſt; and that, not only in the firſt inſtance, but in all future elections. Dr. M. ſays, the affirmative is

certain; but this, in our opinion, he has by no means proved.

It appears indeed, with ſufficient clearneſs, what tenets Mr. Hollis conſidered as "ſound or orthodox," but it does not appear that he was guilty of the egregious folly of determining, that all electors of profeſſor, through all future time, ſhould be of preciſely the ſame opinion with himſelf. The words, we admit with Dr. M. "were not uſed without meaning." On the contrary, they appear to us the reſult of much deliberation, and to have been very happily ſelected. Mr. Hollis wiſhed to guard againſt licentiouſneſs and irregularity; he probably wiſhed alſo to avoid impoſing fetters upon the underſtandings and conſciences of his ſucceſſors; a proceeding, which his own obſervation of the ſtate of religious opinions in the circle of his particular friends muſt have proved to him both unjuſt and inefficient. He choſe therefore terms of *general ſignification*. He knew, (what Dr. M. ſeems not to recollect) that all ſects of chriſtians conſider themſelves as ſound, or, ſynonimouſly, as orthodox; and therefore left the corporation and overſeers to elect any perſon, whom they ſhould conſcientiouſly conſider as "ſound or orthodox."

This we believe was the intent of the founder, and in no other ſenſe can the words be underſtood. If Mr. Hollis meant to impoſe upon the college, at every election, a man of one particular ſet of opinions, inſtead of uſing words admitting ſuch latitude of interpretation, why did he not, as Mr. Henchman has done, make ſome ſuch article as the following..."The profeſſor of divinity ſhall profeſs and teach the principles of the chriſtian religion according to the well known confeſſion of faith drawn up by the ſynod of the churches of New-England"; or—according to the principles of the Weſtminſter confeſſion; or—according to the doctrinal articles of the church of England? The neceſſity of ſome ſuch preciſe mode of expreſſion could not have eſcaped Mr. Hollis. That he did not uſe it is very fair proof that he did not mean to tie down the electors to the excluſive choice of a calviniſtick profeſſor.

Our limits do not permit a farther inveſtigation of this ſubject. Strong proof however, if we miſtake not, may be produced; and we wiſh that ſome ſon of Harvard, zealous for the honour of his Alma Mater, would vindicate the liberality of her ſtatutes, and reſcue the character of this excellent and liberal benefactor of the univerſity from an imputation ſo diſgraceful. We have always underſtood that Mr. Hollis was a liberal-minded man. It appears, that tho' a Baptiſt, he did not require his profeſſor ſhould think with him in that particular. The learned Dr. Jeremiah Hunt was his paſtor and confidential friend, and was particularly conſulted upon the eſtabliſhment of the profeſſorſhip; Dr. Hunt, who voted againſt ſubſcribing that article of the Weſtminſter confeſſion declarative of a belief in the Trinity; who juſtly thought that the bible *only* ought to be the religion of proteſtants, and eſpecially of proteſtant diſſenters from

the eſtabliſhed church; and nobly declared, that he would ſign NO ARTICLES not expreſſed in ſcripture language. Is it probable ſuch a man would bind the electors to chooſe their profeſſor from a particular ſect, and that through every age, whatever changes of opinion might take place? Is it probable that a man, a diſſenter from the national church, itſelf diſſenting from the religion of its former days, would conceive it reaſonable to bind the moſt worthy and intelligent men of a diſtant age and country always to chooſe the inſtructor of their youth, and the father of their churches, from the narrow limits of his own ſmall ſect? The thing is not to be preſumed. The profeſſor was to declare it as his belief "that the ſcriptures of the old and new teſtament are the only perfect rule of faith and manners, and promiſe to explain and open the ſcriptures to his pupils with integrity and faithfulneſs, according"—to what? to the Weſtminſter confeſſion of faith? to the ſynod of New England? to the articles of the Engliſh church? No—"ACCORDING TO THE BEST LIGHT THAT GOD SHALL GIVE HIM."

With the preciſe ſentiments of the reſpectable man who is choſen and confirmed as profeſſor of divinity, we are unacquainted. Dr. M. complains of want of information upon this ſubject.

It was obſerved that the candidate had not been examined by the corporation, and the propriety of ſuch a procedure was doubted. The *right* to examine, indeed, was denied. The particular religious principles of the candidate, though often aſked for, were not diſcloſed, and are, it is believed, ſtill unknown to a great part of the members of the Board, except ſo far as they may be inferred from the ſilence of his friends, from negative evidence, and from his catechiſm. It was particularly aſked by one of the honourable members of the ſenate, whether the candidate was a believer in that important doctrine, the divinity of the Lord Jeſus Chriſt? The reply conveyed no preciſe or ſatisfactory anſwer on that point. While thus ignorant of the "*principles*" of the candidate, how could the board determine whether or not they were "*ſound* or *orthodox*," whatever be the meaning of theſe terms? From the catechiſm publiſhed by the candidate, it was inferred, that he was not a Calviniſt; that his ſentiments on important points, ſuch as the depravity of human nature, the impotency of man, the character of Jeſus Chriſt, and the future ſtate of the wicked, were widely different from thoſe of Dr. Watts, whoſe catechiſm he profeſſedly followed, as his "model," in compiling his own, ſo cloſely, indeed, as in general to adopt the ſame queſtions and anſwers.

It is probable the corporation and overſeers wiſely thought, that the character and principles of a candidate could be more certainly underſtood from his publick ſervices and private converſation, than from anſwers to the few queſtions which might be aſked; and were more deſirous that he ſhould be "of Chriſt," than anxious to aſcertain, whether he were excluſively "of Paul, of Apollos, or of Cephas."

Dr. M. allows that the oppoſition to Mr. Ware was reſted ſolely upon his not being proved of ſound or orthodox principles.

His character as a man, a ſcholar, and a citizen, was treated with the utmoſt reſpect. *p.* 21.

Why did not Dr. M. add—as a chriſtian; or do he and his friends think, bona fide, that a

man cannot be a good christian without being a good Calvinist?

It is proper in this place to notice a misrepresentation, which has gone abroad, in respect to the views of the minority, in opposing the election of Mr. Ware. A writer in the Anthology of February, before alluded to, would have it understood, that the election of this gentleman to the professorship, was opposed *merely* because he was not a *Calvinist*, and that this conduct is "uncandid and intolerant."

This passage we do not perfectly comprehend. If we understand the drift of Dr. M's pamphlet, it is to prove, that no one but a Calvinist is eligible to the professorship. If Dr. M. opposed the late candidate solely because he thought him ineligible according to the statutes of the founder, to *him* the charge of want of candour does not apply. Fiat justitia. But we agree with the writer of that article in styling those, who, upon other grounds, would limit the choice to a member of one particular sect, "uncandid and intolerant."

It is asserted, that Dr. Wigglesworth and his son were Calvinists. This admits of doubt. To those who choose to investigate the point, we recommend the examination of a MS. essay in the hand writing of Dr. W. sen. presented by his son to the college library. We have been informed that though a Calvinist in early life, he saw reason to change his sentiments. Several gentlemen who knew the late Dr. W. most intimately, assert positively, that *he was not* a Calvinist.*

* As Dr. M. seems to lay a stress upon an *examination* of the professor, it may be proper to state, that no examination, in his sense of the word, took place at the election of Dr. Tappan. The sentiments of an eminent clergyman must be known from the general tenour of his publick discourses; and if the boundary-lines of opinion be not in every instance distinctly marked, we know not that any injury is derived from that circumstance, either to orthodoxy or charity.

But these are matters of little importance.

The following extract from the concluding sections of the pamphlet, contains, it will be seen, charges the most severe, and insinuations the most pointed, against the electing members of the corporation and overseers. As however, in our opinion, the premises are not proved, these will drop harmless to the ground.

Telum imbelle sine ictu.

We have seen the singular anxiety and caution of Mr. Hollis by his *letters*, and by a *bond*, to secure the object of his Foundation, and to guard his professorship against errour and innovation in all future time. Now if barriers so sacred can be removed, what guard can be devised, which shall secure any bequest against violation? What assurance can any well disposed persons in future have, that any donations, they may wish to make to Harvard College, will be applied to their objects, even one century? How this will affect future benefactions it is easy to predict. What effect this change in the religious character of the professorship, and of the university will gradually and ultimately produce in the state of our churches, and on the religious and moral character of our citizens, cannot with so much certainty be foreseen. In respect to New England it is an untried experiment. God forbid, that this change should be injurious and ruinous; that in consequence, the faith of our churches should become less pure, their discipline less strict, the standard of christian morality lowered, the difference lessened between those who professedly serve God, and those who avowedly serve

him not; till at length the spirit and power of our religion shall have evaporated, and its very forms be abolished.

"For CHRIST and the CHURCH," was this ancient college founded by men, whom we delight to call our Fathers; "for CHRIST and the CHURCH" has it hitherto been cherished, instructed, and governed, by men of like christian principle and spirit; "for CHRIST and the CHURCH" oh may the God of our Fathers, who still lives and reigns, in mercy preserve it, so long as the sun and the moon shall endure!

The concluding wish we fervently reciprocate; and while men, every way so worthy as the professor elect, are chosen to the instruction and government of our university, we shall have good hopes of the spread of sound religious principles, and of the prevalence of real orthodoxy.

ART. 19.

Cautions to young persons concerning health in a publick lecture delivered at the close of the medical course in the chapel at Cambridge, Nov. 20, 1804; containing the general doctrine of chronic diseases; shewing the evil tendency of the use of tobacco upon young persons; more especially the pernicious effects of smoking cigarrs; with observations on the use of ardent and vinous spirits in general. By Benjamin Waterhouse, M. D. *&c. &c.* University Press, Cambridge. 8vo. *pp.* 32.

THE object of this lecture is sufficiently detailed in the title page. The general doctrine of chronic diseases is briefly summed up in the following paragraph.

Chronic diseases are those, that come on slowly, and continue long. We place under this head, *depraved appetite, jaundice,* and the long and gloomy train of nervous disorders. To these we may add gout, *asthma, palsy,* and *apoplexy*; as well as that imbecility or morbid derangement of the absorbent system, occasioning *dropsies*; which is accompanied by that generally depraved habit of body, known among physicians by the name of *cachexia*; all of which are owing to *chronic weakness*; the source of which is an imbecility of the digestive organs, occasioning errours in "the first concoction," which deranges the whole chain of processes, occurring between chylification and sanguification.

As this lecture was not delivered to a medical class alone, but to all the students in the university, it is possible that the professor did not think it necessary to be accurate in delivering medical opinions. Had it been otherwise, we might remark that his doctrine is more recommended by its simplicity, than by its perfect accordance with observation. That an imbecility of the digesting organs is often a predisponent cause, and that it is a frequent symptom, where it is not a cause, of chronic diseases, may be freely admitted. But if we understand rightly the reference of the words "all of which," the professor considers an imbecility of the digestive organs the source of all chronic diseases.

Dr. Waterhouse has certainly done well in exhorting young men to be temperate. Health cannot be too highly estimated; nor can the abuse or the neglect of it be too severely deprecated. We agree with him most fully in condemning the liberal use of tobacco, which fashion has introduced; but further evidence must be offered to prove us that smoking causes consumptions; or that the recent deaths in our university are fairly to be charged to this

noxious plant. Reaſons powerful and ſufficient are oppoſed to the uſe of tobacco, without ſtraining the evidence againſt it; and our duty obliges us to expreſs our diſſent to an opinion, which we do not believe to be correct.

While we cenſure ſome parts, we commend the object of the work; and recommend the peruſal of it to all claſſes of ſociety.

ART. 20.

The doctrine of predeſtination unto life explained and vindicated, in four ſermons, preached to the church of Chriſt, meeting in Brattle-ſtreet, and publiſhed at their general deſire: with ſome additional paſſages and quotations. By William Cooper, one of the paſtors of ſaid church. With a preface by the ſenior paſtors of the town of Boſton. pp. 132. Second edition. Boſton. Printed and ſold by E. Lincoln. 1804.

WE could not read the title page of this little volume without exclaiming with Tacitus, "rara temporum felicitate, ubi ſentire quæ velis, & quæ ſentias dicere licet." We may now inquire without fear, and communicate the reſults of our reſearches without ſuffering perſecution.

Referring to his text, the author obſerves,

It is here ſaid of a number of the children of men, as diſtinguiſhed from the reſt, that God has foreknown them. And this foreknowledge implies choice; his having pitched upon them to be the objects on whom his redeeming grace ſhall be glorified. *p.* 9.

And in p. 14 he ſays,

Nor is it a doctrine purely ſpeculative; no, it has powerful influence upon vital religion and practical godlineſs. It has a direct tendency to advance the glory of God's grace in our ſalvation, to humble the pride of man, to engage the love, excite the praiſes, and conſtrain the obedience of God's children.

In theſe words is compriſed his view of the doctrine of predeſtination; and of its correctneſs we muſt leave our readers to judge. The firſt pages of the work will ſecure for it the favourable reception of all the followers of Calvin; while thoſe, who admit the uſe of reaſon in their inquiries for religious truth, will be diſcouraged from entering an edifice, the veſtibule of which is enveloped in ſo thick darkneſs.*

The elect are not predeſtinated unto life, provided they perform the conditions of ſalvation, do believe in the Lord Jeſus Chriſt, and are holy, in which they are left entirely to their own will and choice. No; the predeſtination we are ſpeaking of, is no ſuch conditional, uncertain thing as this makes it to be. The objects of it are by one determinate decree appointed to a certain ſalvation, which they ſhall obtain through faith and ſanctification, which are given them in conſequence of the decree." *p.* 20.

If this be a juſt view of the chriſtian diſpenſation, why did our Saviour and his apoſtles call on *all men* to come to the knowledge of the truth and be ſaved? Why do the miniſters of this religion, in the name of their Maſter, require all men to be holy, and aſſure ſalvation to all who will comply with the conditions of its attainment? If, by an irreverſable decree, it be *perſons* who are predeſtinated, called, and choſen, and if faith and ſanctification be

* Chriſtians who are deſirous of obtaining information on this long conteſted ſubject, are adviſed to the peruſal of "A key to the apoſtolick writings," by J. Taylor of Norwich. It is contained in the 3d vol. of Watſon's tracts.

given to them in conſequence of this decree, why urge the wicked to penitence and reformation, or the good to perſeverance? Surely St. Paul has ſubjected himſelf to the imputation of abſurdity in the caution, *let him that thinketh he ſtandeth take heed leſt he fall;* and if any one has not a certainty of his election, he is very unwiſe to deny himſelf and to take up the croſs. The advocates of this interpretation of the doctrine will deny that theſe are juſt concluſions from it; but their ſimple denial proves no more than their ſimple affirmation.

Having "repreſented and ſtated the truth of the doctrine" in the firſt diſcourſe, he endeavours, in the ſecond, to "eſtabliſh the point, that a certain great and glorious number were elected by God, in his eternal counſel and purpoſe, from the reſt of fallen mankind, to be in time effectually called and juſtified, in order to their being finally brought to eternal life and glory, and this out of his mere good pleaſure, and for the praiſe of his glorious grace." *p.* 33.

The deſign of the third diſcourſe is,

To clear this truth of ſome *miſrepreſentations* made of it; and to give an anſwer to the *objections* commonly made againſt it. *p.* 74.

And it is the object of the laſt diſcourſe to expoſe

Some of the abſurd conſequences which follow upon the denial of this doctrine, and the *difficulties* with which the contrary ſcheme labours, and with which they are embarraſſed who are on the other ſide of the queſtion. *p.* 105.

We revere the memory of the venerable author of this little tract; but we think he has not obviated the "objections" which he has ſtated; nor are we leſs "*embarraſſed*" by the "*difficulties*" of his, than of the "contrary ſcheme." Though few ſubjects have been controverted with more aſperity, the language of Mr. C. is mild and gentle; and thoſe who have adopted and are determined to retain his interpretation of this doctrine, will find his book a valuable manual.

ART. 21.

The ſpeeches at full length of Mr. Van Neſs, Mr. Caines, the Attorney-General, and Gen. Hamilton, on the great cauſe of the People vs. H. Croſwell, on an indictment for a libel on Thomas Jefferſon, preſident of the United States. Hudſon, N. Y.

THE proſecution of the editor of the Waſp, for certain animadverſions in his paper againſt Mr. Jefferſon, preſident of the United States, and the very extraordinary manner in which that proſecution was conducted by the attorney-general of New York, Mr. Spencer, excited at the time an extreme degree of intereſt which this publication may ſerve to perpetuate. The remarks in the Waſp were theſe.

Holt, the editor of the Bee, ſays, "the burden of the federal ſong is, that Mr. Jefferſon paid Callender for writing againſt the late adminiſtration." This is wholly falſe. The charge is explicitly this, Jefferſon paid Callender for calling Waſhington a traitor, a robber, and a perjurer; for calling Adams a hoary-headed incendiary; and for moſt groſsly ſlandering the private characters of men, whom he well knew were virtuous. Theſe charges not a democratick editor has yet dared or ever will dare to meet in an open and manly diſcuſſion.

The indictment ſtated that Croſwell himſelf ſaid "Jefferſon paid Callender for calling," &c.; thus making that the defendant's own charge, which in fact he had merely ſtated to be the federal charge. This difference was ſuggeſted by Croſwell's counſel, but diſregarded by the judge. On the firſt hearing, at a court of general ſeſſions for Columbia county, the counſel for Croſwell moved for a continuance, on the ground that Callender, a material witneſs, was abſent. The affidavit of the party was filed, ſtating, that he expected to prove by him the truth of the charges ſet forth in the indictment; but the court overruled the application, ſaying, that in their opinion the witneſs was not material, and could not be ſworn if preſent, ſince *the truth was no juſtification on indictment for libel.* We will not here deny the correctneſs of the opinion of the honourable judge; but as in charity to the preſident we were bound to ſuppoſe the charge to have been falſe, we cannot but regret that the attorney-general, whom we underſtand to be a perſonal and political friend of the preſident, could not have been perſuaded *to diſpenſe, in this inſtance,* with the ſtrict, rigid rule of the law, and before a court of juſtice to have proved the falſehood of a charge deeply implicating the character of Mr. Jefferſon, and thus to have effaced a blot on his character that has now become indelible.

After the application was overruled the judge directed the jury, after the manner of Mansfield, "to find only the fact of the publication, and the truth of the inuendoes." The queſtion of intent and libel, or not, was "to be decided *excluſively by the court,* and *therefore it was not his duty to give them an opinion.*" The proceedings were afterwards carried by certiorari to the ſupreme court. Here a motion was made for a new trial on ſix diſtinct grounds; the firſt of which was, that the trial ought to have been put off, in order to give an opportunity to the defendant to procure the teſtimony mentioned in the affidavit. This neceſſarily involved the queſtion, whether truth be a juſtification on indictment for libel, which is really the point moſt laboured in argument by Meſſrs. Van Neſs, Harriſon, and Gen. Hamilton, for Croſwell—Mr. Caines and the Attorney-General, for the proſecution.

The argument of Mr. Van Neſs is neat, luminous, and impreſſive. Little is wanting, nothing redundant. The opening of the proſecution was aſſigned to Mr. Caines. When we obſerve that his argument covers above twenty octavo pages, our readers will perceive the firſt fault. This gentleman ſuffers for want of neatneſs and method, yet is not without eloquence. The argument of the Attorney-General and Mr. Harriſon are what might reaſonably be expected from gentlemen of their eſtabliſhed reputation for talents, learning, and forenſick elocution.

In the ſpeech of Gen. Hamilton we do not ſee that decided pre-eminence over his antagoniſts and aſſociates, which that gentleman was univerſally allowed to poſſeſs; yet we have underſtood from thoſe who were preſent at the trial, that General H. who was always "the pride

of the bar and the admiration of the court, whose apprehensions were quick as lightning, and whose developement of truth was luminous as its path," on this occasion excelled himself; and that we can form no idea of the original speech from the one which appears in the publication.

We recommend this pamphlet to our readers as a learned discussion of the common law doctrine on the subject of libels.

ART. 22.

An address to the people of Massachusetts. Boston. 8*vo. pp.* 32.
An appeal to the old whigs of New Hampshire. Portsmouth.

THESE are occasional pamphlets published for general circulation among the people previously to the election for governour in New Hampshire and Massachusetts, and written by men belonging to the two powerful parties which have long divided this country. Between the political sentiments which these writers advocate, and the characters of the gentlemen they recommend to the suffrages of their fellow citizens, there is as deep a gulf placed as there was between the rich man tormented in hell and Lazarus blessed in Abraham's bosom. Whatever satisfaction as Americans we may derive from the freedom we will enjoy of expressing our political opinions on subjects which involve the welfare and happiness of our country, in our characters as reviewers it would not become us to enter into discussions of political men or measures; but we most fervently pray that such measures may be always adopted, and such men elected to offices of honour and responsibility, as will promote the honour and glory of our country.

MONTHLY CATALOGUE
OF NEW PUBLICATIONS IN THE UNITED STATES,
FOR MARCH, 1805.

SUNT BONA, SUNT QUÆDAM MEDIOCRIA, SUNT MALA PLURA.....*MART.*

New Works.

Notes on all the books of scripture, for the use of the pulpit and private families. 8vo. vol. 4th. By Joseph Priestley, LL. D. &c. Northumberland, printed for the author, by Andrew Kennedy. The 3 first vols. were published during the years 1803 and 4. 7 dls. 50 cts. boards.

Life of Washington, vol. 3.

A selection of pleadings in civil actions subsequent to the declaration, with occasional annotations on the law of pleading. By Joseph Story. 8vo. B. B. Macanulty, Salem.

Cases argued and determined in the court for the trial of impeachments and correction of errors, in the state of New York. By Geo. Caines, counsellor at law, and reporter to the state. 8vo. J. Ripley & Co. New York.

The art of writing reduced to a plain and easy system on a plan entirely new. In seven books. By John Jenkins, writing master.

The Philadelphia Medical and Physical Journal. Part 2—Vol. 1. Collected and arranged by B. S. Barton, M. D. 1 dol. in boards. Conrad & Co. Phila.

New Editions.

1st volume Rollin's Ancient History. 12mo. Boston. Munroe & Francis. 75 cts. per vol. to subscribers. To be completed in 8 vols.

1st and 2d vols. of Gibbon's History of the decline and fall of the Roman empire. 8vo. 2 dols. per vol. to subscribers. To this American edition will

be annexed memoirs of his life. Philadelphia, Small & Co.

1ſt vol. of Orton's Expoſition. 8vo. S. Etheridge, Charleſtown. 1,75 cts. to ſubſcribers. Completed in 6 volumes.

2d vol. Scott's Commentary on the Old and New Teſtament. Philadelphia, W. W. Woodward. 6 dols. per volume. To be completed in 4 vols. 4to.

By Subſcription.

A ſtatiſtical manual for the United States of America, containing a ſeries of conciſe and comprehenſive tables, compriſing the moſt important national information attainable for a ſucceſſion of years down to the year 1805; from the moſt accurate publick and private documents extant, relative to the progreſſive rate of increaſe of theſe ſtates in their population and general wealth, and a general ſtatiſtical atlas; with notes illuſtrative and explanatory. By Samuel Blodget, jun.

Pamphlets.

Defence of Young and Minns, printers to the ſtate of Maſſachuſetts, before the committee of the houſe of repreſentatives; with an appendix, containing the debate, &c. Boſton. Gilbert & Dean.

The Philadelphia Purſuits of Literature, a ſatirical poem, by Juvenal Junius, Eſq. of New Jerſey: with copious notes. Philadelphia.

The true reaſons on which the election of a Hollis profeſſor of divinity in Harvard College was oppoſed at the board of overſeers, Feb. 14, 1805. By J. Morſe, D. D. member of the board. Charleſtown; for the author. 20 cts.

An eſſay on the modes of adjuſting particular averages, ariſing out of the caſe of Johnſton vs. Shedden. By T. Strickland of Liverpool. Philadelphia, J. Humphreys.

A Sermon on the ſecond coming of our Lord Jeſus Chriſt, and on the general or laſt judgment; delivered before both Houſes of Congreſs in the city of Waſhington, by J. Hargrove, miniſter of the New Jeruſalem church. Baltimore.

The mode and ſubjects of baptiſm examined, in ſeven ſermons. To which is added, a brief hiſtory of the baptiſts. By Daniel Merrill, A. M. paſtor of the church in Sedgwick. Boſton, Manning & Loring. 37½ cts.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

FROM BRITISH PUBLICATIONS.

Among the literary curioſities of the preſent year, the life, correſpondence, and papers of the late celebrated John Wilkes will hold a diſtinguiſhed place in the republick of letters. Mr. John Almon, author of the life of Chatham and other works, many years the publiſher and intimate of Wilkes, has obtained from his family, and from the executors of Miſs Wilkes, all the letters and literary remains of that extraordinary man. Several noblemen and gentlemen, friends of Mr. Wilkes, have alſo ſent contributions of letters and papers to enrich the propoſed work. Theſe highly curious and intereſting papers Mr. Almon intends to publiſh in four or five elegant volumes, to which he will prefix a full and accurate life of Mr. Wilkes, embelliſhed with various engravings.

The memoirs of the late Gilbert Wakefield, chiefly collected by himſelf, in two vols 8vo. were advertiſed in London for publication in Oct. laſt.

Dr. Biſſet is engaged on a novel, in which he propoſes to expoſe "the craft of methodiſm."

The publication of the memoirs of the life and writings of the Rev. Hugh Farmer may be ſoon expected. A new edition of the works of Ben Jonſon, with a life, is preparing for the preſs by a gentleman of London.

Kotzebue, having viſited Paris in the ſpring of 1804, has written an account of his journey, of which a tranſlation will ſoon appear in London.

A ſplendid work has appeared in England under the title of modern London. It conſiſts of a ſyſtematick account of the preſent ſtate of the Britiſh metropolis, illuſtrated with a great number of uncommonly beautiful engravings.

A new edition of Pope's works, with additions and new illuſtrations, is in a courſe of preparation by the Rev. Liſle Bowles, author of ſonnets, &c. &c.

William Gifford, Eſq. the tranſlator of Juvenal, has completed his prepara-

tions for a new edition of Maſſinger. A very accurate collation has been made of the early editions, which abundantly prove, that the text is exhibited in a moſt corrupt and mutilated ſtate in the publications of Coxeter and Monck Maſon. Mr. Gifford has accompanied each piece with notes, critical and illuſtrative, and ſubjoined to each play a critique on its merits and defects. Mr. Malone has communicated a curious and copious fragment of an unpubliſhed play of Maſſinger. It is only a fragment, for the bottom of each page of the manuſcript is mouldered away by length of time.

From a catalogue annexed to the Journ. Gen. de la Literature de France, it appears, that in the year 1804 there were publiſhed in France 1001 books. Of theſe 175 treated of natural hiſtory, botany, chemiſtry, phyſicks, medicine, and mathematicks; 71 of the mechanick arts, manufactures, politicks, ſtatiſticks, military tacticks, &c.; 294 belonged to the department of hiſtory, biography, geography, law, ethicks, and religion; 349 are to be claſſed under the head of belles lettres, 108 of them being tales or novels. The remaining 112 conſiſted of miſcellaneous and bibliographical works, dictionaries, &c.

A novel, from the pen of Mr. Godwin, was promiſed in London to appear before laſt chriſtmas.

A Paris paper ſays, that M. de Humbolt, correſpondent of the Inſtitute had read, at the laſt ſitting of the claſs of phyſicks and mathematicks, a third memoir on the journey he had performed with M. Bompland, in the interiour of middle America and Mexico. In the 1ſt he had traced the obſervations made in the Atlantic ocean, at the ſummit of the Peak of Teneriffe, and in the province of New Andaluſia. In the 2d he had remarked his operations in the province of Venezula, and the plains of Calobozo, where he had made ſome curious experiments on the *Synnolus electricus*. In the 3d memoir he has preſented an abridged ſummary of his navigation on the Oronooko, the Rio-Negro, and the Carliquiare, a dangerous navigation performed to determine aſtronomically the communication of the Orinaro with the river Amazon. Theſe memoirs, which compriſe every thing intereſting in thoſe countries, that relates to geography, botany, mineralogy, and the moral hiſtory of man, will be ſhortly printed. An artiſt has already commenced the engraving of ſeveral deſigns of M. de Humbolt.

AMERICAN LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

We are very glad to learn that the deſign of republiſhing Collections of the Maſſachuſetts Hiſtorical Society, which had been relinquiſhed for want of encouragement, is reſumed. The expenſe will be defrayed by the funds of the ſociety, who will truſt to the ſale of the work for a reimburſement. It is intended to reprint at preſent the three firſt volumes only, which are out of print. The firſt numbers of this valuable work, which were originally publiſhed in the American Apollo, can now be found only in the library of the ſociety, or in the few ſets owned by the members.

Propoſals have been iſſued at Portſmouth N. H. for a periodical work to be called the Piſcataqua Evangelical Magazine. This work will be under the direction of the Piſcataqua Miſſionary Society. It is to be publiſhed every two months, and each number is to contain 40 pages.

The firſt and ſecond numbers of the Aſſembly's Miſſionary Magazine have appeared at Philadelphia. It is publiſhed under the patronage of the general aſſembly of the Preſbyterian church in the United States.

The following advertiſement appeared in a late Philadelphia paper:

Dr. Rees' New Cyclopædia. Samuel F. Bradford is now preparing for the preſs, the new Cyclopædia, or univerſal Dictionary of Arts and Sciences, in twenty volumes quarto; formed upon a more enlarged plan of arrangement than the dictionary of Mr. Chambers. Comprehending the various articles of that work, with additions and improvements, together with new ſubjects of biography, geography, and hiſtory, and adapted to the preſent improved ſtate of literature and ſcience. By Abraham Rees, D. D. F. R. S. editor of the laſt edition of Chambers's Dictionary, with

the assistance of eminent professional gentlemen. Illustrated with new plates, including maps, engraved for the work by some of the most distinguished artists. The whole improved and adapted to this country by gentlemen of known abilities, by whose aid it will be rendered the most complete work of the kind that has yet appeared. A prospectus of the work will be ready in a few days.

An edition of Johnson's dictionary, abridged, including however the preface to the folio edition, is about to be published by J. Johnson, Philadelphia; to be improved by the standard of pronunciation established by Walker's dictionary; "but where words occurred, not to be found in that, (of which the instances were numerous) other sources have been investigated, particularly Marchbank's 4to edition of 1798, and the pronunciation of those words carefully regulated by Walker's directions." The editor promises that this edition in point of correctness shall have the advantage of every other.

W. W. Woodward, of Philadelphia, has issued proposals for publishing Adams's lectures on natural and experimental philosophy, revised, corrected, and considerably enlarged by Robert Patterson, professor of mathematicks and (pro tem.) teacher of natural philosophy in the university of Pennsylvania. The publisher is now waiting for a new edition of the work coming out in London, by Jones.

Proposals for publishing by subscription in monthly numbers a work entitled Amœnitates Graphicæ, or instructive and amusing collection of views, animals, plants, flowers, fruits, minerals, antiquities, costumes, and other interesting objects; carefully selected and engraved, either from drawings after nature, or from the best representations of those objects; with descriptive and explanatory sketches in English and French. The whole calculated to excite in youth of both sexes a taste for useful and ornamental knowledge, and to assist the cultivation of the same as well as the cultivation of the languages in which the sketches are written. The descriptive and explanatory part by L. H. Girardin, professor of modern languages, history and geography, in William and Mary College. The engravings by Frederick Bossler. A preliminary and separate number is already issued as a specimen of the work.—*P. Fal.*

The Literary Magazine at Philadelphia, seems to be in a state of progressive improvement, and we hope of increasing patronage.

Necrology;

OR NOTICES COLLECTED OF PERSONS RECENTLY DECEASED AT HOME AND ABROAD.

"*Blessed are the pure in heart: For they shall see God.*"

At Londonderry, N. H. on the 4th of March, Mr. DAVID ADAMS, jun. senior sophister of Harvard University, Æt. 22.

When the eminently good are removed from this world, an account of their characters becomes interesting, and may be useful not only to their friends, but to the publick.

Especially when the young, distinguished by uncommon piety, and purity of life, are taken away, an example is afforded us, which the duty we owe to heaven and ourselves directs us seriously to notice, and rightly to improve.

Seldom do we witness a life so pure, and a death so happy, as were exhibited by this truly excellent and amiable young man. Possessing the most placid and affectionate disposition, united to a strong and cultivated mind, he attracted the esteem, and conciliated the affection of all, who knew him. Distinguished by uncommonly correct principles, his life was untainted by the vices, and unspotted by the irregularities of youth.

He was a pattern to his youthful companions of regularity of life, and purity of manners; and by his excellent and seasonable advice diverted many from levity and excess.

A stranger to anger and revenge, he never knew an enemy, and never lost a friend. The constant and benignant smile on his countenance denoted the habitual serenity of his mind.

In his collegiate connections, he was reſpectable as a ſcholar, and amiable as a man, eſteemed by his inſtructors, and beloved by his claſs-mates. Their ſenſe of his merits, and affection at his death have been recently diſplayed, by a dear and intimate friend, in a juſt and affectionate tribute to his memory. Habits ſo regular and manners ſo amiable would appear to many a ſure preſage of a happy death and glorious immortality. But, while grateful to an overuling providence for preſerving him from many enormities of vice, this exemplary youth deeply felt the wickedneſs of his heart. He placed no dependence on his paſt life, but truſted in that precious blood, which only could cleanſe him from ſin, and in the influences of that bleſſed ſpirit which only could renew his heart. That he experienced the riches of divine grace through Jeſus Chriſt, his conſtant and fervent prayers, his love to God, and lively hope afford his Chriſtian friends the moſt pleaſing and ample teſtimony.

Uniformly calm and rational, no one who knew him, ever thought him bigotted or ſuperſtitious. His opinions were the reſult of an habitual and deliberate examination of the ſcriptures, and his feelings the effect of divine grace upon his heart.

The morality of his life, united to the religion of his heart, renders him a ſtriking example to youth, and eſpecially to thoſe, who knew him, and were intimately connected with him.

O may this ſolemn providence be religiouſly improved; may it arreſt the thoughtleſs, and reclaim the vicious; and may it teach thoſe, who are diſtinguiſhed by regular and moral habits, and are yet ſtrangers to holy affections, the infinite importance of an intereſt in *redeeming love*.

In England, the Moſt Rev. Father in God, Dr. John Moore, Lord Archbiſhop of Canterbury, Primate of all England, æt. 75. He is ſucceeded in his office by Dr. Sutton, late biſhop of Norwich.

ERRATA LAST MONTH.

P. 27, note *, for *Grotius de Veritate*, read *Grotius de Veritate*. For *Hindu's*, r. *Hindu chronology*. P. 68, note ‡, for *Bochartes*, r. *Bochartii Phaleg*. P. 69, l. 26, for *theſe philoſophers*, r. *their philoſophers*.

MEDICAL REPORT.

STATEMENT OF DISEASES FOR MARCH.

Some pneumonic affections have been obſerved. Rheumatiſm as uſual at this ſeaſon; and caſes of eryſipelas and of abſceſs. Icteric caſes and ſome dyſpeptic complaints begin to be ſeen. A few inſtances of typhus gravior have occurred during this month. On the whole the town is very healthy.

There exiſt a greater number of vaccinated patients than during the 2 or 3 months paſt.

STATEMENT OF BIRTHS AND DEATHS IN BOSTON IN MARCH, FROM THE RETURNS OF 18 PHYSICIANS.

BIRTHS.

Males	34	Still born . . .	6
Females	36		
Sex unreturned .	6		
Total	76		

DEATHS.	M.	F.
Aptha		1
Atrophy	1	
Convulſions, 30		1
Croup, 1		1
Conſumption, 19, 39, 42, 24, 38, 22, 64	3	4
Drowned, 7	1	
Dyſentery, 88		1
Fracture of the ſkull, 10	1	
Intemperance, 39	1	
Infantile complaints, 5*d.* 9*d.*	3	1
Pneumonia, 48, 8, 1	1	2
Scirrhus of the ſtomach, 4	1	
Scrophula, 6*m.*		1
Typhus gravior, 28, 30	3	
Typhus mitior, 6		1
	15	13
Total		28

RETURNS FROM 3 PHYSICIANS, OMITTED LAST MONTH.

BIRTHS.

Males	11	Still born . .	2
Females	8		
Total	19		

DEATHS.	M.	F.	U.
Atrophy, 79	1		
Conſumption, 17		1	
Conſequence of a burn, 4			1

METEOROLOGY from February 25 to March 25.

Day	Clock.	Barom.	Therm.	Wind.	Weather.
	8	30	37	N	A little rain and ſnow A.M.—after 3 P.M. fair and clear.
26	2	30,1	37	NE	
	8s.	30,1	34		
	10	30,2	32		
	8	30,2	33	W	Fair morning. Cloudy P. M.
27	2	30,2	49	WSW	
	8s.	30,1	38		
	10	30	36		
	8	30	38	W	Cloudy.—Fair towards ſunſet.
28	2	30	48	NW	
	8s.	30	39		
	10	30	33		
	8	30,1	32	WSW	Fair and clear.
1	2	30	49		
	8s.	30	45	W	
	10	30	36	SW	
	8	29,9	34	W	Fair and clear.
2	2	29,8	54	WSW	
	8s.	29,8	48		
	10	29,8	41	NW	
	8	29,9	41	NW	Fair and clear.
3	2	29,9	50		
	8s.	30	42		
	10	30	34		
	8	30,1	34	NW	Fair and clear.
4	2	30,1	47	SE	
	8s.	30,1	42		
	10	30,1	35	SW	
	8	30,1	36	WSW	Fair and clear.
5	2	30,1	55	SSW	
	8s.	30,1	47		
	10	30,2	37		
	8	30,2	36	S	Fair and clear. Cloudy evening.
6	2	30,2	57		
	8s.	30,2	52		
	10	30,1	47		
	8	30,1	49	S	Rain laſt night. Cloudy morning.—Fair and clear, P. M.—Cloudy evening.
7	2	30,1	60	W	
	8s.	30,1	53	SE	
	10	30,1	51		
	8	30,1	49	SSW	Cloudy. Rainy even'g.
8	2	30	57		
	8s.	30	54	S	
	10	30,1	51		
	8	30,2	50	N	Clouds and ſhowers.
9	2	30,2	46		
	8s.	30,2	44	NNE	
	10	30,2	40	NE	
	8	30,3	37	NE	Fine miſt, A. M.—Rain P. M.
10	2	30,2	37		
	8s.	30,1	37	E	
	10	30	37		
	8	29,8	35	NW	Rainy till near ſunſet. Afterwards fair.
11	2	29,7	37	N	
	8s.	29,7	38		
	10	29,8	37	SW	
	8	29,7	33	NW	Cloudy.
12	2	29,7	39		
	8s.	29,7	—	W	
	10	29,7	34		

Day.	Clock.	Barom.	Therm.	Wind.	Weather.
	8	29,8	27	W	Fair. Some clouds.
13	2	29,9	29		
	8s.	29,9	26		
	10	30	19		
	8	30,1	18	SW	Fair.
14	2	30,1	31		
	8s.	30,2	32		
	10	30,3	28		
	8	30,4	30	N	Fair.
15	2	30,3	45		
	8s.	30,3	40	S	
	10	30,2	37		
	8	30,2	38	S	Fair.
16	2	30,1	49		
	8s.	30	46	W	
	10	30,1	39		
	8	30,1	42	W	Fair.
17	2	30,2	57		
	8s.	30,2	50		
	10	30,2	46		
	8	30	46	SSW	Fair.
18	2	29,8	66		
	8s.	29,8	60		
	10	29,6	54		
	8	30	55	N	Cloudy. Rain laſt night.
19	2	30	45		
	8s.	30,1	45	NE	
	10	30,2	42		
	8	30.1	41	ENE	Miſt.
20	2	30	44		
	8s.	29,9	—		
	10	29,8	43		
	8	29,7	50	SSW	Cloudy—a little rain A.M.—Fair P.M.
21	2	29,6	63	W	
	8s.	29,6	55		
	10	29,7	49	NW	
	8	29,8	32	W	Fair and clear.
22	2	29,9	40		
	8s.	30	35	NW	
	10	30,1	29		
	8	30,2	28	NW	Fair and clear.
23	2	30,2	39	NE	
	8s.	30,2	33		
	10	30,3	27	ENE	
	8	30,3	35	SSW	Fair and clear.
24	2	30,2	41		
	8s.	30,2	37		
	10	30,1	33		
	8	30	37	SW	Fair.
25	2	30	59		
	8s.	29,9	56		
	10	29,9	47		

THE

MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY,

FOR

APRIL, 1805.

ORIGINAL CRITICISM.

FIRST CANTO OF TERRIBLE TRACTORATION.

A CONCERN for the literary reputation of our country is one of the leaſt ſuſpicious forms, in which true patriotiſm diſplays itſelf. Whoever feels this concern will not take up a poetical volume, the production of his fellow citizen, but with livelieſt emotions. Our country has its character to form. We are yet in our literary infancy, juſt "liſping in numbers," juſt preſſing, with faint and faultering voice, our new and doubtful claim to literature and ſcience. Terrible Tractoration has therefore been read with peculiar intereſt, and the general ſentiment will warrant us in ſaying, with equal ſatisfaction.

In commending CHRISTOPHER CAUSTIC, we are only ſubſcribing to the opinions, expreſſed by the people of another country. To be behind that country in our appreciation of his merits were a ſtigma; it is very pardonable to go beyond it. National vanity may be a folly; but national ingratitude is a crime. Terrible Tractoration was ſucceſsful in England on its firſt appearance, and as yet ſeems to have loſt none of its popularity. It belongs to that claſs of productions, which have the good fortune to eſcape what Johnſon angrily, but too juſtly, denominates "the general conſpiracy of human nature againſt contemporary merit." It has already been re-printed a ſecond time; the impreſſion which is read in Boſton being a reviſed and corrected copy of the ſecond London edition. The occaſion of the work ſeems to have been accidental, and its deſign, originally, nothing more than to ridicule the overglowing zeal, with which certain Engliſh phyſicians perſecuted the reputation of Perkins' metallick tractors. But the work grew beneath the author's hand. He found that *Quackery* was not confined to *Medicine*. He traced it with his eye, and followed it with his ſcourge, into the regions of Philoſophy, Natural Hiſtory, Politicks, Morality, and Poetry; till, in the end, a ſcanty newſpaper eſſay grew to be a volume of ſatire, on various ſubjects. In the proſecution of his views the author has confined himſelf to legitimate means. While purſuing humorous aſſociations he never grows intemperate, immoral, or inde-

corous. On this point he is entitled to every commendation. His wit is neither embittered with the malice of Pindar, nor corrupted with the ſenſuality of Moore.* The firſt canto, and that to which all particular remarks in this paper are confined, is entitled OURSELF !—and is, what it ſhould be, a neat and compact deſcription of the deſign of the canto. As a fair ſpecimen of the author's manner, we tranſcribe the eight firſt lines, which are neither the beſt nor the worſt to be found in it.

From garret high, with cobwebs hung,
The pooreſt wight that ever ſung,
Moſt gentle Sirs, I come before ye
To tell my lamentable ſtory.
What makes my ſorry caſe the ſadder,
I once ſtood high on Fortune's ladder;
From whence contrive the fickle Jilt did,
That your Petitioner ſhould be tilted.

In deſpite of the Muſes, who, as he chooſes to ſay, refuſe to inſpire him, he makes himſelf poetical by inhaling a quantity of Dr. Beddoes' *gaſeous oxyd of nitrogen*. This fancy gives him an opportunity of exerciſing much raillery on that boaſted catholicon. Grown giddy himſelf by this inhalation, he chooſes to conſider the poetical giddineſs of Southey as produced by the ſame cauſe; thence exculpating Apollo from having any ſhare in the inſpiration of that poet.

In the following ſtanza the author contrives to compliment himſelf, by a pretty ſucceſsful play upon words; a ſpecies of wit, at which an unfortunate attempt creates great diſguſt.

How theſe confounded gaſſes ſerve us!
But Beddoes ſays that I am nervous,
And that this oxyd gas of nitre
Is bad for ſuch a *nervous* writer!

Dr. Anderſon, in the "Recreations in Agriculture and Natural Hiſtory," had ſaid with great gravity, "that the mathematician can demonſtrate with the moſt deciſive certainty, that no fly can alight on this globe which we inhabit without communicating motion to it." This important diſcovery, and others of the ſame learned Doctor, are very properly ridiculed.

——Could tell how far a careleſs fly
Might chance to turn this globe awry,
If flitting round, in giddy circuit,
With leg or wing, he kick or jerk it.

The follies which diſgrace the affected lovers of natural hiſtory receive no ſmall ſhare of Cauſtic's deriſion. It is indeed time, high time that they were hooted from ſociety, loaded with the reprobation and contempt of every man of ſenſe. Among the crowds of men there is no one more deſpicable, than he who thinks it an object to rear a race of rabbits *with one ear*; unleſs it be another, who laments the extinction of a breed of dogs *with three legs*.

* The writer foreſees that he ſhall be charged with *puritaniſm*, for objecting to the delicious verſes of the Tranſlator of Anacreon. Be it ſo. In his opinion the author, who cannot pleaſe, without endangering the morals of his readers, had better ſtudy ethicks, than write poetry. On the reſtraints which youth, with infinite pains, impoſes on its paſſions, Mr. M. breathes the effuſions of licentious ingenuity, and they diſſolve like ſcorched flax. The aſſociation of impure, unhallowed ſentiments, with the enchanting power of genius and poetry, is one of the moſt fatal poſſible combinations againſt human happineſs.

The whimſies of St. Pierre, the deiſtical and atheiſtical ſpeculations of Darwin, that hereſiarch in poetry and philoſophy, and the fooleries of William Godwin, are aſſaulted in the canto with much ſpirit and ſucceſs. There are two ſchools in religion and literature, as well as in politicks. It is gratifying to the diſciples of the *old*, that the author of Tractoration diſplays wit, and ſenſe, and poetry on its ſide, againſt the pride and the folly, the ridicule and the ribaldry, the pitiable ignorance and the hateful malignity of philoſophiſts, deiſts, atheiſts, and reformers. He believes that the harveſt of infidelity and French *Philoſophiſm* is ſorrow and deluſion; that they who ſow the wind, ſhall thereof reap the whirlwind.

The verſification of the firſt canto is uncommonly harmonious. It might be difficult to ſelect, from the ſame compaſs of Hudibraſtick poetry, more unexceptionable lines. To ſome of the rhymes, however, aſtute criticiſm might object. *Deſcription* is made to rhyme with *ſubſcription*; *problematic* with *ſymtomatic*; *elated* with *inoculated*. In theſe caſes, the two laſt ſyllables of the words, and thoſe which form the rhyme, are not only ſimilar in ſound, but preciſely the ſame. Such rhymes may have precedents in books of authority, and in long works it may be difficult to avoid them; but to the ear of the writer of this article they give no delight; and, as no poetry can be *neutral*, they of courſe diſpleaſe. Johnſon objects to one of the epitaphs of Pope, that *light* is made to rhyme with *night*.

Nor can I ſay that I receive pleaſure from rhymes, when the correſponding ſounds are farther from the end of the line than the penult ſyllable. Therefore, when *electricity* chimes with *duplicity*, *propriety* with *ſociety*, *utility* with *perfectibility*, the pleaſure ariſing from ſimilarity of ſounds is deſtroyed. In heroicks the rule imperiouſly fixes the rhyme to the laſt ſyllable. In Hudibraſticks, a *poet's licenſe* will permit him to vibrate between the final and the penult. This, it may be ſaid, is catching at ſmall or doubtful errours. Be it ſo. But unleſs we can give form and ſubſtance to theſe, we ſhall ceaſe to be the author's critick, and become his eulogiſt.

If Terrible Tractoration be conſidered a ſatire, it is formed rather after the example of Horace, than of Juvenal and Pope. There are exceptions, but as a general rule it may be ſaid to be rather a laugh at the follies, than a cenſorious reproof of the vices of mankind. To the firſt canto this obſervation applies ſtrictly. All is gay, pleaſant, and playful. There is no angry ſatire in the poetry, no indignant declamation in the notes.

In point of ſcholarſhip, the author appears not to be deficient. In the phraſeology of Burnet, he has "laid out his learning with as much ſucceſs as he laid it in."

On opening the book one is reminded of the elegant alliterative metaphor of Sheridan, "a neat rivulet of text murmuring through a meadow of margin." This is certainly matter of queſtionable propriety, but it is the taſte of the times. Modern poets determine to be their own commentators,

and to leave nothing to the labours of a future Euſtathius, Johnſon, or Wharton. It is more eaſy to account for this practice, than to juſtify it. Modern poems are occaſional performances, deriving their incidents from particular occurrences, and full of alluſions to particular characters. The knowledge of ſuch incidents and characters, neceſſarily confined to a ſmall circle, muſt be generally circulated, before the poem can be read with general pleaſure.

The notes, which conſtitute the bulk of the volume, partake of the ſpirit of the poetry. In general they are ſprightly, appropriate, and occaſionally abounding with poignant irony. It is poſſible they contain ſome levities of expreſſion, not unexceptionable, even in this ſort of compoſition. To call the moon "miſs Luna," or the propheteſs "miſs Sybil," requires no part of the wit of Chriſtopher Cauſtic. Such ſophomorical aſſociations are made by any body. To ſpeak, too, of a "comet's taking it into its head," is frivolous, if not flat; and ſo, I imagine, is the imitation of a drunken man, by ſplitting the words he is made to uſe. *Homer ſometimes dozes.* On the whole, Terrible Tractoration is a work which does honour to its author, and goes far towards refuting the ſlanders on American genius.

D. W.

OBSERVATIONS ON THE LITERARY MISCELLANY.

IT has been often remarked, that periodical publications, more than any other, contribute toward forming the manners of a people. Their ſize is commonly ſuch, that they are eaſily diffuſed, and for the ſake of their novelty they are eagerly read. The papers of Addiſon, as Dr. Johnſon informs us, added not a little to the civility of England; and in our own country, where every man may procure a newſpaper, every man thinks himſelf a patriot and a politician. Until within the laſt year the only periodical publication of much literary merit, circulating in New England, was the Port Folio, and to the taſte and talents of the editor of that paper we gladly take this opportunity of paying our tribute of reſpect.—Three numbers of the Literary Miſcellany have however lately appeared, and, as being native among us, they claim particular notice. The general character of this work ſeems to be, that it is conducted with ſome ability, but that it is deficient in exciting intereſt or affording amuſement. Its merit indeed is very unequal, but we may form ſome eſtimation of it from an examination of the ſeveral pieces contained in the laſt number, the character of which is very ſimilar to that of the two preceding. In the following obſervations we may not however confine ourſelves ſtrictly to theſe, but if we find occaſion, refer to thoſe which have before been publiſhed.

It is a bad omen to ſtumble at the threſhold. We are perhaps wrong in complaining of want of amuſement; for one muſt be very dull to read ſoberly, and ſomewhat illnatured to read with a ſneer, rather than a ſmile, the wild

conjectures and curious obſervations, that he may find in the firſt piece, which this third number contains, the title of which is Primitive Hiſtory. It would at leaſt have been proper for the author to explain more fully, where he made his novel diſcoveries, what Terra Auſtralis Incognita of Literature he may have been exploring; or to ſpeak ſeriouſly, how he eſtabliſhed the identity of the perſons and places mentioned by different names in the Hindoo books and in the ſacred ſcriptures. Until this is done, common readers may perhaps believe him to have been *wiſe above what is written.*— The following conjectures are perhaps as curious, as any ever ſpied out by the ſharpened eye of an Antiquarian.

"We regret," ſays the author, (p. 111. No. 11.) "that we have no other means to fix their reſidence [that of three ſons of Enoch] but a reſemblance of names, as this alone is the leaſt ſatisfactory of all evidence. Such as it is, we give the reader our opinion and leave the narrative to ſupport it. Tamaſa the eldeſt ſettled in Great Britain, and gave his name to the principal river in that iſland. Raviata ſettled in the upper part of Italy. His country was called Rhoetia, and his city Reatè. Ultama went to Greece and built a town to which he gave his own name, but his poſtdiluvian ſucceſſors corrupted it to Athenæ."

Is it not allowable to parody the advice of the friend of Pope, and to entreat of the author to **write next winter* more commentaries on the revelations?

From Antediluvian Hiſtory we turn with pleaſure to the third number of Literary Diſſertations, which contains information, to many new, and which to ſome may be uſeful. In this age, however fond of novelty, and which retains ſo little of the perſevering induſtry of former times, we join with the author in his deſpair of being able to recal attention to the ſeverer ſtudies of Jewiſh literature, even though theſe ſtudies may tend to illuſtrate the Book of Life.

We proceed to the "Retroſpect of the eighteenth century," written in a ſtyle, which has ſome reſemblance to that, which the ancients called the Aſiatic, but which has ſo long been the diſgrace of our country, that it may now with unfortunate propriety be denominated the † American; a ſtyle, which may be well deſcribed, in the words of Petronius, as being "rerum tumore et ſententiarum vaniſſimo ſtrepitu." When the editors of the Miſcellany again convene, we could almoſt wiſh them, if the author ſhould offer to write once more, with Roman ſtrictneſs to iſſue a mandate—"I lictor colliga manus."

The biography of Barthelemy is undoubtedly intereſting, but we believe the tranſlator to miſtake, when he "preſumes [that] it has not yet appeared in our language." An Engliſh edition (as mentioned in the Monthly Review No. 5. v. 40, p. 342.) was in the preſs in 1803.

Of the View of literature in Germany the matter is curious and the manner elegant. What has been ſaid of Gibbon is however in ſome degree applicable to its author. He conveys knowl-

* Alas, alas, pray end what you began,
And write next winter more Eſſays on man. *Epig. to Sat. Dial.* 2.

† See Review of Auſtin's Letters in the number of the Lit. Miſcel. which we are conſidering, p. 268.

edge rather by intimation, than by direct intelligence.

To this succeeds "The Examination of Modern Ethics," from a publication of Dr. Parr.* Not being original, it is not a proper subject of our criticism. We think however that no little praise is due to the good taste discovered by its selection.

The "Memoir respecting the union of the Swiss Cantons," is we fear to many readers not very interesting; for the learned it will not instruct, and the ignorant it will not amuse. It is too common for those who form abridgements of history, instead of delineating the motives and consequences of actions, to give only a dry detail of facts; instead of producing a miniature, to pack up a skeleton. We do not mean however to apply this observation in full force to the piece before us, and for ourselves we think, that if it were sufficiently *relieved* by others of a lighter and more amusing kind, it would be a valuable part of the compilation.

In the remarks on Charles I. there is little novelty, but much elegance.

We now come to the third of a series of letters of advice to a student of Harvard University. Advice is in general sufficiently disgusting, and we cannot compliment the author of these letters as alluring his disciples to drink the bitter draught from his cup by the honey on its brim,

—veluti pueris absinthia tetra medentes
Cum dare conantur.—

The language is harsh, and the sentiments are common. That meditation is equally important with reading; that many waste precious hours by devoting more time to sleep, than nature requires; that diligence and method are necessary to success in study; that no person without diligent study ever attained high eminence in science; that social intercourse with literary friends is both useful and pleasant; and that even vacations are not to be misspent; are certainly truths, but truths of which very few need information. To all the sentiments contained in this letter we cannot however so readily assent, nor would we advise any student, however much he may be dissatisfied by the interruption of a visitant, to endeavour to force him away by refusing to join in his conversation. We may assist the weak and improve the idle; we may benefit those, by whom we cannot be benefited.

At the following very grave remark one can hardly avoid smiling: p. 259, "Beside diligence, you must employ method in study, would you improve time to the most valuable purpose. Method was with great propriety denominated by the ancients the soul of science."

There is in Shakespeare what may be esteemed a parallel passage.

"The heathen philosopher, (says Touchstone) when he had a desire to eat a grape, would open his lips, when he put it into his mouth; meaning thereby, that grapes were made to eat, and lips to open."

Either truth, we believe, might have been credited without the sanction of antiquity.

Though this letter contains a

* The writer mistakes. The "Examination" was not written by Dr. Parr, but by Thos. Green, Esq. whose name is prefixed to a 2d edition of the work. *Ed.*

number of quotations we do not think any of them very happily introduced. A quotation is seldom elegant without it be at the same time an allusion or metaphor, without the ideas which it contains be placed in a new light, "parcè detorta;" and its meaning somewhat altered by a new connection. The following passage from the Anatomy of Melancholy is a very fine example of the metaphorical use of quotation.

"I may not deny," says Burton speaking of the English gentry, "but that we have here and there one excellently well learned.

Apparent rari nantes in gurgite vasto.

but they are few in respect of the multitude."

This is something like the situation of the learned men in our country.

We are pleased with the information and ingenuity of the author of the short piece on the Patronage of Genius. We cannot however with him think it questionable "whether neglect [he particularly refers to our own country] has that deleterious influence on the progress of genius, which it has been so fashionable to suppose." In our land, merely as a man of literature and genius, it is impossible to find maintenance; nor are there, in any of our colleges, establishments for the support of those, who may be willing to devote their time to studious exertion; and the contemptible state of the literature of our country is to be attributed to the consequent want of leisure in those, who might cultivate it, unless we are indeed that degenerate race, which some Europeans have been willing to believe. The men of literature in this land do not claim reward for their labours, but merely compensation; we will endure, they might say in expostulating with their country, *toil, envy, want,* and a *patron,* if we may escape a *jail*; we ask not for places, where to repose, but for shelter, where to labour.

The reviews, which conclude the prose of this number, are in general well written. The merit of the first of these may preserve for some time the perishable remembrance of the "Letters from London." We perceive that its author has preoccupied one of our foregoing remarks with respect to "inflation of manner being characteristick of American composition."

There is but one poetical production in this number, the design of the author of which appears to have been so worthy of praise, that we are unwilling to treat its performance with much severity. With the following passage however we were very little pleased. Neither contempt nor indignation are expressed by railing.

Yet some there are, whose vile polluted hearts,
To ease the torturing dread of just desert,
Persuade their dupish, menial heads to think,
That o'er creation there presides no God.

Neither do we think the following attempt at sublimity very successful.

Thou then shalt calmly hear the thundering sound
Of suns and systems tumbling into chaos.

As latin poetry of our own growth is so rare as to be a curiosity; the reader of the second number of the Miscellany will be attracted by the title "Epigramma

de Variola Vaccina."* This Epigram, however, the lines of which are collected from the commendatory verſes prefixed to Cheyne's Eſſay on Health and Long Life, ſhould not have been publiſhed as original. It bears marks of forcible avulſion;

—pellit triſtis ſimulacra fugacia ſpectri,

though an appropriate compliment to the combatant of the "Engliſh malady," is not very applicable to the ſubject of preſent praiſe.

We now conclude our remarks on the Miſcellany, written not with any deſign to injure its reputation, but with the moſt ſincere deſire to promote its future reſpectability. It cannot now claim but we hope it may ſoon the character deſcribed in the verſe of Johnſon,

Non ulla Muſis pagina gratior,
Quam quæ ſeveris ludicra jungere,
Novit, fatigatamque nugis
Utilibus recreare mentem.

* We were ſorry to diſcover in the firſt line of this ſhort piece two inſtances of falſe quantity. *Ed.*

THE THEOLOGIST. No. 4.

COINCIDENCES BETWEEN NATURAL AND REVEALED RELIGION.

THE chriſtian diſpenſation has been repreſented as a reſtoration of truths which were once poſſeſſed by mankind, but which in ſucceſſive ages became corrupted and loſt; as an improvement or perfection of natural religion. This in part is correct; but conſidered as a complete view of the goſpel, it is a falſe and very dangerous ſentiment, contradicted not only by the goſpel, but by the hiſtories of every age and nation by which it was preceded.

Natural religion is that knowledge of God, of the duties of man, and of a future ſtate, which reaſon may attain by its own reſearches. This definition would be admitted by one, who denied the neceſſity and advantages of a revelation. To aſcertain of what reaſon is capable, we muſt recur to countries which have not been favoured with a revelation; or if it be found that, in every ancient nation in which reaſon has been improved, there have ever remained ſome fragments of a revelation which was was once enjoyed, it will perhaps be acknowledged, that the extent of diſcoveries which might be made by reaſon, unaſſiſted by revelation, muſt forever baffle the moſt accurate inveſtigation. Conſtituted as man is at preſent, it cannot be doubted, even if there had been no ſupernatural communications of divine truth, that ſome knowledge would have been acquired of that *great agent*, by whom the univerſe was framed and is governed. We have the higheſt authority to ſanction the aſſertion, that many of the inviſible things of God *from the creation of the world* are clearly ſeen, being underſtood by the things which are made; but it is as true that eye hath not ſeen nor ear heard, neither had nor could it have entered into the heart of man to conceive, the things which God hath prepared for thoſe who love him, which things he revealed to the apoſtles by his ſpirit.

What would be that acquaintance with the Deity which reaſon might acquire, would depend on the degree of its improvement. If we imagine a ſociety poſſeſſed

of all that knowledge of nature which is now attained, unbiaſſed by contradictory prejudices of education, and uncorrupted by vicious affections and habits, we may reaſonably ſuppoſe that they would arrive at the moſt correct ſentiments of the divine Being. By following the chain of cauſes and effects, they would naturally and eaſily aſcend to the throne of the Almighty. But, in proportion as this knowledge was reſtricted within more narrow limits, they would as neceſſarily ſtop at the higheſt cauſe which they could diſcern. In a reflecting mind it therefore excites no ſurpriſe, that the ſun has been an object of worſhip in one nation, in another a river, and in a third whatever has been found by experience to be moſt beneficial or hurtful. Reaſon dictates the duty of homage to ſome ſuperiour power. By revelation we are inſtructed that this power is God.

This is an intereſting coincidence, and forcefully illuſtrates one of the benefits derived from revelation. It is not credible that the moſt ignorant ſavage, when he kneels before his idol, believes the wood or ſtone, or metalick ſubſtance, to be a god; but rather the ſymbol or repreſentation of a being whom he fears or loves. The ox and other conſecrated animals, the ſun and ſacred fire, the ſtatue of Jupiter and the negro *fetiche*, were emblems of an incomprehenſible intelligence, and only mediums of worſhip. By revelation we are made acquainted with the character and agency of God, and taught to worſhip him in *ſpirit and in truth*. The duty of religious homage may therefore be deduced from the univerſal conſent of mankind. If there be ſuch a thing as natural religion, this is a part of it; and obſtinate indeed muſt he be in infidelity, who can contemplate that character of the Moſt High which is exhibited in the ſcriptures, and deny that it is far more *reaſonable* to adore and ſerve him in the manner which is there appointed, than either under any mythological forms, or merely by *ſilent admiration*, the pretended worſhip of the hypocritical unbeliever.

Religious homage is founded on a belief of the agency of the beings to whom it is addreſſed. It would be an abſurdity too groſs to be imputed to the moſt uninformed of mankind, that they would pay ſuch ſervices to any, of whom they ſuppoſed themſelves to be wholly independent. The imagined agency of theſe objects of worſhip, whether demons or the ſpirits of departed men, an image of wood or a living animal, coincides exactly with the revealed doctrine of the *providence of God*. From revelation we derive our knowledge of the divine omnipreſence and providence; but during the ages which preceded the chriſtian æra, with few exceptions, nations the moſt refined and the leaſt enlightened believed that particular deities preſided over the different parts of nature, and thus left nothing in the univerſe to be the ſport of contingency. By the diſciples of natural religion it will perhaps be affirmed, that the ſentiments of theſe nations do not approach nearer to reaſon and truth than thoſe of chriſtians; but if, without an acknowledgement of a revelation,

these sentiments were retained so many centuries, and by so great a portion of mankind, it will be very difficult for an unbeliever of the gospel to evade the conclusion, that for every correct opinion which he embraces of the divine nature and operations he is indebted to those scriptures, the divine origin of which he denies, and the instructions of which he affects to despise.

The origin of sacrifices is a subject of controversy. By the adherents to revelation they are believed to be of divine appointment.* They have constituted an essential part of almost every religion; and as we cannot conceive that reason would ever have dictated such means of intercourse with the divinities, the conclusion is at least probable, that all nations, in some distant time, have been enlightened by revealed religion. "We sacrifice to the gods," said Porphyry, "for three reasons; either to pay them worship, or to return thanks for their favours, or to desire them to give us good things, or to free us from evils."† These were almost precisely the purposes of the Jewish sacrifices. "Ovid, in the sixth book of his Fasti, supposes the sacrificed animal to be a vicarious substitute, the several parts of which were given as equivalents for what was due by the offerers.

Cor pro corde, precor; pro fibra, sumite fibras;
Hanc animam vobis pro meliore damus."

* Shuckford's Connections. Vol. i. p. 79. & seq. Dr. Kennicott's two dissertations the tree of life, and the oblations of Cain and Abel. p. 202. & seq.

† Shuckford's Con. Vol. i. p. 82.

But whether this be or be not considered a rational service, it will not be denied that there is an evident coincidence between the objects to be obtained by these sacrifices, and the offering which was made by Christ upon the cross; and that the general prevalence of this mode of worship is well adapted to prepare mankind for the universal, though gradual reception of the gospel. If it be true, as is asserted by some of the learned, that sacrifices were of human invention, the offering of them in all ages and in almost every country proves, that they are consistent with the common sense of mankind, and however decried, that they are a part of natural religion. It is not our business, at present, to defend either of these opinions; but whichever is embraced, the coincidence remains the same.

The ultimate end of all religious knowledge and observances is the attainment of happiness in the future life. The atheist only disbelieves that the spirit of man is immortal. Different sentiments are received by mankind concerning the future state; but the general concurrence in the belief, that the present is a state preparatory to the future, that death will be succeeded by judgment, and that the good will be rewarded and the evil punished according to their deeds, furnishes a pleasing coincidence with the instructions of the gospel on this subject. A deist who candidly reasons concerning the divine perfections and government, will naturally arrive at these conclusions. Of the *manner* of our existence in the future world, reason by its greatest ef-

forts can acquire no adequate conception; but the perfect correspondency between what it is capable of attaining, and that which is revealed, should induce the most implicit faith in the scriptures, and the most ardent gratitude for their bestowment.

J. T...

COLLECTANEA. No. 5.

"Tum prodesse quam conspici."

LYONET, a Genevan of the present day, unites the most ardent passion for natural history with uncommon perseverance, excessive thirst for fame and profound observation; he determined to strike into a path which should be perfectly new, and to produce a work single in its kind. He first determined to write on the Aphis, then on the Polypus; but he found that in the first Bonnet would be his rival, and in the latter Trembley. He then sought for another subject, in which so many difficulties should be combined as to preclude him from any danger of competition; and for this purpose engaged in the dissection of the Phalæna cossus. On applying to different persons to undertake the designs for the plates, his expectations were so extensive, that it was impossible to answer them, and every one shrunk affrighted from the task. He therefore immediately applied himself to learn drawing, in which he made so rapid progress that he executed designs incredibly difficult, with an exactness astonishing to connoisseurs and practitioners. But he was in the same predicament with the engravers as with the draughtsmen, and he was obliged to learn this art, in which he arrived at distinguished excellence, and thus was enabled to complete his work.—*Matthison's Letters from various parts of the continent, between the years* 1785 & 1794.

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PETRARCH thought meanly of his "Canzoni" and "Sonnette," which have been the principal means of giving immortality to his name; while his heroick poem "Africa," on which he reared his chief hopes of poetical renown, is forgotten. His friend Boccaccio, expected also to live to posterity, not through the "Decameron," which he contemned and sought to suppress, but solely through his latin works, which at present rest in obscurity. The "Decameron" has passed through sixty editions at Venice.—*Ib. p.* 250.

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IT is worthy of remark that St. Augustine was born in Africa on the same day with Pelagius in Britain. They were opposed to each other, and their controversies are well known in the learned world.

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THE idea of Swift's "battle of Books" was taken from a little work, called "La Guerre Bêtes." Paris, 1671. And "Il Divortio Celeste" of Ferrante Pallavichini, very probably gave rise to the "Tale of a Tub."—*Anecdotes of distinguished persons, Vol.* 2. *p.* 299.

In Iſrael all claims of kinſhip and transfers were formerly confirmed in this manner. A man pulled off his ſhoe, and gave it to his neighbour; and this was a teſtimony in Iſrael.—*Book of Ruth, c. 4.*

—

During the reign of Edward II. the preſenting of gloves was the manner of giving poſſeſſion. They have alſo been uſed in preſenting a challenge. The offended threw down a glove, which, if taken up by the offender, was a mark of his acceptance.

—

Cardan wrote over the door of his library, *Tempus ager meus.* His idea was thus dilated by the learned Sculter.

Amice quiſquis huc venis,
Aut agita paucis, aut abi,
Aut me laborantem adjuva.

—

It is ſaid that St. Bernard, approaching near to his end, thus addreſſed his brethren. Tria vobis obſervanda relinquo, quæ in ſtudio preſentis vitæ quo cucurri memini, me pro viribus obſervaſſe. Nemini ſcandalum facere volui; et ſi aliquid accidit, ſedavi ut potui. Minus ſemper ſenſui meo quam alterius credidi. Læſus de ledente nunquam vindictam expetii.—I leave three things to be obſerved by you, which, to the extent of my power, I have always endeavoured to practiſe. 1. I have not intentionally calumniated any one; and if any one has fallen, I have endeavoured to conceal his misfortunes. 2. I have always confided leſs in my own, than in the judgments of others. 3. Whatever injuries I have received, I have never retaliated. Theſe are the *golden rules* of St. Bernard.

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During the eleven years of the pontificate of Clement 13th, ten thouſand murders were committed in the eccleſiaſtical ſtate, and near four thouſand in the capital alone.—*Hiſtorical and philoſophical Memoirs of Pius 6th.*

—

Politiano, in his Miſcellanea, ſays of Mariano Genazona, an eccleſiaſtick of the 15th century, "I was lately induced to attend one of his lectures, rather, to ſay the truth, through curioſity, than with a hope of being entertained. His appearance however intereſted me in his favour. His addreſs was ſtriking, and his eye marked intelligence—my expectations were raiſed. He began—I was attentive; a clear voice—ſelect expreſſion—elevated ſentiment. He divides his ſubject—I perceive his diſtinctions. Nothing perplexed; nothing inſipid; nothing languid. He unfolds the web of his argument—I am enthralled. He refutes the ſophiſm—I am freed. He introduces a pertinent narrative—I am intereſted. He modulates his voice—I am charmed. He is jocular—I ſmile. He preſſes me with ſerious truths—I yield to their force. He addreſſes the paſſions—the tears glide down my cheeks. He raiſes his voice in anger—I tremble and wiſh myſelf away.—*Roſcoe's Life of Lorenzo de Medici. vol. 2. p. 157.*

"Are all ſuch preachers?
Would to heaven they were!"

THE LITERARY WANDERER. No. 8.

Nere the pleaſed eye from yon lone cottage ſees
On the green mead the ſmoke long-ſtead-
owing play;
The redbreaſt on the bloſſomed ſpray,
Warbles wild her lateſt lay,
And ſteeps along the dale the ſilent breeze.
Calm Contemplation, 'tis thy favourite hour;
Come fill my boſom, tranquillizing Power.
R. S.

THOUGH a perſon may ſo far abſtract his mind from obſervance of ſurrounding objects, as to meditate amid the noiſe and confuſion of a buſy multitude; yet, I imagine, few would recommend to the ſtudious ſuch a diſtracting ſituation. Solitude and ſilence are more propitious. Removed from the interruption and diſturbance of unthinking worldlings, they participate the pure enjoyments of tranquillity. No fears alarm, no diſquietudes impede their advancement; but content, harmony, and peace contribute their powerful aſſiſtance. Impreſſed with theſe ſentiments, the wiſe in every age have exhibited a peculiar predilection for retirement. Cicero frequently viſited his villa at Tuſculum, enjoying infinitely more ſatisfaction than when thundering from the roſtrum. Virgil and Horace were accuſtomed to ſpend conſiderable time at their country-ſeats, amuſing themſelves by a contemplation of nature's beauties. The tranquil retreat of Vaucluſe afforded Petrarch more heart-felt gratification, than the tumultuous ſcenes of Arezzo. Experiencing misfortunes in this city, he flew to ſolitude, and there found the quietude he ſo anxiouſly ſought. In this bower of ſeclusion, with a mind invigorated by the ſalubrity of his ſituation, he cultivated his poetick talents, making every grove reſound his Laura's excellences.

Being in a melancholy, contemplative frame of mind, which I am habituated ſometimes to indulge, I laſt evening took a ſolitary ramble in the neighbouring wood-lands, and imperceptibly arrived within the limits of a circular glade, which opened toward the eaſt. The ſetting moon gleamed on a diſtant lake. All was ſilent, ſave a waterfall that roared beyond the boundaries of the wood, and a light breeze which at times moaned through the unfoliaged branches. The uncommon beauty of the evening induced me to purſue the train of congenial ideas, which the ſurrounding ſcenery had produced. It is not the cold ſuggeſtion of miſanthropy, not the enthuſiaſm of a ſolitary diſpoſition, that renders the ſolemnity of this hour and place ſo peculiarly grateful; but the elevated ſentiments and refined pleaſures, which ſuch rural proſpects are calculated to beſtow.

The advantages of contemplation are numerous and important. The mind, neither wearied by the ſeverity of intenſe application, nor relaxed by the inſignificance of trivial amuſements, is engaged in a uſeful and agreeable employment. If tranquillity be more eligible than ſolicitude; if improvement of mental faculties be preferable to attainment of riches; and if ſelf-knowledge be ſuperiour to honorary diſtinction; then contemplation with her attendant bleſſings affords more genuine happineſs than grandeur, wealth, and ambition. Her plea-

ſures are pure as the dreams of virtue; innocent as the thoughts of childhood. Have we been deprived of endeared connexions; we may cheriſh the ſoothing conſideration, that their ſpirits, liberated from this tenement of duſt, occaſionally aſſiſt the ſolitude of our retirements, and perhaps are ſometimes commiſſioned to avert impending deſtruction. Though ſuch conjectures may be eſteemed the offspring of romantick fancy; ſtill, like the deceptive promiſes of hope, they are happy deluſions, which it is by no means unmanly to indulge.

———Nor can the halls of heaven
Give to the human ſoul ſuch kindred joy,
As, hovering o'er its earthly haunts, it feels,
When with the breeze it wantons round the brow
Of one belov'd on earth; or when at night
In dreams it comes, and brings with it the DAYS
And JOYS that are no more.

Reflexion tranquillizes the boiſterous emotions of the ſoul, and has a direct tendency to correct vicious propenſities. Muſt it not be attributed in a great degree to inconſideration, that abandoned characters advance from one pitch of turpitude to a higher, till the path of virtue appears loſt forever? Reflexion is not a companion of giddy circles of faſhion, nor is ſhe welcome at abodes of jollity and extravagance; retired from anxious cares and intruſive ſolicitudes, ſhe loves to frequent ſome lonely grove, and when

The ſober twilight dimly darkens round,

to afford her votaries the moſt refined enjoyments, of which humanity is capable; to ſtrengthen the energies of the mind, to facilitate acquiſition of knowledge, and to lay a permanent foundation of future felicity. We are diſſuaded from the virulence of rivalſhip, and at the ſame time accommodated with an unceaſing ſource of rational amuſement. Love of virtue and of religion becomes increaſed, judgment ſtrengthened, and acquaintance with human nature extended. Of thoſe, who are qualified to effect the advancement of ſcience in a conſiderable degree, the number is extremely diminutive. Mankind become reciprocally beneficial by diverſity of purſuit. While ſome pay attention to agriculture or commerce; ſome to mechanick arts, which embelliſh and render life comfortable; a diſcerning few of more contemplative minds, or more lively imaginations, devote their time and talents to the ennobling purſuits of literature. Though they become more delicately ſenſible of incidental misfortunes, ſtill thoſe peculiar gratifications, to which they are excluſively admitted, effectually counterbalance this trivial inconvenience.

Glory is not confined to the pomp of war, to the enſanguined field of battle, where the ſighs of humanity are heard on every gale; ſhe never diſdains to viſit the peaceful vale of philoſophy, to roam amid the groves of Academus, or, accompanied by the "nymph, ſweet liberty," to inhale the ſalubrious mountain breeze. With her Genius loves to inveſtigate untrodden paths, to trim at midnight the decaying ta-

per, and to experience the profuſion of human enjoyments.

Adjecere bona paulò plus artis Athenæ;
Scilicet ut poſſem curvo dignoſcere rectum,
Atque inter ſylvas Academi quærere verum.
HORATIUS.

Indulgent Athens then improved my parts,
With ſome ſmall tincture of ingenuous arts;
Fair truth from falſehood to diſcern, and rove
In ſearch of wiſdom through the muſeful grove. FRANCIS.

Contemplation teaches us to commune with ourſelves; to diſcover the way ward inclinations of our hearts; and to revolve in our minds and imitate the brilliant examples of virtue. What are we benefitted by ſtudies, which are not ultimately conducive to meliorate our condition? Inſtead of being endured with patient reſignation, the calamities which are incident to old age, unalleviated by the joys of retroſpection, appear in proſpect almoſt inſupportable. But a virtuous mind, accuſtomed to chaſtiſh reflection in ſolitude, receives renewed gratification from remembrance of paſt occurrences; and like the moon, burſting from an evening cloud, appears more bright and enlivening through temporary ſeclusion.

The pleaſures of memory are intimately connected with thoſe of contemplation. The pictured ſcenes of departed years paſs and repaſs in imagination, diffuſing over the ſoul that indeſcribable ſenſation, which has been happily denominated THE JOY OF GRIEF. The endearing tenderneſs of parental affection is recalled; and, though the protectors of our infancy may long ſince have repoſed in the ſilent tomb, we affectionately renew the melancholly recollection. The impreſſions which their unremitted exertions, their ſympathetick feelings, and their guardian vigilance have made on our minds, the relentleſs hand of time ſhall never obliterate. Their amiable qualities alone are repoſited in our memories, for in their graves are buried all their foibles, all their animoſities and reſentments. A ſigh, a tear accompanies the remembrance; but they are ſighs and tears, on which the heart delights to dwell. Every memorial of their friendſhip is "pleaſant and mourafful to the ſoul."

While the affluent are baſking in the ſun-ſhine of proſperity; while the indolent are waſting their fleeting moments in diſſipation and inactivity; and while the unfortunate are journeying over the rugged regions of ſorrow and diſappointment, let us occaſionally ſeclude ourſelves from the intruſion of ſecular concerns, devote an hour to ſerious contemplation, and by the purity of our intentions and the regularity of our conduct become prepared for a happier ſtate of exiſtence.

D.

Andover, April 1806.

SYLVA. No. 2.

Οἴχετ' ἰὼν ὀΐχετο μὲν πολὺ, πολλὰ δ' ἔπειτα
Αὖτις ἐπὶ σταμνοῖς σταμνία, σῦκον δ' ἐπὶ σύκῳ. HOM. ODYS. L. VII. 120.

I HAVE ſometimes thought, that it would be a delightful privilege to be admitted to the ſtudy of a man of genius; to behold him in the attitude of meditation, bending over the page, which he is ſtamping with immortality.

I imagine we ſhould behold in Milton, a countenance ſhaded by intenſity of reſearch and corrugated by the virulence of religious and political fanaticiſm, yet without having

> "loſt all its original brightneſs, or appearing
> Leſs than archangel."

While engaged in his mighty labours, I ſhould expect to find him forgetting all his bitterneſs, and the muſick of his numbers, like the harmony of his own fallen ſpirits, "ſuſpending hell." We ſhould ſee him collected and undazzled, elevated above ſolicitude by the conſciouſneſs, that he is *painting for eternity*.

In his arm-chair we ſhould ſee the ſhrivelled form of Pope, his eye as penetrating, as his body enfeebled and diminutive, on every feature written judgment, keenneſs, perſeverance, and activity. Sometimes however, I am afraid we ſhould ſee him biting his nails, while toiling over ſome reluctant and unmalleable idea; ſometimes reſorting to the volumes of his predeceſſors, dwelling on their beauties, till his thoughts become ſteeped in and tinged with theirs; and never, I imagine,* enjoying a full and unreſtrained flow of imagination.

* Except perhaps in the Rape of the Lock.

—

GIFFORD'S JUVENAL.

THE beſt line which I find in this work, which in general has preſerved the ſenſe and dignity without much of the vigour, keenneſs, and ſpirit of the original, is the tranſlation of

Probitas laudatur et alget.
For virtue ſtarves—on univerſal praiſe.

This is exactly the line which Juvenal would have uſed had he written in Engliſh.

—

Bellua multorum capitium.

WHO would expect theſe lines from Milton, the unbluſhing defender of democracy and regicide.

What's the people, but a head confuſed,
A miſcellaneous rabble;
They praiſe and they admire they know not what,
And know not whom, but as one leads the other.
By them to be diſpraiſed were no ſmall praiſe. *Paradiſe Reg. B. III.*

But indeed there never was a man of ſenſe and taſte, and delicacy, who did not know that this ſentiment is true.

—

SIR W. JONES.

SIR Wm. Jones, among the objects of his all-graſping mind, contemplated a hiſtory of the American War on the model of Thucydides and Polybius. We can never ſufficiently regret, that death has deprived us of a work, which from ſuch a mind, would

have equally intereſted the man of the profoundeſt political ſcience, and the gayeſt wanderer among the roſes of literature.

—

MOORE.

THE tranſlator of Anacreon, is ſuch a poet as Paris was a warriour, blooming, voluptuous, and effeminate; and like him prefers the meretricious charms of the goddeſs of love, to the dignity of Juno and the wiſdom of Minerva.

—

SOUTHEY.

Southey, with all his faults, is certainly a man of genius, and moſt truly a poet. There might be paſſages ſelected from his works, which would yield to none within the whole compaſs of Engliſh poetry. His invention is ever new, his fancy ever on the wing, and with magick hand he raiſes around him the iris, the roſe, and the jaſſmin in regions, which had hitherto been reſigned to hopeleſs ſterility. But there appears ſuch a perpetual ſtrain after novelty; his imagination ſometimes indulges itſelf in ſuch contortions and grimaces, and his moſt "doleful matter" is ſometimes "ſo merrily ſet down," that he expoſes himſelf, and juſtly too, to the pity of the judicious, and the ſneer and witticiſm of the "mouſing owls" of literature.

—

KEPLER.

I WILL challenge you to produce from the records of rhetorick, a parallel to this figure of Kepler. When on the point of diſcovering his ſecond law of the planetary diſtances, he was for a time retarded by an apparent diſagreement between his theory and ſome motions of the moon. After he had diſcovered his errour, and completed his demonſtration, in all the exultation of joy he applied to her theſe lines of Virgil,

> Malo me Galatea petit laſciva puella,
> Et fugit ad ſalices et ſe cupitante videri.
>
> The ſprightly Cynthia trips along the green,
> She runs, but hopes ſhe does not run unſeen,
> While a kind glance at her purſuer flies,
> How much at variance are her feet and eyes.
>
> *Pope's imitation of Ecl.* 3.

There have been poets who, by a great exertion of the licenſe *quidlibet audendi*, have repreſented themſelves as in love with the moon; but it was reſerved for the warm imagination of a mathematician to ſnatch ſuch a grace, as to repreſent the moon in love with him. Let us talk no more then of the dulneſs of mathematicks; let us no longer blind ourſelves to the loves and graces of triangles, or refuſe to reliſh the mote ſober, ſtaid, and philoſophick charms of anomalies, nodes, and ſyzygies.

—

HINDU MYTHOLOGY.

DR. Jortin, in his diſſertation on the ſtate of the dead, as deſcribed by Homer and Virgil, aſſerts that Homer was not the inventor of the mythology which he uſes. The truth of his conjecture has been demonſtrated by Sir Wm. Jones, who has ſhewn that the gods of India, Greece, and Italy have a common origin.

And this too, it may be added, deſtroys the argument which the deiſts have drawn from the theory of Monteſquieu, concerning the influence of climate on religious opinions.

—

GERMAN METAPHYSICKS.

In the Orlando Furioſo, one of the heroes take a journey to the moon in ſearch of the wits of Orlando. If he ſhould repeat his journey I wonder whether he would not find the wits of Kant, Fichte, Schilling, &c. They are certainly there or no where.

—

TIBULLUS.

There cannot be more exquiſite delicacy and tenderneſs diſplayed than in theſe lines,

Te ſpectem ſuprema mihi cum venerit hora,
Te teneam moriens deficiente manu.

A friend of mine, who leaves me doubtful whether moſt to admire the qualities of his underſtanding or the feelings of his heart, has given me the following tranſlation :—

When life on fluttering wing departing flies,
Thou kindly, ſadly, near my couch ſhalt ſtand;
On thy lov'd form I'll reſt my cloſing eyes,
And graſp thee, dying, with a trembling hand.

—

Γηραιος διδασκομενος.

I never feel more contented with life, than when I ſee an old man, who can ſay with the ancient, "I grow old, ſtill reliſhing knowledge." It is certain that we may preſerve the vigour of our powers as long as we will exerciſe them, and nothing ſurely can be more delightful, than to ſee a mind in green and animated old age, realizing, in a far nobler ſenſe, the prophecy of the poet, "Non omnis moriar." When the ſilver cord trembles and is ready to break, when the voice changes the muſick of its tones, for the feeble and faultering accents of ſecond infancy, when every charm and every grace is fallen and ſcattered...how delightful to ſee the mind ſurvive in undecaying youth and unaltered vigour!

THURSDAY LECTURE. No. 5.

From the Boſton Weekly Magazine; Vol. I. No. 16.

Matt. v. 5. *Bleſſed are the meek, for they ſhall inherit the earth.*

Long had the heathen philoſophers perplexed themſelves and their ſcholars in diſcuſſing the ſubject of the "chief good." Their opinions concerning it were contradictory and endleſs. One ſought it in riches, another in mirth, a third in revenge, a fourth in women, a fifth in conqueſt, a ſixth in liberty, and a ſeventh in fame. The ſage of Nazareth untutored by Socrates, and unlettered in the lore of Ariſtotle, expoſed the groſneſs of their errours, and by the radiance of his heavenly wiſdom diſpelled the clouds and darkneſs which enveloped their reaſonings. He taught his diſciple to look for the ſovereign happineſs not in the ſplendour of a court, but in the humble cottage of contentment; not in the diſſipations of the gay, but among the pupils of adverſity; not at the ta-

bles of the luxurious, but in the life of him who *eats of wiſdom's bread, and drinks of the wine which ſhe has mingled*; not in the indulgence of malevolent, but in that of the pacifick diſpoſitions; not, in ſhort, in the emoluments, diſtinctions, and pleaſures of ſenſual and ſelfiſh man; but in patience, humility, and moderation; in the acquiſition of that moral purity and that unfeigned benevolence, which conſtitute the felicity of God.

This doctrine, ſo aſtoniſhing and incredible in the eye of a corrupt and ſtupid world, carries proof of its divinity and truth to the heart of reflexion. How much happier, for example, are the MEEK believers in revelation, than proud infidels who contemn what they have never examined, and profane what they do not underſtand! How much happier the MEEK diſciples of Chriſt who calmly endure affliction, than froward fataliſts who gall themſelves with its yoke! How much happier the MEEK who are ſlow to anger and candid in conſtruction, than thoſe waſpiſh ſpirits who make a man *an offender for a word*; the MEEK who forgive an injury, than the wrathful duelliſt who cleanſes his honour in the blood of a companion; the MEEK who quietly enjoy, than the paſſionate who eagerly contend; the MEEK who by ſweetneſs of temper and gentleneſs of manners are always multiplying friends, than the petulant and moroſe who are always loſing them; the MEEK who prepare for trouble in the preſent world, which they conſider as a paſſage to a better, than the impetuous and violent ſons of ambition who are continually joſtled and bruiſed in a crowd of rivals, and ſtung by diſappointments, without a ray of conſolation or of hope from the light of the goſpel!

ARGENIS:

A ROMANCE, FROM THE LATIN OF BARCLAY.

Continued from p. 136.

NOTHING, continued Poliarchus, was now wanting to complete the crimes of the licentious and aſpiring Lycogenes, but open reſiſtance of his ſovereign. The growing murmurs of war at length awakened Meleander from his lethargy. He then for the firſt time felt for the honour of his name, and remembered why he had been placed upon the throne. Endued with powers as great as ever graced his elevated ſtation, intelligent and penetrating to an uncommon degree, and the dupe of nothing but his own feelings, ſuch was Meleander. It was reſerved for the baſeneſs of Lycogenes alone to call theſe virtues into exerciſe, and perhaps from this very circumſtance they acquired additional luſtre. His diſaffection had now aſſumed no "queſtionable ſhape"; but tho' the fate of the conſpiracy, then in its infancy, might have been eaſily decided, yet the generous Meleander, indulging perhaps a hope of his repentance, forbore for a while all acts of violence. But Lycogenes, diſdaining a dependence on the mercy of any one, immediately avowed his intentions. The king's daughter, the heireſs apparent of his immenſe poſſeſſions was unmarried.

Here he fixed the baſis of his hopes, and hence was drawn the conſtant ſupport of his ambition. He ſought her hand; and incredible, Archombrotus, as it may ſeem, attempted to obtain it by violence. On the banks of the Alabus, near its mouth, ſtands a caſtle, where ſhe uſually reſided. Thither he ſecretly diſpatched a band of deſperadoes with inſtructions to ſecure her, together with the king ſhould he chance to viſit the caſtle. His machinations however availed nothing. His emiſſaries periſhed in the attempt, and Meleander piouſly aſcribed his preſervation to the goddeſs of wiſdom. In grateful remembrance of her favours he ordered that the coin ſhould bear the impreſſion of her favourite bird of the night, and whether engaged in the ſolemnities of devotion, or enjoying the luxuries of the banquet, he is invariably crowned with nothing but the olive wreath. He moreover conſecrated to the goddeſs the ſervices of his daughter until her ſtate of celibacy ſhall terminate; and now at each returning feſtival, arrayed in the proper habit of her order, ſhe mingles in the train and officiates at the ſhrine of her tutelar divinity. But notwithſtanding theſe deeds, ſo remarkably pious, a civil war enſued. The treaſonable enterpriſe of Lycogenes was followed by a deſertion, neither wholly unexpected, nor partial or premature. As the motives of his reſiſtance, he aſſigned reaſons both of a publick and a private nature. Sometimes he repreſented himſelf the innocent victim of falſe accuſation, and the ſelected ſufferer of puniſhment he had never merited. Sometimes he pretended that the wrongs of the people were increaſed beyond endurance, and that redreſs ſhould be ſought in the deſtruction of thoſe who beguiled Meleander to ſuch oppreſſive cruelty. Every day ſaw new converts to his principles, and his party daily found new ſupporters. Oloodemus, Eriſthenes, Menocritus, all governours of the moſt powerful diviſions of the realm, became his confederates. Mere inſtability of character caſt many into the ranks of diſloyalty, but the art of Lycogenes, who like a true uſurper carefully diſſembled all his defects, allured a ſtill greater number to his banners. Theſe things flattered his vanity, and he proudly dared us to battle. The king, ſurrounded as he was by a numerous army, was little inclined to avoid a combat. Fifteen days ſince, our armies met not far hence on the banks of the Gelas. The conteſt was bloody, for they were not diſpirited by the badneſs of their cauſe, and we were animated by the patriotiſm of ours. At the cloſe of the day the king remained conqueror, and Lycogenes, to preſerve among his ſcattered troops ſome appearance of martial diſcipline, ſounded a retreat. Meleander, either ſatisfied with his victory alone and willing to ſpare a farther effuſion of the blood of his countrymen, or judging the night too favourable to unguarded attacks, forbore a purſuit. He might perhaps be deterred from committing the utter deſtruction of the fugitives to bands in which he could not confide, as he well knew their

leaders, his chief noblemen, to be the ſecret adherents of Lycogenes and like many more employed in ſervices other than undiſtinguiſhed and open warfare. The king was indeed encircled by the diſaffected, who fought his battles while their hearts were with his enemy. Such was the gloomy ſituation of Meleander, without confidence in his courtiers, betrayed in all his deſigns: to him the palace and the tent equally teemed with danger. In ſuch circumſtances, though he had gained a battle, yet he ardently wiſhed for peace. After a ſecret correſpondence between individuals of both armies, deputies arrived from Lycogenes with the pretended deſign of aſking permiſſion to bury their ſlain, but inſtructed to make ſome diſtant advances to an adjuſtment of differences. So favourably were their propoſals received, that, preſuming on our fears, they ventured to dictate the conditions of the truce. Meleander will, I think, embrace an accommodation on any terms, merely to diſperſe the partizans of Lycogenes, now aſſociated by articles of confederation, and to make a reunion next to impoſſible. He will then gain time, ſufficient to arrange new plans, and perhaps to ſee that faction falling to decay, either by its internal diſſentions, or its unpopularity, when preſent party prejudices ſhall ceaſe to operate, and its own erring adherents ſhall return from the irkſome works of ſedition to duty and loyal reſpect and affection. In our negociation with theſe proud and unforgiving enemies, I ſtood aloof. My age and origin I apprehended would excite much reſentment if the king ſhould require my aſſiſtance in a ſubject of ſuch national conſequence. I am like yourſelf, Archombrotus, a foreigner, and was induced to eſpouſe the cauſe of the king by nothing but his misfortunes, which ſhould be a ſolemn warning to nations never as they value peace, that makes every other bleſſing valuable, to permit licentiouſneſs to violate the ſacred majeſty of the ſovereign, or that ſovereign's goodneſs to be made the inſtrument of his deſtruction. During this negotiation, ſo unpleaſant to me, I have commenced a journey to Agrigentum merely with a deſign of gratifying my curioſity with a ſight of ſome ſuits of armour, there fabricated by a native of Lipara in the moſt perfect ſtyle of workmanſhip.

PAPERS ON DUELLING. No. 5.

MARESCHAL TURENNE.

It was well known of this hero, that his true heroiſm, for ſuch it really was, was only to be equalled by his ſolid and manly piety, equally remote upon the one hand from the ſuperſtitions of his own age, and, upon the other, the indifference of ours. In a court of gallantry, and in times when the point of honour, falſely ſo called, was preſerved in its full extravagance, the Marſhal was never known either to fight a duel, or to be engaged in an intrigue. The grace, the dignity, with which he once releaſed himſelf from an embarraſſment of this nature, will at once give an exact idea of what he was, and be a ſuf-

ficient anſwer to the favourite queſtion of the defenders of duelling, "how is it to be refuſed?"—Let this anecdote of Turenne anſwer them.

A young officer of noble family, and, in deſpite of what may be thought from the part of his conduct which follows, of real worth, imagined he had received an inſult from the Marſhal, and demanded ſatisfaction in the uſual forms. The Marſhal made no reply to his challenge; the officer repeated it ſeveral times, but the Marſhal ſtill maintained the ſame ſilence. Irritated at this apparent contempt, the officer reſolved to compel him to the acceptance of his invitation; for this purpoſe he watched him upon his walks, and at length met him in the publick ſtreet, accompanied by two other general officers: He hurried towards him, and to the aſtoniſhment and even terrour of all who ſaw him, ſpat in the Marſhal's face. Let us endeavour to form ſome conception of the groſſneſs of the inſult. The object of it was the great Turenne, a marſhal of France, and one of the greateſt generals that Europe has produced!—The companions of the Marſhal ſtarted back in amazement; the Marſhal, his countenance glowing with a ſenſe of indignity, ſeized the hilt of his ſword, and had already half unſheathed it, when to the aſtoniſhment of the ſpectators, he ſuddenly returned it into the ſcabbard, and taking his handkerchief from his pocket, *Young man*, ſaid he, *could I wipe your blood from my conſcience with as much eaſe, as I can your ſpittle from my face, I would take your life on the ſpot. Go, Sir*—Saying this, the Marſhal retired in all the majeſty of triumphant virtue. The young officer was ſo much ſtruck as well with his manner, as with his virtue, that he did not ceaſe till he had obtained the pardon of the Marſhal. Turenne afterwards became his patron, and under ſuch a predeceſſor he became almoſt the rival of his fame.

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CROMWELL'S EDICT.

The rebellion of England, and the protectorate of Cromwell, is perhaps one of the moſt diſtinguiſhed æras of hiſtory for the introduction of excellent laws, and a vigorous and inflexible execution of them. Two of thoſe, the navigation act, and that againſt duelling, deſerve all the praiſe which has been beſtowed on them. To the former in a great degree the nation is indebted for its commerce, and conſequent wealth; the latter needs only to have had an equal duration, and its fruits might have been of equal profit. This law, or rather ordinance of Cromwell, as protector, againſt duelling, is known to few but profeſſed lawyers; we therefore preſent it to our readers. We ſhould premiſe however that it is the only law in the whole code of Engliſh ſtatutes, which prohibits duelling by the expreſs mention of the word.

"CROMWELL, PROTECTOR.

"It is enacted, That if any perſon ſhould challenge, or cauſe to be challenged, or accept, or knowingly carry a challenge to fight a duel, he ſhall be committed to priſon without bail for ſix months, and find ſecurity for his

good behaviour for one whole year after. Perſons challenged, not diſcovering it in twenty-four hours afterwards, to be deemed acceptors. Fighting a duel, if death ſhall enſue, to be adjudged murder. The ſeconds, in the laſt caſe, to be deemed principals, and in every other to be baniſhed from the commonwealth for life, and to ſuffer death in caſe of return. CROMWELL."

Whitehall, 1654. A. S.

THE SCRAPIAD. No. I.

"*A thing of ſhreds and patches.*"—SHAKE.

ORIGIN OF THE TERM, GAS.

VAN Helmont ſays (ſee Watſon's Chem. Eſſ. vol. iii. pp. 29, 30) that 62 pounds of oak charcoal will, by burning, yield only 1lb. of white aſhes. The other 61 pounds which are diſperſed into the air, he conſiders as a vapour of an elaſtick nature, which can neither be collected in veſſels, nor reduced into a viſible form. This vapour he called by a new name, *gas*. On this word Dr. W. annexes the following note. Hunc ſpiritum, incognitum hactenus, novo nomine gas, voco, qui nec vaſis cogi nec incorpus viſibile reduci poteſt. Van Hel. Op. om. p. 103. Some derive gas from the Dutch ghoart-ſpirit; others from the German gaſcht, a frothy ebullition.

COURT.

THE following advice, though poetically and prettily given, ſeems little needed in a country, whoſe democratick ſpirit makes courtiers of clowns and clowns of courtiers, or rather ſeeks to bring all claſſes ſcrambling in the dirt together. To the credit however of the ladies be it ſaid, they generally are the friends of heaven's firſt law.

Be wiſe in time, ye lovely fair, guard well
Your tender beauties from the blaſting taint
Of courtly gales. The delicate, ſoft tints
Of ſnowy innocence, the crimſon glow
Of bluſhing modeſty, there all fly off,
And leave the faded face no nobler boaſt,
Than well-rang'd, lifeleſs features.

ZEAL OF AN ANTIQUARY.

THE celebrated Vaillant, according to Monſ. Millin, was made priſoner by the Algerines, and was a ſubject of ſlavery for ſeveral months. Liberated at length he embarked for France with about twenty of the moſt valuable and unpubliſhed gold medals he had contrived to preſerve. In the midſt of the paſſage he was menaced with a new danger by a privateer, which gained on his veſſel. Inſenſible to his own ſituation, he dreaded nothing but the loſs of his medals; and, under this embarraſſment, came to the reſolution to ſwallow them. The privateer and the merchantman were ſeparated by a tempeſt, which caſt the latter on the coaſt of France. The veſſel was loſt; but Vaillant and ſome of the crew were ſaved in the boat. He now became ſenſible of his danger, and conſulted ſeveral medical men, who could not agree as to the remedy. Whilſt they were in doubt,

nature, the beſt of all phyſicians, interfered, and reſtored the medals to our antiquary. What was the courſe he took? He had ſcarcely publiſhed his new treaſures, when he ſat out to reviſit Egypt and Perſia, and to encounter new dangers in queſt of his object!

—

INAUGURATION DAY.

The Newyork Daily Advertiſer of the fifth of March laſt thus pleaſantly adverts to the quadrennial jubilee. Yeſterday, agreeably to the requeſt of the Common Council, the bells, and cannon, and colours, in and adjoining the city, celebrated with every demonſtration of gladneſs of which they are capable, the inauguration of the Preſident and Vice-Preſident. The utmoſt harmony and decorum, we are happy to ſay, obtained on this grand occaſion, as every body ſeemed diſpoſed to mind his buſineſs, and leave thoſe harmleſs inſtruments of joy to keep *gaudeamus* entirely to themſelves.

—

HIS LAST BREATH.

ABOUT an hour before Malherbe died, he awaked, as it were from a trance, to correct his nurſe for ſpeaking bad French. For this flightineſs his confeſſor reprimanded him. "You talk to no purpoſe," replied he, "I will defend the purity of the French tongue with *my laſt breath*."

By an odd kind of aſſociation this anecdote brings to my mind another of a young flute-player, named Harmonides, who, Lucian relates, at his firſt publick appearance in the Olympick games, to ſurpriſe and elevate the audience, began a ſolo with ſo violent a blaſt, that he *breathed his laſt breath into his flute*, and died on the ſpot.

—

REGIT NUMMIS ANIMOS.

AN antiquarian friend, handing me the following anecdote, the other day, looked ſo gravely at the moment, and gave it me with ſuch an air of caution, that I ſhould fear to meet him, were I not to preſerve with it every particle of its ruſt.

In the year 1741, a medal was ſtruck of Sir Robert Walpole, then prime miniſter, by that ingenious artiſt, the late Mr. Laurence Natter.

On one ſide of it was repreſented the head of Sir Robert, in profile, with this inſcription round it, ROBERTVS WALPOLE, ORD · PERISCELIDIS EQVES. On the other, the Figure of Marcus Tullius Cicero, with part of a verſe out of Virgil, as a motto, above it, REGIT DICTIS ANIMOS.

A wag of thoſe days, who was by no means ſatisfyed with the propriety of the inſcriptions upon the medal, nor with the figure upon the reverſe of it; wrote a humourous ballad upon the occaſion, entitled, "The Medalliſt, or the biter bit;" and prefixed to it a print of the medal, with the following his own legends upon it. *Face*, NEGOCIATOR PRAECEPS PER ORBEM DICOR. *Reverſe*, REGIT NVMMIS ANIMOS.

Some years after, Mr. Natter being in Denmark, and dining one day at the table of Count Moltke, the then prime miniſter there, that medal was ſpoken of, and the *variorum* for the reverſe of it, which occaſioned much laughter to the company, and a

digreſſion on the methods of *managing* in Parlaments in England. One of them at length ſaid, that the verſe might be made out, and but he made it to their general ſatisfaction,

REGIT NVMMIS ANIMOS,
ET NVMMIS REGITVR IPSE.

With theſe *variorums* the medal lieth in ſeveral cabinets, both at home and abroad; as in like manner, to like end, will lie, it is hoped, in future ages, the medals of all ſuch prime miniſters, favorites of wicked or weak Kings, however ſet forth, who ſhall dare to tamper with *the publick treaſure and offices*, and to corrupt with them the Legiſlators.

Runic Med, ap. 14, 67

For the Monthly Anthology.

MR. EDITOR,

I CONSIDER the variety, for which your publication is remarkable, not only as eſſential to the character, but a pleaſing ornament, of a periodical work. I have therefore been ſurprized at hearing a few perſons complain, that the Anthology contained ſome things of little or no importance. On farther attention to the matter, I found that thoſe articles of which they complained were ſuch only, as were unintereſting to themſelves and a ſimilar claſs of readers; and that thoſe were the very parts of the publication, moſt highly gratifying to an equal number of readers of a different taſte.

One perſon perhaps cares nothing about meteorology; but another may be exceedingly curious on that ſubject. A neighbour of mine diſlikes to ſee in your pages Preſident's Meſſages, Governour's Speeches, &c. becauſe he has read them in the newſpapers; but another of my neighbours views them as valuable ſtate papers, which ought to be preſerved in ſome repoſitory, to which recurrence may be eaſily had. A number of your ſubſcribers probably never read that part of your work, in which new publications are reivewed; but in the opinion of others this is the moſt valuable part of the publication. Literary gentlemen are not only pleaſed with this department, but they think great benefit muſt occur to the cauſe of literature in the community from a critical and judicious review. For myſelf I think this part of the country has long needed a work of the kind. Attempts to eſtabliſh an American Review, in other ſections of the United States, have hitherto failed, much to the regret of learned men. A multitude of books of different deſcriptions have been impoſed on the publick, which do no honour to our literary character. Some of theſe probably would never have ſeen the light, had their authors contemplated an impartial ſcrutiny. The Boſton Review, at leaſt, bids fair to operate as a ſalutary check on ignorance and vice, and to be an antidote to an itch for bookmaking, of which ſome perſons ſeem poſſeſſed, who have much to learn, and little wherewith to inſtruct the community.

On the whole, the complaint which it is the deſign of theſe

obſervations to ſilence, muſt forever lie againſt all periodical publications. No ſingle reader, nor ſingle claſs of readers, it ſeems to me, has a right to expect perfect pleaſure in every communication. The nature of your work almoſt neceſſarily forbids it; and I cannot but conclude with a repetition of the ſentiment, that the variety againſt which ſome perſons object, is in reality a high recommendation of the Monthly Anthology.

OBSERVATOR.

March, 1805.

THE SOLDIERS: A BRITISH TALE.

Continued from p. 142.

THE utopia of her uncle's cottage formed her ideas of the world; ſhe knew not what ſorrow was. She wept when her uncle looked ſad; but this ſympathy of nature, this melting tenderneſs, was a luxury not unpleaſing to her, and by compariſon gave a vivacity to her more pleaſurable feelings. She ſeized with ſurpriſing avidity the knowledge her uncle imparted; her fancy was chaſte and ſportive, which rendered her infinitely amuſing: no factitious reſtraint prevented her ſaying all that occurred to her mind.

She had a natural correctneſs of thought on thoſe ſubjects within her knowledge that appeared to flow ſpontaneouſly from truth, and which ſhe expreſſed in a way that prevented your wiſhing an idea or expreſſion changed, for fear they ſhould be leſs juſt, or leſs pleaſing. The uncorrupted mind has a natural promptitude to juſt deciſion, when unchained by thoſe rules which art has forged. Antonia knew none.

Rodolpho, during the ſilence of the ſolitary, contemplated her countenance with a lively intereſt; the ſingularity of his meeting her, that was tinged with the glowing colour of romance; the beauty of the fair one, the language and manner of the recluſe, impreſſed his mind with ſenſations to which he could give no name; he wiſhed to hear more, that he might be at liberty to ſpeak; he feared the morn would arrive ere he had heard all; he longed to ſpeak of the melody that harmoniſed his ſoul, while in danger of effects from the rage of the elements, but he could not intrude a queſtion or an obſervation; the look of the recluſe was mournful; Antonia was ſilent. In a few minutes ſhe roſe to put freſh fuel to the fire.

Rodolpho roſe; "let me aſſiſt you," ſaid he. "It is a pleaſure to me, I thank you," returned Antonia, "I always mend the fire, my uncle ſays it burns more cheerfully." It blazed brightly, as if to confirm the opinion: its light rouſed the recluſe.

Again he addreſſed Rodolpho: "Your countenance has revived feelings in their full force, that I have been ſeven years trying to ſubdue: there is, I am convinced, a ſubtile attraction in ſome men, that impels them with irreſiſtible force to regard each other; this morn I was ſenſible of that attraction to you; why may there not be an arcana in human feeling beyond the power of human ſolution, for we were abſolute ſtrangers?

"My departure this morning

was abrupt and uncivil, in return for that urbanity you displayed, and by being unexpected was forcibly felt, and deeply impressed on my mind.

"Antonia first discovered the glitter of your fixed bayonets; 'twas a new object to her sight; but she had read of the calamities of war, and her untutored mind started at the idea of its being realised in the person of her uncle. Affrighted, she anxiously besought me to fly; I did not; but prevailed on her and the negro servant to retire to a small recess we have formed in the wood, the approach to which eludes a stranger's observation. I met you, and the anxiety of my looks, which must have been evident, were occasioned by seeing Antonia through the foliage of the trees in extreme anxiety and apprehension: her fears for my safety were too lively to be restrained, and I was too apprehensive that mystery might sully her name, who must one day enter a world I had left, to allow her appearing. I quitted you, quietted her fears, and returned to the cottage. You were departed, I was disappointed; the few lines you left, exhibited, I conceived, the man of feeling; hurt at being mistaken, I wished for an opportunity of undeceiving you without the hope of obtaining one; chance has afforded it me.

"Your meeting me in this wood must have excited your curiosity; it has been evident, it awakened your sensibility. There is room for unfavourable conclusions; every man of genuine integrity owes it to himself to withdraw the veil of mystery, when in his power, that events may have cast over his name; and this helpless orphan's claims are still stronger and more tender: she may suffer from being my companion, though withdrawn from the society of *man*.

"Experience first taught me his capabilities, while silent I was endeavouring to arrange events that are deeply impressed, and will never be forgotten. I attempted it, but the mind is not always sufficiently self-possessed to endure a clear and connected reminiscence of the past; we must pause to collect fortitude. With the rising of the sun you will quit me; but I first wish, if I have your leave, to unfold circumstances, that will explain why myself and this dear girl have withdrawn from society. Once my breast rose to meet and ameliorate the sorrows of man."

"I have every reason," said Rodolpho, "to conclude the same fellow feeling still prompts your actions; all I see excites my wonder; all I hear my admiration; and I regret, that a man formed for society, should hide qualities, that might be useful and adorn it, in a wilderness.

"It is possible," returned the recluse, "that before I conclude my brief history, you will shut your heart against me. Busy, restless man, makes little allowance for the man of feeling, though his errours often originate in his virtues."

"I am sincerely disposed to hear with the deepest interest—I frankly own I have the most lively wish, and your hint of accounting for what I see was very grateful to my heart," said Rodolpho. "I feel the attraction you flattered me with; the night is not far

ſpent, let me not depart uninformed to whom I am ſo much indebted."

Rodolpho looked at the recluſe, who made an inclination of his head, and thus addreſſed Antonia:

"You are going to hear of a world of which you know but little, and that by report only: to have diſſolved the ſweet conceptions of innocence before it was really neceſſary, would have been cruel.

"In theſe ſhades, you have felt the ſweets of native virtue, and I truſt its influence will be immutable. The impulſes of uncorrupted nature are confirmed by habit, and will become more dear to you, when compared to actions as oppoſite in their nature, as deſtructive in their conſequences, and which the world preſents to the view of inexperienced innocence, when they are caſt into its abſorbing vortex. Then, Antonia, you will feel the value of that virtue ſo dear to the human heart, that, when her form forſakes us, we purſue her ſhadow. Vice will not require the force of language to render it odious in your eyes, and incongruous to your feelings.

"Your danger, my dear Antonia, will ariſe from the amiable credulity of inexperienced virtue. It is the ſpecious, the flagitious, you muſt be taught to dread. How is that knowledge to be imparted without contracting the heart, and diſſolving the charm of innocence by infuſing ſuſpicion! But it muſt be; as the world is at preſent conſtituted, ſafety only is in caution, in ſuſpicion; the latter was a gueſt in my early days I would not admit, and my peace was a martyr to the lacerating experience of deception, that has driven me (to avoid its repetition) to this wilderneſs for ſhelter.

"Your tenderneſs, your felicitous diſpoſitions, that have ſeized with fervour whatever I have addreſſed to your taſte and fancy, your voice, which is modulated to my heart, has, while it charmed and ſoothed me, awoke fears for your future fate beyond the power of my philoſophy to quell."

"Do not grieve for me my dear uncle," replied Antonia, "the God you have taught me to love and worſhip, and whoſe power and kindneſs every leaf that trembles at the breeze, as well as every ſtar which glitters in the firmament, makes manifeſt he will be my guardian, when it pleaſes him to remove you to the world of glory you have taught me to aſpire after. I will treaſure your counſel in my heart. I will love the good, and pity the erring; and he will be my guardian and protector."

She preſſed her uncle's hand to her heart, looked cheerfully in his face—he returned the preſſure, and a ſmile for a moment animated his features.

Rodolpho was ſilent, but his mind had ample food for obſervation and feeling. His paſſions were not "kindled by the lightning of a glance, nor warmed by the full aſſemblage of beautiful features only; but the alliciency of beauty, the melting tenderneſs of a heart pure in its laſt receſſes," gently ſlided into his; and during the pauſe the recluſe made, his heart whiſpered what an exquiſite pleaſure it would be to lead ſuch a creature as Antonia through the world! And "God

abandoned" muſt that man be, who would wiſh to ſpot ſo fair an impreſſion of his works.

The recluſe continued..."in this ſolitude I have habituated my mind to the ſelfiſh philoſophy that infuſes ſtubbornneſs, while the fortitude that gives patience has eluded my graſp. Conſuming in this ſolitary grove ſeven years, I have been reaſoning, but could not, as I hoped, forget for one moment to feel—I ſtrove againſt nature; the unnatural combat has nearly exhauſted my frame, without relieving my heart.

"Your appearance and manner have rouſed my long dormant philanthrophy; my mind ſeems recovering a degree of elaſticity; its contractions expand; its affections renew; but it is too late, I wander.

(To be continued.)

POETRY.

ORIGINAL.

The writer of the following lines (the ſame we preſume who communicated the piece entitled "Dominus providebit" in our laſt number) has cauſed us no little trouble in correcting his falſe quantities. Of ſimilar faults in the other piece we forbore to complain; and as they were few, ſilently corrected them; but in the preſent there were ſo many negligences entirely unpardonable in any one who pretends to write latin verſe, that nothing, but a ſincere deſire to encourage whatever wears the appearance of claſſical learning, could have perſuaded us to prepare it for inſertion. When we ſolicit contributions from verſifiers in any language, we expect that they, and not we, ſhould take care of their proſody.

AD VIRUM CLARISSIMUM

HERSCHELIUM.

CUM tua te genitrix vitæ ferret in auras,
Dixeratque tibi proſpera fata patrem,
Adfuerant Muſæ, plorantemque una Sororum
Excipit, et dulci colluit ora favo:
Quærenti Uraniæque foret quod amabile nomen
Huic, Herſchelius eſt agnomen puero.
Hic olim, dixit, cœli Septemplicis orbes,
Signa minora polo fixaque ſidera
Metiri, occaſum atque ortum ſignare docebit,
Aſtrorum, et quidquid lucidus orbis habet.
Ille vagos ſcribet Phœbi, Lunæque labores,
Et quo pigra modo plauſtra Bootis eant.
Ille Syracuſium vincet ſenem ingenio, nam
Sidus inauditum (ſic Muſa) aſpiciet.
Herſchelî clare, ſtant vota tuæ rata Divæ;
Hîc jubet, juſſus tu fac eſſe ratos.
Tu nos alta doces magni miracula mundi,
Et fata quæ nobis flammea ſigna notant;
Quadrifidum et varîis habitatum gentibus orbem,
Quoque jacent mundi climate regna doces.
Di dent pro tantis meritis, tibi, docte Herſchelî,
Annos ut liceat cernere Neſtoreos;
Notaque tam ſerò repetas feliciter aſtra,
Quam tibi pro meritis docta juventa favet.

L.

MORNING.

AN ODE.

QUEEN of the gentle ſmile and roſeate gleam,
Sweet ſmiling herald of a brighter beam,
To count the varied charms
That to thy reign belong
Supplies the muſick of my uncouth ſong.
Oft have I climb'd the rough cragg's lofty height,
To catch the luſtre of thy earlieſt ray:

Attentive trac'd thee from thy glimmering light
To where thy mildneſs mingled with the day.

O'er the blue hills the miſts reluctant glide,
The night-nurs'd children, from the vale below;
The mellow proſpect ſmiling far and wide,
And the weſt bright'ning with the orient glow.

The ſmoke, ſlow circling, from the cottage riſe,
The humble emblem of a virtuous mind,
That, while it ſoars to ſeek its native ſkies
Leaves a bright cheering influence behind.

At thy approach the waking worlds rejoice;
Borne on the boſom of the healthful gale
Floats the wild muſick of the warbler's voice,
While Echo bids thee welcome in the vale.

The hum induſtrious of the village train,
The ploughboy's whiſtle, and the milkmaid's ſong,
That claim'd the nodding tribute of the nodding ſwain,
Or check'd the woodman as he jogg'd along.

The ſofter muſick of the paſtoral lay,
A while ſubmitting to the horn's ſhrill ſound,
Rouſing by turns the ſprightly lambkin's play,
The eager courſer, or the fleeting hound.

Theſe various charms thy ſeaſon brings,
While, grateful to my eye,
Within my breaſt a tranſport ſprings,
Art never can ſupply.

Thy mien preſents the virgin's ſmile
To ſubtilty unknown;
Who thinks each heart devoid of guile
And ſpotleſs as her own.

In every blooming grace attir'd;
Unmindful that her ſparkling eye
Had all the villain's boſom fir'd,
And brew'd the ſtorm of miſery.

So thy ſmile mingling with the golden light
That dries the roſe's dewy tears away;
Shall, from the earth and ſtream it gilds, excite
A dark'ning vapour to obſcure thy ray.

Queen of the gentle dews and roſeate gleam,
Sweet ſmiling herald of the brighter beam;
Firſt attir'd in habit grey
Driving murky miſts away,
Then with richeſt colouring on,
To receive the golden ſun;

In that receſs, unhallow'd feet muſt fly,
With pureſt luſtre ſteal o'er beauty's mien;
And, if not jealous of her ſparkling eye,
Oh bid her come to contemplate the ſcene.

And though thou canſt not emulate her mind,
Yet, while array'd with charms ſo like her own,
The humbl'd maid perhaps will be more kind,
And find perfection is not her's alone.

If here, beneath the mountain's brow,
Sequeſter'd from the buſy hives
That toil for fame, and find that woe
Is all the meed ambition gives;
Far from the city's noiſe and ſtrife,
From all its pleaſurable pain;
Oh could I paſs my ſecret life,
Calm as the ſeaſon of thy reign!

To ſcan the volume nature ſhould unfold
And the gay landſcapes that its page adorn,
Whither my conſtant, earlieſt ſteps ſhould hold
To gaze, and greet the mellow charms of morn. &c.

ODE TO MODESTY.

Nymph of the downcaſt eye,
Sweet bluſhing modeſty,
Whoſe mien ſupplies the muſick of the tongue,
Thy charms were ſtill delay'd,
Thy beauties unportray'd,
Though Fancy pencil'd while the Muſes ſung.

More lovely to my ſight
Than Morn's returning light
That wakes the lowly dew-encumber'd roſe;
Or mingling into day,
With bright and purer ray,
Its mellow luſtre o'er the landſcape throws.

Oh thou the more admir'd,
When ſeeming moſt retir'd,
Who far from pomp and grandeur lov'ſt to dwell;
Thou who art oftner ſeen
Upon the village green,
Or in the cottage, or the humbler cell.

Come, ſweet nymph, and bring with thee
Thy ſiſter, dear *Simplicity*.

Come, gentle exile of Patana's ſhore,
And draw the veil by faſhion rent aſide,
Forbid each eye promiſcuous to explore
Thoſe latent beauties Nature meant to hide.

Illume the cheek that recently diſplay'd
At once the lily's and the morning's glow;
E'en in thy abſence health begins to fade,
And ſee the crimſon yielding to the ſnow.

And when thou com'ſt, more grateful than the Spring,
Crown'd with green garlands, after Winter's reign;
With all thy bleſſings this inſtruction bring,
And let the moral echo round the plain.

Thoſe charms ſo fair were far more lovely ſtill,
If obvious only to the mental eye.
Thoſe beauties, form'd the raviſh'd heart to thrill,
Expos'd to all will ſoon that power deny.

Thoſe ſmiles, ſo open to the vulgar ſight,
Were ſoon unheeded as the mid-day beam;
That boſom gives more exquiſite delight
Conceal'd—and throbbing but in fancy's dream.

Arabia's perfumes laviſh'd on the breeze
Soon grow familiar to the fated ſenſe,
And each attempt that beauty makes to pleaſe,
Devoid of modeſty, but gives offence.

The lofty fruit, that toil to reach demands,
Acquir'd, a richer recompence beſtows;
And the rude thorn, that guards from vulgar hands,
But gives a higher value to the roſe.

&c.

LINES

On the Elm Tree, which for many years has been the ornament of Court-ſtreet, and was cut down in the beginning of this month.

YON mutilated trunk but late
The faireſt Elm tree rais'd,
That e'er adorn'd the rural ſtate,
Or e'er by bard was prais'd.

'Twas there I ſtood, when on my mind
A voice exulting broke,
Which pierc'd its branch's ſtubborn rind,
And thus triumphant ſpoke.

"Where art's ambitious reign preſumes
To curb mild nature's ſway,
Above the towers and ſhining domes,
My verdant honours play.

"With foes beleaguer'd ſtill my race
Holds footing in the land:—
Lo, like a caſtle here I grace
The city's midmoſt ſtand:

"Confiding in whoſe ſheltering care,
From diſtant grove and glade
Shall all the woodland ſpirits dare
Its hoſtile ſtreets invade.

"The feather'd race ſhall hither throng,
Obedient to my call;
And pour in choirs the foreſt ſong
From every echoing wall.

"The noiſy artiſt's grating ſound,
The lawyer's pedant phraſe,
The merchant's cant ſhall ceaſe around,
And liſt to rural lays.

"The priſoner from his grate ſhall view
My green tops flouriſh fair,
And bleſs each bird upon the bough,
Whoſe ſong beguiles his care.

"She, on the gently waving bough,
Shall build the frequent neſt,
And be at peace, while all below
Unquiet ſcenes moleſt.

"And as feign'd oracles of yore
The delphick laurel ſhook,
And voices ſtrange at midnight hour
Have through my branches ſpoke,

"The pilgrim bard ſhall oft again
Beneath my ſhadow ſtop;
And heard by him, the myſtick ſtrain
Shall wake the cheering hope.

"While one green offspring of the grove
Shall in this town abide,
Shall poetry and ſpotleſs love
Find dwellings there beſide;

"And as my glowing branches towre
Above the ſtructures proud,
One day reſtor'd to priſtine power
Shall he contemn the crowd."

Alas, how vain the high pretence!
The blaſted ſpot behold—
The boaſtful Elm lies ſcatter'd hence,
Like murder'd beauty cold.

What demon ſpoke the fatal word
That fell'd it to the ground?
No Tancred with his heaven-lent ſword
Could give the impious wound.

'Twas av'rice—av'rice' cruel arm,
Its fall lamented brought;
The love of wealth's more potent charm
Than e'er Amida wrought.

And therefore I will hate the man,
His taſteleſs mind deteſt,
Who firſt conceiv'd the ruthleſs plan,
Or wrought the deed unbleſt.

Ye rural virtues flee the town,
Ye ſimple manners flee;
Your laſt ſtronghold was broken down
When fell that beauteous tree.

Sure, nature heard the ſtern command
To leave it on that day;
The ancient habits of the land
To pride and art gave way.

For by this Elm's ſad overthrow
I'll fix the gloomy date,
When times ſhall hard and evil grow,
And man lament his fate.

THE CHURCH PORCH.

Concluded.

He that gets patience, and the bleſſing which
Preachers conclude with, hath not loſt his pains.

He that by being at church eſcapes the ditch,
Which he might fall in by companions, gains.

He that loves Gods abode, and to combine
With ſaints on earth, ſhall one day with them ſhine.

Jeſt not at preachers language or expreſſion:
How knowſt thou but thy ſinnes made him miſcarrie?
Then turn thy faults and his into confeſſion:
God ſent him, whatſoe're he be: O tarry,
And love him for his Maſter: his condition,
Though it be ill, makes him no ill Phyſician.

None ſhall in hell ſuch bitter pangs endure,
As thoſe who mock at Gods way of ſalvation.
Whom oyl and balſames kill, what ſalve can cure?
They drink with greedineſſe a full damnation.
The Jews refuſed thunder; and we, folly.
Though God do hedge us in, yet who is holy.

Summe up at night what thou haſt done by day;
And in the morning what thou haſt to do.
Dreſſe and undreſſe thy ſoul: mark the decay
And growth of it: if with thy watch, that too
Be down, then winde up both: ſince we ſhall be
Moſt ſurely judg'd, make thy accounts agree.

In brief, acquit thee bravely; play the man.
Look not on pleaſures as they come, but go.
Deferre not the leaſt vertue: lifes poore ſpan
Make not an ell, by trifling in thy wo.
If thou do ill, the joy fades, not the pains:
If well, the pain doth fade, the joy remains.

THE BOSTON REVIEW,

For APRIL, 1805.

BY FAIR DISCUSSION TRUTHS IMMORTAL FIND.....HUMPHREYS.

ARTICLE 23.

Diſcourſes on Davila. A ſeries of papers on political hiſtory. Written in the year 1790, and then publiſhed in the Gazette of the United States. By an American Citizen. Boſton: Ruſſel & Cutler. 1805. 8vo. *pp.* 248.

THE eighteenth century was remarkable for its literature and revolutions. It contributed more than the preceding to the developement of general truth, and though the tremendous deſtruction of royalty and religion in France will mark it with an horrible blot, its various excellencies will forever excite gratitude and admiration. During that period the condition of the human race was not only improved, but it was tending as rapidly to a high degree of perfection, as the weakneſs and wickedneſs of man will allow.

In Europe we more particularly diſcovered the good effects of the laſt century. Every empire, kingdom, and republick ſeemed to have acquired a great degree of happineſs in the courſe of a few years, rather by ſome ſudden impulſes, than by a laborious accumulation of ordinary improvements. This is a fact, which the nations knew to be true, though their writers have taken little pains in explaining its cauſes and tendency. In ſome of the ſtates liberty was enjoyed in as great a degree, as is conſiſtent with order; and where this great bleſſing was little known, the nations derived much happineſs from their immemorial cuſtoms and uſages, which were gaining the certainty of law; from the extenſion of knowledge, which teaches us the ſupply of our wants; from the dignity, ſplendour, charity, and munificence of their princes, ariſtocracy, and clergy, who corrected what they could not reform; and from the great revolution, which was taking place in the breaſt of ſovereigns, who began to perceive and to feel, that their power was commenſurate with the proſperity of the people.

This progreſs towards national felicity was fatally arreſted by the French revolution. Advocates are indeed found, who repreſent this event, as the moſt glorious in the hiſtory of the world; and who endeavour to eſtabliſh its neceſſity from a ſurvey of the previous ſyſtem of European politicks; and to ſeek its beneficial effects in the delivery of France from feudal and eccleſiaſtical tyranny, and in its reſtoration to a due preponderance in the balance of power. But this on examination is found to be falſe and hollow. The revolution was not juſtified by neceſſity; and its happy reſults are leſs than vanity, compared with its horrours and its crimes. Beſides the introduction of an atheiſtical and rebellious philoſophy, the transfer of the ſceptre from the houſe of

Bourbon to that of Bonaparte with all its effects, either conſequential or collateral, will have finally operated ſuch changes, as a century will not be able to remedy.

In this ſituation of human affairs it becomes the duty of every one to exert his talents for the preſervation of what exiſts, and the renewal of what is paſt. This can be effected only by a ſteady, ſober, and religious application of our minds to the developement and ſettling of firſt principles in morals and politicks. Much, perhaps moſt, of the excellence of the paſt century, aroſe from the writings of Locke, Monteſquieu, Vattel, Burlamaqui, and other national writers, whoſe noble views and enlarged ſpeculations extended round the horizon, and took in the whole nature of man. It is true indeed that Voltaire, Prieſtley, Condorcet, and the bloody banditti of atheiſts, almoſt obliterated the benignant influence of the former claſs; yet wiſdom and energy may ſtill ſupport the falling ruin, and perhaps may add ſome goodly ſtones to the foundation.

In America, where great happineſs is the portion of every one, writers have not been regardleſs of their high duty in fixing fundamental principles. If they have not diſcourſed much on œcumenical politicks, they have illuſtrated the nature of our different conſtitutions, and have thereby thrown much light on the nature and condition of man. In this claſs are particularly to be mentioned Adams on the American conſtitutions, the Federaliſt, by Hamilton, and to theſe we now add with pleaſure the author of "Diſcourſes on Davila."

Davila was a native of Cyprus. He flouriſhed during the reigns of Henry III. and IV. of France, and died in 1634. At Venice he wrote in Italian his celebrated hiſtory of the French civil wars in fifteen books from the death of Henry II. 1559 to the peace of Vervins in 1598. In France he was particularly diſtinguiſhed by the favour of Catharine of Medicis; and accordingly in his writings he has favourably repreſented the actions of that celebrated woman. The hiſtory abounds with profound political remarks, and has been admired by all ſtateſmen and negociators for depth of reſearch and extent of obſervation. As it treats of the internal politicks of a great kingdom, during a very remarkable period, it is particularly adapted for commentary. The author of the diſcourſes has therefore wiſely choſen Davila for the ſubject of his remarks. He condenſes the narration, and interſperſes various political opinions, ſometimes in regard to the affairs of the period treated of, but generally directing their view either to the operations of the national aſſembly of France in an early ſtage of the revolution, or elſe to certain immutable principles in morals and politicks. Though theſe diſcourſes were firſt publiſhed in the Gazette of the United States, during the years 1790 and 1791, yet they have very properly been collected into a durable volume; for their object is neither tranſitory nor unimportant; as the author, by an elaborate inquiry into the nature of the human mind,

and by a ſurvey of the politicks of France during a very ſtormy age, has endeavoured to eſtabliſh the neceſſity of forming various checks and balances in every government; of uniting and yet oppoſing the one, the few, and the many, and of making the love of diſtinction, with all its modifications, ſubſervient to good government and general felicity.

In the firſt diſcourſe the author very properly gives a ſhort account of the Franks, their conqueſt and ſettlement in Gaul, their fundamental Salick laws, and the origin of the houſes of Bourbon and Valois. It is however incorrectly inſinuated, that the name of "Franks" is original; but it ſhould be obſerved, that this appellation is not to be found in the work of Tacitus "de moribus Germanorum"; and the truth is, that "Franks" is ſynonimous with "freemen," and that it was adopted by the Cheruſci, the Catti, the Bructeri, and other German nations, who about 150 years after the age of Tacitus aſſembled on the banks of the Sala, preparatory to the invaſion of Gaul, and entered into a league called "Francicum fœdus." The account of the Salick laws is perhaps equally incorrect; for the author ſays, "theſe laws, propoſed by their prieſts, whom they named Salians, and inſtituted in the fields which take their name from the river Sala, were originally called Salique laws"; but moſt hiſtorians have agreed that theſe fundamental regulations take their name from a people called Salians, though not mentioned by Tacitus; and *they were made certainly* by the lords or nobility who, at the time of their enaction, governed the Franks; and this appears concluſively from the preface to the Salick law, a moſt rare and curious monument of antiquity. "Gens Francorum inclyta, auctore Deo condita, fortis in armis, firma pacis fœdere, profunda in conſilio, corpore nobilis et incolumis, candore et forma egregia, audax, velox et aſpera, nuper ad Catholicam fidem converſa, immunis ab hæreſi. Dum adhuc teneretur barbarie, inſpirante Deo inquirens ſcientiæ clavem, juxta morem ſuarum qualitatum deſiderans juſtitiam, cuſtodiens pietatem, *dicit averunt Salican legem proceres ipſius gentis, qui tunc temporis apud eamdem erant rectores.*"

A regular narrative commences from the reign of Francis I. The elevation and depreſſion of the Bourbons, their intrigues and misfortunes, are delineated; and their hiſtory furniſhes us with a ſad and remarkable example of the evils reſulting from the dependence of the judges on the executive: for the conſpiracy of Charles of Bourbon, with all its effects, is to be traced to his indignation at the ſecret influence and manœuvres practiſed by the chancellor Duprat, through the king's orders, in the courſe of a law ſuit commenced by Louiſa of Savoy againſt Charles, for the poſſeſſion of the duchy of Bourbon. Charles was killed at the taking of Rome; the reſt of the family, with Charles of Vendome at the head, retired from court, and refuſed all places and honours. Here the diſcourſer obſerves, that "the ſame cauſes produce the ſame effects. The

late revolution in France opened a proſpect to the royal family not very different from that in 1515. Though the merits and injuries of Orleans may not be compared to thoſe of a conſtable de Bourbon, yet the paſſions of a prince of the blood of the ſecond order, may hereafter be painted by another Davila."

On the depreſſion of the Bourbons aroſe the two ambitious families of the Guiſes and Montmorencies, and, as a ſpecimen of the author's talents for character painting, we are happy to inſert the account of the latter houſe.

The family of Montmorency produces Titles, which prove its deſcent, by an uninterrupted ſucceſſion, from one of the principal Grandees who accompanied Pharamond in his firſt expedition. It has the glory of having been the firſt French houſe which received baptiſm and the Chriſtian Faith. The memory of this diſtinction is preſerved in the motto of their arms, *God help the firſt Chriſtian Baron*; a ſplendid teſtimony both of the antiquity and religion of their anceſtors. Anne of Montmorency, who united a vaſt genius, directed by prudence, to a grave and impoſing deportment—who combined a ſingular addreſs to a patience never to be exhauſted in the intrigues and affairs of the Court, which change ſo often their aſpect, ſprung from this ſtock.—His high qualities merited the confidence of Francis 1ſt. After having paſſed through all the military gradations of the State, he was at firſt elevated to the dignity of Grand Maſter of the King's houſehold, and after the death of the Duke of Bourbon, to that of *Conſtable*—in one word he concentered in his perſon, the command of armies, and the principal adminiſtration of all the affairs, civil and political, of the kingdom.

In the hiſtory of the rivalſhip of the houſes of Lorrain and Montmorency, we applaud the political remarks, though the truth of the metaphyſical foundation of inequality is very queſtionable.

Nature, which has eſtabliſhed in the univerſe a chain of being and univerſal order, deſcending from Arch Angels to microſcopick animalcules, has ordained that no two objects ſhall be perfectly alike, and no two creatures perfectly equal. Although among men, all are ſubject by nature to *equal laws* of morality, and in ſociety have a right to *equal laws* for their government, yet no two men are perfectly equal in perſon, property, underſtanding, activity and virtue—or ever can be made ſo by any power leſs than that which created them; and whenever it becomes diſputable between two individuals, or families, which is the ſuperiour, a fermentation commences, which diſturbs the order of all things, until it is ſettled, and each one knows his place in the opinion of the publick.

We proceed in the narration. The duke of Guiſe and the conſtable, holding the firſt offices at court and ſupported by different powerful friends, became neceſſarily jealous of each other and dangerous rivals of the king. He ſoon found reaſons to diſgrace them and theſe families experienced, what the Bourbons had ſuffered before; and Francis now ſaw that the houſe of Guiſe particularly had become dangerous to the houſe of Valois. We do not mean to follow the hiſtorical thread into the labyrinth of intrigues, and therefore only obſerve, that theſe great families regained their influence under Henry II. in 1547, and filled France with rivalry and with crimes.

[The author here enters into a diſcuſſion of the conſtitution of the human mind. The leading ſentiments are the ſame as thoſe to be found in Dr. Adam Smith's book; they are here agreeably

expanded, and very important political reflections are drawn from an analyſis of the nature, effects, tendency, and uſefulneſs of rank, wealth, titles, and perſonal accompliſhments. He ſhews, with great force and propriety, that theſe things are deſired ſolely becauſe they attract the attention, conſideration, and congratulations of mankind. He points out with beauty and energy that from this ſource ariſe emulation and rivalſhip, with their effects, of the ſublime virtues in peace, and the moſt uſeful induſtry in agriculture, commerce, &c. on the one hand; and hatred, revenge, and wars, on the other. He proceeds to diſcover the final cauſe of this conſtitution of things, and ſhows that nature has given us this paſſion of diſtinction in order to produce ſocial activity, ſo that we ſhall be continually labouring for the good of mankind. All theſe doctrines are inveſtigated with great ingenuity; enforced by examples drawn from hiſtory, and daily experience of the neceſſity of not extinguiſhing, but ſimply regulating the love of titles, rank, &c. What is diſcoverable in individuals is applicable to nations. As the paſſions are eternal and immutable, they operate on families and ſtates, as on boys or officers, and hence ariſe national animoſities and political alliances. After a long and elaborate diſcuſſion of the ſubject, which the author ſtrengthens by the arguments of Smith and the poetry of Shakeſpeare, he ſays,

But why all this of Emulation and Rivalry?—Becauſe, as the whole hiſtory of the civil wars of France, given us by *Davila*, is no more than a relation of rivalries, ſucceeding each other in a rapid ſeries, the reflections we have made will aſſiſt us, both to underſtand that noble hiſtorian, and to form a right judgment of the ſtate of affairs in France at the preſent moment. They will ſuggeſt alſo to *Americans*, eſpecially to thoſe who have been unfriendly, and may be now lukewarm to their national Conſtitution, ſome uſeful enquiries, ſuch as thoſe for examples: Whether there are not emulations, of a ſerious complexion among ourſelves? between cities and univerſities? between North and South? The Middle and the North? The Middle and the South? between one State and another? between the governments of States and the National Government? and between individual patriots and heroes in all theſe? What is the natural remedy againſt the inconveniences and dangers of theſe rivalries? Whether a well-balanced Conſtitution, ſuch as that of our Union purports to be, ought not to be cordially ſupported, till its defects, if it has any, can be corrected, by every good citizen, as our only hope of peace, and our ark of ſafety?—But it muſt be left to the contemplations of State Phyſicians to diſcover the cauſes and the remedy of that "*fever, whereof our power is ſick.*" One queſtion only ſhall be reſpectfully inſinuated; Whether equal laws, the reſult only of a balanced government, can ever be obtained and preſerved without ſome ſigns or other of diſtinction and degree?

At the period of the publication of theſe diſcourſes the National Aſſembly was the governing power in France. It was divided into various parties, ſuch as the ariſtocratical, the democratical, the monarchical, and the neutral. Various theories of government were broached, according to the ideas of each party, and thoſe doctrines were about to be put in execution, which deſtroyed the feudal and eccleſiaſtical orders; and fears were entertained of the ſettlement of the ſupreme power in one aſſembly. The author of the diſcourſes on

Davila, after his inquiry into the nature and tendency of the love of rank, orders, titles, neceſſarily ſlides into an important inveſtigation of theſe political doctrines, advanced by the French writers, and ſhews the futility, abſurdity, nay, impoſſibility of annihilating theſe playthings for children of a larger growth. The folly of a ſovereignty in one aſſembly may be exhibited from the hiſtory of Pennſylvania and Georgia. They have changed thoſe conſtitutions, which had concentered ſupreme power in one body, and have evidenced accordingly their political wiſdom. Had France, when ſhe threw off deſpotiſm of one kind, attended to the dictates of nature, had ſhe conſulted experience, and practiſed the doctrines of wiſe legiſlation, by giving authority and equilibrium to the one, the few, and the many, as they are found in the world and moulded in the Engliſh conſtitution, ſhe might have enjoyed liberty with order, and would have brought into actual operation that ſyſtem, which Monteſquieu thought the European nations had practiſed in the heart of their woods.

The diſcourſer, after giving ſome leſſons of advice to the National Aſſembly, on the importance of different branches and balances, exhorts the Americans to rejoice in their promiſing eſſay towards a well ordered government. Reference is made to the proceedings of Boſton in 1772, when the committee of correſpondence, which was appointed to ſtate the rights of the coloniſts, publiſhed their political principles, and in "an immortal pamphlet, which is a real picture of the ſun of liberty," aſſerted the neceſſity of different checks and proportions of power to eſtabliſh civil liberty. The congreſs of Philadelphia, in October, 1774, laid down the ſame fundamental principles, and ſolemnly declared, "that it is indiſpenſably neceſſary, that the conſtituent branches of the legiſlature be independent of each other." Theſe opinions are certainly juſt, and we join the great author of theſe diſcourſes in hoping, that they may be eternal. Yet we are obliged to remark, that few encroachments on our excellent ſyſtem had been made when this author diſcourſed; but fourteen years have admoniſhed us, that the conſtitution cannot preſerve itſelf; and we fear there is "ſomething rotten in the ſtate of Denmark." This number concludes with ſome excellent remarks on religion.

Let us conclude with one reflection more, which ſhall barely be hinted at, as delicacy, if not prudence, may require, in this place, ſome degree of reſerve. Is there a poſſibility, that the government of nations may fall into the hands of men, who teach the moſt diſconſolate of all creeds, that men are but fire-flies, and that this *all* is without a father? Is this the way to make man, as man, an object of reſpect? Or is it, to make murder itſelf, as indifferent as ſhooting a plover, and the extermination of the Rohilla nation, as innocent, as the ſwallowing of mites, on a morſel of cheeſe? If ſuch a caſe ſhould happen, would not one of theſe, the moſt credulous of all believers, have reaſon to pray, to his eternal nature, or his almighty chance, (the more abſurdity there is in this addreſs the more in character) *give us again the gods of the Greeks—give us again the more intelligible as well as more comfortable ſyſtems of Athanaſius and Calvin—nay, give us again our Popes and Hierarchies, Benedictines and*

Jesuits, with all their superstition and fanaticism, impostures and tyranny. A certain Duchess of venerable years and masculine understanding, said of some of the philosophers of the eighteenth century, admirably well, "On ne pas croit dans la Christianisme, mais on croit toutes les bottises possibles."

The author proceeds from page 94 in a regular course of narration, interrupted only by the insertion of political remarks. As he has condensed Davila, it would be absurd to abridge the discourser; it may therefore be sufficient to say, that he relates the continuance of the rivalry between the Guises and Montmorencies; the ambition of the queen mother after the death of Henry II.; the various plots and intrigues of the Bourbons, the Colignis, and other families of France; the state and political effect of the Protestant religion in the sect of the Huguenots; the civil wars between them and the Catholicks; the assembling of the states general in 1560; the plots of all the families after the death of Francis II.; the elevation of the Bourbons; the measures relating to the famous edict granting liberty of conscience and of preaching to the Calvinists, in 1562; the civil wars that shortly followed; the horrid massacre of St. Bartholomew's day; and the work concludes with some strong and admirable reflections, of which we insert the following as a summary.

Instead of throwing false imputations on republican governments; instead of exciting or fomenting a vulgar malignity against the most respectable men and families—let us draw the proper inferences from history and experience—let us lay it down for a certain fact, first, that emulation between individuals, and rivalries among families, never can be prevented: second, let us adopt it as a certain principle that they ought not to be prevented, but directed to virtue, and then stimulated and encouraged by generous applause and honorable rewards. And from these premises let the conclusion be, as it ought to be, that an effectual controul be provided in the constitution, to check their excesses and balance their weights. If this conclusion is not drawn, another will follow of itself—the people will be the dupes, and the leaders will worry each other and the people too, till both are weary and ashamed, and from feeling, not from reasoning, set up a master and a despot for a Protector.

Thus have we finished a long analysis of a very interesting work. The style we do not commend, it is rough and unpolished; the words grate harshly, and the sentences are often involved like Clarendon's.

Verum ubi plura nitent in carmine, non ego paucis
Offendar maculis, quas aut incuria fudit,
Aut humana parum cavit natura.

We recommend the discourses to every student of politicks; and even the veteran legislator will recognise the maxims, by which he may have assisted in framing political constitutions. By attending to the dictates of nature, as she operates in states, and by a careful consideration, remembrance, and practice of the hallowed lore of De Lolme, Burke, and similar writers, our country may hope in time to enjoy the blessings of perfect balances, as far as what is human can be perfect; and when founded in the deep earth, and established on the strong rocks, its turrets may wave in the whirlwind, but "ponderibus librata suis," the workmen have been faithful, and the work is immoveable.

ART. 24.

Two Sermons on the Chriſtian Sabbath, for diſtribution in the new ſettlements of the United States—By Joſeph Lathrop, D. D. paſtor of the firſt church in Weſt-Springfield. Text, Rev. i. 10.... *I WAS IN THE SPIRIT ON THE LORD'S DAY.* Northampton. Butler 1805.

IN the firſt of theſe diſcourſes the author ſhews in a plain and familiar manner, that the chriſtian church has, from the time of the reſurrection of our Saviour, obſerved the firſt day of the week, in commemoration of that event. The ſecond is devoted to reflexions and inferences which flowed from the ſubject. From the "ſequeſtration" of one day in ſeven to perpetuate the death and reſurrection of Chriſt, he urges the vaſt importance of thoſe events to mankind; the duty of chriſtians to aſſociate for the ſupport and obſervance of publick worſhip, and the utility of attendance on divine inſtitutions. He ſhews, that the ſabbath is peculiarly favourable to the purpoſes of religion, and, from St. John's obſervance of that day in a ſtate of exile and ſolitude, he infers, that we are not by the ordinary circumſtances of life excuſed from the duties of the ſabbath. He concludes with an affectionate addreſs "to the people diſperſed in the wilderneſs and in the new ſettlements," for whoſe benefit this ſermon was publiſhed by the "Hampſhire Miſſionary Society, and among whom it was the benevolent intention of the ſociety, that it ſhould be diſtributed.

This ſermon is well adapted to the circumſtances of thoſe, for whom it was particularly intended, and it will be read with pleaſure and advantage by all who either regard the ſabbath as a political device for the good of ſociety, or who conſider it as appropriated by the Supreme Being for the ſpiritual worſhip of himſelf by his intelligent offſpring.

ART. 25.

God's wonders in the great deep, recorded in ſeveral wonderful and amazing accounts of ſailors, who have met with unexpected deliverance from death, when in the greateſt dangers; to which is added the ſeaman's ſpiritual directory, ſhewing what he ought to think and do, with forms of prayers ſuited to their ſeveral circumſtances and various occaſions. Newburyport, Thomas & Whipple, 1805.

THESE relations of dreadful danger and ſtrange relief will be intereſting to all ſeamen. The religious advice is excellent, and the prayers are well ſuited to the different ſituations in which all mariners may be placed. The book is badly printed, and the picture of a wrecked ſhip is moſt ridiculous.

CORRESPONDENCE.

*To the REVIEWER of "The True Reaſons," &c.**

SIR—UNDER the authoritative garb of a *Review*, and with the advantages of concealment, you have publiſhed your ſtrictures on my pamphlet. Of your ſucceſs in invalidating its reaſoning and deſign,

* See Anthology, vol. II, No. 3, p. 152.

the publick will form their own opinion. Be assured, sir, I am neither displeased nor wounded by your review. "*Telum imbelle sine ictu.*" Nor should I give myself the trouble of a reply, but for the opportunity you give me of bringing before the publick some important facts and documents corroborative of what has already been advanced on this subject.

You begin by saying, "The *object* of this pamphlet is not a little singular." It probably would have appeared less "singular," especially to your readers, had you correctly stated it in the author's own language. On this point it would have been fair in you, and it is customary with reviewers, to let the author speak for himself.

"The *title*," you say, "is not very correct." If, sir, you will take the trouble to read it again, you will probably perceive your mistake. I professedly give the *true reasons*, which influenced *my own* conduct. I say nothing of the reasons by which others were actuated. I was not authorized to speak in behalf of those, who voted with me; nor have I done it. And let me ask, sir, was it correct or delicate in you to intimate, that a "majority" of the gentlemen, who were opposed to the election were influenced by "political considerations?" By what authority do you thus criminate the *motives* of a considerable portion of the honourable senate of this commonwealth? for doubtless you believe it improper, that "political considerations" should have had influence in an election of this kind? From the best evidence I have been able to collect on this delicate subject, (and I have such as enables me to speak with some degree of confidence) I have reason to believe that your charge is as unfounded, as it is ungenerous, (not to give it a harder name;) and that *party politicks* had no influence on the late decision of the overseers.

"The extracts," which I have given, from Mr. Hollis's letters, &c. in your opinion, do not "decisively prove him to have been a Calvinist; because they contain "no expressions, which an *Arminian* might not have used"!! And can you seriously assert this? If so, either you or I must be ignorant of the distinction between an Arminian and a Calvinist. But as you are convinced that Mr. Hollis was a Calvinist of the stamp of the founders of the college, you doubtless have evidence of the fact stronger than any I possess, which is yet abundantly sufficient to convince ordinary men.

I am at a loss how to understand the following remarks of yours, viewed in connexion with the *eleventh* article in Mr. Hollis's statutes. "It appears indeed, with *sufficient clearness*, what tenets Mr. Hollis considered as "sound or orthodox;" but it does not appear that he was guilty of the egregious folly of *determining* that all *electors* of professor, through all future time, should be of precisely the same opinion with himself." The statute says, "That the person chosen *from time to time* to be a *professor*, shall be a man of *sound or orthodox principles*," &c.

Do you mean, sir, to concede that Mr. Hollis intended his *professor* should be "*from time to time*" of "sound or orthodox principles," like his own? but that he was not so egregiously foolish, as to determine

that his *electors* ſhould, "from time to time," be of the ſame opinion with himſelf? If this be your meaning, whom does this arguing reprove? Who has aſſerted, that Mr. Hollis meant to preſcribe, what ſhould be the religious principles of the *electors* of his profeſſor? No one ſurely. He has declared what ſhall be their *duty* not their opinions. Why then this pitiful ſubterfuge? Do you mean to maintain the opinion, that the electors, in chooſing a Hollis profeſſor of divinity, are to be governed, not by *the ſtatutes of the founder*, but by *their own religious ſentiments?* If this be your opinion, why not avow it explicitly, and tell us at once, that Mr. Hollis's ſtatutes are no longer to be regarded as a rule for the electors. If I miſtake your idea, I pray you to explain your meaning.

But waving other remarks on your review, "of which I will only ſay (reiterating your own words) *valeat quantum valere poteſt*, I proceed to the principal object of this reply. You ſay, "with the preciſe ſentiments of the reſpectable man, who is choſen and confirmed, as profeſſor of divinity, we are unacquainted." Again, "It is probable the corporation and overſeers *wiſely* thought, that the character and principles of a candidate could be more certainly underſtood from his publick ſervices, and private converſation, than from anſwers to the few queſtions which might be aſked." And again, "it is aſſerted that Dr. Wiggleſworth and his ſon were calviniſts. This admits of a *doubt.*" You then refer us to a MS. in the college library to prove, that though Dr. W. in early life was a calviniſt, he ſaw reaſon to change his ſentiments. You then, upon authority deny poſitively, that the late Dr. W. was a calviniſt; and add---"but theſe are matters of little importance."

Theſe ſentiments, ſir, and this mode of conducting an election, are certainly of modern origin. They are without precedent. You may ſay, perhaps, "our fathers were ignorant and we are wiſe; we diſdain to follow their ſteps." But, ſir, all of us have not yet grown ſo *wiſe* as to reject all precedents of our fathers on ſubjects of this kind, as "worm eaten authorities," of no value. There are ſtill ſome among us, who venerate their wiſdom, and think their mode of proceeding in the choice of ſo important an officer in the college as a divinity profeſſor, judicious and worthy of imitation. Under theſe impreſſions I copy from the records of the college the following account of the proceedings of the electors in the choice of the firſt profeſſor of divinity, and which appears to have been deſigned as a precedent for future electors.

"At a meeting of the overſeers, &c. Jan. 24, 1721—2. The Rev. Preſident reported to the overſeers, that the corporation had proceeded to make choice of Mr. Edward Wiggleſworth to be profeſſor of divinity in Harvard College, and that *preceding* the choice *they had examined* the ſaid Mr. Wiggleſworth upon ſeveral moſt important heads in divinity, *which heads were ſeverally named in the preſence of the overſeers*, and the method of proceeding by the preſident and fellows in this important affair was *greatly to their ſatisfaction.* Then the Rev. Preſident preſented the ſaid Mr. W. to the overſeers for their approbation and confirmation. And the queſtion being put, whether the overſeers con-

firmed the ſaid choice of the ſaid Mr. W. to be a profeſſor of divinity in Harvard College? voted in the affirmative.

"*Ordered* by the overſeers, that a minute be taken and *recorded* of the ſeveral heads in divinity upon which the Rev. Preſident and Fellows had examined Mr. Wiggleſworth, viz. That he *appeared before the corporation and declared his aſſent* 1. To Dr. Ames's *Medulla Theologiæ*. 2. To the confeſſion of faith contained in the aſſembly's catechiſm. 3. To the doctrinal articles of the church of England; more particularly 1. To the doctrine of the Holy Trinity. 2. To the doctrine of the Eternal Godhead of our bleſſed Saviour. 3. To the doctrine of predeſtination. 4. To the doctrine of ſpecial efficacious grace. 5. To the divine right of infant baptiſm."

After this, I preſume, ſir, you will no longer "*doubt*" whether or not the firſt Dr. Wiggleſworth was a *Calviniſt*. You ſeem indeed almoſt willing to admit that he was "in early life;" but from a MS. eſſay in the college library you ſuppoſe "he ſaw reaſon to change his ſentiments." Though this affects not my argument (becauſe, as I adduced Dr. W. as holding ſentiments accordant with the wiſhes of Mr. Hollis, if it be admitted that his ſentiments were Calviniſtick *at the time of his election*, it is all that is neceſſary to my purpoſe) yet I had the curioſity to know what this MS. contained; and in an unſucceſsful inquiry after it, I found his *Dudleian Lecture* on *Natural Religion*, preached May 14. 1760, *within five years of his death*. Preſuming this muſt contain the ſentiments in which he died, I read it and made from it the following extracts, which I ſubmit to your eye, and that of the publick, to ſhew, not only the principles of Dr. Wiggleſworth, but alſo what were then the ſentiments taught in our univerſity.

"But it is well known, what vile and impious ſects of men there be, who go vaſtly further than this. The *Socinians*, in order to enervate and overthrow the doctrines of Chriſt's divinity and ſatisfaction, do as it were turn the whole chriſtian ſyſtem into a mere religion of nature. For though they pretend to own the revelation that Jeſus Chriſt and his apoſtles have made; yet they make natural reaſon the ſtandard of this revelation, and the ultimate judge at whoſe bar it is to be tried; and if any of its moſt plain doctrines claſh with the wiſdom of this world, they are to be reſcinded and rejected. Both of theſe ſorts of men [*meaning Deiſts and Socinians*] build the honour of natural reaſon and religion on the ruins of the Goſpel diſcovery: Which uſurped honour ought to be taken from it and given where it is due; by aſſerting not only the *preferableneſs*, but even the *neceſſity* of that more full, and clear, and certain light that hath been given by inſpiration of God."

Again. "Beſides we ſee that man is become not only wicked in practice, but this wickedneſs, flowing from an inward evil fountain, corrupt and depraved in the powers of his mind; his heart a ſink of unclean luſts, out of which proceed *evil thought, murders, adulteries, fornications, theſts, falſe-witneſs, blaſphemies*, and every other filthy thing. Now ſo long as this internal filthineſs remains (however clean the

outside of the cup and platter should be made) the man cannot be acceptable to God, who *is of purer eyes than to behold iniquity.*

"Neither can it be otherwise, while this corrupt state of mind lasts, than that the man should be inflexibly bent to all wickedness, and an enemy to all good; deaf to all calls to repentance and reformation; or should there be a partial change for the better in his morals, the goodness would be but as *a morning cloud.* Through the power of inward corruption he would return with the dog to his vomit.

"And now doth it lie within the reach of natural reason to find a remedy for this distemper of the soul? Can natural religion inform us of a quite new turn given to the human mind? A change in all the operations of the soul, so far as to see and understand things in another light, a new bias on man's affections, so as to love and hate, pursue and flee from objects, not after the old and head strong manner, but in obedience to better light and sounder judgment? No; sure the world by wisdom never dreamed of the necessity of such a change as this; their religion taught men to struggle in vain to make the fruit good, while the tree that bare it remained corrupt. And if natural reason could have told men of the necessity of *a new heart and new spirit;* yet since it could not inform them where to apply for an author or workman adequate to the work that was to be done, how much better had the case of sinners been! The *Ethiopian* must of himself *have changed* his skin, and the *leopard* his spots; and he that *had been accustomed to do evil must have learned to do well,* if he could. It is despised revelation, and that only, wherein the remedy for this otherwise incurable disease is found. *Turn thou me and I shall be turned.* Except a man be born of water and of the spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of heaven."

Such were the sentiments of Dr. Wigglesworth within *five* years of his death. If, sir, your MS. speaks a different language from this, let it be produced. If not, I presume you must be satisfied that the first Dr. Wigglesworth lived and died a Calvinist.

As to the late Dr. Wigglesworth I determine as you do, from the information of several gentlemen, who knew him most intimately, who assert *positively,* that he was neither an Arian nor an Arminian, but a sublapsarian, or what is now denominated a moderate Calvinist. At the time of his election he was examined by men, who were *calvinists,* as to "his principles in divinity, whether they were *orthodox,* according to the doctrines of the churches of Christ at that time (1765) —and to the questions put to him, "he gave full and satisfactory answers." If any thing in the writings of Dr. W. shews that he was not of the sentiments abovementioned, I presume it can, and doubtless will be produced. Till this be done, I think no one can be justified in asserting, that he was not a calvinist. But you say, "These are matters of little importance." They may be so to you, sir, but they were not deemed so by Mr. Hollis, nor by former electors of his professor, nor are they so considered by many even at the present day.

"No examination," you say, "took place at the election of Dr. Tappan." I do not justify this neglect. If, however, the omission

of it could ever be juſtified, it might be in his caſe. He had avowed and publiſhed his religious opinions, in a publick diſpute on a diſtinguiſhing point of orthodoxy, as well as in ſeveral printed diſcourſes. His ſentiments, in conſequence, were generally well known, which cannot be ſaid, by your own acknowledgment, of the profeſſor elect. Beſides, I well remember, that at the time when his election was confirmed by the overſeers, not only the general character of Dr. Tappan was given, but his particular religious opinions were declared to the board by the late Preſident Willard, and eſpecially and fully by the late lieutenant-governour Phillips, his intimate friend and claſſmate. In this election, therefore, the overſeers did not, as in the laſt, act in the dark, as it reſpected the doctrinal opinions of the candidate.

No one more ſincerely laments the exiſting neceſſity of this publick diſcuſſion of important matters relating to our univerſity than I do; and I have no wiſh to continue it farther than is neceſſary to my own vindication, and the diſcloſure of uſeful facts and truths, which can never injure but tend to promote and perpetuate the beſt intereſts of that ancient and reſpectable inſtitution. Should you, ſir, think it proper to continue this diſcuſſion, and to make reply to the foregoing remarks, I hope you will not deny to your obſervations the authority, and to the publick the ſatisfaction, of your name. J. MORSE.

Charleſtown, April 19, 1805.

THAT we may avoid any imputation of unfairneſs, we have thus inſerted entire the reply of Dr. Morſe. The requeſt however we muſt obſerve, was moſt unreaſonable. A ſhort note to correct a miſtake, or what may appear to the author a miſrepreſentation of his meaning, is undoubtedly admiſſible, but to ſend for publication a long and laboured anſwer to a review, including much new matter, and that too in defence of a point, which the Reviewers conſider, and which Dr. M. concedes, to be not eſſential to the main argument of the pamphlet, is certainly unprecedented; and as this is probably the firſt requeſt of the kind, ſo we hope it will be the laſt. We muſt add, that Dr. M. appears in many reſpects ignorant of the nature of a review.

We preſume that ſtrictures of any kind may take the garb of a review without any juſt cauſe of offence. If their appearance in this form, that is, in the department of a periodical work aſſigned for this purpoſe, carries any improper authority, the readers, not the Reviewers, are in fault. If we proceed to reply to the Dr's. vindication, without renouncing the "advantages for concealment," or giving the gentleman or the publick the "ſatisfaction of our names," we hope to ſtand juſtified. We have never underſtood that a man is, by any tie of morality or honour, reſtrained from publiſhing his ſentiments upon a ſubject or book, unleſs he will alſo publiſh *himſelf*, and become the object of perſonal notice. We conceive his duty to be wholly concerned with the ſpirit and contents of his book, but whether his *name* ſhall be inſerted on the title page, or not, is a queſtion reſting entirely with his diſcretion or taſte. We are far from think-

We are arraigned as incorrect and indelicate for judging the motives of voters. Had this champion of his own opinions been accustomed to vindicate the motives of a certain political party, or to treat them as having a conscience; had he spared any severity of insinuation, not to say of accusation, against the majority of the electors, or imputed their decision to honest but mistaken views, he might with a better grace have schooled us for judging some of his voters; which after all we have not done. We will not defend the strict propriety of the term *majority;* but that many of the voters were influenced by political considerations, is a fact which no one doubts but Dr. M. Really he does not mean that we ought to believe, that all his political adversaries sided with him in obedience to conscience!

We abide by the assertion, that Mr. Hollis's letters do not amount to a calvinistick confession of faith, and that most of the same expressions, or equivalent ones, are found in the works of many Arminians.

The Dr. *affects* not to understand our meaning when we say, p. 154 "It appears indeed with sufficient clearness," &c. The meaning, which we think our language clearly conveys, is this—Mr. Hollis would probably consider his own belief as "*found or orthodox*," but he could not be so mistaken as to suppose, that his own construction of the words would be adopted by all electors of professor; or that what he called "found or orthodox" would of course be called so by them, through all successions of time. He could not imagine, that he had secured the Calvinism of his professor by ordaining, that he should be in the opinion of the electors "found or orthodox," knowing, that these are words which, in their reputable sense, every sect appropriates to itself. He meant not to establish a professor of Calvinism, but a professor of theology. Tell us, the Dr. says, "do you mean that the corporation and overseers are to choose by their own religious opinions?" They are to be governed by their own opinion of the meaning of Mr. H's. language; by what *they* deem orthodox, and not what *he* deemed so; unless he had told them his sense of the phrases, and made it a part of the rule. We mean therefore that they are to construct the instrument according to their judgment, except where Mr. H. has enjoined his judgment upon them; and that they are bound to endeavour so to interpret one part, as to agree with other parts, and with the whole of the instrument.

But the greatest difficulty of Dr. M. appears to arise from the want of an examination. We said, the corporation wisely preferred other modes of ascertaining the principles of the candidate. We say this from a belief, that they are more certain and satisfactory than that which he proposes. They are more prudent, just, scriptural, christian, and protestant. Such an examination as that which the gentleman has detailed as taking place with regard to the first professor, may be favourable to the support of a sect, but not of truth. It is that imposing and judging system, which lays a snare for a man's conscience, discourages inquiry and discussion, impedes the progress of truth, which endeavoured to stifle the reformation in its cradle, and which drove our puritan fathers to this country. It is at war with

the three great principles of proteſtantiſm—the ſufficiency and certainty of the ſcriptures as a rule of faith; the right and duty of private judgment in religion; and liberty of conſcience. If therefore the corporation and overſeers were not expreſsly required by the ſtatutes of the founder to reſort to this method of obtaining evidence of the principles of the profeſſor, they were wiſe to decline it. They had this additional juſtification of the omiſſion, that they left the gentleman taking the office at full liberty to be faithful to the declaration required by Mr. Hollis, in which he engages to explain and open the ſcriptures according to the light he ſhall receive.

A volume might be written upon the criminality and miſchief of the practice, which the Dr. inſiſts to have been neceſſary and proper, and in vindication of the courſe purſued by the corporation and approved by the overſeers. But we are told, this cannot be right, becauſe it is *modern*. Be it ſo. It is not the worſe for that, if it be proved right and ſalutary. Chriſtianity was once modern; the reformation was once modern; congregationaliſm was once modern. If it be modern, it is not, as we obſerved before, new, or unprecedented; and we inſiſt, that notwithſtanding Dr. Tappan's writings (ſome of which had a ſtrong tinge of ſomething anticalviniſtick) it remained uncertain how far he was *found* in what are called calviniſtick doctrines, and that upon the principles now advanced he ought to have been examined. If the electors ought to have been guided by ancient examples, we aſk, by which? By that exhibited in the choice of the * firſt Dr. Wiggleſworth? or of the ſecond? or of Dr. Tappan? If the firſt, the whole of the practice then adopted is as binding as a part. This would reſtrict the latitude of choice not a little, for there are few, who call themſelves Calviniſts, that could ſubſcribe to all contained in the ſyſtems and formularies aſſented to by the firſt Dr. Wiggleſworth. Modern Calviniſm is not what it was in Dr. Ames's time. One claſs have incorporated with it the doctrine of philoſophical neceſſity, and another many of the leading ſentiments of the Arminians; though both are ambitious of being conſidered as entitled to the *name*. We recommend to the gentleman, who is himſelf a proof of its juſtneſs, the following remark. "If different religions be profeſſed in the ſame country, and the minds of men remain unfettered and unawed by intimidations of law, that religion which is founded on reaſon, will gradually gain over the other to it. I do not mean that men will formally renounce their ancient religion, but that they will adopt into it the more rational doctrines, the improvements and diſcoveries of the neighbouring ſects; by which means the worſe re-

* With reſpect to Dr. Wiggleſworth we have only to repeat our doubts, which are much confirmed by ſubſequent inquiry. The MS. we referred to, now before us, is bound up with Dr. W's. "Doctrine of Reprobation briefly conſidered," and contains a defence of a paſſage in that work. It is in the hand writing of Dr. W. jun. and is preceded by a note of his, ſtating the reaſons of its not having been publiſhed. We ſhould inſert this note, but have not room; and leave the examination of the eſſay and defence to thoſe who have a curioſity to look into the ſubject.

ligion, without the ceremony of a reformation, will inſenſibly aſſimilate itſelf to the better. If Popery, for inſtance, and Proteſtantiſm were permitted to dwell quietly together, Papiſts might not become Proteſtants, for the *name* is commonly the laſt thing that is changed, but they would become more enlightened and reformed; they would by little and little incorporate into their creeds many of the tenets of Proteſtantiſm, as well as imbibe a portion of its ſpirit and moderation." From the account the Dr. gives of the ſeveral elections of profeſſor, the gradual relaxation and final ſurrender of this inquiſitorial ſyſtem, ſo extolled, is worthy of remark. The firſt profeſſor is brought to the teſt with a witneſs. He was required to take an abundant doſe of technical theology. Dr. Ames's Medulla, Weſtminſter Confeſſion, doctrinal articles of the Church of England, and the five points, ſharp and unblunted as Perkins's Tractors, were all adminiſtered without mercy. The report of the amplitude of his faith was made to the overſeers, and entered upon their records with great formality; always ready to riſe up in judgment againſt him, whenever the light which God ſhould give him might lead him aſtray from theſe good old paths. But when the ſecond Doctor was introduced, what a falling off from the faith once delivered! No account of the particulars of the inquiſition, but only a report to the overſeers, that from their examination the corporation were ſatisfied. Finally, Dr. Tappan choſen without any examination whatever; and now his ſucceſſor; in conſequence of which precedents we ſhall be liable to profeſſors, who have no qualification for the place but acknowledged talents, piety, and virtue; who give no proof of the ſoundneſs of their principles but edifying inſtructions, a character for probity and ſincerity, and an avowal of the ſcriptures as the rule of their faith and practice.

MONTHLY CATALOGUE

OF NEW PUBLICATIONS IN THE UNITED STATES,

FOR APRIL, 1805.

SUNT BONA, SUNT QUÆDAM MEDIOCRIA, SUNT MALA PLURA.—MART.

☞ *The Editor readily acknowledges the imperfection of the preſent liſt; but wiſhing that this article may contain a ſort of hiſtory of new publications in our country, he takes the liberty of requeſting the aid of authors and publiſhers towards rendering it complete. If notices of their works and propoſals ſhall be furniſhed, free of poſtage, they ſhall be gratuitouſly inſerted.*

NEW WORKS.

The life of Samuel Johnſon, D. D. the firſt preſident of King's College, in N. York, containing many intereſting anecdotes; a general view of the ſtate of religion and learning in Connecticut, during the former part of the laſt century, &c. &c. By Thomas Bradbury Chandler, D. D. formerly rector of St. John's Church, Elizabethtown, New-Jerſey. To which is added an appendix containing many original letters never before publiſhed from Biſhop Berkely, Archbiſhop Secker, Biſhop Lowth, and others, to Dr. Johnſon. Newyork, T. & J. Swords, 1805—1 vol. 12mo. pp. 298. 1 dol.

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Plowden's hiſtorical review of the ſtate of Ireland, commencing with the invaſion of Henry the II. in the year 1172 down to a late period in the preſent reign. Philadelphia.

The debates and other proceedings of the Virginian convention on the adoption of the federal conſtitution. Worldly and Dobſon, Norfolk.

An hiſtorical treatiſe on the feudal law and conſtitution and laws of England; with a commentary on Magna Charta, and illuſtrations of many of the Engliſh ſtatutes. By the late Francis Stoughton Sullivan, LL. D. royal profeſſor of common law in the univerſity of Dublin, to which authorities are added, and a diſcourſe is prefixed concerning the laws and government of England. By Gilbert Stuart, L L. D. 2 vols. 8vo. 5 dolls. Thomas B. Wait & Co. Portland.

Lectures on Theology, by Charles Niſbet, D. D. late preſident of Dickinſon college, in Carliſle, Pennſylvania: to which will be prefixed an account of the life and character of the author; by the Rev. Dr. Samuel Miller of Newyork. In 6 8vo. vols.

An eſſay on the life of George Waſhington, commander in chief of the American army, through the revolutionary war, and firſt preſident of the United States of America. By the Rev. Aaron Bancroft, of Worceſter, Maſſachuſetts, 1 vol. 2 dolls. I. Thomas, Worceſter.

Pamphlets published.

A Sermon delivered at Cambridge on the Annual Faſt, 1805, by John Foſter, A. M. Text—Make a chain; for the land is full of bloody crimes. Ez. vii. 23. Cambridge, Hilliard.

Two Diſcourſes on Chriſt's Selfexiſtence, addreſſed to the Second Congregational Society in Newburyport, Mar. 3, 1805. By Samuel Spring. Newburyport, E. M. Blunt. 8vo. pp. 59.

An attempt to recommend juſtice, charity, and unanimity in matters of religion; in a ſermon, preached in Newbury, June 10, 1804, and to the firſt congregational ſociety of Newburyport, March 3, 1805. By John Snelling Popkin, A. M. miniſter of the firſt church and congregation of Newbury. Publiſhed at the deſire of the hearers. Newburyport, publiſhed by Angier March, for the ſubſcribers, 1805, pp. 39.

The guilt, folly, and ſources of Suicide; two diſcourſes preached in the city of Newyork, by Samuel Miller, D. D. Newyork.

Lexiphanes, a dialogue imitated from Lucien, and ſuited to the preſent times; being an attempt to expoſe the affected ſtyle, hard words, and abſurd phraſeology of many late writers, and particular-

ly of Lexiphanes the Rambler. Philadelphia.

Anſwer to the queſtions, Why are you a federaliſt? and why ſhall you vote for governour Strong? Boſton, 1805. pp. 22.

A parody on ſome of the moſt ſtriking paſſages in a late pamphlet entitled "a letter to a Federaliſt." By Vernon H. Quincy, Eſq. Portſmouth, N. H. printed at the Oracle preſs, pp. 47—40 cents.

Thomas M. Randolph's letter to his conſtituents. Richmond, Virginia.

GALVANISM.

MR. Kelch of Konigſburg, has made ſome remarkable galvanick experiments on the body of a criminal who was beheaded for a capital crime. The pile of which he made uſe conſiſted of ſixty-two plates of zinc and copper, which was combined with another of fifty-two ſtrata. The head immediately after the execution was placed on a table, and while the ſpinal marrow, which was cut through at the ſixth vertebra colli, was touched with the conductor of the zinc pole, the conductor of the copper pole was applied to the left upper eye-lid, and immediately the eyes which were only half ſhut, opened themſelves, in which ſtate they remained as long as the chin was ſhut. The eye-lids not only contracted themſelves, but ſhewed a tremulous motion, which ceaſed immediately after removing the conductors. The contractions were ſtill ſtronger, on moiſtening the eye-lids with a ſolution of ſal ammon. No change could be produced either in the iris or in the pupilla. On touching the ala naſi and ſeptum mobile with the copper pole conductor, the ala diſtended itſelf and became tremulous, the ſeptum and the point of the noſe were drawn downwards. By touching the middle part of the upper lip it approached to the under lip, but not ſo much as to ſhut the half-open mouth. On applying the conductor of the copper pole to the corner of the mouth, the upper lip was contracted, while the under lip remained immovable; the tongue ſhewed undulating motions when touched with the conductor of the copper pole. Similar contractions followed in the temples and cheeks. On touching the ſpinal marrow, and any part of the face, the fore part of the neck came into a ſudden motion, reſembling the act of ſwallowing, which laſted ſome time after having removed the conductor. All theſe experiments were ſeveral times repeated, and continued for above half an hour. On the left arm, a place two inches large of the muſculas biceps was laid bare, and having touched the ſpinal marrow with the conductor of the zinc pole, and that place with the copper pole conductor, the muſcle was ſuddenly contracted; the fore arm turned itſelf, moving at the ſame time towards the body, and likewiſe the upper arm made a turning motion, drawing near the body; but as ſoon as the conductor was removed the arm fell back into its former ſituation. On bringing the ſpinal marrow and the ſcrobiculus cordis within the galvanick chain, the latter part with all the integuments of the belly, began to raiſe

ſelf; the thorax contracted forming convexity; the arms became ſtiff, were raiſed and moved towards the trunk; the ſhoulders were lifted; the upper part of the ſpine was bent, moving ſomewhat down the table; but when the galvanick chain was opened, all theſe motions diſappeared.—On repeating the experiment, the ſame motions enſued, except the latter. The muſcles of the belly likewiſe ſhowed contractions. The large and ſmall inteſtines could by no means be excited to contract, nor yet the ſtomach, though they had previouſly been moiſtened with a ſolution of ſal ammoniack. While the zinc pole remained in combination with the ſpinal marrow, the conductor of the copper pole was applied to the abdominal ſurface of the diaphragm, and to the proceſſus enſiformis of the ſternum, by which it was conſiderably contracted, but a motion of the heart could not be perceived. Touching the pericardium produced not any contraction, but on opening it and touching the heart on the anterior part of the right ventricle, ſome ſlight motion at the apex cordes, and where the large blood veſſels enter the ventricles, and at the right auricula, could be produced. The heart was taken out of the body, and being laid on the hand of a gentleman who aſſiſted at the experiments, the zinc conductor was introduced into the right ventricle, while the apex corelis and the ſurface of the left ventricle was touched with the copper conductor, by which means conſiderable contractions, and particularly an alternate contraction and diſtenſion of the oriſice of the right ventricle, where the arteries enter it, and of its auricle were produced, which even continued for a few minutes after having removed the conductors. The limbs having become cool during the former experiments ſhowed but ſlight contractions.—On laying bare and galvaniſing the muſculus ſartorious, the motions of the thigh were more conſiderable. A cutaneous branch of the orural nerve, touching with its inner ſurface the muſculus ſartorious was prepared and combined with a bare place of the muſcle of the other limb; the nerve contracted, while ſlight motions were at the ſame time perceived in that muſcle; to which the zinc conductor had been applied, and the place of the nerve which had been touched with the conductor, became the next day light brown, and dry, while the remaining part was ſoft, moiſt, and of its natural colour.

Necrology;

OR NOTICES COLLECTED OF PERSONS RECENTLY DECEASED AT HOME AND ABROAD.

In this town, April 7, Capt. Benjamin Hammatt, aged 93. This gentleman came from the weſt of England in the year 1727. For many years ſailed from this port, as maſter of a veſſel, and lived to be the oldeſt man in the town.

He was an active, uſeful and worthy citizen; correct in his political and religious opinions. His attendance upon publick worſhip was ſo habitual, that during forty years he miſſed *not* a day if he were aſhore.

He retained his bodily health and mental faculties to the lateſt period of his life. Was always cheerful; and having ſeen much of the world, this

compaſs of information concurring with a temper highly ſocial, he was an entertaining companion to many who ſought his company, as well as to his friends and intimates, and the various branches of his family connections. Of nearly 130 deſcendants there are now living 8 children, 45 grand-children, 44 great-grand-children, and 1 of the fifth generation.

At Dedham, in February laſt, Miſs Mehitable Baker, aged 16, eldeſt daughter of Mr. Jeremiah Baker.

"*Death's flying ſickle cuts the flowers of time,*
"*And virtue's fairеſt friends in bloom expire.*"

At Tiſbury, Capt. Eliakim Norton, aged 89. His deſcendants were 10 children, 52 gr. children, and 81 great gr. children; 97 of whom are ſtill living.

In Needham, Col. Joſhua Davis of this town, aged 69; he was a zealous patriot of '76, and an officer of the ſtaff department in the revolutionary war.

At Portſmouth, Hon. John Pickering, Eſq. LL. D. aged 68.

Virginia—In Wincheſter, Col. Richard Kidder Reade, one of the aids-de-camp of Gen. Waſhington.

South Carolina—A negro, ſlave to a Mr. Newby, aged 100. In Abbeville, Mrs. Margaret Dickſon, aged 104.

Georgia—On Bryan Creek, Mr. Wright, aged 130.

Kentucky—At Grand Ecore, on Red river, of a typhus fever, after 8 days ſickneſs, John Miller, aged 96 years. This man never had a day's ſickneſs in his life, ſmall pox, meaſles, &c. excepted, until the complaint that carried him off. He was born in Germany, and, in 1757, was a ſoldier in the French army in Canada. Being out with a ſmall party, he was taken priſoner by the Engliſh, and ſoon after left the French ſervice, and enliſted in the Britiſh army. He was in 1759, taken priſoner and ſcalped by the Indians, and otherwiſe ſo wounded, that he was left for dead. He was in the battle at Abraham's Plains in 1759, and in 1760 was at the ſiege of Havana, and was one of thoſe who placed and ſprung the mines of the Moro caſtle. In 1763, after the Havana was reſtored to Spain, he was removed to Penſacola, and was ſoon diſcharged, on account of his advanced age, and came from thence to Nachitoches, where he has lived about 40 years. He got his living by day labour, was ſtrong and active, could always perform a good day's work, or walk 30 miles a day. He had had ſeveral wives; for one which he complained being a hard bargain, he ſaid he gave a Britiſh drummer twelve dollars in the Havana. She came with him to Penſacola, and when he was diſcharged, he was obliged to ſell her for ſix dollars. He was remarkably ſtrong made, rather ſhort, and full breaſt; and ten days before his death, appeared as likely to live 20 years as any man in the diſtrict.

In Paris, 19th Nov. laſt, M. Francis Tanois, clerk in the French Treaſury, æt. 88. He left behind him no leſs than ten widows, though he was a batchelor until 1792. In his will he declares that he never intended to marry, had not the National Convention paſſed the law for EASY divorces. He leaves to each of his widows an annuity of 1200 livres (50l.) as he ſays they were all equally dear to him. None of them is yet 30 years of age.

Inſcription deſigned for a Tablet in the New Meeting at Birmingham.
(Written by Dr. PARR.*)*

THIS TABLET
is conſecrated to the memory
of the Rev. JOSEPH PRIESTLEY, LL. D.
by his affectionate Congregation
in Teſtimony
of their Gratitude for his faithful Attention
to their Spiritual Improvement,
and for his peculiar diligence in training up their Youth
to rational Piety and genuine Virtue;
of their Reſpect for his great and various Talents,
which were uniformly directed to the nobleſt Purpoſes;
and of their Veneration

for the pure, benevolent, and holy principles,
which, through the trying viciſſitudes of Life,
and in the awful hour of Death,
animated him with the hope of a Bleſſed Immortality.
His diſcoveries as a Philoſopher
will never ceaſe to be remembered and admired
by the ableſt improvers of Science.
His firmneſs as an advocate for Liberty,
and his ſincerity as an expounder of the Scriptures,
endeared him to many
of his enlightened and unprejudiced Contemporaries.
His example as a Chriſtian
will be inſtructive to the Wiſe, and intereſting to the Good,
in every Country and in every Age.
He was born at Fieldhead, near Leeds, in Yorkſhire, March 14, A. D. 1733.
Was choſen Miniſter of this Chapel, Dec. 31, 1780.
Continued in that office ten years and ſix months.
Embarked for America, April 7, 1794.
Died at Northumberland Town, in Pennſylvania, February 6, 1804.

THE EDITOR'S NOTES.

By ſome unaccountable negligence the firſt part of the remainder of *Philo-Lavoiſier's* communication, acknowledged in our laſt and promiſed in this number, has been miſlaid. Will the writer be good enough to ſend for his papers, and re-write what he ſhall perceive we have loſt?

We alſo find on our files a medical communication, which ſhould have been long ſince noticed, and which ſhall hereafter appear. In expreſſing a wiſh that a certain diſpute might ceaſe, we had no intention of ſuppreſſing the noſological articles already received.

From our earlieſt concern with this publication it has been our wiſh to enrich it with documents and facts, ſuch as gentlemen of the Faculty are capable of furniſhing. Through the aid of very reſpectable phyſicians of the metropolis we have already done ſomething; but, to our mortification, this number of our journal preſents no returns of births, diſeaſes, and deaths. Either phyſicians do not think with us, or they deem our publication an improper repoſitory for their purpoſe. We iterate a requeſt of their attention to the ſubject. It is *reiterated*, in our opinion, by a regard to the ſcience, the hiſtory, and the honour of our country.

"Aliquis" is inadmiſſible. If an author thinks himſelf miſrepreſented or abuſed by the Boſton Reviewers, let him tell them ſo himſelf.

The Botaniſt no. 9 was not ſent ſeaſonably for this month.

With pleaſure we acknowledge our obligations and friendſhip to the writer of the poetry in this and the preceding number under the ſignature of "&," and are ſorry to be unable any longer, at leaſt for a time, on account of his abſence, to adminiſter his elegant ſatire in the Letters to Leinwha. May that power, which gives buoyancy to the ſeas, and mildneſs to Italian climes, ſend health, ſafety, and ſcience to the youth!

It is now a full year ſince our labours commenced in the Monthly Anthology. Of the credit due to our feeble exertions the publick will judge. If our parterre has not "brought forth buds, and bloomed bloſſoms, and yielded almonds," the deficiency has not reſulted from want of culture. We have ſuſtained a conſtant ſtruggle between zeal for literature and dearth of literary patronage, between love of truth and hatred of controverſy, between a regard to the feelings of individuals and our vows to the publick, between, in ſhort, a deſire of pleaſing univerſally and the contingent yet imperious duties of our condition. Thus anxiety has attended every ſtep of our progreſs. But we hope the ruthleſs ſtorm of private oppoſition, and the chilling ſeaſon of general neglect are paſt. In juſtice to the community we are compelled to ſay of our work, its friends multiply, its obſtructions leſſen, "vireſque acquirit eundo."

METEOROLOGY from March 26 to April 26.

Day	Clock.	Barom.	Therm.	Wind.	Weather.
26	8	30,2	43	NNE	Cloudy, &. M.—Some rain, P.M.
	2	30,2	40		
	88.	30,1	38		
	10	30,1	37		
27	8	30,1	38	NE	Cloudy.
	2	30,1	42	E	
	88.	30	40		
	10	30	38	SE	
28	8	30,1	39	E	Fair.
	2	30,1	52		
	88.	30,2	44	SE	
	10	30,2	39		
29	8	30,3	41	NE	Fair.
	2	30,4	41		
	88.	30,4	36		
	10	30,3	36		
30	8	30,4	36	NE	Rainy.
	2	30,3	41		
	88.	30,3	38		
	10	30,2	39		
31	8	30	43	NNE	Rainy.
	2	29,9	47		
	88.	29,9	46		
	10	29,9	50		
1	8	29,9	52	WSW	Fair and clear.
	2	30,2	55	NE	
	88.	30	53		
	10	30,1	49	E	
2	8	30,2	44	NE	Fair and clear.
	2	30,2	48		
	88.	30,2	52	E	
	10	30,1	46		
3	8	30	49	SW	Fair and clear.
	2	29,9	66		Cloudy evening.
	88.	29,9	56	SSW	
	10	29,9	52		
4	8	29,9	56	SW	Cloudy. Rainy even'g.
	2	29,9	65		Some lightning.
	88.	29,9	58	NW	
	10	30	50	NNE	
5	8	30,1	45	NE	CloudyA.M.—Fair P.M.
	2	30	50		
	88.	30	45		
	10	30	43		
6	8	29,7	38	ESE	Rainy. Thunder and lightning about 2, P.M.
	2	——	40		
	88.	29,5	38	NE	The thunder accompanied with shaking of the
	10	29,5	37	NNE	earth.
7	8	29,5	41	SW	Clouds and sunshine—a little sprinkling.
	2	29,5	54	W	
	88.	29,5	47		
	10	29,5	45	NE	
8	8	29,5	48	W	Fair.
	2	29,5	58		
	88.	29,5	53		
	10	29,6	47		
9	8	29,4	47	ESE	Rainy.
	2	29,3	50		
	88.	29,3	——	W	
	10	29,3	47		
10	8	29,3	44	NW	Clouds and showers.
	2	29,3	47		
	88.	29,4	42		
	10	29,4	40		
11	8	29,4	45		Fair & clear morning.
	2	29,4	50	W	Rain P. M.
	88.	——	44	NW	Clear evening.
	10	29,5	42		
12	8	29,6	42	WNW	Fair. Some clouds.
	2	29,6	54		
	88.	29,6	50	W	
	10	29,6	44	NW	
13	8	29,6	55	W	Fair and clear.
	2	29,6	68		
	88.	29,6	49	NW	
	10	29,7	47	NE	
14	8	29,7	53	WSW	Fair and clear.
	2	29,7	70	W	
	88.	29,6	64		
	10	29,7	55	NW	
15	8	29,7	47	NW	Fair and clear.
	2	29,7	55		
	88.	29,	——		
	10	29,8	47		
16	8	29,8	50	WSW	Fair and clear.
	2	29,8	65		
	88.	29,7	59	WNW	
	10	——	52		
17	8	29,7	61	W	Fair and clear.
	2	29,6	70		
	88.	29,7	64	NW	
	10	——	58	WNW	
18	8	29,6	64	SW	Fair—hazy, dry atmosphere—very high wind.
	2	29,5	75		
	88.	29,5	70	ENE	
	10	29,5	60	W	
19	8		58	NNE	Fair.
	2		55		
	88.		51	ENE	
	10		50	SE	
20	8	29,7	50	NE	CloudyA.M. RainP.M.
	2	29,7	47		
	88.	29,9	45	NNE	
	10	——	45		
21	8	29,7	42	NE	Showers & high W. last night—stormy all day.
	2	29,5	42		In ev'ng constant hard
	88.	29,5	42		rain—about 8P.M. some
	10	——	41		heavy thunder.
22	8	29,4	41	NW	
	2	29,5	50		Cloudy—some rain.—
	88.	29,6	49	W	Grew clear in evening.
	10	——	46	SW	
23	8	29,8	52	W	Fair and clear.
	2	29,9	60		
	88.	29,9	57	NW	
	10	——	51		
24	8	29,9	55	SE	Fair morning. Rain afternoon & evening.
	2	29,7	60		
	88.	29,5	57	SSE	
	10	——	55		
25	8	29,5	56	SW	Fair. Some clouds.
	2	29,6	61		
	88.	29,7	59		
	10	——	62		

THE

MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY,

FOR

MAY, 1805.

A REVIEW OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

Written in January, 1801.

THE preſent period invites to a retroſpection of paſt time. To mark the revolutions that take place among the nations of the world, and the rotation of the opinions, cuſtoms, and manners of men, is pleaſant and uſeful.

The contemplated review will be confined to the following particulars; the comparative ſtate of the nations of the chriſtian world, at the commencement and at the cloſe of the Eighteenth Century; the improvements of the above period in ſciences and arts; the ſtate of religion and moral philoſophy; and the important events of our own country. A minute detail will not be attempted. Our obſervations will be of a general nature. The beginning of the laſt century was a diſtinguiſhed era in hiſtory. William and Mary were then the ſovereigns of England; Louis the XIV. was king of France; Charles the XII. king of Sweden; and Peter the Great Czar of Ruſſia. The civil conſtitution of England had then recently aſſumed a new form. The revolution in 1688 freed the nation from the fear of popery and of deſpotiſm. The doctrines of the divine and indefeaſible right of the ſovereign, and of paſſive obedience and non-reſiſtance of the ſubject were exploded; and the prerogatives of the crown, and the liberties of the people, were permanently ſettled. The extent of the commerce of England, and the ſtrength of her navy, within this period, exceeded the former experience of nations. Although diſmembered of moſt of her American colonies, ſhe has acquired immenſe territories in the eaſtern world. Scotland and Ireland have been more cloſely united with her; and the ſame legiſlative powers are now exerciſed over the whole realm. With king William originated the practice of borrowing money upon the credit of the nation. At his death he left a publick debt of fourteen millions ſterling, then thought an enormous ſum. This has been increaſed by every ſubſequent war, and now threatens the nation with ſerious evils.

The people of France, at the commencement of the laſt century, were enthuſiaſts in royalty; they were ready to ſacrifice their prop-

rary characters ſettled in the Eaſt Indies, have explored the ancient lore, which lay buried in the Sanſcrit language. Their late preſident, the learned, the pious, the humane Sir William Jones, preeminently diſtinguiſhed himſelf in theſe reſearches. He brought to light the hidden treaſures of paſt ages, and has thereby ſtrengthened the evidence of the authenticity of the old teſtament.

An Engliſh and a Dutch embaſſy to the court of China have increaſed our knowledge of the cuſtoms and manners of this ancient and ſingular people.

Geography, within the laſt century, has been rendered more perfect. Cook has completed the map of the world; Bruce explored the ſources of the Nile. Ledyard, Park, and Brown, have traced the courſe of the Niger, and laid the interiour of Africa before our view.

Within the above period the Engliſh language was embelliſhed; and the ſuppoſition is by ſome entertained, that it has paſſed its point of ſupreme excellence, and is on the decline. The firſt fifty years of the laſt century are ſelected, by ſome criticks, as the Auguſtan age of the Engliſh language; and they ſay, that late Engliſh writers of celebrity ſacrifice perſpicuity to ſound, and ſtrength of compoſition to harmony of periods. Whatever may be the deciſion of cool judgment on this ſubject, the refined taſte muſt be pleaſed with the copious, the flowing ſtream of Robertſon, the poliſhed diction of Gibbon, and the chaſte, neat ſtyle of Blair.

In inſtitutions of humanity the laſt century abounded. In theſe, the Engliſh nation was conſpicuous. Humane ſocieties and charity ſchools of various deſcriptions were multiplied among them; and many meaſures of a publick nature adopted to remove the ſufferings, and alleviate the burthens of man.

The Eighteenth Century was diſtinguiſhed by numerous defences of chriſtianity, which ſatisfy the inquiring and the honeſt mind of its truth; and for various treatiſes on moral philoſophy, which delineate the obligations of man, through all his relations, and deduce the duties of his character from the nature of his powers, and the condition of his action. It has alſo been diſtinguiſhed by a flood of ſceptical and profligate publications. Within this period infidelity has aſſumed a more daring attitude, and uttered her blaſphemies in a bolder tone. Deiſts of the Seventeenth Century very generally acknowledged the moral government of God over the world, the immortality of the ſoul, and a future ſtate of retribution. But within the Eighteenth a ſpurious philoſophy has ariſen, which brutalizes man, degrades him from his rank, makes him the being of the moment, exiſting without an intelligent cauſe, or moral end, the ſport of accidents, and the everlaſting victim of death. The grand apoſtles of this philoſophy aroſe in France; but the ſoil of every country is too fertile in its growth; it has ſpread, endangering the order and ſecurity of ſociety, and the peace and happineſs of man. Great however is the power of truth, and it will prevail. The natural feelings of the human heart, the uncorrupted dictates of

the human mind, and the whole courſe of human events, are oppoſed to the maxims of modern ſophiſts. Revelation is the work of God; is founded on a rock, and it cannot be ſhaken. The evidences of the truth of chriſtianity triumph over the moſt powerful aſſaults of its enemies; and each repeated attack gives them renewed force. The revolutions of time add ſtrength to one branch of the evidence of chriſtianity in the fulfilment of its prophecies. Some of the prophecies of the old teſtament were ſo evidently accompliſhed by the events of time, that a pretence was ſet up that they were written after the events took place, which they predicted. Several learned men have attempted to explain the revelations of St. John by tracing their fulfilment in the events of modern times. Some of them certainly miſtook in their application. This Book, except two or three of its firſt chapters refers perhaps to ſome future diſpenſations of God in ſupport of chriſtianity, which cannot be unfolded until events explain them. But there is one branch of ancient prophecy, the accompliſhment of which is obvious to every mind, and no one can miſtake its application. It was clearly predicted, that the Jews ſhould be diſperſed among all nations, and remain in this ſtate until they embrace the chriſtian faith. Another century is paſſed, and they continue a diſtinct people, without national exiſtence, diſperſed over the face of the earth. Who, but that Omniſcient Being, "who ſees the end from the beginning," could foretel the preſent ſituation of this remarkable people?

Within the laſt century the face of our country has been totally changed. Our population has increaſed in a degree probably unparalleled in the hiſtory of the world. The wilderneſs has flouriſhed like the roſe, and the deſert become a fruitful field. Within this period we have obtained a name among the ſovereign and independent nations of the earth; and free and liberal conſtitutions of civil government have been eſtabliſhed through our country. Our literary inſtitutions have been extended; and we have made honourable improvements in arts and ſciences. We can number our proportion of diſtinguiſhed characters on the roll of fame. As a patriot, a general, and ſtateſman, we reckon Waſhington, the glory of his age, and the honour of his race. In the ſcience of civil government we have Adams and Hamilton. In aſtronomy and the higher branches of the mathematicks Winthrop and Rittenhouſe. In electricity Franklin. In hiſtory Ramſay, Belknap, and Minot. In natural hiſtory Jefferſon and Williams. In divinity Mayhew, Edwards, Lathrop, and Clarke.

In humane inſtitutions we rival the moſt diſtinguiſhed nation of the old world. In the ſyſtem of ſchool education New England probably excels every country on earth. No other country perhaps can be mentioned, in which ſchools are ſupported at the publick expenſe, to which the children of the poor are equally admitted with thoſe of the rich. No country can be found, whoſe in-

habitants are so universally possessed of the elementary principles of education.

To religious liberty all our institutions are favourable. At the commencement of the last century a man of sceptical opinions was scarcely known in our country. The forms of religion were universally observed. Piety was the characteristick of the age. Complaint is now made of neglect in the religious education of children, of deficiency in religious observances, and of the increase of infidelity and profligacy. The principles and habits of our ancestors led our country to its present prosperity; if we fall from these, what must be the consequence? But the writer means not to invade the province of the divine.

In the spirit of enterprize through all branches of business; in arts of publick and private munificence; in offices of charity and hospitality; and in the refined enjoyments of social life, it is believed, that no age of our country excelled the present.

DR. PARR'S CHARACTER OF PRIESTLEY.

UPON the theological disputes, in which the Doctor has been engaged, I forbear to give any opinion. Yet, while I disclaim all allusion to local events, I will make you a concession which you have my leave to apply to persons of higher rank as ecclesiasticks, and of greater celebrity as scholars than your town can supply.... I confess with sorrow, that in too many instances, such modes of defence have been used against this formidable Heresiarch, as would hardly be justifiable in the support of revelation itself, against the arrogance of a Bolingbroke, the buffoonry of a Mandeville, and the levity of a Voltaire. But the cause of orthodoxy requires not such aids....The Church of England approves them not....The spirit of christianity warrants them not. Let Dr. Priestley, indeed, be confuted, where he is mistaken. Let him be exposed, where he is superficial. Let him be repressed, where he is dogmatical. Let him be rebuked, where he is censorious. But let not his attainments be depreciated, because they are numerous almost without a parallel. Let not his talents be ridiculed, because they are superlatively great. Let not his morals be vilified, because they are correct without austerity, and exemplary without ostentation, because they present even to common observers, the innocence of a Hermit, and the simplicity of a Patriarch, and because a philosophick eye will at once discover in them, the *deep-fixed root of virtuous principle, and the solid trunk of virtuous habit.*

THE BOTANIST. No. 9.

BOTANICAL GARDENS.

"I made me gardens and orchards, and I planted trees in them of ALL kind of fruits. I made me pools of water, to water therewith the trees."—*Solomon.*

WE asserted in a late number, that the first mention of "*a garden for herbs*" was in the xxi. chap. of the 1st book of Kings; but prior to this was the garden erected by Solomon, as expressed in our motto.

The iſland of Crete was the phyſick garden of Rome. The emperors maintained in that iſland gardeners and herbariſts to provide the phyſicians of Rome with ſimples. The eſtabliſhment of profeſſorſhips gave riſe, in modern times, to botanical gardens, a new ſpecies of luxury to the botaniſt.

The firſt publick botanical garden was that of Padua.

The utility of theſe inſtitutions is ſelf-evident. By publick gardens medicinal plants are at the command of the teacher in every leſſon; the eye and the mind are perpetually gratified with the ſucceſſion of curious, ſcarce, and exotick luxuries; here the botaniſt can compare the doubtful ſpecies, and examine them, through all the ſtages of growth, with thoſe to which they are allied; and all theſe advantages are accumulated in a thouſand objects at the ſame time.

The firſt botanick garden in Switzerland was conſtructed at Zurich, by *Geſner*, in 1560.

The botanick garden at the Univerſity of Oxford was founded in 1632 by *Henry, earl of Danby*; who gave for this purpoſe five acres of ground, erected green-houſes and ſtoves, endowed handſomely the eſtabliſhment, and planted in it as ſupervisor *Robart*, a German, who publiſhed in 1648 *Catalogus Plantarum Horti medici Oxonienſis*, &c. which contained, if we read rightly, 1600 ſpecies.

The botanical garden at Edinburgh was founded by ſir *Andrew Balfour* in 1680, and may be conſidered as the firſt introduction of natural hiſtory in Scotland. This garden was ſo ſucceſsfully cultivated, that it is ſaid to have contained 3000 ſpecies of plants diſpoſed according to Moriſon's method.

Among thoſe publick inſtitutions, which in a ſingular manner invigorated the ſpirit of natural hiſtory in England, the *Royal Society* claims the moſt diſtinguiſhed notice. In its deſign, as in its progreſs, it was the foſtering parent, and guardian of natural knowledge. Such was the reſpectability of this ſociety, both as a body and in its individuals, that through its means the whole nation may be ſaid to have amply contributed to its aggrandizement. Under the auſpices of this illuſtrious ſociety the anatomy and philoſophy of plants were illuſtrated by *Grew* and by *Hales*.

We mention, in connexion with the Royal Society, the *Phyſick Garden at Chelſea*, founded by the company of apothecaries in 1673, but which was not effectually conſtructed till thirteen years after, ſo ſlow and gradual is the progreſs of ſuch inſtitutions at their commencement.

From the time of *Johnſon**, the editor of that celebrated Engliſh botaniſt, *Gerard*, a cuſtom had prevailed among the London apothecaries† to form a ſociety each ſummer, and make excur-

* *Johnſon* received a degree of M. D. at Oxford in 1643; the year following he was killed in a deſperate action with the Parliament troops. He was lieutenant-colonel in ſir Marmaluk Rawdon's regiment. Botany owes much to this accompliſhed ſcholar and ſoldier.

† In England an apothecary is not as with us a vender of drugs, but a practitioner of phyſick and ſurgery; and differs principally from a phyſician in not having taken a degree in medicine.

ſions to inveſtigate plants. The *Itinera*, publiſhed by Johnſon, may be conſidered as the fruit of ſuch expeditions in his day. After the foundation of Chelſea garden this laudable practice was fixed to ſtated periods, and put under regulations, the herborizing being now diſtinguiſhed into private and general. They firſt begin on the ſecond Tueſday in April, and are held monthly on the ſame day till September incluſively, in ſome of the villages in the immediate neighbourhood of London. Theſe are for the benefit of pupils. At the end of the ſeaſon the premium of *Hudſon's Flora Anglica* is preſented to the young man, who has been the moſt ſucceſsful in diſcovering and inveſtigating the greateſt number of plants. The general herborization is annually in July, when the demonſtrator and others of the court of aſſiſtance belonging to the company make an excurſion to a conſiderable diſtance from the city, collect the ſcarce plants, and dine together near London.

This inſtitution at Chelſea was rendered more ſtable and received permanency from the liberality of Sir *Hans Sloane*, who in 1721 gave four acres of ground to the company, on condition, that the demonſtrator ſhould in the name of the company deliver annually to the Royal Society fifty new plants, till the number ſhould amount to *two thouſand*, all ſpecifically different from each other, the liſt of which was publiſhed yearly in the *Philoſophical Tranſactions*. The firſt was printed in 1722, and the catalogues have been continued till 1773, at which time the number of 2550 was completed. Theſe ſpecimens are duly preſerved in the archives of the ſociety, for the inſpection of the curious.

Under excellent ſuperintendants *Chelſea Garden* has flouriſhed, having been excelled perhaps by no publick inſtitution of the kind in Europe for the number of curious exoticks it contains. Of this *Miller's Dictionary* affords ſufficient proofs. In juſtice to the memory of thoſe, who filled the place of lecturers and demonſtrators in Chelſea garden, we recite the names of the following gentlemen. They were all practitioners in phyſick.

Iſaac Rand	from 1722	to 1739
Joſeph Miller	1740	1746
John Wilmer	1747	1764
William Hudſon	1765	1769
Staneſby Alchhorne	1770	1772
William Curtis*	1773 to his death.	

Soon after the reſtoration of Charles II. a growing taſte for the cultivation of exoticks ſprung up among the great and opulent in England. *Archibald, Duke of Argyle*, was one of the firſt, who was conſpicuous for the introduction of foreign trees and ſhrubs. *Evelyn*, both by his writings and example, encouraged the ſame taſte; and the royal gardens at Hampton court were made rich in fine plants. Dr. *Compton, Biſhop of London*, had a garden richly ſtored with plants at Fulham; and many private gentlemen vied with each other in theſe elegant and uſeful amuſements. The grow-

* THE BOTANIST cannot omit here a tribute of reſpect to his departed friend, Dr. *Curtis*, under whoſe tuition he herborized in the environs of London two years in ſucceſſion. His *Flora Londinenſis*, replete with learning and taſte, is a picture of the man.

ing commerce of the British nation, and the more frequent intercourse with Holland, where immense collections from the Dutch colonies had been made, rendered the gratifications more easily attainable, than before, and from these happy coincidences, science in general reaped great benefit.

We ought not to pass over some eminent British *gardeners*, who, while others were increasing the catalogue of plants and giving accurate descriptions of exotics, were equally serviceable to real science in the art of culture. *Fairchilds*, *Knowlton*, *Gordon*, *Miller*, and *Forsythe*, have distinguished themselves in the useful and healthy* exercise of horticulture. In the xxxii. vol. of Philosophical Transactions there is a paper by Fairchilds on the motion of the sap. Knowlton was gardener to the earl of Burlington, and was much noticed by sir Hans Sloane. Several of his communications are to be found in the Philosophical Transactions. He died in 1782 aged *ninety*. Gordon was eminent for his successful cultivation of exoticks. He maintained a correspondence with Linnæus, and has a plant named after him.

The extraordinary merit of *Philip Miller* demands a more particular notice, as he raised himself to an eminence never before equalled by a gardener. He was born in 1691. His father was gardener to the company of apothecaries at Chelsea; and he himself succeeded in that station in 1722. It is not uncommon to give the name of botanist to any man, that can recite by memory the plants of his garden; but Mr. Miller rose much above this ordinary attainment. He added to the knowledge of the theory and practice of gardening that of the structure and characters of plants, and was early and practically versed in the methods of Ray and Tournefort. To his superiour skill in his art we owe the culture and preservation of a variety of fine plants, which, in less skilful hands, would have failed to adorn the conservatories of the curious.

Mr. Miller maintained an extensive correspondence with persons in distant parts of the globe, from the Cape of Good Hope to Siberia. He was emphatically styled by foreigners *Hortularonum Princeps*. His *Gardener's Dictionary* was first published in folio in 1731, and has been translated into various languages; the reception it has every where met with is a sufficient proof of its superiority. Linnæus said of this dictionary, *Non erit Lexicon Hortulanorum, sed Botanicorum*. He was not only a member of the Royal Society, but of its council. This "prince of gardeners" died in 1771 aged eighty years. A plant has been dedicated to his honour.†

We shall close this number with an account of the botanical garden reared by that celebrated physician and naturalist, Dr. *Fothergill*, at the village of Upton, six miles from the royal exchange, London. The walls of this garden enclosed above five acres of land; a piece of water or winding canal forming it into two divisions. A glass door from

* Cadogan says, he never knew a gardener afflicted with gout, unless he was notoriously intemperate.

† The *Milleria* was a new genus discovered at Panama by Houston.

the winter parlour gave entrance to a long range of hot and greenhouſe apartments, of nearly two hundred feet extent, containing upwards of 3400 diſtinct ſpecies of exoticks, whoſe foliage wore a perpetual verdure, and formed a beautiful and ſtriking contraſt in the winter to the ſhrivelled natives in the cold, open air. In the open ground, with the returning ſpring, about 3000 diſtinct ſpecies of plants and ſhrubs vied in verdure with the natives of Aſia and Africa. It was in this ſpot, where a perpetual ſpring was realized, that the elegant proprietor ſometimes retired to contemplate the vegetable productions of the four quarters of the globe united within his domain, where the ſpheres ſeemed tranſported, and the arctick circle joined to the equator.*

But let us have recourſe to the deſcription of this celebrated garden, as given by the preſident of the Royal Society, who, beſides circumnavigating the globe, was acquainted with moſt of the botanical gardens of Europe.

"At an expenſe (ſays ſir Joſeph) ſeldom undertaken by an individual, and with an ardour that was viſible in the whole of his conduct, *Dr. Fothergill* procured from all parts of the world a great number of the rareſt plants, and protected them in the ampleſt buildings, *which this or any other country has ſeen.* He liberally propoſed rewards to thoſe, whoſe circumſtances and ſituations in life gave them opportunities of bringing hither plants, which might be ornamental and probably uſeful to this country or her colonies; and liberally paid theſe rewards to all that ſerved him. If the troubles of war had permitted, we ſhould have had the cortex winteranus, &c. &c. introduced by his means into this country; and alſo the bread-fruit, mangaſteen, &c. into the Weſt Indies. For each of theſe, and many others, he had fixed a proper premium. In conjunction with the *Earl of Tankerville*, *Dr. Pitcairn*, and myſelf, Dr. Fothergill ſent over a perſon to Africa, who is ſtill employed upon the coaſt of that country, for the purpoſe of collecting plants.

"Thoſe whoſe gratitude for reſtored health prompted them to do what was acceptable to their benefactor, were always informed by him, that preſents of rare plants chiefly attracted his attention and would be more acceptable to him, than the moſt generous fees. How many unhappy men, enervated by the effects of hot climates, where their connexions had placed them, found health on their return, at that cheap purchaſe!

"What an infinite number of plants he obtained by theſe means, the large collection of drawings he left behind will amply teſtify; and that they were equalled by nothing but royal munificence, at this time largely beſtowed upon the botanick garden at *Kew*. In my opinion, *no other garden in Europe, royal or of a ſubject, had near ſo many ſcarce and valuable plants.*

"That ſcience might not ſuffer a loſs, when a plant he had cultivated ſhould die, he liberally paid the beſt artiſt the country afforded to draw the new ones as they came to perfection; and ſo numerous were they at laſt, that he

* See Lettſom's life and writings of Dr. Fothergill, Vol. 3d.

found it neceſſary to employ more artiſts than one, in order to keep pace with their increaſe. His garden was known all over Europe, and foreigners of all ranks aſked, when they came hither, permiſſion to ſee it; of which Dr. Solander and myſelf are ſufficient witneſſes, from the many applications, that have been made through us for that permiſſion." [See ſir Joſeph Banks' note to Dr. Thompſon's memoirs of Dr. Fothergill.]

An *Hortus Siccus*, or a collection of dried plants*, is often a pleaſant auxiliary to the botaniſt. Sir Hans Sloane's collection of dried plants, now depoſited in the Britiſh Muſeum, contains about 8000 ſpecies; but Dr. Sherard's is a vaſt deal larger. Tournefort's collection, in France, contains 4000 ſpecies; that of Valliant 12,000; and thoſe of Juſſieu and Adanſon contain each about 10,000 ſpecies and varieties. Theſe, ſays Dr. Milne, are gardens which flouriſh when vegetation is no more; which pleaſe by the ſurpriſing variety which they diſplay, and are rendered eminently uſeful by the facility with which the natural hiſtory of countries the moſt remote from each other is, by ſuch means, acquired.*

* Linnæus has deſcribed a cheſt capable of containing 6000 dried plants, in which the diviſions or cells correſpond to the number of claſſes in the ſexual method, and differ in dimenſions according to the greater, or leſs number of ſpecies in each claſs.

* We aſſerted in our laſt number, that *Turner's Herbal* was the firſt botanical work printed in the Engliſh language. It was the firſt original work; but in 1516 Peter Treveris printed the firſt Engliſh book on botany, bearing this title..." The GRETE HERBAL whiche "geveth parfyt knowledge and under- "ſtandyng of all manner of Herbes & "there gracyous vertues which God "hathe ordeyned for our proſperous "welfare and helth, for they hele & "cure all manner of dyſeaſes & ſek- "eneſſes that fall or miſfortune to all "manner of creatoures of God created, "practyſed by many expert & wyſe "maſters, as Avicenna &c. &c. prented "by me Peter Traveris 1516," &c. &c. This book was evidently fabricated from a German work, entitled *The Book of Nature*, the firſt book ever printed on natural hiſtory, viz. between 1475 and 1478; and from the *Hortus ſanitatis*, printed at Paris in 1499.

We have compiled this number chiefly from Dr. Pulteney's Biographical Sketches, and the works mentioned in a note to our laſt.

ON POPE.

.....Neque enim concludere verſum
Dixeris eſſe ſatis: neque ſi quis ſcribat
Sermoni propriora, putes hunc eſſe poetam.
Ingenium cui ſit, cui mens divinior atque os
Magna ſonaturum, des nominis hujus honorem. HORACE.

WARTON in an eſſay on the genius and writings of Pope has diligently inveſtigated the literary character of that poet. This work in 2 vols. 8vo. deſerves the careful peruſal of every ſcholar, not only as its chief deſign is to eſtabliſh the rank of Pope among the Engliſh bards, but as it contains a variety of curious literary matter on other authors of that and foreign nations. His notices are always pleaſant, and his remarks are ſometimes learned. The ſtyle is eaſy and flowing, yet careleſs of compreſſion, ſeldom

exact, and never exuberant. As a piece of criticism, this treatise is not equal to the dissertations of Johnson; for where is the character in modern literature to be compared with this hero in critical perspicacity, dignity of sentiment, and depth of important investigation? But Warton's work is favourably mentioned by the great biographer of the English poets; and the author of the Pursuits of literature, though justly incensed against Warton's edition of Pope, acknowledges that the essay on his genius and writings is entertaining and instructive.

After a detailed investigation of the compositions of Pope, this critick assigns him a station after Spenser, Shakespeare and Milton, and just above Dryden. His settlement of place is however attended with so much hesitation, as to leave the reader in doubt of Warton's real opinion. He seems to have been afraid to aver what he thought. He had no fixed principles on the subject. Association with Johnson had not given him firmness, and from Warburton he never acquired steady pertinacity. It is certainly known, that he entertained a poor opinion of Pope; for when he published his first volume in 1756 the nation thought that their favourite poet had been unjustly attacked; and they never agreed to the critical sentiments advanced by Warton. He did not publish his second volume till 1782, either from fear of an attack, which, it is said, was intended by Johnson, or because he had not succeeded in persuading the readers of Pope to become converts to his doctrine. In the last volume there is in fact an apology or explanation of the first; and the literary circles then observed with surprise, what is now considered with indifference, that one critical opinion is insinuated at the beginning, and another declared at the conclusion of the work. If Warton believed in the superiority of Dryden to Pope, he should boldly have proclaimed, and steadily maintained his belief; if he did not, the same course of conduct should have guided him, even though the nation would not adopt a similarity of sentiment.

Whatever the English may think, or Warton may have written, I trust that in this country discerning judges will not easily be induced to renounce the energetick Dryden in favour of the melifluous Pope. General superiority of versification must be granted to the latter, though this concession will still leave to the former much rough dignity and graceful ease of many unlaboured lines. This advantage will always ensure to Pope the greatest number of readers, for it has an influence which continually attracts; it is a Brazilian chrysolite, which diffuses its mild rays, and effectually solicits the notice of every spectator. As a satyrist Dryden exercises undivided sovereignty over all the poets of the English nation. His Absalom and Achitophel, his Medal and his Mac Flecknoe, have not their equals in the language for poignancy, dignity, and strength. To Mac Flecknoe, in which poor Shadwell was lashed with "a whip of scorpions," Pope was indebted for the plan of his Dunciad. In all the satirical pieces

of Pope, particularly in his finiſhed "Epilogue to the Satires," the curious reader will always remark a peculiar diſcrimination of character, a nice ſelection of petty improprieties and daring aberrations from virtue, covered and adorned by a happy manner of verſification, which give him a high rank in the unfeeling fraternity, which, from Lucilius to Churchill, has openly expoſed and cruelly whipped, even to blood, the general vices and individual follies of our moral conſtitution. Yet Pope exhibits graceful ſtrength, rather than reſiſtleſs force; he had all the dexterity, but not the energy of his maſter; he poſſeſſed a magical ability to raiſe a ſmile or excite contempt, but he could not drive crime to deſpair or frown vice into darkneſs; the ſatire of Pope was ſometimes like the foil of Hamlet, it might hit, but not wound; whilſt Dryden's was the unbated rapier of Laertes, whomever it touched, it envenomed, and the potent poiſon ſpread through the courſes of life. Pope was a ſkilful wreſtler, who by oily flexibility of limb could wind his adverſary to the ground, but never could cruſh him, like Dryden, by iron force and veteran hardihood of muſcle.

Original genius is ſeldom diſcoverable in the compoſitions of Pope. His page is irradiated by little of that myſterious light, which is generated by this unknown power. Taſte, judgment, and ſenſe, predominate in his works; but in vain do we ſeek for the creative energies of invention, the ſublime ſoarings of thought, and the audacious ſtruggles of imagination, burſting from the confinement of reaſon. In the tranſlation of Homer, there is ſplendour of verſe; in his ſatires, acuteneſs of remark; in the art of criticiſm, ingenuity and knowledge; in the Rape of the Lock, playfulneſs and delicacy of fancy; in the Windſor Foreſt, beauty of juſt deſcription; and in the epiſtle of Eloiſa to Abelard, a dignity of diction, a ſelection of images, and a gloomineſs of thought, which render it one of the moſt attractive, and therefore moſt dangerouſly licentious poems in the circle of literature.

From the manner in which Dr. Johnſon cloſes the life of Pope, it is reaſonably believed, that there had been a ſerious doubt, whether the latter was a poet. Johnſon indeed, in his uſual and admirable tone of deciſion, ſcoffs at the doubt and pronounces in the affirmative. But if I reverence Johnſon, I love truth more. *Amicus Plato, ſed magis amica veritas.* If the word "poet" be taken in its uſually accepted ſenſe, the Engliſh critick, Warburton, Warton, and Wakefield, after great diligence of examination and extenſive aggregation of commentary, aſſiſted by taſte and guided by judgment, have decided the queſtion; and it may be now a ſource of ſurpriſe, that it ſhould ever have been agitated. But if to the ordinary qualities of a poet it be eſſential that genius ſhould be added, ſuch as Longinus felt, but could nor define; if this power be the eſſence of poetry, without which it cannot exiſt, as caloric is the ſubſtratum of animal life, on which its nature depends; a ſhort examination may

ſhew, that Pope's writings are not impreſſed with this character; and therefore he múſt loſe part of the renown, which he has too long enjoyed, and the blaze of glory, which encircles his name, will be diminiſhed in extent and effulgence.]

I need not refer to the Greek original of "poet" to prove that it ſignifies a maker; not merely a conſtructor of verſes, but an inventor; and thus Dryden ſays, "if a poet is not a maker, he has little right to the title." He muſt be endowed with a power of creation; and though he may arrange his words in ſymphony and his ſyllables in cadence, yet if they are not alive with imagination, there is no more real poetry in them, than there was muſick in Memnon's ſtatue, when the morning rays of the god of fire darted not their myſtick potency. Genius is derived primarily from another Greek word, which ſignifies to generate, to beget, to cauſe to be; and it is itſelf that inventive ability, that creative power, which is the eſtabliſhing criterion of poetry. The Greeks and Romans believed, that it muſt be natural; that it could not be acquired; that it in fact was, or at leaſt poſſeſſed as evidence of its exiſtence a divine ſpirit, a kind of fury, a madneſs, and enthuſiaſm. Tully in his work "de divinatione" ſays, *magnum poetam quanquam ſine furore eſſe poſſe, negat Democritus;* and again, in his elegant oration pro Archia, *Valet natura ipſa poeta et mentis viribus excitatur, et quaſi quodam ſpiritu afflatur;* and becauſe true poets were gifted by the gods with this zeal and paſſion, they were denominated "holy" by Ennius, as we learn from the ſame oration, *ſanctos poetas ſuo jure appellat Ennius, quod quaſi deorum aliquo dono et munere commendati nobis eſſe videantur.* The ſame leading opinions are found in Virgil and Horace. Plato often aſſerts a ſuper human ſpirituality of poets. The ſection of Longinus on the ſources of the ſublime enforces the doctrine with vigour, and the concluding ſentence is compoſed in the enthuſiaſm, which he ſo often applauds.

It appears then from etymology and from the determinations of great authorities, that in the country of Æſchylus and Pindar, of Lucretius and Lucan, a poet, to be great, muſt be endowed with a creative power, muſt be animated by a holy inſpiration, and rouſed to "words that burn, by thoughts that breathe." [Genius rejoices in nothing vulgar or common. It is exerciſed about novelty and invention. It is ever attended by a bold and ardent imagination. It delights to diſcover new properties in mind and to form new arrangements in matter. The intellectual world is a complete ſlave to its dominion. It exults in creating unknown characters, ſituations, and beings, with new modes of thinking and of acting. It looks through the univerſe at a ſingle glance;] it ſubjects to the eye of the poet the globe, the ſuns, and ſyſtems of creation, among which he may rove and revel, where fancy may play as in an infinite garden, amidſt inexhauſtible ſucceſſions and continual combinations of images. Its nature is ſo myſterious and its powers ſo ex-

traordinary, that he, whom it animates, ſeems to have a portion of divinity,

Igneus eſt ollis vigor et cæleſtis origo Seminibus———

The Father of the univerſe ſeldom diſpenſes it in full meaſure to the children of men; and the records of literature from among the millions of mankind, who have exiſted during the revolutions of ſix thouſand years can furniſh but few, who have been inſpired with the true genius of poetry and have breathed forth to the world the ſtrange inward workings of this myſterious endowment; but the hallowed few poetry acknowledges as her lawful ſons; they are crowned for the unceaſing admiration of all ages, and immortality rejoices to blazon the names of Homer, Pindar, Virgil, Dante, Arioſto, Shakeſpeare, and Milton.

If Pope be conſidered as poſſeſſing original genius, the evidence of his creative energy is to be found in "the Rape of the Lock." His advocates point out this from among his numerous works, as demonſtrating the greateſt powers of imagination. No one can deny the ſingular beauties of deſcription and the gloomy ſcenes of cloiſtered love exhibited in the epiſtle of Eloiſa, and I ſhould be ſorry not to feel the tenderneſs of the "Elegy to the memory of an unfortunate lady." Yet neither on theſe, nor on any other of his poems does the candid defender of Pope lay the ſolid foundation of his claim to originality, but reſts it on the machinery and modes of acting, diſplayed in the Rape of the Lock. As to the machinery Johnſon acknowledges that it is not Pope's invention, and Warton ſhews that he found it in the Compte de Gabalis. Indeed the ſame ærial beings, with different names and characters, may be obſerved in Shakeſpeare's Midſummer's Night Dream; they exiſted traditionally in the days of Spenſer, and are mentioned in various poets of that age, now not generally known. A little race of ſimilar beings, who ſleep on the air-ſpider's web and travel on moon-beams, is ſtill ſaid to exiſt among them by the inhabitants of a certain Engliſh county, remote from the capital, the name of which I do not recollect; and there is little doubt, that a curious inquirer by the aid of poetical archæology might trace the hiſtory of theſe diminutive intelligences back to the age of chivalry; and, together with the dragons, enchanters, and griffins of Arioſto and king Arthur, their numerous and perplexed migrations might be tracked through Europe, and part of Africa and of Aſia, till the travelling ſearcher arrives in Perſia, where the Farries, under the eaſtern name of Peris, Parſis, or Perſes, have long had their ærial courts and gambolled in inviſible diverſions. The machinery of the Rape of the Lock is not therefore of Pope's invention. He found the beings already exiſting, and only gave them new occupations in a humorous ſcene of domeſtick life. Before they lurked in flowers or roved in the woods, but now Pope has introduced them into the parlour and aſſigned them the care of the toilet or card table. This diſcovers ingenuity. Their names,

their duties, their conduct, and sentiments, are testimonies of delicate thought and mature judgment. He has thus, on a trivial incident, with appropriate materials made a most agreeable mock epick. Throughout the whole poem fine taste, pleasant satire, and nice humour predominate. It is therefore one of the most exquisite little productions in the English language, and certainly equals and perhaps surpasses the celebrated Lutrin of Boileau, notwithstanding the criticism of La Harpe to the contrary. Yet after admiring its excellence, it seems to me the effort of taste and delicacy, and not of strong, operative imagination. It appears an easy task for a mind, like Pope's, to write a composition of this nature after the materials were prepared. He commanded the whole stock of English words; his judgment was able to combine them in harmonious diction, and his taste was eminent in embellishing the effect of his judgment. The machinery was ready and the incidents were known. His playful mood delicately suggested, that the facts should be superintended by fairies, with new names and new modes of operation. From this short analysis it seems to me, that the peculiar and acknowledged faculties of Pope's mind under such circumstances might easily have produced such a performance without the intervention of original genius. In the whole work a creator and true inventor are not discovered; there is little of real generative power, and nothing of poetick enthusiasm. The appellations of the Sylphs and Gnomes were new and appropriate, but the making of simple names is the work of ordinary minds; the conduct of the beings is new, but was fancied without much difficulty, and performed without much labour.

Such are the reasons for a belief, that Pope was not endowed with great natural genius. I know not that they are good or satisfactory, but they are impartially written, as they were impartially acquired after considerable reflection. I know not that the publick will care for them, for I know not that the publick will read. But if any arguments are to convince us, that for the Rape of the Lock, as a whole, however remarkable for taste, humour, and diction, Pope is to be considered as having a mind, fertile of invention and bursting with greatness of thought, the same process of ratiocination must decide, that Homer would have been honoured with the same titles, if he had shewn no other evidence of superiority, than making his divinities superintend the operations of war; and similar reasons must immortalize the cold and creeping enthusiasm of Darwin, who, in verse of "sounding brass and tinkling cymbal," has caused the gnomes and sylphs of Rosicrusian mystery to guide the tender loves of the plants and direct the course and influence of the principles and elements of nature. QUINTILIAN.

SILVA. No. 8.

Illic purpureis tecta rosariis
Omnis fragrat humus, calthaque pinguia
Et molles violas et tenues crocos
Fundit fonticulis uda fugacibus.—PRUDENTIUS.

J. CÆSAR.

THE life of Julius Cæsar, as detailed by Suetonius and Plutarch, is full of incident and fraught with useful instruction. Cæsar's ruling passion was the love of military glory. He passed forty years of his life, without omitting any opportunity of furnishing new aliment to this internal fire which consumed him.... His soul, entirely absorbed by ambition, was susceptible of no strong impressions, which did not cherish and promote this passion for empire. He cultivated letters, but he did not love them with enthusiasm, because he had not time to become the first orator of Rome. He debauched half of the Roman women, but his heart had no share in the ardent fever of his senses; even in the arms of Cleopatra he thought altogether of Pompey; and this extraordinary man, who would have disdained dividing with any one the empire of the world, would have blushed to have been for a moment the slave of a woman.

It has been said of Cæsar, that he was born a warriour, as Shakespeare and Milton were born poets. This I do not believe to be correct. Cæsar was born with those universal talents, which qualified him to attain those objects which most flattered the predominant passion, whatever that passion might be. His object was sovereign power, and this he had sufficient versatility of talent always to have attained, had he been born in any country, at any period. He was a warriour in Rome, because at that time military atchievements were almost the only sure means of enabling him to dive into the hearts of the people.... Had nature given him birth in Sybaris, he would have aspired only to have become the most voluptuous of men....Had he, in the day of William Penn, been born in Pennsylvania, he would have been the most pacifick of Quakers.

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CICERO.

M. Arnaux, Doctor of the Sorbonne and one of the most celebrated writers of the Port Royal, was once asked, what books he would recommend to study in order to acquire a good style. He replied, read Cicero. Ah but, replied the inquirer, I wish to write well in French. In that case, answered the Doctor, read Cicero.

There is much reason and good sense in this reply of the Abbe. A scholar, who wishes to possess a correct classical style, must make himself master of certain general principles, which he can learn perhaps better from the ancients, than the moderns; and of all the writings of antiquity Cicero's are those, in which he will find the best application of these principles. No man has ever united, in a more eminent degree than the Roman orator, good sense and brilliancy of thought, simplicity and elegance. How dull and uninteresting are many of the let-

ters of Pliny, compared with thoſe of the friend of Atticus! yet Pliny wrote his letters for the world. You can ſcarcely read a ſentence, without obſerving the convulſions and agonies of his mind to produce thought, and to expreſs himſelf with elegance and eaſe. Cicero thought only of his friends; his letters were written from the occaſion, without any idea of publication, and yet poſſeſs more elegance and eaſe than Pliny's. It is recorded of M. Sacy, who tranſlated with no ſmall degree of reputation Pliny's letters into French, that he died with regret for having choſen to tranſlate the letters of Pliny rather than thoſe of Cicero.—Let us then ſtudy the works of Cicero, and, with Quintilian, judge of our progreſs in improvement in the art of writing, by the degree of pleaſure we receive from reading his productions.

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We are indebted to the oppreſſion of the Roman republick by Cæſar for Cicero's philoſophical works. When he ſaw, after the battle at Pharſalia, that the authority of the ſenate was annihilated; when he ſaw, as he himſelf writes to Sulpicius, *Urbem ſine legibus ſine judiciis, ſine jure, ſine fide, relictam direptione et incendiis*; perſuaded that he could no longer uſefully employ his talents, either at the bar or in the adminiſtration of publick affairs, he knew no way ſo effectual of doing good, as by inſtructing the minds and reforming the morals of the youth. He retired to his houſe in the country, and there wrote his Tuſculan diſputations...his offices...his treatiſes concerning the nature of the gods...divination...laws...the ends of good and evil...which ſhew the wonderful extent of his underſtanding, and the fecundity of his genius.

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SHAKESPEARE.

The readers of Shakeſpeare do delight in his writings, and their admiration and delight increaſe in proportion as they ſtudy them. His mind was an entire globe of light, which, like the glorious orb of day, illumined the world by unborrowed rays. Truly has Dryden declared, that Shakeſpeare needed not the ſpectacle of books to read nature. He looked inwards, and he found her there. There is not a paſſion nor an emotion, honourable or baſe...there is not a wiſh nor a ſigh of the heart, which you will not find in his writings, moſt correctly delineated and moſt clearly diſplayed, not only in their general current, but in their particular turnings and windings....not only in their ſimple, uniform operations, but in their effects when combined and complicated. The truth of his inveſtigations on man, in his relation with ſociety, is ſo clear and ſo evident, that it would "glimmer through a blind man's eyes"....They cannot be read without being realized, for they are clothed with circumſtances, and embodied by fact and experience.

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TASTE.

Good taſte is that holy fire of Veſta, of which the writings of antiquity are the principal depoſitaries. It is from this ſource alone we muſt ſeek for that inſpiration, which will enable us to furniſh

Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn.

SYDNEY'S POET.

Sir Philip Sidney was an accompliſhed Engliſh gentleman, who lived in the reign of queen Elizabeth. He wrote a celebrated romance called *Arcadia*, from which we extract the following delightful praiſe, deſigned for the ideal character of the poet. "He doth not only ſhew the way, but giveth ſo ſweet proſpect into the way, as will entice any man to enter into it; nay he doth, as if your journey ſhould be through a fair vineyard, at the firſt give you a cluſter of grapes, that full of that taſte you may long to paſs further. He beginneth not with obſcure definitions, which muſt blur the margent with interpretations, and load the memory with doubtfulneſs....but he cometh to you with words ſet in delightful proportion, either accompanied with or prepared for the well enchanting ſkill of muſick: and with a tale, (forſooth) he cometh to you with a tale which holdeth children from play and old men from the chimney corner."

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EQUALITY.

The ſimple word *equality* has performed wondrous miracles....It has always been a moſt powerful engine to promote revolutions, becauſe it is a mighty lever, which applies itſelf moſt immediately to ſelf-love, and ſelf-love of all the paſſions of the heart is that which is moſt eaſily and moſt powerfully excited.

TO MEDICUS.

Sir,—Having paſſed through a fair examination of your arguments in favour of this novel theory, I leave the world to decide whether it poſſeſs moſt of ingenuity, or of truth. If in future you diſcover any facts, which can bear a compariſon with thoſe in ſupport of the prevailing ſyſtem, I ſhall relinquiſh the latter, and willingly aid you in ſupporting your new doctrine.

Your practical remarks require ſome attention; for, in my opinion, they lead to dangerous errors in the treatment of the apparently dead. Inſtead of the common practice of inflating the lungs, you would have us pour cold water upon the cheſt. Cold water, or, what is more conſiſtent with your evaporative ideas, cold ſpirit, is ſometimes uſeful in ſlight caſes of aſphyxia; but this and other methods have failed where inflation of the lungs has ſucceeded. Your favourite plan of whipping, irritating the noſe, &c. is another departure from the doctrine of the powerful effects of evaporation; this plan is applicable only to that ſtage of reſuſcitation, where the vital actions have already commenced. Can any one believe, that whipping, and irritating the noſe are probable means of reſtoring animal action, where the vital and ſentient principles are ſo perfectly dormant as to admit of the body being pricked or even cut in pieces without producing pain, as is often true in aſphyxia? Your author differs with you on this ſubject, for *he* ſays, "Perhaps one reaſon of our infrequent ſucceſs in reſuſcitation may be, the application of the exciting powers before mobility was reſtor-

ed, whereby the parts receive an injury which the feeble commencement of vital action is unable to remedy." The cruelty of whipping *after* ſenſibility has returned, when friction would be more efficacious, it is to be hoped will be a ſufficient diſſuaſive from this unfeeling practice.

You recommend theſe methods, "rather than force air, where no cavity is formed, and where none can be formed till the intercoſtals are made to contract." If it be true that there is no ſuch cavity, your caution againſt forcing air into it, is unneceſſary; and yet you aſk whether "every phyſician now a days ought not to be aſhamed of this practice;" that is, *blowing air into a place where there is no cavity!*

The ſubſequent aſſertions are equally ludicrous. "But, ſir, you are miſtaken in the fact; you cannot inflate the lungs of an infant, who never reſpired, unleſs you put a canula under the epiglottis. There is no cavity there." How does it appear that the gentlemen Reviewers, or the object of your attack, did not "put a canula under the epiglottis" when they inflated the lungs? I ſee nothing to the contrary in their work. But if they had ſaid this was not neceſſary, ſtill your aſſertion is unjuſtifiable. Such an arrogant contradiction might have been thought the reſult of the confidence of age, were it not marked by the inexperience and impetuoſity of a tyro.

Air, ſir, is blown with great eaſe from the lungs of a man into thoſe of an infant. One who has only a ſmattering of anatomy knows the relative ſituation of the œſophagus and the larynx. By one hand he preſſes the latter back upon the former, to interrupt the paſſage to the ſtomach; by the other he cloſes the noſe and contracts the mouth around his tube, if he uſes one;* a ſtrong expiration will then force air behind the epiglottis, through the larynx and trachæa to the lungs; the crying of the child will often announce the ſucceſs of the operation. If it does not ſo immediately, preſſure on the thorax forces the air out; the inflation is repeated; and thus, by this artificial reſpiration, the child has been revived, even at the end of half an hour's efforts. Theſe, Medicus, are ſtubborn facts.

What you mean by ſaying, there is no cavity under the epiglottis, or in the trachæa, or in the lungs, it is difficult to conceive. If you intend to ſay, that there is no vacuum there, you may ſay the ſame thing of the lungs of any healthy adult; if you mean, that the ſides or parietes of the larynx or trachæa are coherent, every anatomical book will convince you that you are in the wrong. It ſeems moſt probable, that you intended to convey an idea, that the epiglottis muſt be ſhut down; for afterwards you talk of "lifting up the epiglottis." This is paralleled only by your opinion, that the diaphragm does not act as a muſcle: for every one knows, that the *epiglottis is always* "*lifted up*," except when ſhut by the action of ſwallowing, or by ſpaſm. When it is conſidered, that this groundleſs notion is made the baſis of a publick and abſolute contradiction of a reſpec-

* A quill barrel anſwers very well, when a curved canula is not at hand.

table production; one knows not which moſt to admire, the ignorance or preſumption of this writer. "We lament for the ſcientifick reputation of our country that ſuch expreſſions ſhould be put forth."

The paſſages may be and often are obſtructed by mucus and other fluids. In this caſe a forcible introduction of air is doubly important for the removal of theſe impediments to reſpiration; for this would never be effected by pouring cold water on the cheſt, by whipping, or by irritating the noſe. If, *for want of ſkill in the operator*, any air ſhould paſs into the ſtomach and inteſtines, it is eaſily expelled by gentle preſſure on the abdomen. You afterwards admit that, "when the ſtomach and bowels are blown up, if you lift up the epiglottis, a little air may enter the trachæa, or if you blow hard enough into the lungs; but not before." Here, Medicus, you forget what you have juſt told us, that there is no cavity formed, and none can be formed, *until the intercoſtals are made to contract*. As this has not yet been done, you *make air to paſs where there is no cavity*. One now ſees the benefit of your previous caution againſt forcing air, where there is no cavity formed.

You conclude your critique with a declamatory appeal to the profeſſors of our inſtitutions, &c. "to decide, whether air, which has been reſpired, if it could enter the lungs of an infant who never reſpired, would not as certainly extinguiſh life, as it does flame."

Air, once reſpired, will not extinguiſh animal life. A part only of its oxygenous portion is conſumed in a ſingle reſpiration; this oxygenous portion muſt be farther reduced, before the reſpired air would be deſtructive to life, although it is deteriorated by paſſing through the lungs. Hence, no doubt, the Reviewers have given an opinion, that "atmoſpherick air is certainly preferable, when it can conveniently be thrown in."*

Mr. John Bell ſays, we uſe much leſs than a fifth part of the air taken in at the trachæa, and ſeventeen out of twenty-ſeven parts of the oxygen gas.

Dr. Goodwin put twelve cubick inches of atmoſpherick air into a glaſs receiver, inverted in water; he then paſſed a meaſure of it into the endiometer, and it occupied 100 parts; an equal meaſure of nitrous gas was added, on which the volume of 200 parts was reduced to 144. He then reſpired the whole volume in the uſual time, and trying equal quantities of it in the endiometer the 200 parts were diminiſhed to 158

After a 2d inſpiration to .	163
3d	167
4th	170
5th	171

Profeſſor Davy is conſidered a more accurate experimentor, than either of the above authors. A late writer, ſpeaking of his experiments to aſcertain the diminution of air once reſpired, in-

* This may be true; but the fact is, that atmoſpherick air *cannot* "be conveniently thrown in." Common bellows (the only apparatus at hand) require three reſolute perſons to uſe them, and are after all very clumſy. The machine, invented by Dr. *Goodwin*, is by Mr. *Kite* ſaid to retain ſo much impure air, that "the breath of a healthy man is to be preferred."

forms us, that he is acquainted with no others on this ſubject upon the accuracy of which he can depend. Mr. Davy found on repeated trials, that the diminution of air, once paſſed through the lungs, was only from $\frac{1}{70}$ to $\frac{1}{100}$; by numerous inſpirations of the ſame air he diminiſhed it to $\frac{1}{19}$. "The former experiments alone indicate the effects of natural reſpiration." The carbonic acid and azotic gaſes, contained in the air of a ſingle inſpiration, are not in ſufficient proportion to produce bad effects; for they have both been breathed in more conſiderable quantities, without inconvenience, when mixed with atmoſpherick air. It therefore appears, that air, expired from the lungs of an adult into thoſe of an infant, ſtill retains a ſufficient proportion of oxygen to ſupport a number of reſpirations.

John Hunter aſſerts, that *the heart's motion muſt depend in the firſt inſtance on the* PRESENCE *of air, but not on its change of the blood.*

As this is a matter ſuſceptible of the 'evidence of facts and of experience,' let us put it to the ſevereſt examination. Conſult *Hales*, and you will find an experiment on this ſubject, as deciſive as a mathematical demonſtration. *Hales* fixed to each end of a bladder a tube, properly adapted for inflation by the mouth, with a valve opening inward at one end, and fixed for the trachea of a dog at the other. This being ſecured, the bladder was filled with 162 cubick inches of air *from the human lungs*, and the dog ſuffered to breathe it. In one or two minutes, reſpiration became laborious; he then preſſed the bladder with conſiderable force, and alternated this action with the expiration of the animal. The dog was kept alive in this way for an hour†, new air from the *human lungs* being every five minutes blown into the bladder. Whenever the pulſe became languid, it was invigorated and accelerated by compreſſing the bladder, always in proportion to the force with which he did it; and *that* at the end of five minutes, when the air had become moſt vitiated.

Does this ſatisfy you, or will you continue to appeal to profeſſors of inſtitutions? If you do ſo, I ſhall give you the anſwer of two of them, perhaps as well known as any. *Cullen*, ſpeaking on this ſubject, quotes *Monro* thus:..." My learned and ingenious colleague, Dr. Monro, who has made ſome experiments for aſcertaining the beſt manner of inflating the lungs of drowned perſons, thinks the *warm air from the lungs of a living perſon* will be moſt conveniently employed at firſt."

Yet, ſays Medicus, "ought not every phyſician, now a days, to be aſhamed of this practice?"—No ſhame can attach to the godlike act of ſaving life. Medicus may be aſſured, that by making the experiment of inflating the lungs, if he be a man of extenſive practice, he may often enjoy the pleaſure of giving to the arms of an enraptured parent a child, which would otherwiſe have been conſigned to the grave.

PHILO-LAVOISIER.

† Hales ſtates, that the dog might have been kept alive longer, but the experiment was diſcontinued and the animal left to periſh.

ON JUNIUS.

HUGH BOYD.

THE life of this gentleman, of which in purſuing our plan we have drawn an outline, is preſumed to contain much evidence to ſupport the idea of his having been the author of the letters of Junius. His great abilities, which his admirers ſo highly extol, but which his opponents have dared to doubt, is a preſumption which it is neceſſary to make *ſtrong*, before confirmatory arguments on the queſtion in controverſy will be allowed. Whether Mr. Boyd was peculiarly eminent in this particular, we ſhall not at preſent inquire, but, waving the conſideration, ſhall attend to the particular teſtimony which has been produced in his behalf.

The ſtudy of law, which he proſecuted for three years, was preparatory to his eager collection of all miniſterial tranſactions juſt before Junius appeared, and rendered him lawyer enough to compoſe the celebrated letter to lord Mansfield. If, beſides this, it be admitted as truth, what Mr. Campbell affirms as ſuch, that immediately previous to the publication of that letter he was continually occupied by the peruſal *of law-books*, and *in writing with his uſual ſecrecy*; the argument is much enforced.

The next fact adduced is the reſemblance of the ſtyle of Junius, ſaid to be obſervable in that of Mr. Boyd; a reſemblance ſo great, that the author of either muſt be ſuppoſed to have been the author of both. Numerous examples are produced corroborative of this idea; out of which we have ſelected the following.

From the Whig.	*Junius.*
When it is truly ſaid, *that the king can do no wrong*, the office is intended and not the perſon; and this true conſtruction is the perfect praiſe of our admirable conſtitution. The king of England *can do no wrong*, for it is not the office of the king *to do* any thing. The cautious wiſdom of our policy will not permit the king to act.	The doctrine inculcated by our laws, that *the king can do no wrong*, is admitted without reluctance. We ſeparate the amiable, good-natured prince from the folly and treachery of *his* ſervants, and the private virtues of the man from the vices of his government. Were it not for this diſtinction, I know not whether your majeſty's condition or that of the Engliſh nation would deſerve moſt to be lamented.

The affinity between the ſtyles of Hugh Boyd and Junius being conſidered undeniable, the advocates for the former have thought it incumbent on them to prove, that this affinity was not the reſult of a ſervile and ſtudied imitation, but of that habit of thought and expreſſion, to which the minds of original geniuſes are naturally bent. The argument is this. That Junius had not an original ſtyle, but formed it from works antecedently produced. Two of which are cited. The firſt, entitled "Killing no murder," was written by Col. Titus whilſt cloſely confined by Cromwell in the tower, and is a remonſtrance to the people of England, againſt their ſupineneſs in ſubmitting to the uſurpation of the protector. This performance, bold, claſſical, and energetick, would have done honour to any period of Engliſh literature; and is ſufficiently in the tone of Junius, to allow the preſumption of his having modelled his language after this orig-

inal. Lord Bolingbroke's political letters is the other work, from which it is ſuppoſed that Junius borrowed the manner and the ſpirit. But the dedication of Lord Oxford, ſo often quoted, bears greater likeneſs of the features of Junius, than perhaps any ſubſequent performance.

The reaſon aſſigned, which Mr. Boyd had for *concealing* his name, is, that he was involved in the greateſt embarraſſments, and expected his friends, who had hitherto encouraged him, would have withdrawn their patronage, and have become his inveterate foes, had his ſecret been divulged. Beſides, that extraordinary diſpoſition of mind ſo eminent in Junius, which would allow him to liſten to the aſperities of the envious, the encomiums of the ſenſible, or the ſarcaſms of the critical with equal indifference, is confeſſed by all who knew him to have been a characteriſtick of Mr. Boyd. With this temper, and having declared, *he was the ſole depoſitory of his own ſecret and it ſhould periſh with him*, it cannot reaſonably be expected that any ſituation into which he might have been unexpectedly thrown, or any "caſual concurrence of calamitous circumſtances" could have wrung that truth from his lips.

His correſpondence with the Daily Advertiſer, carried on with the most unaccountable ſecrecy, beginning and ending as is aſſerted by Mr. L. D. Campbell, preciſely with Junius, is conſidered an important fact in this queſtion. The proof of it, is the avowal of Mrs. Boyd; a lady, it is ſaid, of perfect impartiality, and whoſe reverence for truth alone has influenced her in thus exalting the reputation of her huſband.

This lady alſo teſtifies to another fact, "that in looking over the letters of Junius ſhe was much ſtruck with finding an anecdote related in one of the notes relative to Lord Truham, and *one of her guardians*, which ſhe had in confidence communicated to Mr. Boyd, and which ſhe knew had been very ſtudiouſly kept ſecret by the parties concerned." Mrs. Boyd however, conſidered as ſhe undoubtedly was, an intimate among them, was not debarred from the knowledge of this infamous tranſaction; and after hearing it, told it to her huſband. Hence it is concluded, this anecdote, added to the laſt letter of Junius to the Duke of Grafton, muſt have been written by Mr. Boyd.

It has always been the prevalent idea, that the unrelenting hoſtility to the Duke of Grafton, aroſe in Junius from perſonal pique; but it is accounted for in Mr. Boyd from this motive. An intimacy ſubſiſted between him and the family of the Macleanes, and as he was naturally of an ardent diſpoſition he always took a warm intereſt in their affairs. "Mr. L. Macleane having been diſmiſſed by the Duke from the office of under ſecretary of ſtate, he painted him in his reſentment in the blackeſt colours." From this, and the conviction that his adminiſtration was infamous, is inferred Mr. Boyd's violent oppoſition.

The evidence thus produced in favour of the gentleman, whoſe name heads the preſent paper, is in general all that is important. We ſhall take leave, *in our next number, of Mr. Boyd*, by our own obſervations on his merits. A.

POETRY.

ORIGINAL.

The reader ſcarcely need be informed, that the following is by the witty author of Macfingal. It was written while Trumbull reſided as a Bachelor at Yale College, on the marriage of one of the Tutors to a lady of great fortune. It came into our hands from a ſource, which leaves no doubt of its authenticity; and though we have ventured to omit a few lines, which were rather too frolickſome for the gravity of the Anthology, we have loſt little of the humour of the piece. We ſhould be exceedingly obliged to thoſe, who knew Trumbull in his better days, if they would furniſh us with other of his unpubliſhed pieces, many of which we imagine are known to his early cotemporaries.

AN EPITHALAMIUM.

YE nine great daughters of Jupiter,
Born of one mother at a litter,
Virgins, who ne'er ſubmit to wifedom,
But ſing and fiddle all your lifetime,
In verſe and rhyme great wholeſale dealers,
Of which we bards are but retailers,
Aſſiſt. But chiefly thou, my Muſe,
Who never didſt thine aid refuſe,
Whether I ſung in high bombaſtick,
Or ſunk to ſimple Hudibraſtick,
Or in dire dumps proclaim'd my moan,
Taught rocks to weep, and hills to groan,
Or chang'd the ſtyle to love and dearee,
Till even Echo bluſh'd to hear ye,
Theſe mournful themes no longer uſurp,
But tune to ſweeter ſounds thy jewſharp.

Now from his hammock in the ſkies
Phœbus jump'd up, and rubb'd his eyes,
Clapp'd on his daylight round his ears;
Saddl'd his horſe, and fix'd his ſpurs.
Night turn'd her backſide; ſo in turn he
Mounted, and ſet forth on his journey.
Our wedding folks were yet a-bed,
Nor dream'd what's doing overhead.
At leiſure now for epiſodes,
We'll introduce our ſet of gods.
Sing then, my Muſe, in lofty crambo,
How Hymen came, with lighted flambeau
Juno, it ſeems, by ſad miſhaps,
Oe'r night with Jove was pulling caps;
For by the way ſhe's wont to govern
(So Homer ſays) the henpeck'd ſov'reign.
But now ſtole off, and left him fretting,
And rode poſt haſte to come to wedding.
Lutina was not there that morning;
But ready ſtood at nine months' warning.
The Nymphs, of ev'ry form and ſize,
Came there before the bride could riſe.
The Mountain Nymphs ſkipp'd down like fleas,
Dryads crept out from hollow trees;
The Water Nymphs, from ſwamps and flats,
Came dripping on, like half-drown'd rats;
The birds around on ſprays and thiſtles
Began to light, and tune their whiſtles;
The cock, when daylight had begun,
Being choriſter, ſtruck up the tune,
And ſung an hymn in ſtrains ſonorous,
While ev'ry quailpipe join'd the chorus.
But we muſt quit this ſinging ſport, elſe
Miſchance may ſeize our ſleeping mortals,
Who now 'gan buſtle round the fabrick,
Finding they'd ſlept till after daybreak.
Our bridegroom, ere he did ariſe,
Rubb'd ſleep's ſoft dews from both his eyes,
Look'd out to ſee what kind of weather,
And jump'd from bed, as light as feather

Joyful as *Dick*, after obtaining
His maſter's leave to go to training.
Here, did not rhyming greatly harraſs one,
Were a fine place to make compariſon;
Call up the ghoſts of heroes priſtine,
Egyptian, Trojan, Greek, Philiſtine,
Thoſe rogues renown'd in ancient days,
So ſweetly ſung in ancient lays;
Set them in order by our gallant,
To prove him handſome, wiſe, and valiant.
He now came forth, and ſtood before
His lovely goddeſs' chamber-door,
Addreſs'd her with three gentle hollo's,
Then read, or ſaid, or ſung as follows.
1. Ariſe, my love, and come away,
To cheer the world, and gild the day,
Which fades by wanting freſh ſupplies
From the bright moonſhine of thine eyes.
2. How beautiful art thou, my love,
Surpaſſing all the dames above;
Venus with thee might ſtrive again,
Venus with thee would ſtrive in vain.
3. Though ev'ry muſe, and ev'ry grace,
Conſpire to deck bright Venus' face,
Thou'rt handſomer than all this traſh,
By full three hundred pounds in caſh.
4. Riſe then, my love, and come away,
To cheer the world, and gild the day,
Which fades by wanting freſh ſupplies
From the bright moonſhine of thine eyes.

And now came forth our lovely bride,
Array'd in all her charms and pride.
Note here, leſt we ſhould be miſguided,
Lovers and bards are ſo quick-ſighted,
In ev'ry charm they ſpy a Cupid,
Though other people are more ſtupid;
So our fair bride, our lover ſwore,
Was deck'd with Cupids o'er and o'er;
(Thus Virgil's goddeſs Fame appears
From head to feet o'erhung with ears.)
Here, if our Muſe we did not check firſt,
We might go on to ſing of breakfaſt;
Of nymphs in gardens picking tulips,
Of maids preparing cordial juleps,
With other matters of this ſort, whence
We come to things of more importance.
The ſun, who never ſtops to bait,
Now riding at his uſual rate,
Had hardly paſs'd his midway courſe,
And ſpurr'd along his downward horſe,
Our bridegroom, and his lovely virgin
Set forth to church with little urging.
A ſolemn ſhow before, behind 'em
A lengthen'd cavalcade attend 'em,
Of nymphs and ſwains a mingled crew,
Of ev'ry ſhape and ev'ry hue.
In midſt of theſe, with ſolemn wag,
Our prieſt beſtrode his ambling nag;
His dreſs and air right well accouter'd,
His hat new bruſh'd, his wig new powder'd,
His formal band, of's trade the ſign,
Depending decent from his chin,
His threadbare coat, late turn'd by Snip,
With ſcripture book, and cane for whip,
Unnotic'd paſs'd among the throng,
And look'd demure, and jogg'd along.
Yet laymen ne'er his pow'r could equal,
As we ſhall ſhew you in the ſequel.
For when this prieſt o'er man and maid
A ſet of ſcripture words had ſaid,
You'd find them cloſely link'd together
For life, in ſtrange enchanted tether,
(Like ſpirits in magician's circle)
Till friendly death did him or her kill;
Tied up in wondrous Gordian knot
They neither can untie nor cut,
Inclos'd in cage where all may ſee 'em,
But all the world can never free 'em.
For once by prieſt in bands of wedlock
When tied and hamper'd by the fetlock,
They fight, or ſtrive, or fly in vain,
And ſtill drag after them their chain.
Trifles ſkipt o'er, our next proceeding
Shall give deſcription of the wedding;
Where though we Pagan mix with Chriſtian,
And gods and goddeſſes with prieſt join.

Truth need not ſtand to make objection,
We poets have the right of fiction.
And firſt great Hymen in the porch,
Like link-boy ſtood, with flaming torch,
Around, in all the vacant places,
Stood gods, and goddeſſes, and graces;
Venus, and Cupid, god of love,
With all the rabble from above.
In midſt our groom and bride appear,
With wedding gueſts in wing and rear.
Our prieſt now ſhew'd his ſlight of hand,
Roll'd up his eyes, and ſtrok'd his band,
Then join'd their hands in terms conciſe,
And ſtruck the bargain in a trice.
Firſt for the bridegroom thus began he:
Saying, "you Stephen take her Hannah;"
And then, to make both parties even,
For her, "you Hannah take him Stephen;"
Then told them to avoid temptation,
To do the duties of their ſtation,
In ſtate of ſickneſs nurſe and nouriſh,
In health cleave faſt, and love, and cheriſh.
To all the parſon ſaid or meant
Our bride and bridegroom gave conſent.
He bow'd to what the prieſt did ſay,
She bluſh'd, and curt'ſy'd, and cry'd "ay."
The bargain made, he gave his bleſſing,
And bade them ſign and ſeal with kiſſing;
The ſmack being given, neat and freſh,
He ſtrait pronounc'd them both one fleſh.
By mathematicks, 'tis well known,
It takes two halves to make up one,
And Adam, as our prieſts believe,
Was but an half without Miſs Eve;
So every mortal man in life,
Is but an half without his wife;
And hence, by natural coaction,
Man ſeeks ſo much his other fraction,
Which found, no tinker, 'tis confeſt,
Can ſplice and ſodder, but a prieſt.
The rites now o'er, the prieſt drew near,
And kiſs'd the bride's finiſter ear;
Told them he hop'd they'd make good neighbours,
And begg'd a bleſſing on their labours.
Him follow'd every mincing couple,
Licking their lips to make them ſupple,
Each got a kiſs from one or t'other,
And wiſh'd they long might live together.
The wedding o'er, with joy and revelry
Back to their brides return'd the cavalry;
And, as when armies take a town,
Which coſts them long to batter down,
That Fame may raiſe her voice the louder,
They fire whole magazines of powder,
And heaps of fuel lay upon fires,
To celebrate their joy with bonfires,
So now the bride had chang'd her ſtation,
Surrender'd priſoner at diſcretion,
Submitting to our hero's fancies,
Herſelf with all appurtenances,
The well pleas'd crowd (for greateſt joys
Are always ſhown with greateſt noiſe)
Triumph'd, by firing, ſhouting, ringing,
By dancing, drinking, wine, and ſinging.
But yet our groom (time march'd ſo lazy)
Sat hitching, neſtling, and uneaſy,
Thought day-light never would be gone,
And call'd the ſun a lagging drone.
The ſun, juſt when 'twas time to ſup,
Came to the ſea where he puts up,
Sent his laſt rays o'er earth to ſcatter,
And div'd down headlong into water.
Here is the place, if we would chooſe
To tire our reader, and our Muſe,
To name and number every gueſt,
To tell what fare compos'd the feaſt,
With other things that did betide,
As how they kiſs'd and jok'd the bride,
How frolickſome the liquor made 'em
And how the fiddler came to aid 'em,
And tun'd his lyre with ſuch a ſcraping,
It ſet the people all a capering.
When Orpheus fiddled, at his guidance
Thus trees leap'd forth, and join'd in ſet dance.

Grim night at length in sable waggon,
Drawn by a sooty, bat-wing'd dragon,
Rode till she came right over head,
And on the earth her blanket spread.
The moon was out upon patrole,
Stars danc'd as usual round the pole;
All nature now with drowsy head
Had thrown by care, and gone to bed.
Sleep reign'd o'er all, but wolves and rovers,
Owls, bats, and ghosts, and thieves, and lovers.
No alderman's invited guest
To gormandize at turtle feast,
When first he sees the dish brought in,
And 'gins to dip and grease his chin,
E'er feels such raptures as our lover,
Now all his griefs and fears were over.
Th' events that afterwards befel
Our bashful muse would blush to tell.

FRAGMENT

OF A POEM BY COWPER, ON A DECAYED OAK.

Discovered by Mr. Hayley among some loose papers found in the poet's study.

'THOU wast a bauble once; a cup and ball,
Which babes might play with; and the thievish jay
Seeking her food, with ease might have purloin'd
The auburn nut that held thee, swallowing down
Thy yet close-folded latitude of boughs,
And all thine embryo vastness, at a gulp.
But fate thy growth decreed: autumnal rains,
Beneath thy parent-tree, mellow'd the soil
Design'd thy cradle; and a skipping deer,
With pointed hoof dibbling the glebe, prepar'd
The soft receptacle, in which secure
Thy rudiments should sleep the winter through.'

'Time made thee what thou wast—King of the woods!
And time hath made thee what thou art—a cave
For owls to roost in! Once thy spreading boughs
O'erhung the champaign, and the numerous flock
That graz'd it, stood beneath that ample cope
Uncrouded, yet safe-sheltered from the storm.
No flock frequents thee now; thou hast outliv'd
Thy popularity, and art become
(Unless verse rescue thee a while) a thing
Forgotten, as the foilage of thy youth!'

'One man alone, the father of us all,
Drew not his life from woman; never gaz'd,
With mute unconsciousness of what he saw,
On all around him; learn'd not by degrees,
Nor ow'd articulation to his ear;
But moulded by his Maker into man
At once, upstood intelligent, survey'd
All creatures, with precision understood
Their purport, uses, properties, assign'd
To each his name significant, and fill'd
With love and wisdom, render'd back to Heaven
In praise harmonious, the first air he drew.
He was excus'd the penalties of dull
Minority; no tutor charg'd his hand
With the thought-tracing quill, or task'd his mind
With problems; history, not wanted yet,
Lean'd on her elbow, watching time, whose course
Eventful, should supply her with a theme;—'

THE BOSTON REVIEW,

For MAY, 1805.

Vir bonus, et prudens, verſus reprehendet inertes;
Culpabit duros; incomptis allinet atrum
Tranſverſo calamo ſignum; ambitioſa recidet
Ornamenta; parum claris lucem dare coget;
Arguet ambigue dictum; mutanda notabit;
Fiet Ariſtarchus: non dicet, Cur ego amicum
Offendam in nugis? Hæ nugæ ſeria ducent
In mala deriſum ſemel, exceptumque ſiniſtre. HORACE.

ARTICLE 26.

Modern Geography, &c. digeſted on a new plan. By John Pinkerton. The article America corrected and conſiderably enlarged, by Dr. B. S. Barton. With numerous maps, by Arrowſmith. Philadelphia. Conrads, &c. 2. *vols.* 8*vo*.

IF the value of geography ſhould be eſtimated by the cultivation it has received, it would take no very high rank among the objects of knowledge. From the ancients however it received its full ſhare of reverence, and if we admit the claims of Strabo*, a partial advocate indeed, we muſt place at the head of geographers even the name of Homer himſelf. But among the moderns it has ſcarcely aſpired to the dignity of ſcience. It has been deſerted by the man of genius, philoſophy, and taſte, as a purſuit where no laurels are to be gathered, or ſuch only as are ſhort in their duration, and fading in their verdure. In truth, if, without conſidering its utility, we examine only its intrinſick attractions, the ſentiment is not altogether fallacious. It requires no deduction, and therefore calls for little acuteneſs; it embraces nothing very obſcure or involved, and therefore demands little penetration; it is pinioned to the earth, to ſterile, unalluring facts, and the wings of invention therefore would be ſpread in vain to raiſe it; it rejects in ſhort, to any high degree, the colouring of fancy, and admits therefore of few of the auxiliary allurements of taſte. "Longa magis quam benigna materia," the ſentiment of the moſt pleaſing of the ancient geographers†, muſt be the unwilling confeſſion of its moſt ſucceſsful advocate.

To relieve their taſk of theſe intrinſick and unavoidable embarraſſments, writers on geography have reſorted to various expedients. Strabo mingles with it hiſtory, Mela enlivens and degrades it by fiction, Pliny incorporates with it natural hiſtory, while Ptolemy, who alone relies on the attractions of his ſubject, is now neglected.‡ Among the moderns,

* Rerum Geograph. lib. 1.

† Mela. De Sit. Orb.

‡ Though his province was diſtinct from that of the geographers we are now conſidering, yet the name of geography ſhould not be mentioned, without at leaſt a paſſing tribute to the unrivalled excellence of D'Anville.

who till of late have formed themſelves on the model of Ptolemy, the number of celebrated general geographers is very limited. The writings of Cluver and Cellarius are dull and barren collections, with all the dryneſs of Lexicons without their accuracy and preciſion. Varenius is ſtill quoted with reſpect, and in an Engliſh edition was even honoured by a preface and corrections from Sir Iſaac Newton. Among thoſe, who have confined themſelves to the deſcription of particular quarters of the globe, the moſt celebrated are the Germans, Büſching, Fabri, Bruns, Borheck, and Ebeling; Büſching and Fabri, in the opinion of thoſe who read them, are accurate and valuable, though prolix and ſtatiſtick; Borheck and Bruns copious and correct; but Ebeling, as if it were fated that even think to of America ſhould be inauſpicious, a dull and monotonous compiler. The work, which paſſes under the name of Guthrie, though among ſuch a maſs of materials ſome muſt be valuable, is in general ſhapeleſs and inaccurate* beyond deſcription; yet has it been for many years the ſtandard in modern geography, copied with pertinacious ignorance at home and abroad, its ſize ſometimes leſſened, but its errors never abridged.

After this view of moſt of thoſe who have cultivated geography, it will ceaſe to be wonderful, that it has hitherto been ſtudied without intereſt or eagerneſs, as a taſk, which its neceſſity alone made tolerable. A new candidate now appears, who claims to have reſtored it to its rank of the ſiſter of hiſtory, to have purged it of its errors and regulated its confuſion, and to have embraced, by a wider and more philoſophick view of its nature and deſign, many objects, which have hitherto been neglected. He has already been known to the world by a hiſtory of Scotland, by various works on Antiquities, and he was conſidered by Gibbon as the only man capable of editing the Scriptores rerum Anglicarum on the model of Muratori.† Let us now examine his ſucceſs in an undertaking, to which all his purſuits have been allied; to which, in his own language, "he has been eagerly attached from his youth, and to the advancement of which he has always cheriſhed the hope he might contribute his labours."

On a general view of the work it will be found, that the excellence, which places it far above every other treatiſe, conſiſts in the ſyſtem on which it is digeſted; an excellence to which, without much diminution of his merit, he acknowledges himſelf principally indebted to Vaugondy.‡ After a general ſurvey of the world and its grand diviſions, he conſiders

1. The hiſtorical or progreſſive geography of each country. 2. The political ſtate, including moſt of the topicks, which recent German writers by a term of dubious purity call ſtatiſtick. 3. The civil geography, including objects not

* His errors, which are ſometimes even ridiculous for their abſurdity, were very acutely expoſed by Tytler, in his proſpectus of a New Syſtem of Geography.

† Gibbon's Miſcellaneous Works, an Addreſs, &c.

‡ Eſſai ſur l'Hiſtoire de Geographie.

ſo immediately connected with the government; as an account of the chief cities, &c. 4. The natural geography.

Under theſe heads he includes the antiquities of each country, its moſt remarkable hiſtorical epochs, its civil and eccleſiaſtical polity, the progreſs of its literature, its mineral, zoological, and botanical productions, its natural features, with an eſtimate of its political importance and reſources.

It will be immediately ſeen, that ſeveral of theſe topicks have till now been unknown to geography; but as they make it ſo much more intereſting and important, it would be a cold and trifling criticiſm to object, that they are not all neceſſarily connected with *a deſcription of the earth.* His arrangement enables him to embrace all the objects, which, with its inimitable ſtyle, ſtill makes the treatiſe of Tacitus *de ſitu moribus*, &c. attractive, notwithſtanding the revolutions of ſo many centuries have ſo much changed the appearance of Germany. We ſhould rejoice to diſplay to our readers the accuracy and amplitude of detail, with which this deſign is executed; but our limits are too contracted for our wiſhes. We ſhall paſs therefore to the article America, in which we are more immediately intereſted, and of which we are perhaps better able to judge. We cannot however refuſe to indulge ourſelves in a ſingle extract, which, though it ſomewhat reſemble the pedant's offer of a brick, as a ſpecimen of a houſe, will yet diſplay the elegance with which the minute parts of the work are poliſhed and elaborated, though it may give no idea of the loftineſs of its pillars and the general grandeur of its deſign.

On a comparative view of European literature, it may be obſerved, that the Italians, its firſt reſtorers, excel in poetry, hiſtory, and other departments of the belles lettres; but about the year 1600 their taſte began to decline, and a mental effeminacy aroſe, which is conſpicuous in the fantaſtick ſocieties and academies, and the extravagant flatteries, which every writer thought due in politeneſs to another. The French even originally excelled in romance, and light poetry, and that pleaſing and minute ſpecies of biography, called memoirs; they have produced few works of original genius, but yield to no nation in ſcientifick productions, and in literary diſquiſitions, written with good ſenſe, preciſion, and accuracy. Spaniſh literature forms a vaſt treaſure, little known to other nations; and ſcarcely any department can be named, in which excellent writers do not appear. The native German, Daniſh, and Swediſh literature is of recent celebrity. To complete the ſole intention of this parallel, the grand feature of Engliſh literature is original genius, tranſmitted even from Roger Bacon to our Shakeſpeares, Miltons, Newtons, and Lockes, not here to dwell on claims more minute, but equally firm. In the ſcientifick departments, England muſt yield to France, except in the various branches of mathematical knowledge; the inſtitution of the Royal Society, and the genius of Newton, having attracted the greateſt talents within their ſphere. The Engliſh clergy, who far exceed in learning any other body of that deſcription in Europe, have always cultivated claſſical literature with diſtinguiſhed zeal and predilection.

When we mention, that Pinkerton derives his information on America principally from Dr. Morſe, our readers become judges equally with ourſelves of the preciſion of his knowledge. We mean not by this to ſay, that Pinkerton is credulous, or deficient in me-

thod and judgments. Far from it. He extends to this article the ſame luminous arrangement, which we have already praiſed. After noticing the common diviſion of the weſtern continent, and giving a general account of North America, he follows his uſual cuſtom of ranking every ſtate according to its political weight, and gives a deſcription of the United States. The diviſion of theſe into diſtinct provinces, however important to us, he of courſe diſcards, and groups them all under one general head. As this however deſtroys the poſſibility of much minuteneſs of detail, the currency of the ſyſtem now in popular uſe will not immediately be deſtroyed.

Of the additions and corrections of our countryman, Barton, we are now to ſpeak. Theſe are not extenſive, and, excepting where they relate to natural geography, are often of trifling value. On comparing them with the London edition we find, that the corrections conſiſt principally in omitting every thing offenſive to the vanity of Americans. We find in the original edition ſuch paſſages as theſe, which Barton ſilently ſuppreſſes. "In general the common people of theſe States ſhew their independent ſpirit by ſurlineſs of behaviour, and a contempt of thoſe trifling civilities, which make life amiable." Again...." the ſpirit of ſelfiſhneſs and avarice univerſally prevails." We ſincerely hope, that Barton is correct in his diſregard of the laſt, and ſome ſevere reflections which follow it; but it cannot be ſaid, that they are altogether unjuſt, or that there are no ſymptoms of our approaching degeneracy, into a nation of "ſophiſters, œconomiſts, and calculators."

Among his corrections we are ſurprized that he has paſſed ſo much inaccuracy, as is obvious in the deſcription of Boſton. We ſubjoin this, for the amuſement of its inhabitants.

Boſton, the capital of the ſtate of Maſſachuſetts, was regarded by Mr. Burke as the chief city in North America; and he ſays that from Chriſtmas, 1747, to Chriſtmas, 1748, 500 veſſels cleared from this port only, for foreign trade, and 480 were entered inwards; not to mention coaſting and fiſhing veſſels, ſuppoſed to equal the others in number. He conſiders the people of New-England as the Dutch of America, being carriers for all the colonies of North America and the Weſt Indies. The trade of Boſton has however ſince declined; though ſtill far from inconſiderable. This city is ſuppoſed to contain about 20,000 inhabitants. The harbour on a large bay is excellent, and capacious enough to receive five hundred ſhips at anchor; with a narrow entrance commanded by a caſtle. There is a pier about 600 yards in length; and the harbour is interſperſed with about forty iſlands, which afford excellent grain and paſturage. This city alſo ſuffered conſiderably by the war, but has been improved; and the publick buildings are, in that part of the world, deemed elegant. Boſton does not exceed two miles in length, being of a circular form; and on the weſt is the mall or publick walk, planted with rows of trees. On the ſame ſide is Beacon-hill, on which a monument has been erected, commemorating ſome of the moſt important events of the war. The fanatical ſpirit of this city has entirely diſappeared; and Mr. Burke obſerves, after narrating the witchcraft deluſion, 1662, in which ſo many innocent people ſuf-

* Nor would we ſay that his information is limited to this ſource. He of courſe has acceſs to the travels of Hearne and Mackenzie, and occaſionally adopts ſome of the ſevere ſtrictures of Weld.

fered by the bigotry of two clergymen, "that the people there are now grown somewhat like the reſt of mankind in their manners, and have much abated of their perſecuting ſpirit." This city is even already ranked by ſome amongſt the moſt pleaſing and ſociable in the United States, and is the reſidence of many enlightened and worthy men.

The literary claims of the United States are ſo inſignificant, that perhaps a complete inventory of them would only be, like that of Codrus, a *totum nil*. But if any thing be ſaid of them we ſhould really think, that Barton could have found ſome names to have added to thoſe of Mather and Franklin.....We have however given enough of cenſure, and turn with willing ſteps to a more grateful taſk, that of offering our tribute of praiſe to the improvements, which he has made in the article, natural geography; which every where diſcover a maſter's hand. We regret however, that he was unable to correct the ſuppoſition of Pinkerton, that the White mountains of New-Hampſhire are only 4000 feet in height. A late eſtimate made by barometrical obſervation, under the ſuperintendance of the firſt naturaliſts of New-England, has determined their height to be between 7 and 8000 feet.....Let us now return to Pinkerton.

The accuracy of Engliſh criticiſm has diſcovered little to cenſure in this work. On this ſide the Atlantic therefore, where the ſources of information are ſo much leſs obvious, ſuperiour perſpicacity will not be expected. The ſubject on which Pinkerton has been moſt frequently attacked is that of northern antiquities, a ſhoreleſs ocean, on which inclination, not leſs than prudence, forbids us to embark. There have alſo ſome faults of minor importance been detected, which in a ſubſequent edition will probably be corrected. We are inclined to add to theſe a deficiency, which we obſerve under the articles Venice, Athens, and Italy in general. Theſe are paſſed over almoſt without any deſcription, & the omiſſion the author juſtifies by ſaying, "the theme has become *trivial*." It is true, he could add nothing to what may be found by patient inveſtigation in the innumerable travels to theſe places, yet the ſame may be ſaid of London, Paris, &c. which he has minutely deſcribed. A ſcholar too might have been pardoned even for departing from the ſeverity of method and precedent; at leaſt we cannot admire "the frigid *philoſophy*, which thus conducts him indifferent and unmoved over ground, which has been dignified by wiſdom, bravery, and virtue."

Under the article Hindoſtan, we obſerve a deſire in the author to reject the common opinion of the antiquity of Hindoo civilization. He has ſo much confidence in the validity of his arguments, aided as they are by ſome ſpeculations of Mr. Bentley in the Aſiatic reſearches, as to think it probable, "that Menu may have been an honeſt lawyer of the 13th century; and that the whole arts and ſciences, except weaving, were borrowed from their neighbours." Theſe, it will be confeſſed, are confident concluſions; but by no means juſtified, we think, by the validity of his reaſoning. He proves perhaps, and he proves little more, that the ar-

guments of Dr. Robertſon individually are not of irreſiſtible cogency. But is he yet to learn, that the very nature of probability, and that too of the higheſt kind, conſiſts not in the inſulated efficacy of a ſingle argument, but the united ſtrength of all? The particles which compoſe a body, however huge, are alone neither large nor ponderous; it is the aggregation of all, which gives extenſion, denſity, and weight to the maſs. A ſingle ray of the ſun is powerleſs and cold; it is the concentration of all its beams, which gives heat, and light, and life.

This oppoſition to the antiquity of Hindoo civiliźation ariſes we imagine from the embarraſſment, which its truth would create to ſome favourite theory. Of the religious opinions of Pinkerton in his youth we were aware; but we hoped he had reſigned them with the folly, which at that time made him attack the poetry of Virgil, and the preſumption, which made him attempt to parallel the forgeries of Macpherſon and Ireland, by impoſing on the world ſome productions of his own, as ancient Scottiſh ballads. But we find, that he is evidently the docile diſciple of Gibbon. He has ſat at his feet, adopted his opinions, and taken even the colouring of his ſtyle from the mighty hiſtorian. The ſentiments however, and the ambitious ordonnance of the ſtyle of Gibbon, are copied with far greater eaſe, than his varied and maſſive learning. It is eaſy too to learn his diſhonourable mode of warfare; to learn to lay in ambuſh for the reader, to ſurprize him, when he is unarmed, unſuſpicious, and paſſive; to learn to aſſail with the poiſoned arrows of ſarcaſm thoſe bulwarks, which cannot be overthrown by the manly artillery of reaſon. Who, aſks Paley, can refute a ſneer?

Let us however acknowledge that a pious eye, in paſſing over the pages of Pinkerton, will not often be offended by open avowal of his deiſtical opinions. Like Gibbon, he often pays homage to the purity and ſublimity of the doctrines of chriſtianity. When he ſpeaks of original population however, particularly of Africa and America, he is to be read with caution. We will mention alſo a remark, dropped with apparent negligence, under the article Hindoſtan, that the "Hindoos are ſo much attached to their religion, that if diſperſed like the Jews, they would probably remain like them a diſtinct nation."—This is an aſſertion perfectly gratuitous; not only without proof, but contrary to all proof. We have ſeen the moſt inveterate and deep-fixed peculiarities of language, manners, and religion, gradually merged and loſt in one common maſs. The prejudices, for inſtance, of the Celt, the Saxon, the Angle, the Norman, and the Dane, have altogether diſappeared; and the ſame muſt undoubtedly ſoon take place in our own country, unleſs freſh importation ſhould preſerve our particoloured population. But the Jew, in every nation, in every climate, preſerves his identity; every where the unwilling witneſs of the religion he deſpiſes.

It now only remains to offer our readers an ultimate eſtimate

of the value of the work before us. We willingly acknowledge, that there is due to Pinkerton the praiſe of having concentrated and condenſed the knowledge that is ſcattered in the innumerable travels of the laſt century; and the divided praiſe of having introduced beauty, order, and ſymmetry into a ſcience, till now perplexed, entangled, and indigeſted. We give him credit too for a ſtyle mellowed and poliſhed; though he has learned from his maſter, Gibbon, to give it the unvaried ſtatelineſs of a march, without ever allowing it to ſubſide into the graceful negligence of a walk. His manner is commonly pure, though he ſometimes imagines himſelf profound, when he is only dark; and he ſometimes miſtakes inflation of thought, and the pomp of ſeſquipedal verbiage, for dignity of ſentiment, and elevation of ſtyle. From the faults of vanity and dogmatiſm too, for which all his other works have been ſeverely cenſured, this is by no means free. He more than once even preſumes, obliquely indeed, to ſneer at Sir William Jones; but againſt ſuch a name, the cenſures of Pinkerton muſt paſs by like the idle wind, innoxious and unregarded. On this ſubject we acknowledge we have choſen our ſide. We ſhould live contented with the honour of ſucceſsfully following him in any of his purſuits; and die delighted to ſhare his hopes of futurity. If indeed the ſpeculations of Gibbon and his copyiſt are founded in truth; if indeed the religion we embrace is deluſion and folly, ſtill *malumus cum Platone errare*; ſtill we prefer the deluſion, which gladdens life, and deſerts us not in death, to the chill philoſophy, which declares, that the ſilence of the tomb ſhall never be diſturbed.*

* The American impreſſion of this work, though of courſe inferiour to the magnificent London quarto, is remarkable for the beauty of its type, and the general correctneſs of its execution. The Atlas, which accompanies it is by far ſuperiour to any thing of the kind we have before ſeen in this country.

ART. 27.

Advice to mothers, on the ſubject of their own health; and on the means of promoting the health, ſtrength, and beauty of their offspring. By William Buchan, M. D. Printed for Francis Nichols, bookſeller, Boſton. 1804.

"EVERY thing from the hand of nature is good," ſays the author of Emilius: "every thing degenerates in the hands of men." Cuſtom ſanctioned the moſt abſurd and deſtructive methods of treating children at the time Rouſſeau wrote, and his attacks on long eſtabliſhed prejudices prepared the way for great alterations in the mode of rearing them. Dr. Buchan has in many reſpects imitated Rouſſeau. His book is not however deſigned to introduce novelties; but to overthrow thoſe pernicious practices, which had gradually crept into the plan of managing infants; of affording to the human frame and faculties a fair chance to develope themſelves; of reſtoring man to the "hand of nature."

Forty years of medical practice, and a conſtant attention to this important ſubject, entitle Dr.

Buchan to the attention of every mother. His ſubject is treated with an accuracy, which indicates great experience and uncommon opportunities for obſervation. Our countrywomen may perhaps ſmile at ſome of his remarks, as ſingular and unneceſſary; but it muſt be remembered, that a multitude of uſages, eſtabliſhed in the old world, have never made their way into this country. Among the ſuggeſtions not applicable to the ſtate of ſociety here, it is to be hoped are thoſe relating to the unnatural vice mentioned in the ſecond chapter.

The author commences his work with ſome hints to women before marriage, on dreſs, food, air, exerciſe, &c. Among the moſt important are the following.

Pure air and moderate exerciſe are not of leſs importance, than food and drink. Women are much confined by domeſtick employments and ſedentary purſuits: for this very reaſon they ought to go out frequently, and take exerciſe in the open air. Not in a cloſe carriage, but on foot or on horſe-back. When prevented by the weather from going abroad, dancing, provided it be not continued to fatigue, is the moſt cheerful and healthy amuſement. It may ſeem a little ſtrange, that I ſhould think it neceſſary to recommend cleanlineſs to the fair ſex: I am far from intending to convey the moſt diſtant inſinuation in this reſpect: I only wiſh to heighten their ideas of its utility, and to point out farther methods of increaſing its benefits. They are too ſparing of water, from an apprehenſion of its injuring the ſkin, or giving it a diſagreeable roughneſs. This is a great miſtake. Pure water may be truly conſidered as the fountain of health, and its frequent uſe is the beſt means of improving the ſkin, and ſtrengthening the whole frame. Thoſe who have not a bath to plunge into, ſhould waſh the face, neck, hands, and feet, every morning and night; and experience will ſoon convince them, that the more they accuſtom themſelves, even to this partial application of clean water, the more comfortable and enlivening they will find it.

Thoſe who have not been accuſtomed to cold water in the early part of life, are directed to uſe lukewarm water at firſt, the temperature of which is to be gradually diminiſhed.

The power of the imagination of pregnant women in producing marks on their children is very properly adverted to in the ſecond chapter. The author ſhows that what are called *longings*, exiſt only in the minds of the weakeſt and moſt credulous of their ſex. They are commonly ſeen in women of the lower claſſes; and it is rare to find a lady of ſenſe or ſpirit indulge in theſe abſurdities. Dr. Moore relates a ſtory, which is here quoted, of a pregnant lady remarkably averſe to monkies, who was accidentally frightened by one of thoſe animals. She afterwards was conſtantly wretched, with the idea that her child would be deformed by the lineaments of a monkey. On being delivered of a fine child, ſhe was in raptures. Her pains returned, and the midwife informed her there was ſtill another child. "Then" ſhe exclaimed, "it is as I have dreaded, and this *muſt* be the monkey." But the laſt child proved to be alſo a fine boy.

The ſubject of the following chapter is the conduct of women about the time of childbirth. The folly and ill conſequence of attempting to accelerate by art, this operation of nature is clearly

shown. Good rules are given for the practitioner and the patient; and the means of preventing the occurrence of dangers from hurrying this matter are also pointed out. "One method of preventing the evils arising from the hurry of professional men, would be to pay them more liberally for their patient attendance. They have nothing but the *full* employment of their time to trust to, for means of support; and it is just they should have an adequate compensation for so valuable a sacrifice. But as this cannot be generally expected, I would recommend the cheaper encouragement of midwives, none of whom, however, ought to be permitted to practise, without a regular licence, obtained by proofs of real qualifications. Such persons could spare more time and would be found much fitter assistants to lying-in women, than any surgeon, whatever may be his skill and talents." After delivery the author recommends, that women should retain the recumbent posture till after the third week; but in this recommendation we cannot concur with him.

In treating of the nursing and rearing of children, the author declares himself the advocate of exposure to the open air in all kinds of weather. "The quality of the air we breathe is of much greater consequence than our food and drink, at every period of life; but particularly in infancy, a state of the utmost delicacy and weakness. Good air braces, bad air relaxes the tender frame; the former is a source of health and vigour, the latter of infirmity and disease." "While I was considering the hard lot of the poor, most of whose children perish, because the wretched parents are not in a condition to take them often out into the open air, I could not but observe, that the rich were without any excuse for neglecting so essential a part of their duty. It is their business to see that their children be daily carried abroad, and that they be kept in the open air a sufficient time. This will always succeed better if the mother goes along with them. Servants are often negligent in these matters, and allow a child to sit or lie on the damp ground instead of leading or carrying it about. The mother surely needs air as well as her children: and how can she be better employed than in attending them?"

Simple food, light and easy dress, warm and cold bathing, are particularly insisted on; and very minute instructions given with regard to each of them.

The mischiefs of family quackery, and the absurdity of suffering nurses to dose the young and tender infant with pernicious drugs, are strongly exposed. "Of all the absurdities that prevail in the treatment of infants, there is none so grossly repugnant to common sense, as the frenzy of giving them physick before we give them food." "But it was enough for midwives and nurses to hear physicians, who knew very little more of the matter than themselves, prescribing things of an opening nature to purge off the remains of the *meconium*. This acquisition of imaginary science was too flattering to female vanity, not to be displayed on every occasion; and many a severe twinge have poor

infants ſuffered, from a midwife's deſire to ſhow her profound ſkill in phyſick." "As this is a point which cannot be too ſtrongly enforced, I ſhall lay before the reader Mr. Locke's ſentiments." "Never," ſays he, "*give children any phyſick for prevention.* Have a great care of tampering that way, leſt inſtead of preventing, you bring on diſeaſes."

It cannot be expected, that all theſe inſtructions will be of much uſe, unleſs parents themſelves attend to the management of their children. For this they are often very little qualified. "It is common, ſays the author, to ſee women, who are ſuppoſed to have had a very genteel education, ſo ignorant, when they come to have children, of every thing with which a mother ought to be acquainted, that the infant is as wiſe in theſe matters as the parent. Had the time ſpent by ſuch females, in the acquiſition of what can never be of any ſervice to them, been employed in learning domeſtick virtues and the art of rearing children, they would have ſecured the attachment of their huſbands, made their ſons and daughters uſeful members of ſociety, and been themſelves an example and ornament to their ſex." ...."The child's father ſhould pay very aſſiduous attention to the proper treatment of his offſpring. Is not our admiration of CATO's character increaſed when we read, that the man, who governed in Rome with ſo much glory, would quit every buſineſs in order to be preſent when the nurſe waſhed and rubbed his child." Yet, ſays Buchan, our modern gentlemen would bluſh to be ſeen in theſe employments; while they can aſſiduouſly attend the kennel and the ſtable to ſee the execution of their orders for the management of dogs and horſes.

ART. 28.

The guilt, folly, and ſources of ſuicide: two diſcourſes preached in the city of New York, February, 1805, By Samuel Miller, D. D. one of the paſtors of the united preſbyterian churches in ſaid city. New York, T. & J. Swords. 8vo. *pp.* 72.

THE paſſage ſerving as the foundation of theſe diſcourſes is that in Job. ii. 9. 10. *Then ſaid his wife unto him, doſt thou ſtill retain thine integrity? Curſe God and die. But he ſaid unto her, thou ſpeakeſt as one of the fooliſh women ſpeaketh. What! ſhall we receive good at the hand of God, and ſhall we not receive evil?* "Here," ſays Dr. Miller, "appears to be a direct and explicit propoſal of ſuicide." Ours is a different opinion. We believe the woman to have been weak and fooliſh, but not impious nor murderous. The literal and genuine meaning of *barech* is to *bleſs*, and we think it ſhould ſo have been rendered in the preſent inſtance, notwithſtanding the high authority of Taylor and others, which the writer follows, and with learning and dexterity attempts to defend.*

* That the word ought to be tranſlated *bleſs* and not *curſe*, we are induced to believe for the following reaſons. 1. This is the natural and genuine meaning of the Hebrew term. 2. In this ſeaſon of dreadful calamity Job's wife would not probably have uſed an ironical expreſſion. 3. Her fortunes were

Excepting the incongruity between the text and the ſubject, we have peruſed the diſcourſes with lively pleaſure. They have ſtrengthened a ſentiment early cheriſhed in our hearts, that the religion of the bible is, of all knowledge and ſtudies, moſt friendly to the exiſtence, comfort, and hopes of mankind. In the firſt of them, the author evinces the guilt and folly of ſuicide, by ſhowing, that "it is a ſin againſt God, againſt human nature, againſt our fellow men, againſt all the dictates of enlightened reaſon, and againſt all our intereſts and hopes beyond the grave." He developes, in the ſecond, the ſources of this crime, and indicates the principles and habits, which induce its danger, and precipitate to its commiſſion. He traces it to "falſe principles in religion and morals, to an early and exceſſive indulgence in the pleaſures of life, to a habit of intemperate drinking, to that of gaming, to the indulgence of criminal love, to habits of idleneſs, to cheriſhing immoderate deſires and aims with regard to this world, and to the want of ſincere and vital piety." The author cloſes his diſcourſes with an addreſs to parents, to magiſtrates and jurors, to the young, for whoſe benefit principally they were publiſhed, and to whom they are inſcribed, and to the ſons and daughters of affliction.

The plan of theſe diſcourſes, the arrangement of the parts, and the execution of the whole are evidently the effort of a vigourous and well cultivated mind. By expoſing every haunt of corruption in ſearch of temptations to

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intimately blended with her huſband's, and what could ſhe have promiſed herſelf by enticing him to blaſphemy and ſuicide? 4. Job does not expoſtulate with her, as though her words had been in the higheſt degree criminal.

It ſeems to have been the opinion of all the eaſtern nations, as well as of the ancient Jews, that great miſery was invariably the conſequence of great tranſgreſſions. In all their reaſonings with Job, his friends were evidently under the influence of a ſentiment like this. They had ſeen him hurled by the hand of Omnipotence from the pinnacle of wealth, authority, and happineſs into the depths of diſtreſs and obloquy. Overwhelmed with aſtoniſhment they immediately aſk him, Whence this unheard of change? Of what enormities haſt thou been guilty? Notwithſtanding the apparent integrity of his former life, they too plainly expreſs an opinion ſimilar to what was indulged of Paul, when attacked by a viper in a well known iſland, that though he had eſcaped the ruins in which his children periſhed, yet Providence deemed him unfit to live. His wife, falling into the ſame errour, and obſerving his declarations, not of perfect goodneſs, but of innocence with regard to intentional and habitual ſins, ſays to him, DOST THOU PRETEND TO RETAIN THINE INTEGRITY, BLESSING GOD EVEN UNTO DEATH? Or thus, DOST THOU HOLD OUT TO THE LAST PROTESTING UNAVAILINGLY THINE INNOCENCE? BLESS GOD AND DIE. AS THERE IS NO POSSIBILITY OF SURVIVING THY COMPLICATED TROUBLES, DO NOT DIE WITH A LIE IN THY MOUTH, BUT GIVE GLORY TO GOD BY A FULL CONFESSION OF THY CRIMES. One or other of theſe interpretations, we think, muſt be the true one. To either of them the reply of Job is wiſe and pertinent. *Thou ſpeakeſt as one of the fooliſh women ſpeaketh. What! ſhall we receive good at the hand of God, and ſhall we not receive evil? Are there not certain calamities which befal the righteous as well as the wicked?* We could ſay much more in juſtification of our rendering; but we refer our doubting readers to Parkhurſt's Hebrew Lexicon, on the word in diſpute.

ſuicide, our author avails himſelf of an opportunity to laſh the vices of the age, which mutually criminate and diſgrace each other. For ſuicide is loathſome, conſidered as the offſpring of lewdneſs, gaming, and intemperance; and theſe iniquities are abominable, conſidered as the parents of ſuicide. The following condemnation of idleneſs, though not the happieſt ſpecimen of the author's manner, is worthy of ſelection.

On the other hand, idleneſs is the parent of many vices. It has been properly ſtyled the ruſt and canker of the mind. To ſay nothing of the embarraſſments and poverty which are its natural and general reſult, and which frequently produce the moſt melancholy effects, it gives riſe to a hoſt of more radical and alarming evils. Like a ſlow and deadly poiſon, it preys upon all the faculties of man. It enfeebles and paralizes the underſtanding; it weakens the memory; it clouds and darkens the imagination; it lays open the mind to the incurſions of criminal deſire; it invites the inroads of temptation; it diminiſhes, and gradually deſtroys, that ſtate of healthful and pleaſurable ſenſation in which ſo much of our enjoyment conſiſts; it brings on languid feelings, low ſpirits, hypochondriacal affections, and a complication of bodily and mental tortures, which frequently render their ſubjects more miſerable, than the ſlave who labours in chains. To the idle man nothing has its true reliſh. His time hangs heavy on his hands: he knows not how to diſpoſe of himſelf: every thing appears dull and unintereſting: the moſt trivial difficulties diſcourage him: the ſmalleſt appearance of danger alarms and diſheartens him: gloom and melancholy ſucceed: he betakes himſelf to the intoxicating draught for relief, but this, inſtead of bringing the expected relief, eventually adds new force to every torture, and increaſes the weight of his miſeries. Is it wonderful, that, in this ſituation, thouſands have conſidered exiſtence as a curſe; and that ſome, impatient of the load of wretchedneſs, have put an end to their lives?

Page 24. Haſt thou no brethren or ſiſters to ſhare in the grief, and the diſgrace of thine unworthy conduct?

Or is here uſed for *nor*.

Page 32. Where are the heavenly pleaſures which ariſe from the exerciſe of grace and the diſcharge of holy duties?

The word *grace* might be fitly exchanged for *virtue*. Religion may be called grace in God, who is the author of every good gift, but in man receiving and exerciſing it, it is virtue.

The ſtyle, though not perfect, has more beauties than defects. If it ſometimes wants ſtrength, it rarely wants harmony. If the diſcourſes contain few quotations from the ſcriptures, they every where treat the bible with the profoundeſt reverence. And although, perhaps, in the pamphlet there is nothing of which, ſtrictly ſpeaking, we might ſay, See, this is new, yet the author's inſtances from hiſtory are ſelected with ſo much pertinence and taſte, his method is ſo clear, and his arguments are enforced with ſuch ſtrong and continual appeals to conſcience, reaſon, and the word of God, that we cheerfully recommend it alike to the children of mirth and of ſadneſs, to the ſelfiſh infidel and the benevolent divine.

ART. 29.

An attempt to recommend juſtice, charity, and unanimity in matters of religion; in a ſermon, preached in Newbury, June 10, 1804; *and to the firſt congregational ſociety of Newburyport, March* 3, 1805. *By John Snelling Popkin, A. M.*

Published at the desire of the hearers. Newburyport. Angier March. 1805. *pp.* 39.

FOR the text of this discourse, the design of which is sufficiently expressed in the title, the modest and learned author has selected the following words of Paul, *Be of the same mind one toward another.* After observing that "they appear in the original to signify rather a disposition, than a judgment of the mind," and making a few introductory remarks on the divisions of the christian church, even in the days of the apostles, he offers the following propositions, on which he enlarges with much ingenuity.

1. That we may and ought to agree in charity, if we cannot in opinion.
2. That in many points we may agree more in fact or in effect, than we do in words.
3. That the most difficult points cannot be the most essential.
4. That the most influential truths are sufficiently plain to the serious and diligent inquirer.

We do not say that the writer, in the exuberance of his spirit of accommodation, has ever caught at imaginary coincidences between opposing sentiments; but if we should confess, that we were sometimes tempted through want either of faith or charity to exclaim,

——Quid non speremus amantes?
Jungentur jam gryphes equis,

we hope the author will not suspect us of counteracting the object, or of undervaluing the admirable spirit of his discourse.

The style though not remarkable for evenness and polish is upon the whole correct. It sometimes wears too much of a colloquial air, and rarely exhibits any of that elegance and flow of expression, which we have a right to expect in the language of the pulpit. Perspicuity and strength, it should be remembered, are never inconsistent with smoothness, dignity, and grace.

The author, in quoting James ii. 18, deserts our English translators in one of the very few instances, in which they have preferred a reading different from that contained in the common Greek text. The scope of the passage, in our opinion, completely justifies their preference; and even if it did not, the author gains little by the version which he proposes, except making the reasoning of the apostle feeble and tautological.

Nothwithstanding these trivial objections, we earnestly recommend this seasonable discourse to all, whose spirits have been embittered by the *odium theologicum*, or alarmed by the cry that the "church is in danger."

ART. 30.

Two discourses on Christ's self-existence, addressed to the second congregational society in Newburyport, March 3, 1805. *By Samuel Spring.* Newburyport. *pp.* 59.

AS the author of these discourses has modestly requested, that any strictures, which they may be thought to deserve, should not be entrusted to so improper a vehicle as the newspapers of the day, we presume that a fugitive miscellany like ours can hardly aspire to the honour of such a deposit. We shall not be misunderstood by those who have read these discourses, when we candidly confess that they are unan-

ſwerable; and we believe that any attempt at reply would gratify no one but the author. We ſhall be eſpecially excuſed from this office, as our opinions of the oppoſition made to the late choice of theological profeſſor have already been ſufficiently expreſſed; and to us the object of theſe ſermons, notwithſtanding the advertiſement in the firſt page, appears to be, to add another and a louder note to the dolorous croakings, which the publick have already heard on this ſubject.

That we may however diſcharge our duty as Reviewers, we obſerve, that the firſt of theſe diſcourſes is occupied with proofs from ſcripture of Chriſt's ſelf-exiſtence, and "the incarnation of God." The ſecond is ſtyled the "improvement." If, as this writer aſſerts, the Unitarians, under which term he comprehends all who are not Athanaſians, meditate a total revolution in the theological opinions of our country, we ſhould recommend to them to commence their labours by a liberal diſtribution of this pamphlet. We hope this mild, catholick, ingenuous, and poliſhed writer will not ſuſpect us of aiding and abetting ſo nefarious a deſign, by preſenting the following ſpecimens of the ſentiments, ſpirit, and ſtyle of his performance.

P. 33. The manner in which the Fathers expreſſed themſelves, who lived in the ſecond century after the Apoſtles, we highly approve and adopt. Blaming thoſe who conſtructively made three Gods, they ſay: "We extend the *Unity*, without dividing it into a *Trinity*; and again we contract the *Trinity* into Unity, without taking from it. It may be rendered more briefly thus: The undivided *Monad* we extend to a *Triad*; and again the undiminiſhed *Triad* we collect into a *Monad*."

P. 48. Chriſt actually ſuffered, in his human frame and ſoul, all that exquiſite diſtreſs which was requiſite while our ſubſtitute.....he ſatisfied the Father, *himſelf*, and the Holy Ghoſt.

P. 44. We wiſh Unitarian preachers to aſcertain why proud, diſſipated, licentious characters prefer their miniſtry, before the inſtructions of *orthodox* men, who advocate the proper divinity of Chriſt and other *congenial* doctrines.—I do not aſſert that no Unitarians are good men. But I am compelled to believe, that they are deſtitute of religion, if their hearts correſpond with their peculiar theory. If Unitarians are good men, it muſt at times be deeply mortifying to find that freethinkers, latitudinarians, univerſaliſts, and not a few infidels, love to move in their parochial circles, and to refreſh and regale themſelves under their arbour.

P. 56. Shall we refuſe eternal bleſſedneſs, and wilfully plunge into the abyſs of endleſs deſtruction? [by doubting this gentleman's ſentiments of the trinity]. Tell it not on earth and never publiſh it in hell. For Satan will rejoice and triumph. Let then the endleſs torments of hell and the endleſs enjoyment of heaven; let the harmony of juſtice and mercy in the croſs; let the glory of the ſacred Three in One induce us all directly to embrace God manifeſt in the fleſh, as our God and Saviour. For how ſhall we eſcape if we neglect ſo great a ſalvation?

The whole paragraph, upon the ſubject of the diſmal attitude of things among the corporation, overſeers of the Univerſity, and eſpecially among the miniſters of the capital, is too long for quotation. The following note is a rare ſpecimen of courteſy.

P. 52. *Note.* If the Profeſſor elect be qualified for the highly reſponſible office, agreeably to the pertinent condition of the pious donor, he will with magnanimity take the field againſt thoſe, who deny God's incarnation, and nobly co-operate with Chriſt in deſtroying the

works of his mortal enemy.. But if he be not qualified for the chair, according to Charter rules, we hazard a prediction, that he will be ſilent, and will ſecretly and unremittingly work under ground like a German miner.

The diſcourſe concludes by a recommendation of the Aſſembly's Catechiſm, as "one of the beſt antidotes againſt the ſpreading, fatal poiſon of the day;" and which "has proved a more ſucceſsful barrier againſt falſe theory, than the pulpit, and thouſands of folio volumes written to defend religion. For," as he ſays above, "if we do not ſeaſonably impreſs the vacant minds of children with truth, ſatan and his adherents will impreſs them with errour."

We add only, that theſe diſcourſes were preached on the ſame day and in the ſame town with thoſe juſt now reviewed. We will not anticipate the reflections, which a ſucceſſive peruſal of them will not fail to excite.

ART. 31.

A publick lecture occaſioned by the death of Rev. Joſeph Willard, S.T.D. LL.D. Preſident of the Univerſity of Cambridge. By Eliphalet Pearſon, LL.D. Hancock Profeſſor of Hebrew. Cambridge. Hilliard.

WE have, on the whole, been tolerably ſatisfied with this lecture of the learned profeſſor, ſince it is not below the mediocrity we expected. As it is his firſt production, we may reaſonably hope, that he will improve as he grows older. Though we can diſcover in it little originality of thought, dignity of ſentiment, or elegance of language, yet we muſt acknowledge that it is written in very decent Engliſh. He will pardon us, if we preſume to make ſome obſervations on this laboured panegyrick, and we flatter ourſelves, that his paternal ſenſibilities will not be too keenly excited by an occaſional remark on any blemiſh that we may diſcover in his favourite offspring,

——hanc veniam petimuſque damuſque viciſſim.

NEWELL, PALMER, HODGES, and HOMER, alike victims to *conſumption*, ſtill live in the memory and affections of many now preſent. Events theſe, which, as they reſpect the publick as well as their diſappointed and afflicted parents, may be reckoned among the moſt melancholy. *Page 5.*

In the beginning of the ſecond ſentence there is a nominative without a verb; an ellipſis, which, though allowable in familiar converſation, is not admiſſible into ſerious compoſition.

The patriotick Hancock, whoſe life was ſacrificed to publick energies, whoſe bounty not only *decorated our publick rooms, but nobly enriched our library with more than a thouſand volumes.* Page 6.

That the life of the *patriotick Hancock* was *ſacrificed* to publick energies is information perfectly new. It might have been abridged by the gout, partly hereditary, and partly increaſed by good living. If the learned profeſſor means by ſacrificed, *devoted* or *conſecrated*, he uſes the word in a new ſenſe, not authorized by Engliſh writers. The latter part of the ſentence partakes of the bathos; for *after the ſacrifice of his life to publick energies*, we ſhould naturally expect ſome ſtriking inſtances of heroick patriotiſm. Inſtead of this, we are informed that he

"decorated the publick rooms, and enriched the library with more than a thouſand volumes." As if we ſhould ſay, "Profeſſor Pearſon is a gentleman of the moſt amiable diſpoſition and extenſive learning, and.....in ſtature is exactly five feet, ſix inches, and three quarters."

In the 7th page, we find the word *therein*, which, with its whole kindred, *thereto*, *thereof*, and *therefrom*, &c. has long been baniſhed from elegant compoſition.

Though but few preſent were led to the Pierian fount by the benevolent SHAPLEIGH, yet all will remember their laſting obligations to the man, who, like the pious widow of old, *gave all his living* to increaſe our literary treaſure.

That a man ſhould, after his *death*, give all his *living*, ſavours a little of the "land of potatoes."

Towards the concluſion of the lecture, the learned profeſſor riſes almoſt to the dignity of blank verſe.

But we are not denied the privilege
On wings of faith to ſoar aloft to that
Bleſt manſion,
Where now,
Eſcaped from earth, he views celeſtial
objects,
Not darkly through a glaſs, but face to
face. *Page* 20.

There is, throughout the performance, an affectation of piety, which looks a little too much like *cant*, and the frequent uſe of the exclamation O, is diſguſting. Monoſyllables of this kind ſhould be confined to the ſtage and conventicle, whoſe peculiar province it is to move the paſſions, rather than to inform the underſtanding. It is the opinion of able criticks, that no ſentence ought ever to begin with O; and indeed we feel inclined, with Swift, to ſkip all paſſages, which contain ſuch abſurd exclamations, as unmeaning and impertinent.*

* However we may diſapprove of Profeſſor Pearſon as an author, we believe that he is entitled to univerſal praiſe as an able profeſſor. He has expelled bombaſt from the Univerſity, and introduced a more correct taſte.

ART. 32.

A ſermon, delivered in Boſton, May 30, 1804, *before the Maſſachuſetts Baptiſt Miſſionary Society, being their ſecond anniverſary. By Thomas Baldwin, D. D. miniſter of the ſecond baptiſt church in Boſton. Publiſhed for the benefit of the ſociety.* Boſton. E. Lincoln. 1804. 8*vo. pp.* 20.

THE text of this diſcourſe is Acts xvi. 9. *Come over into Macedonia and help us.* From theſe words Dr. Baldwin is led to make the following inquiries. I. What were the peculiar circumſtances of this people, which called for help from the miniſters of Chriſt? II. Are there any of our fellow beings at the preſent day whoſe circumſtances urge a ſimilar claim upon us? III. What meaſures ought we to purſue in order to afford them the help which they need? Theſe particulars are decently diſcuſſed; and the diſcourſe is entitled to more conſideration, than one from the ſame pen, which we had occaſion to review a few months paſt. But the following paſſage from page 5 is a ſpecimen of a ſort of proſe run mad, which ought to be diſpraiſed.

At length the wondrous child was born. Angels announced the joyful advent to the eaſtern ſhepherds. While a ſlumbering world lay repoſed in midnight ſilence, the muſick of heaven ſwelled upon their delighted ears, and

echoed along the ſpacious plains of Bethlehem. What ſtrains immortal burſt from angelick tongues! Glory to God, &c.

Such ſtrains of eloquence are not ſuited to the temperate character of proſaick compoſition; and notwithſtanding the authority of Doctor Baldwin, we cannot but hope that a different ſtyle of writing will obtain among preachers and lecturers of the preſent age.

ART. 33.

An oration pronounced before the ſociety of the Phi Beta Kappa, at their anniverſary at Hanover, Auguſt 21, 1804. *By Stephen P. Webſter, A. M.* Hanover, Moſes Davis, 1804.

THIS compoſition is perfectly contemptible. Its purity is evidenced by the uſe of two "lengthys" and one "multiforms," to which we are inclined to add "nonplus," notwithſtanding the authority of Locke and Lowth. The orator begins his ſentences with the copulative "and;" while he corroborates his ſentiments by the energetick "indeed." By a myſterious intellectual proceſs Steele is coupled with Bacon for ſimilar excellence of ſtyle; and the author extols and aſſociates the "fine writings of Shakeſpeare and Blackſtone." He quotes the bible and Engliſh liturgy vulgarly and irreverentially, from which no gentleman nor chriſtian ſcholar ever extracts, but with humility and pious infrequency. The poets of our country he ſtimulates by pointing to the enviable, "unfading garlands of laurel," which flouriſh on the brow of Trumbull, and hang looſe and drooping on the pericranium of Humphreys. Orators have generally been polite to the ladies; but they have ſeldom ſaluted the fair in a ſtyle, like that of the following addreſs, which combines the Atticiſm of De Retz and the courteſy of Cheſterfield.

Although we profeſs not to have become converts in every particular to the creed of Mrs. Wolſtoncraft, yet we cannot but be charmed with that beautiful group, which enamel the bank of the Piereian ſpring. Sip, ſip often, ye fair, at this hallowed fount; for theſe are waters, which, when carefully applied, will cure more complaints, than all the celebrated ſprings of Saratoga and Bath.

ART. 34.

Emily Hamilton, a novel. Founded on incidents in real life. By a young Lady of Worceſter county, Worceſter. Iſaiah Thomas, jun. *pp.* 249.

THIS volume was ſent to us, as the production of "a country girl, about eighteen years of age, reſiding in an obſcure town, and by her *needle* maintaining her aged parents." Either of theſe circumſtances would have intereſted us in its favour, but we could not view them thus combined without an earneſt wiſh for the ſucceſs of the author. We do not recollect any American female, except Mrs. Rowſon, who has written a novel which can be read with any pleaſure; and we are not diſpoſed to encourage the exertions of females to become known as authors, unleſs convinced that the amuſement and inſtruction which they can furniſh will extend beyond the circle of their own partial friends. Conſidering however the age at which it was written, and the peculiar

embarraſſments of the author, the novel before us is deſerving of commendation. The ſtyle evidently diſplays the youth of the author, though more ſimple and correct, than that in which young ladies generally write. The ſentiments are common, but juſt; and though the incidents are neither very numerous nor intereſting, they evince conſiderable ingenuity.

ART. 35.

New Catechiſm, compiled and recommended by the Worceſter aſſociation of miniſters. For the inſtruction and improvement of youth. Worceſter. Iſaiah Thomas, jun. *pp.* 24.

IF we wiſh to lead the young to an acquaintance with the important doctrines and duties of the chriſtian religion, to incite them to a love of virtue, and to eſtabliſh in their minds good principles and habits, we muſt accommodate our inſtructions to their capacities, and endeavour to allure them by the promiſes and hopes of the goſpel. Such is the deſign of this little work, and we think the deſign happily effected. The great evangelical truths are repreſented in a conciſe and perſpicuous manner; and all abſtruſe and controverſial points, as they tend to perplex youthful minds and prejudice them againſt religion, are carefully avoided.

ART. 36.

Friendly cautions to heads of families and others, very neceſſary to be obſerved in order to preſerve health and long life: with ample directions to nurſes who attend the ſick, women in childbed, &c. Third edition, with alterations. By Robert Wallace Johnſon, M. D. The firſt American edition, with notes and alterations. Philadelphia. J. Humphreys. 1805.

THIS little work has its uſe, and deſerves admiſſion into every family. The mother and the nurſe will find many important rules and directions, with ſome excellent advice, "very neceſſary to be obſerved in order to preſerve health," and in order to afford the ſick real aſſiſtance.

ART. 37.

An addreſs delivered to the pupils of Henry Dean's writing-ſchool, at their firſt annual exhibition in Concert-hall, Salem, Oct. 22, 1804. By Nathaniel Fiſher, rector of St. Peter's church. Salem. J. Cuſhing. 4*to.*

MR. Fiſher writes with conſiderable purity of ſtyle, and his addreſs contains many juſt and pertinent remarks. We preſume, that the author has ſome good reaſon for this mode of publication, with which we are unacquainted. Otherwiſe a production of leſs than eight pages could hardly be entitled to appear in the impoſing dignity of a quarto.

ART. 38.

Arguments, natural, moral, and religious, for the immortality of the ſoul. Worceſter. Thomas, jun. *pp.* 121.

THAT "ſuch a piece of work as man, ſo noble in reaſon, ſo infinite in faculties, in form and moving ſo expreſs and admirable; in action ſo like an angel;

in apprehenſion ſo like a God," ſhould be born only to look around him, to taſte the doubtful pleaſures, ſuffer the multiplied ſorrows of life, and then return again to duſt, is a theory, which feeling not leſs than reaſon rejects. The winter's day of life, ſhort, ſtormy, and cheerleſs as it is, by this ſuppoſition is ſtripped of all, that makes it tolerable. All the arguments, therefore, which feeling and philoſophy can ſuggeſt, have often been illuſtrated and defended; it is not therefore ſurpriſing, that the author of the little treatiſe before us offers little of novelty. The uſual arguments are however arranged in a manner, lucid and methodical, though not ſufficiently condenſed; and their effect is aided by a ſtyle of more than common purity and eaſe.

MONTHLY CATALOGUE

OF NEW PUBLICATIONS IN THE UNITED STATES,

For MAY, 1805.

SUNT BONA, SUNT QUÆDAM MEDIOCRIA, SUNT MALA PLURA.....MART.

ORIGINAL PUBLICATIONS.

The journal of a tour into the territory north-weſt of the Alleghany mountains, made in the ſpring of the year 1803, with a geographical and hiſtorical account of the ſtate of Ohio, illuſtrated with original maps and views. By Thaddeus M. Harris, member of the Maſſachuſetts Hiſtorical Society. Boſton. Manning & Loring.

Medical theſes, ſelected from among the inaugural diſſertations publiſhed and defended by the graduates in medicine of the Univerſity of Pennſylvania, and of the other medical ſchools in the United States; with an introduction, appendix, and occaſional notes, by Charles Caldwell, M.D. editor of the work. To be continued annually. Philadelphia. T. & W. Bradford. pp. 395. Price 2 dollars.

The Philadelphia ſchool dictionary of the Engliſh language. Compiled from the moſt approved modern Engliſh dictionaries. By Benjamin Johnſton. Philadelphia. B. and R. Johnſon.

The trial of Samuel Chaſe, an aſſociate juſtice of the ſupreme court of the United States, by the houſe of repreſentatives, for high crimes and miſdemeanors, before the ſenate of the United States. Taken in ſhort hand by S.H. Smith and T. Loyd. Vol. I. Waſhington. S. H. Smith.

A treatiſe on fractures, laxations, and other affections of the bones. By P. J. Default, ſurgeon in chief to the Hotel-Dieu of Paris, wherein his opinions and practice in ſuch caſes are ſtated and exemplified. Edited by Xavier Bichat. With plates. Tranſlated by Dr. Caldwell of Philadelphia. With notes and an appendix containing ſeveral late improvements in ſurgery. Philadelphia. W. P. Farrand & Co.

Captain Smith and Princeſs Pocahontas, an Indian tale. Adorned with an engraving of the lady Pocahontas running to the reſcue of Captain Smith. Philadelphia. Publiſhed at the office of the Indian tale.

Hamiltoniad, canto third and laſt. pp. in the whole, 104. Boſton.

A letter from Fidelis to his friend, exhibiting ſome leading traits of the character and conduct of modern liberal, frolicking miniſters. Eſſex. pp. 47. Price 9d.

A diſcourſe delivered at the opening for publick worſhip of the Preſbyterian church in the north liberties of Philadelphia, April 7, 1805. By Aſhbel Green, D.D. ſenior miniſter of ſaid church. Philadelphia. T. & W. Bradford. 25 cents.

An inquiry in the effects of ardent ſpirits. A new edition, greatly enlarged. By Benjamin Ruſh. Philadelphia. Dobſon. pp. 50.

A new ſyſtem of modern geography, or a general deſcription of the moſt remarkable countries throughout the world; their reſpective ſituations, extents, diviſions, cities, rivers, mountains, foils, and production; their commerce, manners, cuſtoms, laws and religion; together with their principal hiſtorical events, and political importance and relations in the great commonwealth of nations. Compiled from the moſt modern ſyſtems of geography, and the lateſt voyages and travels, and containing many important additions to the geography of the United States that have never appeared in any other work of the kind. Illuſtrated with eight maps compriſing the lateſt diſcoveries, and engraved by the firſt American artiſts. By Benjamin Davies. The price of this book to ſubſcribers will 1 dol. 50 cts. Philadelphia. J. Johnſon.

NEW EDITIONS.

Mariner's dictionary, or American ſeamen's vocabulary of technical terms and ſea-phraſes, uſed in the conſtruction, equipment, management, and military operations of ſhips and veſſels of all deſcriptions. Improved from an Engliſh work.

Mair's Cæſar reviſed and corrected, by James Roſs, profeſſor of languages in Franklin College.

Fabulæ Æſopi ſelectæ, with an Engliſh tranſlation. Corrected and improved by the ſame gentleman.

Ovid's Metamorphoſes. Philadelphia: Claſſick Preſs. Price 2, 50.

Gibbon's hiſtory of the decline and fall of the Roman empire. To which is added, the author's memoir of his own life and writings, which is a large and valuable addition not to be found in any other edition. With maps having the ancient and modern names of the places laid down. 8 vols. 8vo. Philadelphia. Birch & Small.

BY SUBSCRIPTION.

The ſocial compact of J. J. Rouſſeau, elucidated with the reflections of the tranſlater. By D. L. Morel, ſworn French interpreter. Philadelphia.

A hiſtory of America from the diſcovery of the continent by Columbus, to the preſent period; in 2 vols. with 2 maps. By Richard Snowden, author of American revolution.

A new univerſal gazetteer, in 1 large 8vo. with maps. J. Johnſon. Philadelphia.

An hiſtorical, geographical, chronological, etymological, and critical dictionary of the Bible; wherein are explained, all the proper names mentioned in the old and new teſtaments, of men, women, cities, countries, rivers, mountains, &c. Alſo, an explanation of all the appellative terms; and a ſyſtematical deſcription of all the natural productions, ſuch as animals, vegetables, minerals, ſtones, gems, &c. Forming a body of ſcriptural hiſtory, chronology, and divinity; a repoſitory of important Jewiſh antiquities, and a concordance to the ſcriptures. Illuſtrated with 18 maps and plates. By Rev. John Brown, miniſter of the goſpel, Haddington. Much enlarged from the dictionaries of Calmet, Symon, &c. and a number of original articles. In 2 vols. 8vo. Pittſburg. Z. Cramer.

A compendious hiſtory of the world, from the creation to the preſent time. In 2 vols. Philadelphia. B. and R. Johnſon.

Letters on the ſtudy and uſe of ancient and modern hiſtory: containing obſervations and reflections on the cauſes and conſequences of thoſe events which have produced conſpicuous changes in the aſpect of the world, and the general ſtate of human affairs. By John Bigland, author of "reflections on the reſurrection and aſcenſion." Philadelphia. W. W. Woodward.

A ſcripture account of the faith and practice of chriſtians; conſiſting of an extenſive collection of pertinent texts of ſcripture, given at large, upon the various articles of revealed religion; reduced into diſtinct ſections, ſo as to embrace all the branches of each ſubject, the motives to the belief or practice of the doctrines or duties taught, and the threatenings, promiſes, rewards, puniſhments, examples, &c. annexed thereto. Addreſſed to the underſtanding, the hopes, and fears of chriſtians: Forming a complete concordance to all the articles of faith and practice taught in the holy ſcriptures. By the late Rev. Hugh Gaſton, member of the Root Preſbyteny county Antrim, Ireland. Philadelphia. David Hogan.

A ſhort account of the life and writings of Robert Barclay, author of "an apology for the true chriſtian divinity." Philadelphia. B. & R. Johnſon. 50 cts.

Revolutionary Annals, or hiſtory of the French revolution, from the convocation of the States-General to the treaty of Amiens in 1802. Part V. Embracing the hiſtory of Buonaparte during the three firſt years of his conſulate. Tranſlated from the French manuſcript of J. H. de Croiſœuil, by L. H. Girardin, profeſſor of modern languages, hiſtory, and geography, in the college of William and Mary. Printed for the proprietors, at the office of the Publick Ledger, Norfolk.

INTELLIGENCE.

In October, 1803, an aſſociation was formed at Natches, under the title of the "Miſſiſippi ſociety for the acquirement and diſſemination of uſeful knowledge." They have framed a conſtitution and enacted bye-laws for their government, and the legiſlature of the Miſſiſippi territory have granted them an act of incorporation. The ſociety conſiſt of between thirty and forty regular members, and have choſen ſeveral correſponding members from the different ſtates. Dr. N. W. Jones is their preſident, Dr. J. Grives ſecretary.

Valuable editions of ſeveral of the Roman claſſicks have been offered to the publick from American preſſes. In the city of New York the literary talents of Mr. Malcom Campbell have been very laudably employed in enabling the bookſellers to give accurate editions of the commentaries of Cæſar; the Bucolics, Georgics, and Æneid of Virgil; and the orations of Cicero. His edition of Cæſar's commentaries was publiſhed in 1802, in 12mo. for ſchools, and dedicated to Profeſſor Wilſon of Columbia College. His edition of Davidſon's Virgil appeared in 1803, in 2 vols. 8vo. and is a complete and handſome work. His edition of Merrouilles (or, as it is called, the Dauphin's ſelect orations of Cicero) made its appearance late in 1804. It was printed by Arden. In Philadelphia, the claſſical preſs of W. Poyntell & Co. has already afforded ſeveral of the Roman works in an excellent ſtyle. During the laſt year Ruæus' Virgil, Godvinus's Cæſar, and Criſpinus's Salluſt, (the Dauphin editions) have made their appearance. They are in the ample octavo form, and follow the London copy.

We have ſeen the three firſt numbers of the Philadelphia Medical Muſeum, conducted by John Redman Coxe, M.D. of that city. It is a quarterly publication of more than one hundred pages each number, ſo that the four numbers of every year may form a volume of convenient ſize. The editor diſpoſes of the contents of this publication under two heads, 1ſt. Original communications, and 2dly. a medical and philoſophical regiſter. The typographical execution is very neat, and entitled to much commendation.

John L. Bouquet de Moiſere is engaged in preparing for the preſs two charts, illuſtrative of the country near the ſouthern ſtreams of the Miſſiſippi. One of them is a map of the country lying between the city of New Orleans and the Bayon St. John, exhibiting the fortifications, ſuburbs, and other remarkable things. The other is a view of the city of New Orleans and its environs, as far as lake Poncharton, diſplaying all the principal and remarkable buildings, the place d'armes, and the reſt of the publick works. The publiſher, who is a reſident of the land which he deſcribes, and is by profeſſion a deſigner and engraver, has been engaged ſix years in collecting the materials.

W. P. Farrand & Co. have in the preſs and will ſhortly publiſh, Parts of Corderius, Æſop's Fables, and Eraſmus; alſo Selectæ è Veteris et è Profanis. This ſelection is deſigned to be compriſed in two volumes, and will be ſold at about half the uſual price of thoſe books, from which the ſelection is made. The object of theſe volumes, introductory to a courſe of Latin reading, is not only to leſſen the expenſe of ſchool books, but to ſupply them with correct editions in an improved form.

We hear with pleaſure, that profeſſor Ruſh of Philadelphia is preparing for

the preſs a new edition of his medical works, to be compriſed in three volumes. The edition will appear in the courſe of this year.

Dr. James Hutchinſon of Philadelphia is engaged in preparing for the preſs a treatiſe on ulcers, particularly of the lower extremities. It will appear in the courſe of this year.

In an Engliſh paper of February laſt we ſee advertiſed in preſs, "travels to the weſtward of the Allegany mountains in the ſtates of the Ohio, Kentucky, and Tenneſſee, undertaken in the year 1802, under the auſpices of M. Chaptal, miniſter of the interiour, by T.A. Michaux, M. D. faithfully tranſlated by B. Lambert." This work profeſſes to give faithful details of the preſent ſtate of agriculture, and the natural productions of this part of America, as well as correct intelligence relative to the commercial connexions ſubſiſting between theſe ſtates and thoſe lying to the eaſtward of the mountains and lower Louiſiana, and was collected for the information of the government of France; the work publiſhed in one 8vo. volume, with a whole ſheet map of the central, weſtern, and ſouthern provinces of the U. States.

The annual meeting of the American company of bookſellers will commence, agreeably to their late conſtitution, on the third Monday of June next, in the village of Newark, ſtate of New Jerſey.

A new ſociety was formed by the medical gentlemen of Savannah, in the courſe of the laſt year, and called "the Georgia medical ſociety." It was organized laſt June. Dr. Jones, preſident.

Mr. Peale, of Philadelphia, has for ſome time paſt been collecting and preparing for the publick eye a number of ſtatues of the full ſize, from the antique; ſuch as the Apollo de Belvidere, the fighting and dying gladiators, the Antinous, &c. &c. For theſe caſts he is indebted for the moſt part to the taſte and liberality of Mr. Smith, the brother of William Smith, Eſq. of S. Carolina, who has depoſited them with Mr. Peale, with the expectation of laying the foundation for an American academy of the fine arts in that city. Several of the Philadelphians have been active in the commencement and foundation of ſuch an academy, who have been flattered with the patronage of our celebrated countryman, Benjamin Weſt, who, we are informed by Mr. Peale, has expreſſed an opinion of the probability of his coming to aſſiſt in this laudable plan, and end his days in his native ſtate.

Mr. Mungo Park, the gentleman who has attained to a high degree of celebrity for his travels into the interiour of Africa, ſailed from Portſmouth, Eng. the beginning of March laſt, in the Eugenia, Capt. Webb, on another journey of diſcovery to that quarter of the globe. The object of this voyage, is to eſtabliſh, if poſſible, commercial connexions with ſome of the principal African towns and Great Britain. His courſe will be towards the ſouthern part of the continent.

Mr. Wirt, the ingenious author of "the letters of the Britiſh Spy," is ſaid to be preparing materials for writing a biographical view of the worthies of Virginia. His labours are to commence with the memoirs of our divine orator Patrick Henry; to collect particular information about whoſe family, education, and early purſuits, he has already addreſſed a ſeries of queſtions to a gentleman of Hanover, the country which had the honour of giving birth to Mr. Henry. Of Mr. Wirt's diſtinguiſhed qualifications for ſuch an intereſting office, few men can doubt, who have had an opportunity of admiring, in the letters of the Britiſh Spy, a ſtyle always eaſy and often energetick, an imagination that ſo happily collects the beauties of the picturesque, and a diſcriminating genius, which knows ſo well how to catch and deſcribe the peculiarities of living characters. To the honour of having produced worthies, whoſe virtues and talents ſo eminently deſerve to be recorded, Virginia may ſoon add the boaſt of having given birth to an hiſtorian, whoſe genius is ſo admirably qualified to commemorate their merits.—*Richmond Inq.*

The American drawing magazine, or a complete ſyſtem of drawing, by John Eckſtein, late painter and ſtatuary to the king of Pruſſia, and now profeſſor of drawing to the academy of the fine arts in Philadelphia, is now publiſhing by Wm P. Farrand & Co. It will be completed in 12 numbers, each number to contain 12 engravings. The price will be two dollars per number.

The medical ſociety of South Carolina have opened a ſubſcription for the purpoſe of eſtabliſhing a botanick garden at Charleſton in that ſtate; the object of the gentlemen is "to cultivate plants which are uſeful in medicine, to enable the young phyſician to become acquainted with the growth and appearance of the medicine he preſcribes, and probably be an inducement at ſome future period for ſome gentleman to undertake the delivery of a courſe of lectures upon botany and natural hiſtory." Should a larger ſum be ſubſcribed, than is neceſſary for the maintenance of the garden, and for acquiring new plants, a library is to be eſtabliſhed, conſiſting of the beſt authors on botany, natural hiſtory, and agriculture.

The life of the renowned and gallant knight, Sir Walter Raleigh, has been publiſhed in London by Arthur Cayley, Eſq. in 2 volumes 4to. with a portrait from an original by Vertue.

The Rev. Mr. Maurice, one of the librarians of the Britiſh Muſeum, has a tragedy ready for performance at one of the London theatres on the intereſting ſubject of the maſſacre of Delhi.

By the laſt papers from London the following works were expected ſhortly to appear in that city.

The Engliſh drama, forming a collection of plays of the moſt celebrated dramatick authors, with critical and biographical eſſays, and an hiſtorical inquiry into the drama and the ſtage.

Hiſtory of the manners, religion, government, literature, and language of the Anglo Saxons by Sharon Turner.

Specimens of the modern Engliſh poets, with preliminary remarks, &c. by R. Southey, deſigned as a ſequel to the "Specimens of early Engliſh poets by George Ellis, Eſq."

Specimens of early Engliſh romances, by George Ellis, Eſq.

Poems and plays by Mrs. Weſt. Vol. 3 and 4.

The nature of things, a poem in ſix books, tranſlated from the original Latin of Titus Lucretius Carus, with notes philological and explanatory by John Maſon Good.

Southey's "Madoc."

A new edition of Sir Thomas Fitzoſborne's letters, with a life of the author, the late W. Melmoth, Eſq.

In conſequence of the great exertions of Dr. Grieſbach to preſent to the publick the text of the Greek Teſtament in the utmoſt ſtate of purity which circumſtances would admit, the duke of Grafton, for the accommodation of his countrymen, liberally provided at his own expenſe the paper for a large number of impreſſions to be ſent to England, with the view of furniſhing, at a very reduced price, a ſufficient number of copies for the general demand. The firſt volume accordingly, containing the four goſpels, was reprinted by Dr. Grieſbach, with very conſiderable improvements: and whence the avidity with which it was received on the continent, induced Mr. Goſchen to reprint it, with all the improvements which the typographick art could confer; and that no advantages might be wanted, he hath obtained from Dr. Grieſbach to beſtow on the edition his further reviſional cares; ſo that for beauty and accuracy no book has ever iſſued from the preſs in a higher ſtate of perfection. It is not, however, to be underſtood, that this edition is intended to ſuperſede the laſt, which is called, for the ſake of diſtinction, the duke of Grafton's, and the critical edition; but is built upon it as its foundation, all the authorities for fixing the text being given only in that; the ſecond and concluding volume of which is to be publiſhed next year, when the two volumes, to complete the more ſplendid one, will alſo make their appearance. It will be proper however to obſerve, in reſpect to this edition, that the work is not only printed with unexampled accuracy and beauty, on the beſt paper, and adorned with exquiſite engravings, (which laſt we conſider as a *hors d'œuvre*) but preſents, under the moſt ſimple method of eſtimating their value, four ſorts of various readings:—1. Thoſe admitted into the text as of moſt validity. 2. Such as are nearly of equal authority placed in the margin, and diſtinguiſhed by the letter *b*. 3. Thoſe which are of leſs value diſtinguiſhed by *c*, and added in like manner as deſerving conſideration. 4. Others in themſelves improbable, but preſerved either becauſe they had obtained the ſuffrages of criticks, or were remarkable on ſome other account. Where a change of

punctuation has been adopted, the inſtance is marked by ς; conjectured amendments are diſtinguiſhed by an ω; and where the Elzevir or Wetſtein's text is departed from the common reading is given below, and is diſtinguiſhed by κ, for κοινη. It is to be noticed, that the types of this ſplendid work are entirely new. Their forms have been ſelected, by ſeveral diſtinguiſhed ſcholars of Germany, from the manuſcripts of moſt admired calligraphy, and are fixed upon as the ſtandard of their future Greek types.

On a ſmall ſize, of the ſame formed letter, two volumes alſo of a new edition of Homer, containing the Iliad, under the care of the celebrated profeſſor Wolfe, has iſſued from the ſame preſs. The former edition of this poet, by the ſame critick, has proved how eminently he is qualified for ſuch an undertaking; and the text of the divine Greek has never yet appeared in ſo chaſte and claſſical a taſte. This work is exhibited on three papers, two of them embelliſhed with ornamental engravings, and the third with the beautiful deſigns of Flaxman, in a ſize ſkilfully reduced.

Mr. Goſchen has undertaken to publiſh the Latin Claſſicks at large. Theſe will appear under the ſuperintendance of profeſſor Eichſtadt and other eminent ſcholars with every advantage that a collation of manuſcripts, an examination of commentaries, and every other aid can ſupply. Theſe editions will be printed on paper of various ſizes and excellence, for general accommodation, and in particular for the uſe of ſchools. In this laſt point of view they will be particularly intereſting, ſince nothing can be more diſcreditable than the ſchool claſſicks which are at preſent in uſe amongſt us. From the parts already publiſhed of Cicero, &c., we may augur every thing in favour of Mr. Goſchen's undertaking; and we ſincerely wiſh his remuneration may be fully equal to his merits.

BIOGRAPHICAL ANECDOTES

Of William Henry West Betty, commonly called the Young Roscius.

Nihil ille puero clarius, nihil nobilius fuit. CICERO.

OF the lives of men who have been celebrated in any art or ſcience, who have rendered themſelves famous by the eminence of their genius, or the extent of their learning, it is a laudable curioſity to deſire to be accurately and minutely informed. We are anxious to follow them from their cradle—to watch the progreſs of their minds—to trace them from the firſt dawnings of their genius—from the inexperience of infancy, to the fulneſs and maturity of their manhood. The object of the preſent ſketch has not indeed reached the latter period, but he already occupies ſo large a ſpace in the publick eye, and the eminence he has reached at the early age of thirteen, is ſo much higher than moſt of thoſe of the matureſt manhood have been able to attain by the labour and ſtudy of years, that our readers, we are ſure, will thank us for the following particulars, extracted from Mr. Merritt's well written 'Biographical Sketch of his Life.'

'William Henry Weſt Betty, only ſon of William Henry Betty, was born on the 13th of September, 1791, as appears from the pariſh regiſter of the church of St. Chad's in Shrewſbury. Mr. Betty, the father, was the ſon of Dr. Betty, a phyſician of the firſt eminence at Liſburn, not far from Belfaſt, in the north of Ireland; at whoſe death he became poſſeſſed of a handſome independent fortune. His wife was miſs Mary Stanton, the daughter of a reſpectable gentleman in the county of Worceſter. She was a young lady of good education and high accompliſhments, and brought him a reſpectable fortune, part of which, it is ſaid, is entailed on the young gentleman who is the ſubject of theſe memoirs. It has been frequently ſaid that miſs Stanton had been formerly either a performer on a publick ſtage, or in the frequent habit of acting in private theatres; neither of which reports have the ſmalleſt foundation in truth. The name of

Stanton happens to belong to ſeveral families of theatrical profeſſion in various parts of the kingdom; and this circumſtance, from the mere identity of the names, may have lead to a ſuppoſition that the family of Mr. Betty was included in the number.

'It is, however, certain, that miſs Stanton always diſcovered a great predilection for the amuſements of the theatre; and ſhe and her ſiſters, in their own family, uſed frequently to divert themſelves with reciting plays and other pieces of poetry—an amuſement not only innocent, but, under certain reſtrictions, extremely laudable.

'Mr. Betty, at the time of the birth of his ſon, lived within a ſmall diſtance of Shrewſbury, from whence he removed a few years after, to the neighbourhood of his native place, in the north of Ireland. He occupied a farm, and alſo carried on ſome buſineſs relating to the linen manufactory, near Ballynahinch, in the county of Down. He remained in this ſituation, till the riſing celebrity of his ſon rendered it neceſſary for him to give up his employments, in order to attend the young gentleman in his theatrical excurſions.

'Mr. Betty, as well as his lady, has been always attached to the entertainments of the theatre, and has been occaſionally in habits of intimacy with ſome of the moſt eminent profeſſors of the dramatick art, both here and in Ireland. Hence it is natural to ſuppoſe that the ſubject of acting would be frequently introduced in the family, and maſter Betty muſt neceſſarily have imbibed ſome notions reſpecting it, and perhaps ſome inclination towards it, at a very tender age. The early enthuſiaſm and precocious excellence of children, in different arts and acquirements, may generally be traced to ſome cauſes of this kind. The work of education begins inſenſibly, and at a very early period in the infant mind: and it is extremely difficult to diſtinguiſh a natural propenſity from an acquired habit. Almoſt all the extraordinary inſtances which have occurred of premature abilities have happened in the art or profeſſion which has been exerciſed by the parents.

'Mrs. Betty being herſelf an accompliſhed ſpeaker, and reſiding in a diſtrict where the Engliſh language is ſpoken in its worſt ſtate of depravity, thought it neceſſary to pay particular attention to the education of her ſon in that ornamental and neceſſary acquirement. He was, therefore, exerciſed at an early period, in the habit of reciting paſſages from the beſt authors, and was taught to pronounce the language with propriety.

'In the ſummer of 1802, the play of Pizarro was brought out by the Belfaſt manager with much ſplendour, and Mrs. Siddons was the Elvira. As Mr. Betty and his ſon happened to be in the town, they were induced to go to the theatre, being the firſt time that maſter Betty had ever ſeen a play. From this moment his fate was decided. When he came home, he told his father, with a look of ſuch enthuſiaſm, and a voice ſo pathetick, that thoſe who heard him will never forget the expreſſion—that he ſhould certainly die if he muſt not be a player. The wonderful acting of Mrs. Siddons, in Elvira, not eaſily to be forgotten by the moſt phlegmatick, had left an impreſſion on his glowing mind which nothing could ever eraſe. It was fortunate for himſelf that his firſt, and therefore moſt durable impreſſions, were ſtamped by ſuch a model. He talked of nothing but Elvira; he ſpouted the ſpeeches of Elvira; and his paſſion for the ſtage became every hour more vehement and uncontrolable. He returned with his father to Ballynahinch, but not to his uſual occupations. The Siddonian accents ſtill rang in his ear; and her majeſtick march and awful brow ſtill filled his fancy. Every thing was neglected for his favourite object; and every thing not connected with it became tireſome and inſipid. His propenſity grew viſibly more rooted by time; his importunities were irreſiſtible; and his parents, at length, finding all oppoſition unavailing, were compelled to think ſeriouſly of the practicability of indulging him.

'It may be remarked, as a ſtrong proof of the correctneſs of his natural taſte, that though Rolla is the hero of the piece, and a part which is eminently calculated to ſtrike the romantick mind of youth, yet it made on his but a ſlight impreſſion. Elvira alone was the heroine of his imagination; for he

ſaw the character only through the medium of the actreſs. He was inſtantly able to ſeparate the genuine ore from the ſurrounding droſs, and ſaw at once what was to be imitated and what to be avoided. A part of very inferiour intereſt became predominant in his mind, becauſe it was in the hands of a great actreſs.

'In purſuance of the reſolution he had taken, Mr. Betty returned with his ſon to Belfaſt, in order to conſult Mr. Atkins, and to aſk his opinion of the boy's qualifications. Mr. Atkins is the manager of Belfaſt Theatre, and a man of friendly diſpoſitions and liberal character. In his preſence, maſter Betty repeated ſome paſſages from the part of Elvira, with the wild and unſkilful vigour of untutored genius. The manager was a good deal ſtruck with what he had heard, but wiſhed to have the opinion of Mr. Hough, his prompter, for whoſe judgment he had a conſiderable deference. That gentleman was accordingly ſent for, and immediately diſcerned in the boy's recitation and action great capabilities for a firſt rate actor. He gave him a few inſtructions, and at the ſame time pointed out to him the part of Rolla, as a much fitter object of his ſtudy, than that of Elvira, to which he had been directed by his feelings on ſeeing the performance of Mrs. Siddons. The young gentleman felt the full value of the knowledge he had received, and, in the ardour of his gratitude, told Mr. Hough he was his guardian angel. The father and ſon now returned once more to Ballynahinch, and maſter Betty happening to find the tragedy of Zara in the houſe, began to ſtudy the part of Oſman, in addition to that of Rolla and ſome others. Some time afterwards, Mr. Hough accepted a preſſing invitation which he had received from Mr. Betty, to paſs a ſhort time at his houſe in the country, with a view of obſerving the boy more narrowly, and in order to give him more detailed inſtructions. Mr. Hough ſoon found that his pupil poſſeſſed a docility even greater than his genius; for, whatever he was directed to do, he could inſtantly execute, and was ſure never to forget. He found that his feelings could take the impreſſion of every paſſion and ſentiment, and expreſs them in their appropriate language. Whatever was properly preſented to his mind he could immediately lay hold of, and ſeemed to ſeize, by a ſort of intuitive ſagacity, the ſpirit of every ſentence, and the prominent beauties of every remarkable paſſage. The happy moment at length arrived, which was to realiſe our hero's hopes and wiſhes. Mr. Atkins, induced by the reports he had received, and ſolicitous to bring forward ſome extraordinary novelty, on account of the extreme depreſſion of the times,* offered him an engagement to play at Belfaſt for four nights. Accordingly, about the middle of Auguſt, in the year 1803, he announced the tragedy of Zara, the part of Oſman to be undertaken by a young gentleman only eleven years of age. The ſingularity of the exhibition drew together a great crowd of people, who were equally aſtoniſhed and enraptured at the performance of the young actor. A gentleman of the profeſſion, who was preſent on the occaſion, himſelf a good tragedian, and a competent judge of the art, aſſured me that his performance even at that time, was ſtriking and correct beyond all belief. He diſcovered no mark of embarraſſment on his firſt appearance, and went through the part without any confuſion or miſtake. The applauſes were, of courſe, tumultuous and inceſſant. The actors of the regular company were confounded to ſee themſelves ſo completely ſchooled by a mere infant, and even thoſe who had formed the moſt ſanguine expectations concerning him, were amazed at his ſucceſs.

'The following day he was announced for the intereſting part of young Norval, in the tragedy of Douglas. His performance of this part, it was juſtly thought, would afford a fair teſt of his real capability, as the character, without requiring any violent ſtretch of the imagination, might, in ſome degree, be aſſimilated to his years and figure. The deriding, as well as the "admiring throng," now made a point of attending the theatre; and the next day the

* *The much lamented inſurrection in Dublin, which cauſed the death of lord Kilwarden, had recently taken place, and had ſpread a great alarm over all parts of the country.*

whole town of Belfaſt, with ſcarcely any exceptions, were of one ſentiment concerning him. He not only confirmed the favourable impreſſion of his firſt performance, but he diſplayed new excellencies of a very high order, and ſuch as are ſuppoſed to be of the moſt difficult attainment. The jealouſy, rage, and deſpair of Oſman, a uſual gradation of paſſions, were more eaſy to repreſent than the chaſtened ſpirit and modeſt heroiſm of the gallant Douglas. It was thought impoſſible that a boy could be brought to comprehend or to pourtray theſe nice effects of contending principles. But every obſtacle was ſurmounted. He played the part with ſuch unaffected, yet energetick ſimplicity, that the moſt incredulous were ſatisfied, and his fame, among the inhabitants of Belfaſt, was firmly eſtabliſhed. He next played Rolla with equal ſucceſs, and afterwards Romeo, which concluded his engagement.

'In the mean time, Mr. Jones, the manager of the Dublin Theatre, had heard of this dramatick prodigy; and ſoon after his laſt performance at Belfaſt, offered him an engagement on very advantageous terms. After ſome negociation, the particulars of an agreement were ſettled, by which he was to play nine nights at the Theatre royal, Crow-ſtreet.

To be continued.

STATEMENT OF DISEASES.

We are compelled to content ourſelves with offering our readers only a general ſtatement of the prevalent diſeaſes of the month. From various cauſes, among which we cannot number any negligence on our part, we are obliged to omit the detail of that very valuable document.

Statement for April.

Omitted laſt month through miſtake.

Pneumonick inflammation in various forms has continued to prevail, during the month of April. It has been often complicated; eſpecially with diſeaſes of the abdominal viſcera. Rheumatick affections, both chronick and acute, have ſtill appeared. Typhus mitior has become more common; and a few caſes of typhus gravior and of ſcarlatina anginoſa have ſhown themſelves.

Statement for May.

Fevers, marked with the *typhoid* character, have been uncommonly numerous during the month of May. Their ſymptoms have varied, from the ſlow nervous fever to what is commonly called putrid fever. The diſeaſe has not hitherto appeared to be of a fatal nature. Hepatitis has been ſporadick, as uſual at this ſeaſon. Rheumatick and dyſpeptick complaints not very frequent.

In the two laſt months the vaccinating practice has become general.

NOTES.

WE invite the attention of the readers of poetry to the Eſſay on Pope, which adorns the pages of our Miſcellany. If there be any, who do not join in the opinion of its author; who lay Pope on their ſhelves beſide Horace and Boileau; who think that he poſſeſſed, in a high degree, "that power which conſtitutes a poet; that quality, without which, judgment is cold and knowledge inert; that energy, which collects, combines, amplifies, and animates," we ſhall rejoice to give them an opportunity of vindicating their favourite.

Our warmeſt acknowledgments are due to our friend, who is intereſted in every thing which intereſts literature, for the letters from Italy with which he has favoured us. We ſhall be proud to convey any thing to the world which comes from ſuch a ſource; and ſhall therefore eagerly give them place in our next.

We venture to promiſe our readers a banquet in our next on an eſſay of Gilbert Wakefield's not publiſhed among his works. We have alſo on file, together with other matter of more than common intereſt, two unpubliſhed letters of Dr. Franklin, ſeveral letters from Europe, beſides thoſe to which we have already referred.

METEOROLOGY from April 26 to May 26.

Day.	Clock.	Barometer.	Fah. Ther.	Wind.	Weather.
26	8		51	S	Rainy till 1, P. M.—Afterwards fair.
	2		56		
	88.		—	SW	
	10		47		
27	8		52	WSW	Fair. Some clouds.
	2		56		
	88.		—	SW	
	10		48		
28	8		55	NW	Fair.
	2		64		
	88.		—	W	
	10		—		
29	8		53	SSW	Fair most of the day.—One shower A.M. with high wind.
	2		63		
	88.		57	S	
	10		54		
30	8		52	WNW	Fair. Some clouds.
	2		61	W	
	88		52		
	10		46		
1	8		51	S	Fair.—High wind, P.M.
	2		62		
	88.		53		
	10		47		
2	8		57	SW	Fair.—High wind, P.M.
	2		72		
	88.		64	NW	
	10		57		
3	8		59	SE	Fair.
	2		68		
	88.		61	S	
	10		59		
4	8		67	S	Fair.—High wind.
	2		78		
	88.		69		
	10		63		
5	8	29,6	59	SSW	Rainy A. M.—Fair toward evening.
	2	29,6	62		
	88.	29,6	58	NW	
	10	29,7	52		
6	8	29,7	52	W	Fair.
	2	29,7	60		
	88.	29,8	53		
	10	29,9	47		
7	8	30	52	NW	Fair and clear.
	2	30,1	59		
	88.	30,2	55	W	
	10	30,2	52		
8	8	30,2	54	SW	Cloudy and showers.—Wind very high some parts of the day.
	2	30,2	61		
	88.	30,2	55	S	
	10	30,1	54		
9	8	29,8	60	S	Rain storm.
	2	29,7	60		
	88.	29,6	58		
	10	29,6	56		
10	8	29,8	60	W	Fair and clear.
	2	29,8	67	WSW	
	88.	29,9	64		
	10	29,9	59		
11	8	29,8	64	SE	Fair A. M.—Frequent showers P.M.—After 88. some heavy thunder & lightning.
	2	29,7	72	S	
	88.	29,7	64		
	10	29,6	62	SSW	
12	8	29,6	63	S	Fair morning. Cloudy near evening. About 10 P. M. rain.
	2	29,6	79		
	88.	29,6	69		
	10	29,6	63		
13	8	29,5	66	SSW	Fair. Clouds and a little rain about 4 P.M.—Afterwards fair.
	2	29,6	72	SW	
	88.	29,7	64		
	10	29,8	60		
14	8	29,9	63	SW	Fair.—Some clouds.
	2	29,8	67	WSW	
	88.	29,9	63		
	10	30	59	WNW	
15	8	30	51	NE	Cloudy A. M.—Rain P. M.—High wind.
	2	30,1	47		
	88.	30,1	45	ENE	
	10	30	45		
16	8	29,9	47	NE	Rain storm.
	2	29,9	45		
	88.	29,8	45		
	10	29,7	45		
17	8	29,6	47	NE	Rain A.M. Cloudy & sunshine P. M.
	2	29,5	51	NNW	
	88.	29,5	51		
	10	29,5	51	NW	
18	8	29,6	60	W	Fair.—Some clouds.
	2	29,6	68	variable.	
	88	29,7	64	SW	
	10	29,7	59		
19	8	29,7	65	W	Fair.—Some clouds.
	2	29,7	74	WSW	
	88.	29,8	67	SSW	
	10	29,8	61		
20	8	29,8	65	SW	Fair.—Some clouds.
	2	29,8	—	S	
	88.	29,8	—		
	10	29,8	61		
21	8	29,8	63	S	Showers A. M. Fair P. M.
	2	29,8	—	ENE	
	88.	29,7	—		
	10	29,7	—		
22	8	29,6	—	W	Fair morning. Showers A.M. Fair P.M.
	2	29,6	65		
	88.	29,7	—		
	10	29,7	54		
23	8	29,8	62	SW	Fair most of the day.—Cloudy, and a small shower just before noon.
	2	29,8	—	S	
	88.	29,8	58		
	10	29,8	66		
24	8	29,8	72	SW	Fair morning. Heavy short squall with a little rain about 1 P.M. Afterwards fair.
	2	29,8	78		
	88.	30	—	NW	
	10	—	56		
25	8	—	—	WSW	Fair.
	2	29,9	69	SE	
	88.	29,9	66	S	
	10	29,9	60		

THE

MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY,

FOR

JUNE, 1805.

ORIGINAL ESSAY BY GILBERT WAKEFIELD.

MESSRS. EDITORS,

IN the Providence (R. I.) Gazette, I have perused several essays of great merit, under the signature of THE ADELPHIAD :...I inclose you, for publication in the Anthology, the following number, which has just appeared, and which, I doubt not, will be perused with pleasure and profit.

MARIANO.

The Adelphiad. No. 58.

I HAVE obtained leave from George Wakefield, Esq. of Dedham, to take a copy of the following original, unpublished essay, which was written by his brother, the learned and Reverend *Gilbert Wakefield*, of Jesus College, Cambridge. It was originally intended for the Literary and Philosophical Society at Manchester...but not having been applied that way, I presume a perusal of it will be agreeable to the readers of the Adelphiad. Z.

ON THE CHARACTERISTICKS OF POETRY.

THE origin of poetry seems to have been almost coeval with the birth of man. It is not, like other arts, the offspring of time and refined manners: it has equally been the production of distant ages and uncultivated people, as of the later periods of civilized life. But though poetry has proved the exercise of genius and the delight of taste, in all stages of society and the rudest nations of the world, it does not appear that the essentials of poetry, and the characteristical distinctions of poetry from prose, have been yet ascertained by any criterions universally admitted to be just. Though philological writers have at all times employed themselves so frequently and fully upon the business of composition at large, much difference of opinion still remains upon the point in question. I shall submit to the consideration of this society some concise remarks; which might be easily expanded and enlarged upon, with no little usefulness and entertainment, by a reader of taste, who should choose to take the task upon him. I can hardly doubt, but that the observations, which I am going to lay down, however imperfectly illustrated, comprehend a satisfactory solution of the question.

Three things, and *three* only, are essential to the constitution of poetry, and unite to distinguish it from prose:

I. *A certain conformation of the language:* in which *two* particulars are comprized.

1ſt. *A metrical diſpoſition of the words*, which is called *verſe*.

2d. *A certain grandeur and elevation of expreſſion.*

In confirmation of this *firſt* poſition, I might venture to allege even the exordium of Paradiſe Loſt (" of man's firſt," &c. to "ſing heavenly muſe"), for although delivered in a ſtyle of the moſt abſolute ſimplicity, it is clearly diſtinguiſhable from proſe, for the *two* reaſons here aſſigned: 1. A tranſpoſition of the words from their proper grammatical arrangement, and a regularity of feet: 2. By a majeſty of phraſe, which would appear ridiculous and bombaſtical in proſe....*whoſe mortal taſte....ſing heavenly muſe.*

II. The *ſecond* eſſential of a poet, I ſhall briefly characterize by the word *genius:* in which I include that happy fertility of invention, which enables the mind to deviſe a ſuitable ſubject for its exertions, and to expatiate, to a greater or leſs extent, through univerſal nature, for the diſcovery of objects to embelliſh it.

This faculty of *creation* was eſteemed by the Greeks ſuch a capital ingredient in the formation of a poet, as to give riſe to his denomination in their language. There needs no elaborate proof of this poſition; becauſe I ſuppoſe, that every judgment will unite in acknowledging a power of invention in ſome degree to be an abſolute requiſite in poetry.

III. The *third* eſſential is, *an enthuſiaſtick turn of mind:* which includes all that is underſtood by the terms, *imagination, ſenſibility*, and *taſte:* and in proportion to the diſplay of this *third* property will be the excellence of poetry.

My meaning in theſe *three* diviſions will be more diſtinctly apprehended, and the ſubject itſelf receive conſiderable illuſtration, if we conſider whether the *union* of *all* theſe qualities be neceſſary to poetry; and if not, which of them may be ſpared.

1ſt. An abſence of the *two* parts of the *firſt* eſſential property cannot be allowed. Without an ordonnance of meaſure and a dignity of expreſſion, poetry cannot poſſibly exiſt. By the former of theſe particulars, the poet of all ages and nations has been diſtinguiſhed: this point reſts, therefore, upon the unanimous ſentiments of mankind. And the *ſecond* will diſcover real poetry, even when diveſted of its metrical habiliments. (See this topick illuſtrated by *Horace*, ſat. 1, 4, 45, 63, who there confirms all that is advanced upon this head of the ſubject.) Thus, when we read in the ſcriptures concerning the Supreme Being....

He made the moon for certain ſeaſons;
And the ſun knoweth his going down.
Pſ. cix.

The verſe indeed is loſt, but we perceive the compoſition to be poetical, both by a correſpondent meaſurement of the ſentences (a principal artifice in Hebrew poetry), and by a noble perſonification, inconſiſtent with the ſobriety of real proſe. So far, then, we may ſatisfy ourſelves upon this point.

And yet it may be uſeful to remark, that the properties here ſpecified do not *ſolely conſtitute* poetry, though they are *eſſential* to

ſt. *Fenelon's Telemachus* is a fine ſpecimen of elevated compoſition, but is not a true poem; and Sir Richard Blackmore's Epicks (if I may be allowed to take refuge in this old example, to avoid all poſſibility of affront to the judgment of others, by inſtancing in authors of greater reputation), though written in meaſure and in rhyme too, are ſtill proſe.

The *ſecond* neceſſary ingredient of poetry (though poetry, as diſtinguiſhable from verſification only, cannot exiſt without it) is not an excluſive property: for the principal diſtinction of a very common ſpecies of compoſition is invention to as great an extent as is found in any poem whatſoever. Such performances as Sir *Thomas More's Utopia*, and the whole claſs of novels, are neither called, nor eſteemed, poems; though ſomething of a poetical character evidently diſcriminates them from ſimple didactick proſe. Where then ſhall we look in this inſtance for a deciſive diſtinction between poetry and proſe? Without doubt in a regular recurrence of appropriated numbers: in *appropriated numbers*, I ſay, or we ſhall not define ſufficiently a *modulated* proſe from poetry. Deprived of this characteriſtick, I do not ſee why *Homer's Odyſſey* would have a better title to the honours of poetry, than the *Telemachus* or the *Utopia*, whatever the ſuperiority of that performance may be in other reſpects. Concerning the *third* eſſential of poetry, *an enthuſiaſtick turn of mind*, in proportion as proſaick compoſitions are tinctured with it, they loſe their ſpecifick character, and become, as one of our poets expreſſes himſelf,

Proſe on ſtilts, or poetry gone lame.

Compoſitions of this peculiar caſt, like a ſlip of land which borders upon two countries and belongs to neither, may occaſion, as well as the compariſon, ſome degree of controverſy; but as they tranſgreſs the ſobriety and uniformity of exact writing, are culpable in themſelves; and, inſtead of being urged in oppoſition to the preceding obſervations, ſhould be mutually given up as illegitimate, both by the patrons of poetry and proſe. The ſenſe of an incongruity of this kind induced a celebrated prelate to give his tranſlation of a prophet, highly ennobled by his warmth of imagination and ſublimity of genius, ſome appearance of poetry, by a regular diſtribution of the ſentences in conformity to the original. He ſaw the beauty of Iſaiah tarniſhed, and his dignity degraded, by the garb of vulgar proſe: he was willing to preſerve, if poſſible, ſome faint traces of eaſtern poeſy, as far as the genius of a different language would admit, that his incomparable author might not loſe, even in a verſion,

All his original brightneſs, nor appear
Leſs than archangel ruin'd.

What gives me the greater confidence in the foregoing remarks is, that they are merely an extenſion of the hints contained in a few words of *Horace*; who is not more worthy of admiration for the elegance of his poetry, than the incontrovertible juſtice of his criticiſms. "Firſt of all

(ſays this arbiter of taſte and learning—ſat. 1, 4, 39, 45) I muſt beg leave to exempt myſelf from the number of thoſe whom I diſtinguiſh by the name of poets: for it is not ſufficient to give a line its proper number of feet to entitle to this diſtinction: nor can you with reaſon denominate him a poet, whoſe writings, like mine, partake ſo much of the ſimplicity and familiarity of common converſation. No: he only deſerves this honourable appellation, who is poſſeſſed of *genius, a more divine frame of ſoul, and a magnificent and harmonious elocution.*"

The ancient comedy, becauſe it wanted theſe requiſites, and was only diſtinguiſhed from proſe by its meaſures, he denies to be a poem. The *Roman* comedy (if he meant that) might have been proſcribed from the poetick province for an additional reaſon: becauſe it was not ſolicitous to preſerve any appearance of *verſification*, except in the *two* concluding ſyllables of the line.

The *three* criterions of poetry, laid down above, might be employed as a good ſtandard, whereby to adjuſt in general the reſpective excellencies of all poets whatever, and afford full ſcope for ſome very curious and entertaining diſquiſitions, if any one of leiſure and taſte would take upon him the proſecution of the ſubject.

I will juſt ſubjoin one example of an application of theſe rules, in concluſion.

Homer in the article of invention, which is the firſt merit of poetry, has a great ſuperiority over *Milton**. Except therefore it could be ſhown, that theſe later poets compenſate this inferiority by more abundant excellence in the other two conſtituents of poetry; the ſupremacy of *Homer* in one caſe, and the ſubordinate claims of *Milton* in the other, over the reſt of the epick race, will be indiſputably eſtabliſhed. But the rules above will be as ſerviceable in eſtimating and comparing *different* departments of poetry, as in rating the worth of thoſe in the *ſame* department.

* And *Milton*, in the ſame reſpect, a ſuperiority over *Virgil*.

LETTERS FROM ITALY.

We have already expreſſed our gratitude to our friend, by whoſe kindneſs we are allowed to preſent the following letters to the publick. His obſervations on the merit of the memoir of the Duke della Torré are undoubtedly perfectly correct. We are inclined to think however, that though it has none of the beauty of the deſcription of Pliny, and though its real value ariſes from its being an excellent continuation of the obſervations of Sir William Hamilton, it will ſtill be read with intereſt even by thoſe readers, who are contented with indiſtinct and fugitive impreſſions.

To the Editors of the Anthology.

GENTLEMEN,

I HAVE lately been indulged with the peruſal of ſeveral letters from an intelligent gentleman of this town now travelling in Europe, which comprehend a tranſlation from the Italian language of a memoir relative to the laſt eruption of Veſuvius. Having liberty to make ſuch uſe of theſe papers, as I might think proper,

I am perſuaded that I could not better diſpoſe of them, than to tranſmit them for publication in your valuable miſcellany. The obſervations of the Duke *della Torré* may, to ſome readers, appear tediouſly minute; but they will ſerve to give accurate and preciſe information relative to thoſe ſtupendous phenomena, which are generally conſidered with mere amazement and vague admiration; and we are conſoled for any fatigue, by the intimation ſuggeſted by our ingenious friend of communicating, hereafter, the condenſed reſult of his own obſervations in that intereſting region.

With ſincere wiſhes for the reputation and ſucceſs of the Anthology, I remain, yours,

J. D.

Boſton, May 16, 1805.

Rome, January 24, 1805.

MY DEAR BROTHER,

THOUGH the phenomena of volcanoes have been long known and often well deſcribed, yet they are ſo rare, and ſo wonderful when compared to the other operations of nature, that they ſtill excite a lively intereſt in the breaſts of literary and philoſophical men. The volcano of Veſuvius is ſo much more conveniently ſituated for obſervation, than thoſe of Ætna or Stromboli, that it has been more frequently and more accurately noticed. I find however, that even to the literary men of Naples it is ſtill highly intereſting, becauſe its more powerful efforts are ſeldom made *oftener* than once in the courſe of a ſingle life. This mountain had been almoſt perfectly quiet from the year 1794 till the 11th of Auguſt laſt, when a new eruption took place with phenomena, which are here deemed worthy of deſcription and attention.

The Duke della Torré, a man of ſcience, who has been very attentive to the ſubject of volcanoes, and who was a very accurate obſerver of the late eruption, has publiſhed his account of it; and I am aſſured by a very reſpectable literary man, the Rev. Mr. Haytu, chaplain to the Prince of Wales, that the account is perfectly correct. It has been ſent to the Royal Society of London, but as it may never reach our country, or at leaſt not for a long time, I have thought it beſt to ſend it to you. As the Italian is underſtood only by a few perſons with us, I have taken the liberty to tranſlate this work, and if it ſhall be deemed ſufficiently intereſting I have no objection to the publication of it.

"FIRST RELATION OF THE ERUPTION OF VESUVIUS, FROM THE 11TH OF AUGUST TO THE 18TH SEPT. 1804.

By the Duke della Torré.

"For the ſpace of ten years Veſuvius, maintaining a perfect tranquillity, had ceaſed to lay waſte the circumjacent country, and to diſturb the neighbouring inhabitants; in this quiet ſtate however it was preparing and diſpoſing new materials, by which it would one day diſplay its original fury.

"The phenomena of the 11th of Auguſt laſt announced the terrible eruption, which was again deſtined to afflict this unhappy country, at the ſame time that it would furniſh freſh materials to

chemical amateurs, by which they might form new conjectures relative to theſe unexplained operations of nature.

" I cannot omit giving an exact idea of the ſtate of Veſuvius, at the firſt moment of the preſent eruption.

" On the 2d of November, in the year 1803, I aſcended the ſummit of Veſuvius, by the road which goes from the village of Reſina, and arrived at the brink of the opening, ſaw a vaſt crater, which preſented to me only the appearance of a profound plain. The medium depth of this crater, from its loweſt part to its ſuperiour edge on the *weſt* ſide, as it was then meaſured on the ſpot, by perſons let down for the purpoſe, was found to be preciſely 500 Neapolitan palms (equal to 430 feet Engliſh), a depth 100 palms leſs than on the 2d July 1794, when it was meaſured by the learned Mr. Brieſlach. In the midſt of this crater were three ſmall hills, of the height of 50 palms each (43 feet Engliſh), from which in February 1799 were ejected heated ſtones with conſiderable exploſion and flame, which were viſible at the capital (Naples) for two days. Theſe were the preſages of the eruption of 1794, ſo that thoſe are miſtaken, who believe that the mountain had remained from the period of that eruption in perfect quietneſs. In theſe little hills were ſtill viſible orifices, which emitted the uſual vapour or ſmoke, charged with ſulphur and ammoniack, and on the inſide of theſe openings were formed beautiful incruſtations of ſulphureous ſalts, abounding with very ſhining cryſtals. The circumference of the crater was then found to be 11,500 palms (9899 feet Engliſh). This exceeded the dimenſions related by Mr. Brieſlach by 2900 palms. The difference of this menſuration appears to me to be attributable to the following cauſes.

" 1ſt. That the materials thrown out by the antecedent eruption of February 1799, having fallen back again within the crater, could not have augmented its depth.

" 2d. That, as the edges of the opening had in many places fallen into the centre of the crater, they not only muſt have raiſed the ſurface of the plain at the bottom, but the baſe muſt have continually been approaching the ſuperiour edge of the cone, at the ſame time that the circumference would become more extenſive.

" The inclination of the ſides of the crater was greater to the ſouth and ſouth weſt. Its greateſt elevation was to the eaſt and north eaſt. The form of the crater was the ſame as deſcribed by the above mentioned Mr. Brieſlach, that is to ſay, an ellipſis a little eccentrick, internally circular and externally conical. The medium external height of the cone on the weſt ſide may be eſtimated, from the baſe of the plain to the mouth, about 4000 palms, or about half a Neapolitan mile.

" In ſuch a ſtate I left the mountain on the 2d November, 1803; nor do I know of any other circumſtance, except that I have underſtood from the information of the Hermit del Salvatore, that

on the 22d of May of the preſent year (1804) about one hour and and an half of night (correſponding to half paſt 8 o'clock, A. M. Engliſh) there was perceived in his hermitage and in its vicinity a ſhock of an earthquake, which made the whole building tremble, accompanied with a rumbling noiſe, which was repeated in ſix minutes afterwards, and again another in ten minutes, louder than the two preceding ones.

"At this moment having looked at the mountain he ſaw iſſue from it a denſe ſmoke, which continued to the 18th hour of the morning of the 23d (1 o'clock, A. M.) I have been informed by a very intelligent friend, that on the ſame day and almoſt at the ſame moment there was felt in the province of Abruzzo an earthquake, which was repeated three times, the firſt at the hour of night, the ſecond equally ſtrong at the 3d hour, and the third leſs ſenſible at the 5th hour."

—

Rome, January 27th, 1805.

MY DEAR BROTHER,

THE reſidue of the pamphlet of the Duke della Torré I ſhall now give you.

"I placed the point of an atmoſpherick electrometer within the crater, which gave ſtrong proofs of electricity, and which was confirmed by conſtant lightning from the eaſt, though the evening was ſerene and the ſky clear. After all theſe obſervations I was filled with aſtoniſhment at theſe arcana of nature, which gave place to the following reflections.

"Firſt, that from the intenſity of the fire, and from the increaſed ſtate of electricity in the mountain, we might expect one of the longeſt and moſt terrible eruptions.

"Secondly, that the light we perceived from Naples was not properly the columns of fire, which iſſued from the vaſt and deep abyſs, but a refulgent, an ardent ſmoke, which, by reflecting the fire beneath, appeared under the form of real fire, though the lava had not yet reached the edge of the crater."

"Thirdly, that the lava after having filled the whole vacuum of the crater would diſcharge itſelf on the ſide to which it was preſſing, that is, towards the ſouth, ſo much the more readily as this was the moſt inclined part of the cone.

"Admitting the decompoſition of the water in the boſom of the mountain, might not the electrick fluid inflame a conſtituent part of it with hydrogen, and produce the irruption? In ſuch a caſe the oxygen would increaſe the internal combuſtion, and would unite the acid parts to the alkaline, ſulphureous, and metallick baſes.

"From the 15th Auguſt to the 18th the fire continued equally, and the groanings and noiſe were frequent and dreadful; no earthquake was however felt.

"On the 19th the fire and noiſe augmented, and finally, from the capital (diſtant about ſeven miles in a ſtraight line), was heard a deep-toned noiſe like the effect of diſtant thunder. From the 20th to the 25th nothing remarkable occurred, except that the ſhowers of aſhes and ſmall cinders were more frequent."

"On the 26th the aſhes, for the

firſt time, reached Torre del Greco and Reſina, and they perceived from the mouth of the crater the fire diminiſhed.

"On the 27th an experienced perſon went up the mountain, and brought me information, that the orifice of the gulf, which was firſt ſituated on the weſt, had receded towards the eaſt, or towards *Ottajano*, and that two ſmall mountains or hills had formed before the mouth of the opening, ſo as to prevent him from ſeeing the place from which the fire iſſued, but the burning matters were only viſible after they had riſen above theſe hills. The lava, which poured towards the ſouth, was ſo near the edge of the crater, that it was very near overrunning or overflowing it."

"On the 28th the reports or exploſions were more violent, and there appeared from Naples another mouth, which ejected fire and ſtones, within the ſame crater and towards the ſouth ſide of it. There were not, during all theſe periods, any earthquakes."

"On the 29th the noiſe became more violent and frequent, and there was ſeen to iſſue from the new opening a greater quantity of fire and ſtones. At the 22d hour (Italian) was perceived a diſcharge more violent, and there was ſeen to ariſe from the edge of the crater towards the ſouth and ſouth weſt a denſe ſmoke along the ſharp ſides of the mountain; and this I think was the moment, when the lava iſſued from the crater; and the loud exploſion I believe to have been occaſioned by the fall of the ſide of the crater in the place where the lava had ruptured it.

"I went inſtantly to Torre del Greco, where I arrived at the 24th hour (ſunſet), and I then ſaw a ſtreak of fire, which had the appearance of a ſtream of liquid glaſs, rapidly advancing towards the baſe of the mountain, between ſouth and ſouth weſt. The width of it was, at its firſt iſſuing from the crater, about 50 palms (43 feet), but it was interrupted at ſhort ſpaces by ſpots free of lava. I remained to examine this wonder at the palace of the Cardinal until 4 o'clock of night (corresponding to 11 o'clock, P. M. Engliſh), and till that time it had poured down about one third of the mountain. The ſaid current of lava continued to enlarge as it deſcended.

"The 30th in the morning the lava had advanced to the baſe of the mountain, and having meaſured its length it was found to be 3528 palms. Its medium width might be eſtimated at 400 palms, and at its baſe 1000. Arrived at the baſe of the mountain it divided into four branches, two of which directed their courſe to the ſouth, and two others to the ſouth-weſt. The largeſt of the branches were thoſe of the ſouth, which were about 500 palms wide.... thoſe to the ſouth weſt being not more than 300. I went on the ſame day to view the lava at the 22d hour (5 o'clock, P. M.) and found it already arrived at the place called the *Pedamentina*, having advanced in 24 hours 2625 palms. The branches, which had taken the direction of ſouth weſt, were nearly united in the Foſſobianco; and thoſe, which had gone to the ſouth, were united, and formed a maſs of 1500 palms

wide, and were directing their courſe towards the place called *Petraro di Guida*. The height of this lava was about 8 or 9 palms, its progreſs was rapid, and it was introduced about 2 hours of night (9 o'clock) into Petraro di Guida, having run 1385 palms more, in the whole courſe more than a mile. Taking a medium rate, it may be ſaid to have advanced 100 palms per hour. The lava was very hard, ſo that a ſtick preſſed upon it ever ſo forcibly would not enter more than two inches."

"I now drew from its ſurface a ſmall piece, which in ten ſeconds cracked and broke, and in two minutes became black and ſcoriform in its ſurface. Having broken by force a ſtone from the current of the lava, in which it was ſwimming, I obſerved that as ſoon as it was expoſed to the external air in the place where the breach had been made it became cool and compact like glaſs, and the inſide of the fracture was ſhining like a metal, which it reſembled ſtill more in colour. The current of the lava was not wholly and entirely on fire. The external part was compoſed of ſtones of different ſizes and colours, of minute chryſtals or cinders, and of different ſorts of ſand. As it advanced, the ſuperiour part (compoſed of the ſubſtances juſt ſtated) fell firſt, making a noiſe like that of a bag of broken glaſs when thrown down; afterwards appeared the fiery parts, which ran beneath. This is the reaſon why this lava on the plain did not run ſo rapidly or violently, as that which iſſued in the form of a fluid, liquified matter. The heat which iſſued from it, to the diſtance of 4 or 5 palms, was ſo great that you could not ſtand it for more than two minutes. On the contrary the heat felt at ſome diſtance, far from debilitating, invigorated the fibres. There was exhaled from it a diſguſting and ſuffocating ſmoke of ammoniack and ſulphur, and the odour which it diffuſed around was ſimilar to that which is perceived near burning lime pits. As ſoon as the ſtones which covered the lava cracked and cooled, they were perceived to be covered with a ſubſtance ſometimes white, ſometimes yellow, which you might recognize to be ſulphur, ſal ammoniack, and nitre."

"On the 31ſt the part, which deſcended in two branches to the ſouth weſt, had reached the Foſſo-bianco, taking the direction of the ſmall houſe of the Cardinal. The ſecond branch was united in the Foſſo-bianco to the other lava, which ran from Petraro di Guida, and which, after having paſſed a valley filled with ancient lava, had joined its two branches at the cottage of D. Andrew Guida. It had advanced, from the preceding day, 4299 palms; its height was 23 palms, its width 2000, and its rate of advancement or progreſs 150 palms per hour. I reflected, that the height of the lava diminiſhed in proportion as its velocity increaſed. I cauſed to be meaſured the other branch, whoſe courſe was directed to the Cardinal's, and I found it from the mouth to its termination in the Foſſo-bianco 9500 palms; its width was about 460, its height 18 palms. When I left it, it was 4 hours of the night (or 11 o'clock, P. M. Engliſh), and the

firſt lava had already arrived in the territory of D. Andrew Guida. On the firſt day of September the lava, directed towards the Cardinal's, had nearly reached the lands of Jovino, and Guarino, having proceeded from the day before 2048 palms; its width in front was 260, its height 12. The other lava, near the cottage of Guida, had advanced 2270 palms, and had reached the cottage of ſaid Guida. Its width continued as before, and its height 24 palms. Here I remarked, that when the lava encountered in its progreſs a houſe, a wall, or any other like impediment, it ſtopped, poured or ſpread itſelf laterally and ſurrounded it, and afterwards either raiſed itſelf above and overwhelmed it, or paſſed it leaving it untouched in the midſt of it. This lava ſtopped that night in the cottage of the ſaid Guida; and the ſame night our moſt beloved Queen, together with the royal family, honoured this place with a viſit, for the purpoſe of ſeeing the eruption and courſe of the lava. How aſtoniſhing appeared to her this portentous ſpectacle of nature, ſo much the more afflictive as her tender heart was deeply impreſſed with the injury and ruin occaſioned by the impetuous torrent!

"I again proceeded to the ſummit of Veſuvius to obſerve what changes had taken place in the crater, and to diſcover the mode and preciſe place from whence the lava had iſſued. I reached the top of the mountain about half an hour before day-break. In aſcending I was accompanied by the uſual ſhower of aſhes, and my electrometer gave ſigns of powerful electricity. The inſide of the crater exhibited an appearance totally different from what it appeared to do on the 14th Auguſt. Its whole plain was filled either by the lava which had run out, or by the ſtones, cinders, and aſhes which had been ejected during the eruption. There had been formed various little hills with intervals between them, and the higheſt of which were to the north eaſt, declining always to the ſouth weſt; thoſe hills were covered with light ſcoriæ, covered with a very fine duſt of ſal ammoniack and ſulphur, and there iſſued from them light vapours of a diſguſting and ſuffocating odour. In the ſpaces between theſe little hills were maſſes of lava, which ſtill ſmoked, and which appeared ſtill inflamed internally. The diſtances between the edge of the crater and theſe hills were various; the neareſt was on the weſtern ſide, and was diſtant at leaſt 300 palms. There appeared behind the ſaid hills, towards the walls or ſides of the crater, on the ſide of Ottajano, five mouths, which vomited fire and ſtones, and which, raiſed with a great noiſe and force to the height of theſe hills, either fell upon them, or dropped again within the crater from which they iſſued; and from which perpetually came a great whirlwind of cinders and aſhes, as well as ſmoke, that, by the force of the wind, was either carried to one ſide or the other in the form of a long ſtreak or band. In the place, where the gulf or mouth was ſituated on the 14th of Auguſt, was now formed one of the higheſt of the new mountains. The orifice, from which

now iſſued the moſt fire, was on the north eaſt, and was ſurrounded by the four other little hills.

"Having placed my uſual thermometer about 1000 palms diſtant from the lava, it did not exhibit the great heat it had before indicated. The atmoſpherick temperature was not altered. Thus at Naples at 5 o'clock (Italian) it had ſtood at 24, and *there* it fell to 19. Having fixed my electromer in the ſame place, it indicated a great degree of electricity; and the effect was greater, when placed on the ground, than when ſuſpended in the air. Having made theſe obſervations, I advanced towards the place where the lava had poured out of the crater, and having reached it, ſaw the immenſe ſtones on the top of the lava, already cooled, and at a very little diſtance from the edge of the crater about 12 palms higher than this edge, and 200 palms wide.

"The lava was of a black colour, compact within, and externally ſcoriformed. Its ſurface was formed of large pieces, and in the cracks it exhibited the yellow colour of ſulphur. Having gone a little farther, to the place where the lava began to run down the mountain, I found a lava blacker and more ſcoriformed than the one juſt deſcribed, which had been the firſt to pour down the ſides, and after having run a third part of the length of the mountain had ſtopped and grown hard on the ſurface, though it ſtill was on fire within and the heat of it inſupportable. The height of this lava was 3 palms, its width 30. After this I found about 30 palms of ancient ſand, over which the lava had not poured. Having advanced further to the ſouth, I approached the place where the lava was fluid; and as from the commencement it was hardened on the ſurface, like the other, for a diſtance of 10 palms, I mounted upon it, and ſucceeded to examine this fluid torrent, which had deſcended from the crater to the baſe of the mountain. It was not more *to the eye* than 8 palms wide; its height, meaſured from the half-extinguiſhed lava, was about 4 palms, if we did not reflect, that it might have ſunk deeply into the ſand. The heat was ſo ſtrong that we could not approach nearer than 6 palms, nor withſtand the ſuffocating ſmoke, which the wind drove to the place where I was ſtanding. The appearance of the lava was that of a lucid, conſiſtent, liquified chryſtal; its colour that of a lively red; and its ſurface exhibited many waves, like a bitumenous torrent. I could not by my eye meaſure the velocity of the torrent, but I threw upon it a rock or ſtone very large to try its denſity; and as I perceived that this went down the ſtream making but a very little impreſſion, with my watch in my hand I threw in another, and in the ſpace of one ſecond it advanced 2 palms. Having placed the thermometer 6 palms diſtant from the running lava, it roſe in two minutes to the heat of boiling water. From the electrometer I had the ſame ſigns of electricity. To my great chagrin I could not aſcertain the heat of the lava, for want of a proper hydrometer.

"I was deſirous of going farther, and even to the ſource of the torrent; but as it was neceſſary to march over the lava, which ſtill emitted an intolerable heat, and I

was alſo apprehenſive that ſome one of the ſtrata might give way, eſpecially as in ſome places I ſaw it had fallen in ſo that it was impoſſible to approach it, I deſcended with the intention of returning there again when the lava ſhould be more effectually cooled, and the paſſage more ſecure."

I truſt you have had enough of hot lava, and ſuffocating vapours for one letter....if not, I am ſure I have, and ſhall of courſe ſuſpend it to gather freſh ſtrength, and clearer breath to reſume the taſk.

Yours, &c.

(To be continued.)

THE LITERARY WANDERER. No. 4.

Quin et Prometheus, et Pelopis parens
Dulci laborum decipitur ſono;
Nec curat Orion leones,
Aut timidos agitare lyncas.—HORATIUS.

While, charmed by the melodious ſtrains,
The tortured ghoſts forget their pains;
Orion quits his bold delight,
To chace the lion's rage, or lynx's flight.—FRANCIS.

THE ſuperiour advantages, which attentive cultivation of the fine arts is calculated to confer, are too obvious to be diſputed by any, who are capable of appreciating their value. Accurately acquainted with theſe, a perſon paſſes the moments of ſolitude with more profit and ſatisfaction to himſelf, and is better qualified to diſpenſe happineſs to thoſe, with whom he aſſociates in ſociety. Of theſe ſome are formed to augment the joys, others to alleviate the ſorrows of exiſtence; ſome afford occaſional amuſement, while others are ſubſervient to effect more important purpoſes. Their general tendency however is to ſoften, ſubdue, and meliorate the more turbulent emotions, and at the ſame time to inſpire that calm, contemplative diſpoſition of mind, which is productive of the pureſt enjoyment.

Among thoſe, which are fitted to beſtow mental gratification, rather than other perceptible, external advantages, I have ever conſidered Muſick, as poſſeſſing a diſtinguiſhed place. Though a muſician is neceſſarily confined through the imperfection of his art, and perhaps cannot diſplay vigour of intellect in ſo great a degree, as an orator or painter, ſtill he is allowed conſiderable latitude in exhibiting the innumerable diverſifications of ſounds. He can elevate our ſouls to the ſummit of martial ardour, or lull them in the illuſive embraces of effeminacy; he can inſpire cheerfulneſs, or cauſe tears of ſenſibility to flow; he can diſarm anger of its ferocity, or awaken the tender ſenſations of love and benevolence. Perhaps there is no virtuous paſſion, which he cannot ſtrengthen and refine; no vicious propenſity, which he cannot in ſome meaſure correct or extenuate.

Muſick, however rude, imperfect, and inharmonious, appears to have been coeval with the earlieſt periods of antiquity. The extravagant accounts, which the Greeks, ever enamoured of fic-

tious and hyperbolical repreſentations, fabricated concerning Amphion, Linus, Orpheus, Muſæus, and Timotheus, fully evidence, what efficacy they attributed to this art. Trees were pretended to have been attracted from the mountains, ſtones charmed into walls of cities, the currents of rivers ſtopped, and the pains of hell ſuſpended by the melody of the *lyre*. Nor were the Romans leſs ardent in their approbation. *Saxa*, exclaims Cicero with enthuſiaſm, *ſaxa et ſolitudines voce reſpondent; beſtiæ ſæpe immanes* CANTU *flectuntur, atque conſiſtunt; nos, inſtituti rebus optimis, non poëtarum voce movearnur?* Perhaps its influence was ſtill more ſurprizing, in ancient Caledonia. Tacitus, Strabo, Ammianus Marcellinus, and ſeveral other writers inform us, that the Bards were in the higheſt eſtimation in that country, and that from the dignity and importance of their office their perſons were conſidered ſacred. To the modulations of the *harp* they ſung romantick tales of fiction, remarkable occurrences in life, puniſhment of crimes, recompenſe of virtuous conduct, the ſucceſſes and infelicities of love, and the achievements of kings and heroes; and thus rouſed in the breaſts of their countrymen thoſe magnanimous and diſintereſted ſentiments, which reflect diſtinguiſhed luſtre on the human character. By theſe means a noble emulation was excited. When Edward I. conquered Wales, he with barbarous policy commanded all the Bards to be put to death; ſenſible that the independent and martial ſpirit of that country could not be more effectually ſubdued, than by the deſtruction of thoſe minſtrels, who by ſinging and reciting on occaſional feſtivities their traditional poetick compoſitions ſerved to perpetuate the valour and glory of their anceſtors.

Muſick is gratifying, as an innocent and rational amuſement. What is more efficacious to enliven a melancholy moment, than a cheerful air or ſong? At proper times a ſtudent may devote an hour with advantage to the faſcinating employment; nor will a belle find her beauties leſs captivating by moderate attention to her piano or harpſichord. I have read of a gentleman, who never accuſtomed himſelf to attentive ſtudy, "till his imagination was raiſed by the power of muſick. For this purpoſe he had a band of inſtruments placed near his library, which played till he found himſelf elevated to a proper height; on which he gave a ſignal, and they inſtantly ceaſed."

But ſo attractive is the beauty of its appearance, or ſo limited are human powers and capacities, that eminent muſicians, whether compoſers or performers, are ſeldom remarkably diſtinguiſhed in any other buſineſs; but conſider a departure from their favourite purſuit like relinquiſhing a paradiſe of delights for a world of labour and ſorrow. Their endeared art excluſively occupies attention. By careful inveſtigation few exceptions will be diſcovered. Since the number of thoſe, who are pre-eminently qualified to promote ſuch refined entertainment, ſuch rational gratification, is inconſiderable, the community aſſuredly ought to be ambitious in patronizing the indefatigable exertions of this diminutive propor-

tion.....But, as exquiſite delight frequently approximates diſguſt, injudicious muſical performances are to a delicate ear grating and unpleaſant. They completely counteract expected pleaſure. Inſtead of the muſick of the ſpheres we have the jarring tones of diſſonance. With much propriety Virgil makes Menalcas reproach his antagoniſt with this bitter, emphatick ſarcaſm;

Non tu in triviis, indocte, ſolebas
Stridenti miſerum ſtipulâ diſperdere carmen?

Dunce at the beſt; in ſtreets but ſcarce allowed;
To tickle on thy ſtraw the ſtupid crowd.
DRYDEN.

By aſſociation of ideas muſick preſents to view the long-forgotten ſcenes of paſt time. All muſt have remarked, what ſurprizing influence an air, to which we were accuſtomed to liſten with eager attention in childhood and youth, has on the mind. Innumerable incidents, which occurred at that diſtant period, are inſtantaneouſly awakened in the memory, and diffuſe over the mind pleaſure, regret, and a not unwelcome penſiveneſs. Such recollections in a perſon of exquiſite ſenſibility produce the moſt refined ſenſations.

But melody is conducive to effect a more important purpoſe, the improvement of religious and virtuous affections. When the ſolemn, deep-toned notes of an organ, accompanied with appropriate words, gradually riſe and fall upon the ear, our feelings are elevated to participate the pure pleaſures of religion. We are alternately melted into tenderneſs, fired with animation, and enraptured by the powerful ſtrain. It may not be improper to notice in this place, that the effect is proportionably increaſed by the union of the two arts, Muſick and Poetry. The ſober ſtillneſs of night likewiſe renders it more perceptible. When the ſounds, blended in happy uniſon, burſt upon the tranquillity of midnight, our ſouls, entranced in an ecſtaſy of delight, ſeem ſnatched to other regions. Nor can we imagine but muſick conſtitutes one of the innumerable gratifications of heaven. Agreeably to this conjecture Milton introduces Adam addreſſing to Eve the following uncommonly beautiful lines, with which I ſhall conclude the preſent communication.

How often from the ſteep
Of echoing hill or thicket have we heard
Celeſtial voices to the midnight air,
Sole, or reſponſive each to other's note,
Singing their great Creator? Oft in bands
While they keep watch, or nightly rounding walk
With heavenly touch of inſtrumental ſounds
In full harmonick number joined, their ſongs
Divide the night, and lift our thoughts to heaven. B.

Andover, May 10, 1805.

ON THE CHARACTER OF DR. JOHNSON AS A MORALIST.

IN the ſhort intervals of unmitigated ſtudy, or neceſſary avocations of ordinary life, my mind delights to dwell on the ſevere morality of Johnſon. Imagination is ſometimes awakened by the fairy tales of Hawkeſworth, and the judgment is cloſely exerciſed

by the condenſed ſenſe of Lord Verulam. But Johnſon alone confirms the reſolutions of virtue and corroborates the convictions of religion. Whatever may be the pleaſure ariſing from the peruſal of other periodical compoſitions, the ſober dignity of the *Rambler* alone originates ſeriouſneſs of thought and determinations of practical rectitude. In ſtudying the advice and admiring the ſublimity of Johnſon's views, I for a moment at leaſt reſolve to forſake the obliquities of pleaſure. I then feel that I am ennobled, I then know that I am immortal, and I conſequently promiſe to purſue a correſponding courſe of exiſtence. He is the great maſter of moral painting. His high-wrought deſigns have all the gigantick fulneſs of Michael Angelo. The ſhortneſs of life, the certainty of death, the folly of pleaſure, the inquietude of riches, the fluctuations of popularity, honour, and renown are impreſſed with ſuch force of ſenſe, ſuch variety of ſituation, ſuch clearneſs of figure, combined with ſuch irreſiſtible energy of ſentiment and myſterious dictatorial authority of ſtyle, that we willingly bow to the lawful authority of the maſter and ſilently become the diſciples of the venerable philoſopher.

One grand excellence of Johnſon's morals conſiſts in their generality. In his *Idler* indeed there are individuals ſketched; and in ſuch a manner, that we regret his apparent contempt of ſuch trifling. But regret is vain. The ſummer houſe of the Pope could not engage the notice of Buonarotti, whoſe mind was intent on the ſwelling vaſtneſs of the dome of St. Peter's, and Johnſon, who knew that his moral ſpeculations would attend the progreſs of Engliſh conqueſts in Hindoſtan, and of Engliſh language in America, thought it undignified to dedicate pages to individuals, when his ſubject was univerſal man. Therefore all ages, characters, and conditions can draw from this undefiled and exhauſtleſs fountain maxims of general conduct and ſentiments of general application. Hence he is every where read with utility, and ſuch is the remarkable nature of his *Rambler*, that with inconſiderable difference, it affords equal pleaſure and enforces equal awfulneſs on the banks of the Thames, the Ganges and the Miſſiſſippi.

I admire Johnſon for his continual propriety. Other writers ſometimes relax from rectitude, but he is always conſiſtent. He ſeems to have abhorred the firſt appearances of vice in every form and on every occaſion. In all ſocial ſympoſia, of which he was the life and the leader, he had an intolerable averſion to nonſenſe; and in his morals he is the uniform and rigid advocate of virtue and religion. He never ſuffered his ſpeculations to be diſcordant from rule. *Semper ſimplex et idem* was his object, and his deſign he never abandoned; for as he feared no one's frown, ſo he courted no one's ſmile, and with independence of ſentiment and ponderouſneſs of expreſſion he has cenſorially chaſtiſed the ſeductive pleaſures of life, the effeminate flattery of beauty, the falſe recommendations of honourable licentiouſneſs, and the

impoſing confidence of patrician criminality. As a Chriſtian knight, who, in the wars of religion againſt the Saracenick profanation of the holy city and the awful ſepulchre, thought himſelf unauthoriſed to hold ſecret converſe or form irreligious covenants with anti-chriſtian ravagers, ſo Johnſon, impreſſed with the obligations of piety and hallowed in the ſanctuaries of the church, diſdained a tranſitory reconciliation with vice; and maintained an unceaſing war againſt the powers and principalities of darkneſs. In the empire of morals he is at once an officer and a prieſt; he is girt with the ſword of the law and enrobed in the garments of religion. With the authority of a magiſtrate he enters the midnight haunt and the ſecret receſs; he puniſhes the perpetrators of crimes, and drives away the votaries of pleaſure. With the condeſcenſion of a miniſter at the altar he ſometimes furniſhes conſolation to the trembling diffidence of timorous piety, and ſometimes accompanies the bleſſed aſpirations of the fervent enthuſiaſt.

Q.

MESSRS. EDITORS,

UNFORTUNATE is it for the cauſe of ſcience and of humanity, that new diſcoveries in phyſiology and medicine, as they naturally tend to ſhake the foundation of received opinions, are exceedingly apt to lead to extremes, as far from truth as thoſe that are quitted. The late philoſophers, who have received the well eſtabliſhed principles of atmoſpherick decompoſition and of the oxygenation of the blood, have overlooked, or degraded from its rank, the *mechanical influence* of reſpiration on the lungs. Hence probably it is, that in a number of papers, which have of late appeared in your work, no juſt eſtimation is made of the mechanical action of air in promoting the circulation of blood through the lungs. One of your writers ſcoffs at the common method of reſuſcitation of thoſe apparently dead by diſtending the lungs with air; and would have us believe, that what is conſtantly done wrong cannot be done at all. The ſame writer attempts to eſtabliſh, that air from the human lungs will extinguiſh life*. Now theſe aſſertions, tho' made with ſingular confidence, are oppoſed to the daily experience of medical practitioners. The air paſſing from the healthy human lungs is not noxious. Air, for the inflation of the lungs of drowned perſons, need not be of the higheſt purity, in common caſes: it is only neceſſary, that it ſhould not be a deleterious gas.

By the experiments of Dr. Menzies and others it ſeems, that the lungs contain, after an ordinary expiration, between 179 and 280 cubick inches of atmoſpherick air; after a complete expiration they contain about 109; and after a full inſpiration about 300, varying however according to the force of reſpiration. The quantity taken in,

* This writer, inſtead of reviving by inflation, would have us *whip* the newborn infant into life. Such a pedagogical accoucheur, his *forceps* in the one hand, his *bunch of rods* in the other, muſt be a terrifick object to the "laborantes utero puellæ."

at a ſingle ordinary inſpiration, is according to Dr. Menzies 43. 77 cubick inches; Mr. Bell and moſt other modern writers ſtate it at about 40 cubick inches.

It appears then, that a great proportion of the inſpired air remains in the lungs after each expiration; and ſome part of it through as many as ſeven or eight reſpirations. If air, once reſpired, would certainly extinguiſh life, that which remains after every ordinary expiration muſt be ſufficient to produce a fatal effect in all caſes. No animal could live a moment with it in the lungs. But men live, and breathe, and act, having this air in their lungs; therefore it is not deleterious.

That this retained air aſſiſts the circulation of blood through the lungs is proved by Mr. Kite's experiments. Though it muſt have undergone the change of expired air, yet he found, that blood circulated more freely in this ſtate of the lungs, than under a forcible expiration; and that animals will live longer with this air, than without any, in the proportion of 130 to 50. The ſame gentleman has proved by experiment, on animals prepared for the purpoſe, that in ſubmerſion the heart continues to beat for a conſiderable time after the blood, which is found in ſmall quantities in the pulmonary veins and left ventricle, becomes black. It is ſhown by this, that although oxygenation of the blood may be neceſſary to maintain the animal functions, it is not eſſential to the excitement of the heart*; and that the heart ceaſes to contract, from the reſiſtance made to the paſſage of blood through the lungs, by their want of expanſion. He has demonſtrated by about two hundred experiments, that from this cauſe is the blood accumulated in the right venous ſinus and right auricle of the heart.

The difference, in the volume of the lungs, between expiration and inſpiration, and the conſiderable changes they muſt undergo in the various degrees of force, with which the function is performed, ſhew, that the pulmonary veſſels muſt conſequently be ſubjected to conſiderable viciſſitudes of elongation and contraction. Even a ſmall degree of expanſion would be ſufficient in ſome meaſure to facilitate the circulation through them, as Haller long ago ſtated†, and as later inquiries have proved. This mechanical dilatation of the veſſels is ſo conducive to reſpiration, that water, injected into the lungs, will enable the blood to paſs through them more freely, than it will do in a ſtate of collapſe. This has been proved by an experiment of Mr. Coleman.

The apparent pulſation of the brain, when the cranium has been removed, is a phenomenon that

* The oxygenation of the blood is not here denied. An experiment is ſomewhere related, in which the jugular vein of an animal, being laid bare and oxygenous gas blown on it, the colour of the contained blood was changed to florid. Haller has calculated, that the coats of the pulmonary veſicles are but the millionth part of an inch in thickneſs. Prieſtley has proved, that gaſſes act through bladders. This he proves not only of oxygenous gas, but of hydrogen and nitrous gaſſes. On the whole it ſhould ſeem, that oxygen gas not only may, but that it muſt, act on blood contained in the thin veſſels of the lungs.

† Vid. Haller, l. viii. ſ. 4.

can ſcarcely be explained on any other principle, than that of mechanical reſiſtance to the circulation through the lungs in the ſtate of expiration. This motion of the brain correſponds not with the action of the heart, but preciſely with that of the lungs. For at the moment of expiration the brain is protruded, becauſe, the blood being reſiſted by the collapſed lungs, the jugular vein and right auricle cannot empty themſelves into the diſtended ventricle, and the brain is enlarged from the arterial blood*. In truth one would ſuppoſe, that the proviſion of the foramen ovale in the fœtus for the purpoſe of enabling the blood to paſs through the heart, when a paſſage through the lungs is denied it for want of reſpiration to expand that organ, would be ſufficient to prove the mechanical influence of reſpiration. It is clearly demonſtrated in the fœtal ſubject, that the volume of the lungs is increaſed by inflation. Before this inflation, they are extremely compact, and will ſink in water; after the air has once diſtended them, no preſſure, nor even the exhauſtion by the air pump, will ſo far diminiſh their bulk as to prevent their ſwimming in water, than which they have become ſpecifically lighter†.

*. Vid. Haller vi. 4. 9.

†. Ibid. viii. 4. 11. 27.

The eſſentials for the reſtoration of the vital functions, in caſes of their ſuſpenſion, are, proper temperature and motion of the heart and lungs. In the infant juſt born the temperature exiſts, but the lungs are in a ſtate of collapſe. Motion then is the firſt thing required, and the moſt direct and effectual manner of exciting it is obviouſly by dilatation of the lungs: this will produce motion in the heart and origin of the great arteries, which we cannot ſo readily do by any other means. For the action of the lungs, by the preſſure this organ makes on the ſides of the pericardium, greatly aſſiſts in the propulſion of the blood through the heart. The alternate expanſion and compreſſion of the lungs imitation of reſpiration, though in an imperfect manner, muſt alſo propel the blood through the pulmonary veſſels toward the left ventricle of the heart, becauſe the valves prevent its return to the right ventricle.

No man therefore can reaſonably deny, 1ſt. That air, commonly expired from the human lungs, is not fatal to animal life. 2d. That air, ſimply by mechanical diſtention of the lungs, greatly aids the paſſage of blood through them; and hence will be uſeful or even neceſſary in ſuſpended animation.

March 4th, 1805.

ORIGINAL LETTERS OF DR. FRANKLIN.

The unlaboured pleaſantry and native and unrivalled grace of the correſpondence of Dr. Franklin, give his ſtyle an individuality, which makes it unneceſſary for us to offer any proofs of the genuineneſs of the following letters. They were written to a relative in this town, who is now living. In the place of his birth there muſt undoubtedly

muſt many more in the hands of individuals, who would confer a very great favour on us by allowing us to give them a leſs periſhable exiſtence than a ſingle ſheet.

LETTER I.

To Mrs. Partridge, Boſton.

Philadelphia, June 8, 1786.

MY DEAR CHILD,

I HAVE juſt received your kind letter of the 14th paſt, which gave me great pleaſure, as it informed me of your welfare. You complain with reaſon of my being a bad correſpondent. I confeſs I have long deſerved that character. If you keep my old letters, as I think you once told me you did, you will find in one of July 17, 1767, the beſt apology I could then make for that fault, and I cannot now make a better. I muſt therefore refer you to it; only requeſting, that you would aſcribe my neglect of writing to any cauſe, rather than to a diminution of that tender, affectionate regard I always had and ſtill retain for you.

I hoped for repoſe when I ſolicited my recal from France; but I have not met with it, being as much engaged in buſineſs as ever. I enjoy however, a good ſhare of health, (the ſtone excepted) as does all this family, who join with me in beſt wiſhes of happineſs to you and yours. I am ever, my dear niece,

Your affectionate uncle,

B. FRANKLIN.

in his 81ſt year.

LETTER II.

Philadelphia, Nov. 25, 1788.

MY DEAR CHILD,

I RECEIVED your kind letter of the 12th inſt. incloſing one for Mr. Philips Vanhorn, phyſician in Philadelphia, which you deſire me to deliver, and to ſolicit the forgiveneſs of his daughter. I immediately made inquiry for him, as to be inſtrumental in ſo charitable a work, and in concurrence with you, would have given me great pleaſure, but I am aſſured by our oldeſt inhabitants, who have had moſt acquaintance and beſt opportunities of knowing their fellow citizens, particularly ſome of our phyſicians, that no phyſician or other perſon of that name has ever been a reſident here; ſo that there muſt have been ſome miſtake in the information that has been given you, if indeed the whole ſtory is not an impoſition.

You kindly inquire after my health. I have not of late much reaſon to boaſt of it. People that will live a long life, and drink to the bottom of the cup, muſt expect to meet with ſome of the dregs. However, when I conſider how many more terrible maladies the human body is liable to, I think myſelf well off that I have only three incurable ones, the gout, the ſtone, and old age; and thoſe notwithſtanding, I enjoy many comfortable intervals, in which I forget all my ills, and amuſe myſelf in reading or writing, or in converſation with friends, joking, laughing, and telling merry ſtories, as when you firſt knew me, a young man about fifty.

My children and grand-children, the Baches, are all well, and pleaſed with your remembrance of them. They are my

family, living in my houſe. And we have lately the addition of a little good-natured girl, whom I begin to love as well as the reſt.

You tell me our poor friend Ben. Kent is gone; I hope to the regions of the bleſſed; or at leaſt to ſome place where ſouls are prepared for thoſe regions! ....I found my hope on this, that though not ſo orthodox as you and I, he was an *honeſt man*, and had his virtues. If he had any hypocriſy, it was of that inverted kind, with which a man is *not ſo bad* as he *ſeems* to be. And *with regard to future bliſs*, I cannot help imagining, that multitudes of the zealouſly orthodox of different ſects, who at the laſt day may flock together, in hopes of ſeeing each other damned, will be diſappointed, and obliged to reſt content with their own ſalvation.

You have no occaſion to apologize for your former letter. It was, as all yours are, very well written. That which is incloſed for your couſin came too late, he being ſailed.

By one of the accidents which war occaſions, all my books containing copies of my letters were loſt. There were eight volumes of them, and I have been able to recover only two. Thoſe are of later date than the tranſaction you mention, and therefore can contain nothing relating to it. ....If the letter you want a copy of, was one in which I aimed at conſoling my brother's friends, by a company drawn from a party of pleaſure intended into the country, where we were all to meet, though the chair of one being ſooneſt ready he ſet out before the reſt; I ſay if this was the letter, I fancy you may poſſibly find it in Boſton, as I remember Dr. Biles once wrote me that many copies had been taken of it. ....I too ſhould have been glad to have ſeen that again among others I had written to him and you: But you inform me they were devoured by the mice. Poor little innocent creatures; I am very ſorry they had no better food. But ſince they like my letters, here is another treat for them.

Adieu, ma chere enfant, and believe me ever

Your affectionate uncle,

B. FRANKLIN.

My reſpects to Mr. Partridge and Sarah your daughter.

ARGENIS:

A ROMANCE, TRANSLATED FROM THE LATIN OF BARCLAY.

Continued from p. 187.

TO this relation Archombrotus liſtened with fixed attention. Already conceiving a warm intereſt for the royal cauſe, he gave vent to his feelings, as ſoon as Poliarchus cloſed, in the bittereſt invectives againſt the partizans of Lycogenes. Afterwards, in the courſe of the converſation, he chanced to inquire the age of the princeſs, "of whom," ſaid he, "fame ſpeaks ſo loudly that even in the diſtant climes of Africa there are few to whom the name, the beauty, and accompliſhments of Argenis are unknown." This interrogation, to his great ſurprize, threw his companion into

the deepeſt confuſion. His countenance changed, his looks were downcaſt, and his voice faultered ſo much, that his anſwer that ſhe was juſt twenty was ſcarcely audible. His ſudden emotion excited the moſt ardent curioſity in Archombrotus to diſcover, whether it aroſe from a fond attachment to Argenis; or whether the current of converſation might not have borne too hardly on feelings, aſſociated with the remembrance of ſomething unſuſpected. To ſatisfy himſelf on this point he gradually led him into a diſcuſſion concerning the pending negociations and the leader of the malcontents, and, when the countenance of Poliarchus had regained its wonted compoſure, fixing his eyes upon him in the moſt ſcrutinizing manner, he queſtioned him of the perſonal charms of the princeſs and of the manner of her life. This inquiry renewed all his embarraſſment, and he could only return a ſlight evaſive anſwer. He was however relieved from his confuſion by the delicacy of Archombrotus, who aſked him, "what individuals then formed the ableſt ſupport of the royal cauſe?" "We are not yet," replied he, "ſo far removed from the foſtering care of heaven, as to want citizens, whoſe talents and virtues honour their rank and entitle to the ſignal favour of our ſovereign. One of the moſt diſtinguiſhed for the wiſdom of his politicks is Cleobulus. Eurimedes and Arſidas are eminent for their military qualifications, and not leſs for their general capacity. Ibburanes and Dunalbius, whoſe merits overbalanced the diſadvantage of their foreign extraction, and raiſed them to the honors of the holy purple*, have, in all the tranſactions with Lycogenes, by their unexampled wiſdom & firmneſs ſupported the dignity of our ſovereign in its proudeſt attitude. We have ſtill others, whoſe undeviating prudence and fidelity have long ſince inſured them the confidence and affection of Meleander. With their diſtinguiſhed merits a ſhort reſidence at court will make you fully converſant."

As the night was now far advanced, they were induced from a politeneſs, that was reciprocal, to forbear a farther intruſion on each other's repoſe, and the converſation, as if by concert, ſoon ceaſed. The mind of each was, in this interval between watching and ſlumber, harraſſed by its own private cares. The imagination of Archombrotus ſtill dwelt on the unquiet ſcenes, that had been pourtrayed by his companion; and the probable nearneſs of peace excited in him chill and comfortleſs reflexions. He now deſpaired of a chance to ſignalize himſelf in the preſence of Meleander. "Negociation, thought he, will ſoon put an end to battles, and arms will be uſeleſs when there are no enemies to contend with." Then recurred to him the myſterious behaviour of Poliarchus. He could hardly re-

* [*The holy purple.*] From the ſtation, which Urban VIII. and Ubaldinus, the real characters here ſignified, once held, and becauſe the purple affords a very impreciſe criterion of ancient ſacerdotal rank, it is moſt likely, that the author, though a little forgetful of his uſual conſiſtency, meant to aſſign to theſe feigned worthies of antiquity the rank, as well as the mantle of modern cardinals.

member without a ſmile, that he could withſtand with firmneſs a hoſt of foes and all the ſhock of adverſe fortune; but trembled at the name of a mere girl. Yet the emotion was natural; for the claims of valour, and a mind, and perſon, all accompliſhed, formed his higheſt title to ſo exalted a connexion, as that with the daughter of his monarch. But ſtill, thought Archombrotus, if Poliarchus lifts his hopes ſo high, difference of rank will never depreſs his ardour; for to lovers no difficulties are inſurmountable, and all objects are noble to to the eye, that beholds them with fondneſs. During theſe moments of ſilence the mind of Poliarchus was equally employed, and almoſt bewildered amid ſchemes, which he had not yet revealed, and which alternately inſpired him with joy and apprehenſion.

At length, when ſleep began to overpower their ſenſes, the ſound of footſteps echoed through the building, and ſeemed to grow every moment louder and more frequent. Several of the domeſticks collected round the entrance of the gueſts' apartment and announced to them the approach of Timoclea. Starting in ſurprize, half wakened from their ſlumbers, our adventurers haſtily threw on their garments, and met her coming. "This night, gentlemen," ſaid ſhe, after making ſome apology for interrupting their repoſe, "this night has, I fear, given birth to ſome terrible diſaſter, which comes more fearful as the darkneſs leaves us in ſuſpence, as to its magnitude. The alarm fires, which are kindled on no ſlight occaſion, and only by the royal order, are at this moment flaming on the ſummit of every mountain in the country."* At theſe words ſhe conducted them to the top of the building, where the roof, declining with a gentle ſlope, formed a delightful terrace walk. The ſky was unclouded, and the moon had not riſen to leſſen the brilliancy of the fires, that now ſhone from every eminence within the circle of viſion. While they were viewing with mute attention theſe objects, the awful ſtillneſs of the night, undiſturbed by a whiſper, was ſuddenly interrupted by the ſound of human voices, that apparently proceeded from the ſurrounding habitations and the village, that was hard by. The gueſts immediately directed that every entrance to the caſtle ſhould be cloſed and vigilantly guarded, leſt ſome horde of banditti ſhould improve the preſent opportunity to attack and plunder it. This Timoclea oppoſed by obſerving, that it would be proper to obtain ſome intelligence of the cauſe of the publick alarm, and that ſhe would for that purpoſe diſpatch one of her domeſticks to the town

* [*The alarm fires.*] In ancient times this, under ſome peculiar modifications, was the moſt uſual method of conveying intelligence. On the towers of the great Chineſe wall the night ſignals of danger are, at this period, always made by fire; and on their canals the approach of a diſtinguiſhed perſonage is ſignified in the ſame manner. With theſe exceptions, we apprehend, all ſtate diſpatches are, where any thing like police regulations prevail, anſwered either by couriers, or, the moſt expeditious of all conveyances, the telegraph; which was, if we miſtake not, firſt made a political inſtrument by *Chappe*, at the commencement of the French revolution.

of Phthiotis, which was not far distant. To this proposal they most cordially assented, and accordingly descended to order a servant to repair thither, and return, as soon as he should collect any satisfactory information.

(To be continued.)

SILVA. No. 4.

Illic purpureis tecta rosariis
Omnis fragrat humus, calthaque pinguis
Et mollis violas et tenues crocos
Fundit fonticulis uda fugacibus.—PRUDENTIUS.

MILFORD'S GREECE.

THE history of Greece by Milford is the best in the English language. No attention is paid to the style, which is careless, uncompressed, harsh, and sometimes obscure. But the political disquisitions are admirable. The superficial reasons of the frequent wars between the petty states of Greece are obliterated, and the true, genuine causes of those controversies are exhibited, explained, confirmed, and completely substantiated. In the text the reader will sometimes discover allusions either plain or indirect to the events of the French revolution. This is a fault of judgment. It destroys the unity of composition and hurts the severe dignity of historical writing. The chapters on literature and philosophy are not so attractive as the correspondent parts in Gillies, yet in every other respect, except style, (and even in this Milford is only less than the least) he maintains an unquestionable superiority over every competitor.

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MADEMOISELLE GEORGES.

How lovely, bewitching, and voluptuous is Mademoiselle Georges! She is the pride of the French theatre in tragedy. She is not yet thirty years old, and has all the charms of eighteen. Never did I behold a more perfect form, and what an air of dignity in her march, what power of passion in her look! Certainly Praxiteles would by her have modelled a Psyche, and the inhabitants of Cnidus would have adored her as the beauteous Queen of love, that rose from the froth of the sea. The Parisians do her reverence. She is their idol; their continual song, their daily subject of rapture and exclamation, *Qu'elle est belle, l'Enchantereſſe, Oh, mon Dieu, mademoiſelle Georges n'eſt pas une mortelle, elle eſt un ange.* The Parisians are right.

—

DR. KIPLING.

GOOD scholars sometimes blunder egregiously in writing Latin. Every one knows, that in the University of Cambridge is the celebrated Greek manuscript of the New Testament, called, Codex Theodori Bezæ Cantabrigiensis. Dr. Kipling was appointed to make a fac simile of this precious rarity; and in his preface, giving an account of his work, I am told he says most inaccurately "*in his paginibus;*" and "*ut omitto.*" Porson ridiculed the Doctor in some Latin verses for his shameful blunders; but the Doctor laughed at the Professor, for he was soon rewarded with the fat

deanery of Peterborough, and then, as if after a good dinner, he lazily proved the articles of the Church of England not to be Calviniſtick. Certainly this is extraordinary; here is bad Latin before, and ſtrange theology after promotion to a plump, round, ſavoury deanery. Well might Oxenſtiern ſay to his ſon, "*Neſcis, mi fili, quam parva cum ſapientiâ regitur mundus*"; you know not, my ſon, with how little wiſdom the world is governed.

—

MODES OF STUDY.

THE preſent method of becoming learned is remarkably pleaſant. Old Lord Coke was ſuch a dull, heavy-moulded fellow, that he could not become a lawyer, but after the plodding of twenty years, *viginti annorum lucubrationes*. My friends take a much better way; they lounge in Cornhill or at the bookſtore till 1 o'clock, having previouſly read the newſpaper; in the afternoon they ſolemnly ponder a law caſe, while they indolently puff a ſegar; they ſtudy remainders in the Edinburgh review, and find the doctrine of inſurance in Pliny's panegyrick. This is very delightful. There was a time, *melioribus olim auſpiciis*, when Grotius, Clarke, Cudworth, and the others with whom Warburton was intimately acquainted, were in every clergyman's library, and daily examined, collated, confirmed or confuted; but now my friends read Pope to learn polemicks, and imitate the continual labours and unconquerable religious ardour of St. Paul by drinking not "a little wine for the ſtomach's ſake." This is charmingly pleaſant. Some of them write pamphlets and ſay religion is in ruins; others of them read and ſay, there is no danger at all. This eaſy, good-natured way of becoming divines and dignitaries, they told me they had learnt from Butler, Watſon, Sutton, and Horſeley; and was the ſame that was practiſed by Chauncey, Mayhew, and Edwards, and to prove that it was an excellent plan they whiſpered in confidence that there was in the preſs a treatiſe "de veritate," &c. equal to that by Grotius, and that a tranſlation of Iſaiah was nearly ready by an American Lowth.

—

JOHNSON AND BURKE.

A faſhionable lady obſerved profoundly to a conceited fop, "that the Rambler was a *pretty* book;" "yes, madam," ſaid the fool, "and I think Burke a very *pleaſant* writer." Such are the remarks beſtowed on the two greateſt heroes of modern literature by a ſilly woman and a beau. It grieves me to the ſoul when mighty minds are thus eulogiſed. Can a fly underſtand the awful grandeur and harmonious proportions of St. Paul's? Can the immenſe expanſe of the heavens be comprehended by the inſect, that crawls in the graſs? Shall Johnſon be praiſed by one of the *quotidianarum harum formarum?* Shall Burke be called "pleaſant" by a fop, a fool, a thing begotten by ſtupidity on vanity? Is Burke to be thus honoured, whoſe eloquence arreſted iron-handed oppreſſion in the Eaſt Indies; who protected the infancy of American independence; who ſaw and foretold the coming ſtorm and wide-waſting deſolation of French

ruin and democracy; whoſe eloquence was like Palmyra in the day of her beauty in the deſart, becauſe it was unequalled in the variety of its forms; it was original in the plan and contexture of the parts; it was alone in its kind, for the ſenate was aſtoniſhed at its novelty and the criticks could apply to it no principles of analyſis; thus ſtood the city in the ſands, towering to the clouds, ſtretching far to the horizon, ſolitary and ſublime. Burke's compoſitions are like his eloquence, for he ſpoke, as he thought, and ſo he wrote. He had no model. He created his own ſtandard. I cannot praiſe him, I can only feel, that he is beyond all praiſe.

—

CHILDREN.

I AM a great advocate for whipping children. Some perſons talk of reaſoning with ſuch beings; it is impoſſible; they cannot be governed by appealing to their good ſenſe, their dutifulneſs, their love of parents, and reſpect for inſtructers. How paſſionate, irrational a creature is man at full age, in the height of his faculties, in the bloom of his excellence! Do you think children more reaſonable, becauſe they are younger? If they played truant, would a lecture on the importance of education be ſo good to their minds, as the rod to their backs? Parents may rely on it, that they are too indulgent, if they never whip, and ſeldom ſcold. The mother has generally the care of the young, and very often contrives to hide from the father the faults of the child; and ſometimes even he hides from himſelf the wicked tricks of the boy or the girl. The child deceives both, and the inſtructer deceives all. Butler ſays,

> Doubtleſs the pleaſure is as great
> Of being cheated, as to cheat;

and when I ſurvey the education, commonly practiſed, I am apt to think Butler was very right, for never did I read or remark ſuch a general ſyſtem of cheats, cheaters, and cheated.

—

BEAUTY, AND VENUS DE MEDICIS.

MORALISTS have ſufficiently declaimed againſt beauty. I love to look at a woman, whoſe face is all harmony, and her eye, all intelligence. Where is the evil? My perceptions are thoſe of innocent pleaſure. I am formed to take delight in the delicate glow of the roſe, in the thick, green foliage of the myrtle, in the pleaſant duſkineſs of twilight, and in the ſong of the morning bird. Shall I look cold on the animated beauty of a woman? I am not to be blamed if I expreſs my ardent admiration of exquiſite proportion, of a ſkin, delicate in its fibres, ſoft in the touch, and coloured, beyond all power of painting. If the Venus de Medicis in the Louvre attracts all eyes and entrances all hearts, what a being ſhould I be to look unmoved on one, ſuperiour to the Venus, becauſe animation gives a charm, which the ſculptor could not impart, and intelligence is not to be found in the ſtatue. Yet, except the female to whom I refer, this work of the chiſel approaches neareſt to perfection. The modeſty of the attitude, the wonderful harmony of the curves, ſo gentle, and eaſy, and various,

Nor can thy ſoul a fairer manſion find,
Than was the beauteous frame ſhe
left behind:
Return to fill or mend the choir of thy
celeſtial kind.

III.

May we preſume to ſay, that, at thy
birth,
New joy was ſprung in Heav'n, as well
as here on earth.
For ſure the milder planets did combine
On thy auſpicious horoſcope to ſhine,
And e'en the moſt malicious were
in trine.
Thy brother-angels at thy birth
Strung each his lyre, and tun'd it
high,
That all the people of the ſky
Might know a poeteſs was born on
earth.
And then, if ever, mortal ears
Had heard the muſick of the ſpheres.
And if no cluſt'ring ſwarm of bees
On thy ſweet mouth diſtill'd their gol-
den dew,
'Twas that ſuch vulgar miracles
Heav'n had not leiſure to renew:
For all thy bleſt fraternity of love
Solemniz'd there thy birth, and kept thy
holy-day above.

IV.

O Gracious God! how far have we
Prophan'd thy heav'nly gift of poeſy?
Made proſtitute and profligate the muſe,
Debas'd to each obſcene and impious uſe,
Whoſe harmony was firſt ordain'd above
For tongues of Angels, and for hymns
of love?
O wretched we! why were we hurry'd
down
This lubrique and adult'rate age,
(Nay added fat pollutions of our own)
T' increaſe the ſtreaming ordures of the
ſtage?
What can we ſay t'excuſe our ſecond fall:
Let this thy veſtal, Heav'n, atone for all:
Her Arethuſian ſtream remains unſoil'd,
Unmix'd with foreign filth, and undefil'd;
* Her wit was more than man, her inno-
cence a child.

V.

Art ſhe had none, yet wanted none;
For Nature did that want ſupply:
So rich in treaſures of her own,
She might our boaſted ſtores defy:
Such noble vigour did her verſe adorn,
That it ſeem'd borrow'd, where 'twas
only born.
Her morals too were in her boſom bred,
By great examples daily fed,
What in the beſt of books, her father's
life, ſhe read.
And to be read herſelf ſhe need not fear;
Each teſt, and ev'ry light, her muſe will
bear,
Though Epictetus with his lamp were
there.
E'en love (for love ſometimes her muſe
expreſt)
Was but a lambent flame which play'd
about her breaſt:
Light as the vapours of a morning dream,
So cold herſelf, whilſt ſhe ſuch warmth
expreſt,
'Twas Cupid bathing in Diana's ſtream.

VI.

Born to the ſpacious empire of the Nine,
One wou'd have thought, ſhe ſhou'd
have been content
To manage well that mighty govern-
ment;
But what can young ambitious ſouls
confine?
To the next realm ſhe ſtretch'd her
ſway,
For painture near adjoining lay,
A plenteous province, and alluring prey.
A chamber of dependencies was fram'd,
(As conquerors will never want pre-
tence,
When arm'd, to juſtify th' offence)
And the whole fief, in right of poetry,
ſhe claim'd.
The country open lay without defence:
For poets frequent inroads there had
made,
And perfectly cou'd repreſent
The ſhape, the face, with ev'ry linea-
ment;
And all the large domains which the
dumb ſiſter ſway'd.
All bow'd beneath her government,
Receiv'd in triumph wherefoe'er ſhe
went,
Her pencil drew, whate'er her ſoul de-
ſign'd,
And oft the happy draught ſurpaſs'd the
image in her mind.
The Sylvan ſcenes of herds and flocks,
And fruitful plains and barren rocks,

* *The original of Pope's line in his epitaph on Gay,*
"*In wit a man, ſimplicity a child.*" E.

Of ſhallow brooks that flow'd ſo clear,
The bottom did the top appear;
Of deeper too and ampler floods,
Which, as in mirrours, ſhew'd the woods;
Of lofty trees, with ſacred ſhades
And perſpectives of pleaſant glades,
Where nymphs of brighteſt form appear,
And ſhaggy ſatyrs ſtanding near,
Which them at once admire and fear.
The ruins too of ſome majeſtick piece,
Boaſting the pow'r of ancient Rome or Greece,
Whoſe ſtatues, friezes, columns broken lye,
And, though defac'd, the wonder of the eye;
What Nature, Art, bold Fiction e'er durſt frame,
Her forming hand gave feature to the name.
So ſtrange a concourſe ne'er was ſeen before,
But when the peopl'd ark the whole creation bore.

VII.

The ſcene then chang'd, with bold erected look
Our martial king the ſight with rev'rence ſtrook:
For not content t' expreſs his outward part,
Her hand call'd out the image of his heart:
His warlike mind, his ſoul devoid of fear,
His high-deſigning thoughts were figur'd there,
As when, by magick, ghoſts are made appear.
Our Phœnix Queen was pourtray'd too ſo bright,
Beauty alone cou'd beauty take ſo right:
Her dreſs, her ſhape, her matchleſs grace,
Were all obſerv'd, as well as heav'nly face.
With ſuch a peerleſs majeſty ſhe ſtands,
As in that day ſhe took the crown from ſacred hands:
Before a train of heroines was ſeen,
In beauty foremoſt, as in rank, the Queen.
Thus nothing to her genius was deny'd,
But like a ball of fire the further thrown,
Still with a greater blaze ſhe ſhone,
And her bright ſoul broke out on ev'ry ſide.
What next ſhe had deſign'd, Heaven only knows:
To ſuch immod'rate growth her conqueſt roſe,
That fate alone its progreſs cou'd oppoſe.

VIII.

Now all thoſe charms, that blooming grace,
The well-proportion'd ſhape, and beauteous face,
Shall never more be ſeen by mortal eyes;
In earth the much-lamented virgin lyes.
Not wit, nor piety, cou'd fate prevent;
Nor was the cruel *deſtiny* content
To finiſh all the murder at a blow,
To ſweep at once her life, and beauty too;
But, like a barden'd felon, took a pride
To work more miſchievouſly ſlow,
And plunder'd firſt, and then deſtroy'd.
O double ſacrilege on things divine
To rob the relick, and deface the ſhrine!
But thus Orinda dy'd:
Heaven, by the ſame diſeaſe, did both tranſlate;
As equal were their ſouls, ſo equal was their fate.

IX.

Mean-time her warlike brother on the ſeas
His waving ſtreamers to the winds diſplays,
And vows for his return, with vain devotion, pays.
Ah generous youth, that wiſh forbear,
The winds too ſoon will waft thee here!
Slack all thy ſails, and fear to come,
Alas, thou know'ſt not, thou art wreck'd at home!
No more ſhalt thou behold thy ſiſter's face,
Thou haſt already had her laſt embrace.
But look aloft, and if thou ken'ſt from far
Among the Pleiads a new-kindled ſtar,
If any ſparkles, than the reſt more bright;
'Tis ſhe that ſhines in that propitious light.
When in mid-air the golden trump ſhall ſound,
To raiſe the nations under ground;
When, in the valley of Jehoſhaphat,
The Judging God ſhall cloſe the book of fate;

And there the laſt *aſſizes* keep,
For thoſe who wake, and thoſe who ſleep:
When rattling bones together fly
From the four corners of the ſky;
When ſinews o'er the ſkeletons are ſpread,
Thoſe cloth'd with fleſh, and life inſpires the dead;
The ſacred poets firſt ſhall hear the ſound,
And foremoſt from the tomb ſhall bound,
For they are cover'd with the lighteſt ground;
And ſtraight, with in-born vigour, on the wing,
Like mounting larks, to the new morning ſing.
There thou, Sweet Saint, before the choir ſhall go,
As harbinger of Heav'n, the way to ſhow,
The way, which thou ſo well haſt learnt below.

HYMN.

Written during the late violent Thunder-Storm.—11th May, 1805.

1.

GREAT GOD, thy wond'rous pow'r and might
The heaven and earth ſurround;
Thou didſt but ſpeak and all was light,
Above, below, around.

2.

Thy word decreed the glorious ſun
To cheer each op'ning day;
Bade him his daily courſe to run,
And life and light convey.

3.

The ſilver orb of night proclaims
Thy majeſty and ſkill;
The ſtars attend their various names,
Obedient to thy will.

4.

Tempeſts and ſtorms at thy command,
Urg'd by the northern blaſt,
Sweep o'er the richeſt, nobleſt land,
And leave a dreary waſte.

5.

Pale lightnings dart along the ſkies,
And deep-ton'd thunders roll;
Black clouds, and angry winds ariſe,
And range from pole to pole.

6.

The rattling thunder's dreadful roar
Speaks loud thy pow'r abroad;
And tells in peals from ſhore to ſhore
The majeſty of GOD.

7.

But though thy greatneſs and thy pow'r
In dazzling ſplendour ſhine,
Not leſs thy wiſdom ev'ry hour
Diſplays a hand divine.

8.

Still thy vaſt mercy is the theme,
Which draws our hearts above;
Beyond thy pow'r and wiſdom ſeem
Thy goodneſs and thy love.

We ſhould be grateful, if ſome correſpondent of taſte and leiſure would tranſlate the following very beautiful lines, from the Lufus Poetici of Dr. Jortin.

QUALIS per nemorum nigra ſilentia,
Valleſque irriguas, et virides domos
Serpit fons placidus murmure languido,
Secretum peragens iter;

Flexas per patrios circumagens aquas
Paulum ludit agros, et ſinuat fugam,
Donec præcipiti jam pede defluus
Miſcetur gremio maris:

Talis per tacitam devia ſemitam
Ætas diffugiat, non opibus gravis,
Non experta fori gurgia turbidi, aut
Palmæ ſanguineum decus:

Cumque inſtant tenebræ et lus brevis occidit,
Et ludo fatura et feſſa laboribus
Somni frater iners membra jacentia
Componat gelida manu.

THE BOSTON REVIEW,

For JUNE, 1805.

Librum tuum legi & quam diligentiſſime potui annotavi, quæ commutanda, quæ eximenda arbitrarer. Nam ego dicere verum aſſuevi. Neque ulli patientius reprehenduntur, quam qui maxime laudari merentur.—PLINY.

ARTICLE 39.

Collections of the Maſſachuſetts Hiſtorical Society for the year 1794. *Vol.* 3*d.* Boſton. Joſeph Belknap. 1794. *pp.* 304.

THE two former volumes of this work were reviewed in our Nos. for October and November, 1804. The third preſents to the common reader the ſame want of intereſt, and to the antiquarian the ſame fund of detail and curious matter. This is the general character; but ſome of the papers are valuable to all claſſes, and moſt of them to the geographer and hiſtorian. As the communications profeſs principally to relate facts, it would require a greater range of reſearch and correſpondence, than we poſſeſs, to contradict them; and as they are written by all perſons, who have knowledge, but perhaps not taſte, we ſhall not make many obſervations on the ſtyle; but as the contributors are frequently clergymen liberally educated, we may be allowed to hope, that while they imitate the virtues of the diſciples, they will not aſſume the phraſeology of fiſhermen, and they may recollect, that the pupil of Gamaliel was not inferiour in zeal and ſucceſs to thoſe who daily toiled with their nets in the lakes of Galillee.

Deſcription of Middleborough. A good topography; with a ſhort account of a land turtle, 44 years old.

Bill of mortality in Hartford, with remarks geographical and hiſtorical.

Topographical deſcription of York, by the Hon. David Sewall. Intereſting and valuable. Such is the healthfulneſs of the climate, that one perſon out of ſeven lives beyond the age of ſeventy. To this is added an appendix on "Agamenticus," by Dr. Belknap.

Topographical deſcription of the town of Barnſtable, by Rev. Mr. Mellen. Full of detail and ſome excellent advice on agriculture. He ſays, that nervous complaints are frequent, but it is problematical, whether they ariſe from the ſea air or from the great uſe of tea. We know not why he ſhould inſinuate any thing againſt the Chineſe herb. If the Barnſtable ladies drink black Bohea, we cannot help it; but the high flavour, and frequent potations of Hyſon or Gunpowder tea, were never ſo injurious, as the rheumatick blaſts of the poiſonous ſea wind.

Deſcription of Holliſton.

Extract from a manuſcript journal of a gentleman, belonging to the army, while under the command of major-general St. Clair.

This is chiefly geographical, and contains ſome intereſting remarks on the Indians of the Ohio and Canada.

Governour Bradford's letter book. This title comprehends various letters from and to the firſt ſettlers of Maſſachuſetts, their friends in England and Holland, and other perſons, on the ſubject of the colonies in matters political, eccleſiaſtical, ſpeculative, and neceſſary. They contain much authentick information, ſometimes dry like Hebrew roots, and ſometimes, like Gov. Bradford's roſe, ſweet and fragrant.

A deſcriptive and hiſtorical account of New England, in verſe, from a MS. of William Bradford, governour of Plymouth Colony. Curious poetry, but worth reading. The following verſes may differently intereſt the ignorant grazier and the political œconomiſt.

A cow then was at twenty pounds and five,
Thoſe who had increaſe could not chooſe but thrive;
And a cow calf, ten or twelve pounds would give,
As ſoon as weaned, if that it did live.
A lamb, or kid was forty ſhillings price,
Men were earneſt for them, leſt they ſhould riſe.
And a milch goat, was at three or four pound;
All cattle at ſuch prices went off round.
In money and good cloth, they would you pay,
Or what good thing elſe that you would ſay,
And both ſwine and corn was in good requeſt,
To the firſt comers this was a harveſt.

A topographical deſcription of the county of Prince George in Virginia, 1793, by Rev. J. J. Spooner. This paper is uſeful, full of information, and in a ſtyle, rather above the common. We inſert two curious extracts.

Two complete ſkeletons of whales, or ſome very large fiſh, I have ſeen in this neighbourhood; the one in the bank of the river, at Coggin's Point; the other ſome workmen met with, two years ago, in digging into a gravelly knoll at the ſide of a water courſe for the foundation of a mill. Poplar and walnut trees of a large growth, perfect in their ſhape and form, have been found at the depth of thirty-five feet in the earth. Theſe appearances, in a leſs or greater degree, extend over the whole champaign country, from the falls of the rivers, to the ſea, and (if my information is juſt) through the whole flat country of the ſouthern States to St. Auguſtine, in Eaſt Florida. Above the falls of the rivers the ground riſes and is more hilly, and the bowels of the earth are totally different in their foundation.

I cannot forbear to mention a ſingular occurrence, that happened at an old mill, which ſtood near where the above now ſtands. About three years ſince the miller, finding there was ſome impediment that prevented the mill going as faſt as uſual, went to the wheel to ſee what affected it; when behold a ſerpent of an enormous ſize had got entwined in the wheel, ſo that he could not extricate himſelf. He quickly ſtopt it, and with the aſſiſtance of ſome others, killed it; after which they meaſured its length with a fence-rail, which are uſually here about eleven feet in length, when it appeared to be the full length of the rail, after its head had been partly cut off; no one had the curioſity to meaſure its bulk. This fact is well atteſted both by whites and blacks. It was deſtroyed and thrown into the creek before I heard of it.

Remarks on Mr. Webſter's calculations.

Mr. Webſter's reply.

Miſcellaneous remarks and obſervations on Nova Scotia, New Brunſwick, and Cape Breton. Geography in detail.

Deſcription of the Atherine.

Letter from Rev. Andrew Eliot to Rev. John Eliot, on the burning of Fairfield in July, 1779. Useful to the hiſtorian. In war rapine and conflagration muſt always be expected. The Engliſh were generous enemies, during the revolution, and have ſince been honourable friends.

Governour Shirley's letter reſpecting Fort Dummer.

Two original letters from Dr. Franklin to the Hon. Thomas Cuſhing, ſpeaker of the houſe of repreſentatives. The firſt letter contains a long and intereſting account of Franklin's agency in London at the period of the diſcuſſion of colonial affairs before the Privy Council, when he was ſeverely lacerated by the late Lord Loughborough, then Solicitor Wedderburne. Franklin's ſtory is very pleaſant. His reputation is too high, for he was a ſorry politician, and his philoſophy is more praiſed, than known. His fame will reſt on his ſtyle.

Topographical deſcription of Wellfleet in the county of Barnſtable.

Letter from Dr. Increaſe Mather to Governour Dudley. This is ſufficiently impudent and inſulting to the Governour.

Letter from Dr. C. Mather to Governour Dudley. The Mathers were an illuſtrious race. They were learned and pious, yet they have roundly abuſed Gov. Dudley, accuſing him of weak conduct and ſhameful crimes in his official ſtation.

An original letter from Governour Dudley to Dr. Increaſe and Dr. Cotton Mather. Here the Governour defends himſelf and ſeems very angry at the charges of his correſpondents. Non nobis eſt, &c.

Extract from Dr. Cotton Mather's private diary. In this extract Dudley is called "a wretch." This whole affair between the Mathers and the Governour would be intereſting, if properly and impartially related.

A topographical deſcription of Wells.

A topographical deſcription of Topſham in the county of Lincoln, by Rev. John Ellis.

A topographical deſcription of Machias, by John Cooper, Eſq.

An additional account of Middleborough, by Rev. Iſaac Backus. The following remark is juſt and valuable.

> Our fathers began the plantation of New England, in the pooreſt part of it. The land between Plymouth and Wareham, and between Sandwich and Falmouth, is ſo barren, that a number of deer run wild in the woods there, to this day. And there are very few men in any part of the old colony of Plymouth who are very rich, but the people are more upon a level than in moſt parts of our country. And as it was firſt planted by a religious, prudent, and induſtrious people, their poſterity retain ſo much of thoſe excellent qualities, that capital crimes are leſs known here, than in many other places. There has not been any perſon hanged in Plymouth county for above theſe ſixty years paſt. Neither were the courts interrupted in this county, in 1786, as they were in many other parts of the land. The goodneſs of God, and not the goodneſs of man, ought to have all the glory.

A topographical deſcription of Nantucket.

Account of the firſt ſettlement of Nantucket, &c. by Zaccheus Macy. Good old Zaccheus tells his ſtory very well, though he is nearly octogenary. The Indians,

the whales, and Peter Folger have a plain, pleaſant hiſtorian.

Births, marriages, and deaths in the iſland of Nantucket.

Progreſs of the whale fiſhery at Nantucket.

Letters from Granville Sharp on the ſubject of American biſhops. Theſe will be uſeful for an Epiſcopal Church hiſtory, but were we permitted by an illuſtrious living character, an intereſting memoir might be preſented to the publick on American Epiſcopacy.

A topographical deſcription of the town of Raynham in the county of Briſtol, by the Rev. Perez Forbes. This is a good communication, but very eccentrick. It ſeems that the Raynhamites are a mighty good ſort of folks, for Dr. Forbes ſays, "the people here can appeal to the living and to the dead when they ſay, that not among their number was ever yet found, either a tory, a paper money man, or inſurgent." We are happy to find, that pine and cedar ſwamps make excellent iron ore; the information is certainly new, but the Dr. gravely aſſures us, that "the time may come when it will be eaſy and as common to raiſe a bed of bog ore, as a bed of carrots." Hereafter it will be ſaid, "novus ſeclorum naſcitur ordo," in Europe Darwin propoſed to change the winds, and in America Forbes thought that he could produce iron ore in all the wild luxuriance of carrot beds.

Genealogical deſcription of the family of Leonard.

Letter from Rev. Iſaac Backus on iron ore.

Literary advertiſement on the ſubject of a hiſtory of the ancient colony of Plymouth in New England, by Perez Forbes. We believe that this hiſtory was never publiſhed.

Various letters from Rev. John Eliot of Roxbury to Hon. Robert Boyſe. Theſe principally relate to the propagation of Chriſtian knowledge among the Indians, about 1677 and 1688.

Biographical and topographical anecdotes reſpecting Sandwich and Marſhpee.

A liſt of the Governours and Commanders in Chief of Maſſachuſetts and Plymouth.

Topographical deſcription of Truro in the county of Barnſtable. If this account be true, there is a worſe place of habitation in the world, than the black rock of the tempeſtuous Euxine, to which Diogenes was baniſhed. Almoſt every thing in Truro exhibits deſolation and diſmay. The ſoil is nothing but ſand, and that ſand is driven about by the wind. The inhabitants raiſe a ſcanty ſubſiſtence from the marſhes for their cattle, and they themſelves depend on the productions of the ſea; yet it ſeems that they muſt ſometimes have plenty of good things for dinner, for the ſhores abound with brant, plover, and widgeon. A curious fact is related. "The water in the wells, which is very little above the level of the ocean, is in general ſoft and excellent. Wells dug near the ſhore are dry at low water, or rather at what is called young flood, but are repleniſhed by the flowing of the tide." This depends on the ſame principle of percolation, as is ad-

vanced by Lord Bacon with regard to Cæsar's wells in Egypt.

Key into the language of the Indians of New England, with observations on their customs, manners, &c. &c. This was first printed in London in 1643. It is now very properly republished. It is a very amusing, important, and excellent communication. We wish that we had room for more than one extract.

It may be wondered, why, since New England is about twelve degrees nearer to the sun, yet some part of winter it is there ordinarily more cold, than here in England. The reason is plain. All islands are warmer than main lands and continents. England being an island, England's winds are sea winds, which are commonly more thick and vapoury, and warmer winds. The north west wind, which occasioneth New England cold, comes over the cold frozen land, and over many millions of loads of snow. And yet the pure wholesomeness of the air is wonderful; and the warmth of the sun such in the sharpest weather, that I have often seen the natives' children run about stark naked in the coldest days, and the Indian men and women lie by a fire in the woods in the coldest nights; and I have been often out myself on such nights, without fire, mercifully and wonderfully preserved.

Plantation on Sebago Pond.

A topographical and historical description of Boston. An accurate paper, plentiful in minute truth and valuable detail.

We have thus cursorily mentioned all the articles in this volume. Our limits would not permit long investigations or copious extracts. We trust that the Historical Society will have no cause to lament the want of publick patronage. The members should be proud of their institution, which is an honour to the country, and its founders deserve and will receive perpetual renown.

ART. 40.

Letters from London: written during the years 1802 *and* 1803. *By William Austin.* Boston, printed for W. Pelham. 8*vo.* *pp.* 312.

AMIDST the multiplicity of travels, if there be few, which have just claim to excellence, it must be attributed to some incapacity in the writer. Of those who visit foreign countries, and describe the peculiarities which distinguish them, it is rare to find one, who has prepared for the undertaking by previous reading and enlarged conversation. Hence the traveller is warped in his judgment by preconceived opinions, and viewing men and things through the hazy medium of prejudice, sees no object in its just light, but frequently draws absurd inferences, and conclusions widely distant from truth.

The writer of these letters is not free from this censure, and, though by no means void of talents, in the present instance, has undertaken a task, to which he is unequal. Mr. Austin, who is rather ostentatious in the display of his classick knowledge, should have recollected the advice of Horace.

Sumite materiam vestris, qui scribitis, æquam
Viribus; et versate diu, quid ferre recusent
Quid valeant humeri.

An accurate knowledge of the British nation is not to be acquired by a visit to Rag-fair, nor in the apartments of a prostitute,

nor yet by the converſation of ſuch men as Holcroft, Godwin, and Peter Pindar. The Engliſh may ſay in the words of the letter-writer...." It is our misfortune to have been viſited by thoſe, who, far from being philoſophers, eſtimate England agreeably to the views of Americans." *P.* 7.

But notwithſtanding the general ſpirit of prejudice, which pervades theſe letters, ariſing from the fervour of his republicaniſm, our author is ſometimes happy in his remarks. We conſider the following character of the Engliſh diſtinguiſhed by truth and juſtice.

Part of their character might induce you to imagine them a feeble, inefficient, ſecondary race of men. But you would be greatly miſtaken. The Engliſh are never greater, than on thoſe occaſions when moſt men would deſpair. They are reſtleſs under uncertainty, fearful from contingency, undone from anticipation. But mark out the time when, with its duration, and the place where; let the ſum total of what they are required to endure be preciſely calculated; connect theſe circumſtances with the honour of Old England, and they are equal to all occaſions. They ſubmit to phantoms of their own creation, but can bear real misfortune with complacency. *P.* 84.

The remarks of Mr. Auſtin in the 14th Letter on ſervants and maſters prove that he is not well acquainted at leaſt with one of the relative duties, and when he talks of the *majeſtick carriage of American ſervants*, we who are well acquainted with their ignorance, impudence, and incapacity, can ſcarcely think him ſerious.

We quote the following paſſage as a ſpecimen of that abſurd vanity, by which we are ſorry to obſerve, ſome of our countrymen are little leſs diſtinguiſhed than the French themſelves, with very inferiour pretenſions.

But they were not a little ſurpriſed, when I told them, excepting London, there were no cities in England which could vie with New York, Philadelphia, or even Boſton. A regret was expreſſed that we were no longer the ſame people. I laughingly told them, *that* was their own fault, for the United States would, doubtleſs, *accept them as a colony*. *P.* 255.

The volume cloſes with the characters of the moſt eminent lawyers and diſtinguiſhed ſtateſmen, in the delineation of which Mr. Auſtin has not unhappily laboured. He diſplays no inconſiderable eloquence, and were he to lay aſide his prejudices in favour of the wrong-headed diſciples of the new ſchool, he certainly poſſeſſes ſufficient talents to form a reſpectable writer. But we cannot entirely coincide with Mr. Auſtin, reſpecting England, its conſtitution, and its manners; and having enjoyed, by the reſidence of many years in that country, opportunities, not inferiour perhaps to thoſe of Mr. Auſtin, of acquiring accurate knowledge of that intereſting iſland, though we cannot boaſt the felicity of having viſited Ragfair, or of dining with the illuſtrious trio, Godwin, Holcroft, and Wolcott, we feel more inclined to ſubſcribe to the panegyrick of Thomſon.

' Iſland of bliſs! amid the ſubject ſea
' That thunders round thy rocky coaſt, ſet up,
' At once the wonder, terrour, and delight
' Of diſtant nations, whoſe remoteſt ſhore
' Can ſoon be ſhaken by thy naval arm,

'Not to be ſhook thyſelf; but all aſſaults
'Baffling, as thy hoar cliffs, the loud ſea wave.' *Seaſons.*

The ſtyle of Mr. Auſtin is not entirely free from impurities, and his prejudices againſt England have induced him to commit ſome outrages on her language. He employs the verb *conduct* in an active ſenſe. He talks of *beſitating an enterprize*, uſes the word *lengthy*, which is not Engliſh, and *tarry*, which is obſolete. His ſentiments however are vaſtly more reprehenſible, than his language, and we can more readily pardon a few blemiſhes of ſtyle, than his admiration of Godwin, and panegyrick on Horne Tooke. We ſubjoin the character of Windham, as a ſpecimen of Mr. Auſtin's beſt manner, It is certainly written with conſiderable ability, premiſing, however, that the author has entirely miſtaken ſome of its features. The noble nature and chivalrous ſpirit of Windham are wholly inconſiſtent with the *cold heart* aſcribed to him.

His graceful perſon, his ſerious air, his bald head, joined to his deliberate, diſtinct utterance, give him, at once, a ſenatorial dignity, independent of his various intellectual forces.

I have ſeen Mr. Windham out of place only; I have ſeen him only in purſuit of Mr. Addington. How he would appear on the treaſury bench, I can only imagine. But in his preſent ſeat, he diſcovers nothing but his talons; and with all the unfeeling inſtinct of the bird of prey, he fixes on the neck of the miniſter, who, unlike Pitt, all over Achilles, is all over vulnerable, and daily bleeds afreſh.

Nothing great, nothing manly, nothing conciliatory mark the courſe of Windham; whether he riſes in meditated, or inſtantaneous, aſſault, he diſcovers at once the object of his deſtruction. No diſguiſe, the man cannot hide his features, it is forever the ſame inveterate ſpirit. *Idem habitus oris, eadem contumacia in vultu, idem in oratione ſpiritus eſt.* Paſſing by the plauſible Hawkeſbury, the laborious York, and the elegant Caſtlereagh, auxiliaries of the miniſter, he never ſuffers one of his arrows to glance the heart of Addington. He is terrible to his enemy as thoſe enormous ſerpents, who carry with them three fold terror; whoſe fangs are not leſs fatal than the ſqueeze of their bodies, nor theſe leſs fatal, than the laſh of their tails. His inſtant downright attack precludes all eſcape, while his cloſe logick, lengthened out in the winding ſubtlety of metaphyſical reaſoning leaves his enemy bound hand and foot. Yet, not ſatisfied with this, and himſelf not half exhauſted, he collects all his ſarcaſtick powers, and commences a new onſet, the moſt ferocious of the muſes waiting his pleaſure and opening all their ſtores of ridicule, jeſt, and ſatire.

No wonder the chancellor is chafed, no wonder he frets in his ſeat; his miniſterial dignity ſuffers under the daily ridicule, while his ſelf love is touched home, under the ever new contempt of Windham: for no man ever poſſeſſed a more inſidious, vilifying talent at reproach, which can neither be warded off, nor retorted. It is not a ſingle taunt, and then a reſpite; it is not a paſſing ſneer which is preſently forgotton, but the ceaſeleſs corroſion of the fabled vulture.

Yet Windham, though he poſſeſſes a fine imagination, a ſtrong current of argument, and a various and extenſive reach of mind, adorned with the beſt portions of claſſick literature; add to theſe a fluency ſecond only to Pitt's, yet the ultimate requiſite to a great orator is wanting, I mean paſſion, of which Windham is wholly deſtitute. Not that he is deficient in violence; but he diſcovers at once a cold heart, and a paſſionate head, ſo that you follow him indifferently, and muſt firſt hate the man whom he attacks, before you can feel with Windham.

However, Windham generally brings to the debate, ſomething new, ſomething dazzling, ſomething original: and when he does not add any thing of his own, he

displays the question in its best possible position. Always perspicuous and elegant, his words seem to flow from the press already arranged, and exhibiting the fairest impression. In short, Windham is one of the most interesting speakers in the house, and if he could suppress the black bile, which continually flows from his mouth; if he could conceal his bitter inveteracy, he would add new weight to his character, would lose nothing of his senatorial dignity, and would be the delight of the House of Commons.

ART. 41.

A discourse on the errours of popery, delivered in the chapel of the university in Cambridge, May 8, 1805, at the anniversary lecture, founded by the Hon. Paul Dudley, Esq. By Thomas Thacher, A. M. minister of a church in Dedham.* Cambridge. Hilliard. *pp.* 26.

IN the memoirs of the church of Rome we are furnished with a history of the horrid effects of a spiritual despotism; and this beacon will probably serve, thro' all future ages, to excite alarm at the most distant attempt to establish a similar tyranny over the consciences of men. The authority of this church began in the third century, but its power was then restricted within narrow limits. In the fourth century the bishop of Rome, surpassing all his contemporaries in the extent of his wealth, the pomp of his equipage, the luxury of his table, and his influence on the multitude, his power became greatly extended. Corruption spread her baneful influence from the palace of the pontiff to the lowest order of the clergy; sacerdotal ambition and avarice were constantly receiving fresh excitements from new gratifications; and the authority of the emperours gradually dwindled. In the seventh century the *papal supremacy* began in Boniface III.; and in the eighth century the bishop of Rome was raised by Pepin of France to the rank of a temporal prince. Ignorance, the natural parent of credulity, was made the mother of devotion, and, by a succession of intrigues unparalleled in the history of the world, in the thirteenth century the Roman pontiff claimed universal empire, and in Europe and Asia disposed of crowns and sceptres with the most wanton ambition. In its turn this mighty despotism has fallen; and the sovereign pontiff is now humbly submissive to the nod of the sanguinary and blasphemous usurper of the throne of Louis. Only a few years have passed since a sermon was not preached in England, without a reference to some of the impo-

* The Hon. Paul Dudley, Esq. was the son of Governour Joseph Dudley, and the grandson of Thomas Dudley, one of the first settlers of Massachusetts, and was for many years governour of the province. He was a very learned man, and fellow of the Royal Society. He was appointed chief justice in 1718, and continued in the office till he died, in January 1750, in the 76th year of his age. At his death he founded an anniversary lecture at Harvard College to promote pious purposes, which always occupied his attention, and which his actions discovered to be nearest his heart. The subjects of this lecture are natural and revealed religion, the defence of the protestant interest, and the platform of the New England churches. £.100 sterling was appropriated in his will, the interest to be given annually to the preacher who should discourse upon one of the beforementioned topicks.

ſtions or cruelties of the church of Rome; but the petty ſovereign, like the expelled tyrant of Syracuſe in his ſchool at Corinth, now exerciſes his authority, without exciting either envy or fear.

From the dark legends of the papal church the author of the diſcourſe before us has ſelected but one "errour" for refutation; "the power which it has claimed of working miracles." The text is appropriate to the deſign. *For falſe chriſts, and falſe prophets ſhall ariſe, and ſhall ſhew ſigns and wonders, to ſeduce, if it were poſſible, even the elect.** In purſuance of his object, Mr. T. offers, 1. Some general remarks on the nature and deſign of miracles. 2. Exhibits the marks of truth and authenticity in thoſe, recorded in the ſacred ſcriptures. 3. Contraſts thoſe with the miracles, exhibited in the church of Rome, from whence is inferred deciſive evidence of fraud in the latter. The plan is ſimple and judicious; and the execution of it is highly honorary to the author.

We notice two typographical errours, which are ſo important that, as we have received an amended copy, we inſert the corrections, for the ſatisfaction of thoſe who may read the diſcourſe.

1. The note on page 11th ſhould be immediately followed by that on p. 14.

2. On p. 12, in the 7th line from the top, for "this ſyſtem" read *chriſtianity*.

So much has been written on the ſubject of miracles, and the miracles of the ſcriptures have been ſo fully confirmed, that in our opinion no modeſt and ſerious inquirer can long be perplexed with doubts on the ſubject. In the ſhort compaſs of a ſermon we cannot expect that accumulation of evidence, which will outweigh the prejudices of a confirmed ſceptick; but we think that the author of this diſcourſe has been ſucceſsful in compreſſing proofs; and if he does not convert an infidel, he may confirm a believer. As a ſpecimen of his ſtyle we preſent our readers with the following extract.

The miracles of the church of Rome are in their nature not only contrary to the wiſdom of God to permit, and the reaſon of man to believe; but they are directly againſt the evidence of the ſenſes. Other impoſtors and deluders are content with beguiling men by cunning ſlight of hand, or magical deception. But the church of Rome diſplays greater intrepidity. The doctrine of tranſubſtantiation is made an article of their faith, and exhibits a ſtanding miracle. In order to eſtabliſh this abſurd doctrine, they have proſecuted with fire and ſword; they have led to the ſtake men of the beſt erudition, and of ſpotleſs morality; they have tortured their bodies with protracted pain, in order to oblige them to acknowledge, that they believed againſt ſenſe and reaſon. They have inflated the minds of the commonalty with ſuch ferocious zeal and malignity, that they have been upon ſuch occaſions more than the paſſive inſtrument of their atrocity. We do not wiſh to call up againſt this church a ſpirit of perſecution. God forbid, that we ſhould deny them that toleration, which ought to be extended to every deſcription of men in ſociety, who violate no civil or municipal law. We reprobate, in this age of light and knowledge, the imitation of the precedents they have given in darker ages. To ſpeak however of their exceſſes, and of their diſingenuous arts, is a duty more neceſſary, than we imagine. For, while they ſtudiouſly hide their abſurdity and cruelty, they addreſs themſelves to the thoughtleſs and the igno-

* Mark xiii. 22.

tant by a fascinating eloquence. They recommend a religion with all the brilliant decorations calculated to allure the senses; and, by offering an easy pardon to the sinner, they engage the heart at the expense of the understanding. We readily and cheerfully pay that tribute of respect, due to science, literature, and many amiable qualities of the heart, which we find among many individuals within the pale of their church. That such men, as Bacon the elder, father Paul of Venice, the archbishop of Cambray, Massillon, and others, more than can be enumerated, have immortalized themselves by the excellence of their genius, and their private virtues, is readily admitted. Still, however, had they closely adhered to the spirit of the principles and institutions of their church, they had been as gloomy bigots, as merciless persecutors, as Gardiner, Bonner, or queen Mary.

ART. 42.

A Sermon delivered at Dennis, January 2, 1805, at the ordination of Rev. Caleb Holmes to the pastoral office in that place. By James Kendall, A.M. pastor of the first church in Plymouth. Boston. Gilbert & Dean.

WITH a generous concern for the interest of the Redeemer's kingdom, becoming a minister of the everlasting gospel, the author of this discourse has described the qualifications of a christian teacher, and the reciprocal duties between him and the people of his charge.

The motto affixed to this discourse is taken from the 2d chapter of Philippians, 29. That simplicity of style, peculiar to the sacred writers, and that godly sincerity, which adorns the life of the amiable and benevolent author, are legible in this performance. We are happy to find that he has taken the "media via," the path, as we believe, of evangelical life, between the Scylla and Charybdis of theological zealots.

In speaking of the qualifications of a minister of the gospel, he has forcibly represented the necessity of human knowledge, of an acquaintance with the arts and sciences, with sacred, ecclesiastical, and profane history, and with the languages, in which the scriptures were originally written. At the same time he has not overlooked the indispensable qualification of a heart, sanctified by the Spirit of God to the obedience of the truth.

Observation fully proves, that ignorant, self-created, itinerant preachers, are a scourge to society, and a reproach to religion. Yet it is a popular opinion, that human learning is of little or no service to religious teachers. Hence that strange and sudden transition from the stable, the workshop, and the cornfield to the pulpit! Hence men, like the priests of Jeroboam, "from the lowest of the people," are daily usurping the priesthood, and introducing 'confusion and every evil work' into the churches of Christ.

This sentence is borrowed almost verbatim from a discourse of the late venerable Dr. Tappan on a similar occasion.

Timothy was charged to commit the gospel not merely to *faithful* men, but to such also as had *ability* to teach others; and cautioned expressly against a novice, lest being lifted up with pride he fall into condemnation.

At a time when pretenders to *special commissions* are starting up in every corner and rushing into the sacred office, not indeed

"by the door, but some other way," such advice is peculiarly seasonable, and, we hope, will prove effectual.

The other qualifications of a gospel minister, the consecration of the heart, a relish for divine truth, an amiable temper, and exemplary life, are faithful transcripts of those original characters, left on sacred record for our example.

The duties, which a people owe to their minister, are concisely and happily summed up, and forcibly inculcated. The addresses, usual on such occasions, are serious, pertinent, and impressive. In short, this discourse is a good specimen of the simplicity and perspicuity of apostolick preaching, and does honour to the heart of the man, and the ability and correct sentiments of the theologian.

To this discourse are added "the charge by the Rev. Mr. Shaw of Barnstable," and "the right hand of fellowship by Jotham Waterman, pastor of the east church of Christ in Barnstable."

In the charge we discover the peculiar sentiments of the author. We would beg leave to suggest to this zealous advocate of *human creeds*, whether he be not a little inconsistent in his exhortation *not* to preach "fanciful, self-created schemes, and novel invented plans," and at the same time "*to preach* the *doctrines of the reformation!*"

"Hast thou faith, have it to thyself;" and do not teach others to try the divine oracles by human creeds.

The right hand of fellowship resembles the draught of fishes, in which *were all sorts*. Quotations from scripture, quaint maxims, puns, and unintelligible sayings, are the principal materials of this strange composition. It is of a piece with some other productions, which this young divine has *generously given* to the publick.*

* See a thanksgiving (if we mistake not) discourse, published by *his own desire*.

ART. 13.

An address to the members of the Massachusetts Charitable Fire Society, at their annual meeting, in Boston, May 31, 1805. By Peter Thacher.* Boston. Russell & Cutler. *pp.* 24.

PERHAPS no nation can furnish so great a number of publick discourses during the same period, as are produced among us, commencing with fast-day sermons and ending with July orations. This season, which in our variable, capricious climate partakes of winter, summer, and spring, might be correctly designated as the *season of orations*. Many of these are annually delivered on the same subject; and the most ingenious writer would vainly endeavour to produce any novelty, without deserting entirely the particular object of his discourse. In none is the difficulty greater, than on the present occasion; for after the objects of the

* This Society was established in the year 1794. Its object, as expressed in the act of incorporation, is "for the purpose of relieving such, as may suffer by fire, and of stimulating genius to useful discoveries, tending to secure the lives and property of their fellow men from destruction by that element." An address on the principles of the institu-

inſtitution have once become generally known, the ſpeaker in imploring charity muſt either follow the path, beaten by thouſands in all ages, and eſteem himſelf fortunate if he can find a ſingle flower by the way to embelliſh his diſcourſe; or he muſt ſuffer his fancy to wander in purſuit of amuſement for his audience. Mr. T. has choſen the latter courſe; and inſtead of the common diſplay of the motives to charity, has indulged in ſome obſervations on the cauſes of the grandeur and decline of cities, applying all his remarks to our own metropolis.

The introduction of this addreſs is rather abrupt, and we cannot agree with the author's opinion in the firſt ſentence,

> Though much of that ſpirit is now unknown and forgotten, which led ancient philoſophers to ſurvey man and nature through the diverſities of climate and in the various ſtages of civilization, &c.

Certainly "that ſpirit" was never more widely diffuſed, than it has been during the age we live in; without adverting to the numerous national enterprizes, that have been executed in the eighteenth century, how many individuals have been urged by this ſpirit to explore realms unknown before, and boldly encountered every peril of deleterious climates, of ſavage beaſts and ſtill more ſavage men? What philoſophick travellers of antiquity can be compared with Park, Vaillant, Mackenzie, Acerbi, Humbolt, Bompland, &c.?

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tion is pronounced before the members on their anniverſary, which is on the Friday following the general election.

Compared with ſimilar productions Mr. Thacher's addreſs is reſpectable, the ſentiments are juſt, and we have peruſed it with pleaſure. We ſubjoin the following paragraphs, as a fair ſpecimen of the ſtyle, and becauſe they contain ſome juſt reflections in oppoſition to the faſhionable cant againſt cities.

> The power of human art and induſtry, when their exertions are collected into one radiant point, their ability to controul nature, and to convert even the diſadvantages of ſituation into ſources of profit, are ſtrikingly demonſtrated in the riſe of the cities of the United Provinces. Their country was originally a moraſs, and expoſed to the inundations of the ſea; their ſoil was barren, and their climate unpropitious either to health or comfort. Through the force of an unconquerable induſtry, they roſe out of the ocean, and have in their turn wielded its trident. That rich ſpot is at this time covered with clouds and darkneſs: the cities of Holland are full of civil diſcord; their wealth and ſplendour are diſſolving in the crucible of a political alchymiſt; who tranſmutes all things into the inſtruments of his ambition. But ſtill we muſt exclaim, at a contemplation of their greatneſs, that this world was deſigned by Heaven for the inheritance of patience and labour.
>
> With the growth of a city, may I not add likewiſe that the virtues multiply? It is the common language of poetry and enthuſiaſm to repreſent rural ſcenes and rural employments, as the only abodes of ancient ſimplicity, virtue, and happineſs. It is true, that in cities refinement and a taſte for pleaſure increaſe with the acquiſitions of wealth. But if you wiſh for exhibitions of induſtry, enterpriſe, and the arts which embelliſh ſociety; for urbanity, courteſy, and beneficence; for the concentrated exertions of genius, ſcience, and taſte; they will be found in greateſt perfection in thoſe places, where men are collected into great communities, and where the qualities

of their minds, by a ſpecies of moral colliſion, are kept in conſtant readineſs for action.

ART. 44.

An Introduction to the making of Latin, adapted to the rules of Adam's ſyntax. By William Biglow. Printed at Salem. 1801.

THE reputation of Mr. Biglow is well eſtabliſhed as an excellent inſtructer, and certainly will not be diminiſhed by this uſeful publication.

ART. 45.

The New Latin Primer, by the ſame author. Printed at Boſton. 1801.

A WORK equally as uſeful as the former, and executed with the ſame ability.

ART. 46.

The Elements of Latin Grammar, abridged from Adam, by the ſame author. Printed at Boſton. 1801.

THIS publication is exactly what it claims to be, and no more. We hope, in the next edition Mr. Biglow will ſupply ſome defects, and admit ſome improvements. The adjectives, which make *ius* in the genitive and *i* in the dative, as *alter, unus,* and *totus,* are not ſpecified; and among the irregular compariſons the ſuperlatives, *ſummus, ſupremus,* and *imus,* are not mentioned. Among the verbs, it ſhould have been pointed out, that the preſent tenſe ſubjunctive is uſed frequently for the imperative, particularly by the poets. We would alſo recommend to Mr. Biglow, in his next edition, the inſertion of ſome idiomatick peculiarities; and let them be embodied with the rules, not obſcurely italicized in a note. For inſtance, *vereor ut,* I fear that he will not; *vereor ne,* I fear that he will. Again. The conjunctions *autem, enim,* and *vero,* always ſtand the ſecond word in a ſentence, *etenim* the firſt or ſecond. Mr. Biglow would render an eſſential ſervice to literature and the publick, if he would turn his attention to the improvement of the Glouceſter Greek Grammar, the ſyntax of which is ſingularly defective. The rules in Huntinford's Greek Exerciſes and the grammar prefixed to Parkhurſt's Greek Lexicon will ſupply him with copious materials, not to mention the Port Royal grammar, and the excellent abridgment of the ſame work by its learned author.

ART. 47.

Britiſh Influence on the affairs of the United States, proved and explained. Boſton. Young & Minns, printers to the ſtate. 1804. *pp.* 21. Price 9d.

THIS is a very important pamphlet, worthy of ſerious conſideration from every citizen of the United States. It appears to have been written by a gentleman perfectly well acquainted with the moſt ſecret hiſtory of the American cabinet, and lays open, to the very bottom, the myſtery and iniquity of the envenomed oppoſition to the federal conſtitution and the Waſhington and Adams adminiſtration. The writer probes to their core the fatal wounds which the republick has received, and which have produced a moſt loathſome rottenneſs in the ſtate of Denmark.

ART. 48.

A defence of the measures of the administration of Thomas Jefferson, by Curtius, taken from the National Intelligencer. Washington. S. H. Smith. 1804. *pp.* 136. Price 50 cents.

DR. Johnson, in summing up the virtues of his friend, thus details his hatreds. He hated a fool, and he hated a knave, and he hated a wig; oh, Sir, he was an excellent hater. Curtius, in humble imitation of Dr. Johnson's friend, hates the federal constitution, hates General Washington, hates Mr. Adams, and hates every measure of the federal administration. Curtius unites another talent, which Dr. Johnson's friend did not possess; the most rare and admirable art of puffing. Whenever he speaks of the gentlemen now in power, all his hatred is metamorphosed into love, all his acrimony into the servility of adulation. He puffs Mr. Jefferson, he puffs the heads of department, he puffs all the measures of the present administration; oh, Sir, he is an excellent puffer.

ART. 49.

The path to happiness illustrated and explained, being a concise view of the genuine tendency of christian principles. Boston. E. Lincoln. 1802. 16*mo. pp.* 105.

A WORK intended for distribution; any criticism therefore on its style is of course unnecessary. We must see christianity with the "opticks rare" of Genevan metaphysicks, to become converts to all the opinions advanced; but if its influence will be in any degree to reclaim the vicious, or establish the wavering and the weak, we give it our cordial good wishes.

CORRESPONDENCE.

MESSRS. EDITORS,

I WAS much interested in reading the correspondence annexed to the Boston Review in your last number. But I was not a little surprized, that in the reply of the Reviewers to Dr. Morse, they omitted to expose an egregious blunder in the statement of that gentleman. He asserts (Month. Anthol. Vol. ii. no. 4. p. 209) that "in an unsuccessful inquiry after Dr. Wigglesworth's MS. he found his [Dr. W.'s] Dudleian Lecture on Natural Religion, preached May 14, 1760, within five years of his death." With an air of satisfaction Dr. M. then proceeds to extract four paragraphs (pp. 209, 210) from this truly calvinistick sermon, and thence triumphantly concludes, that the first Dr. W. "lived and died a calvinist."

Now mark the fact. THE FIRST DR. WIGGLESWORTH DID NOT PREACH THE SERMON FROM WHICH THESE EXTRACTS WERE MADE. He never preached the Dudleian Lecture but once, and then in the year 1757, on the errours of popery. So that these extracts have not the weight of a straw in balancing the merits of the dispute, and Dr. M. might as well have quoted for his purpose a discourse of Archbishop Laud, or Dr. Emmons' convention sermon, as the Dudleian Lecture of 1760.

SALVIAN.

May 20, 1805.

MONTHLY CATALOGUE

OF NEW PUBLICATIONS IN THE UNITED STATES,

For JUNE, 1805.

SUNT BONA, SUNT QUÆDAM MEDIOCRIA, SUNT MALA PLURA.—MART.

New Works.

An abſtract of an apology for renouncing the juriſdiction of the ſynod of Kentucky, being a compendious view of the goſpel and a few remarks on the confeſſion of faith, by Robert Marſhal, John Dunlary, Richard M. N. Barton, W. Stone, and John Thomſon. 1805. Price 25 cents.

Report of the trial of the Hon. Samuel Chaſe, one of the aſſociate juſtices of the ſupreme court of the United States, before the high court of impeachment, compoſed of the ſenate of the United States, for charges exhibited againſt him by the houſe of repreſentatives in the name of themſelves and of all the people of the United States for high crimes and miſdemeanours ſuppoſed to have been by him committed, with the neceſſary documents and official papers from his impeachment to final acquittal, taken in ſhort hand by Charles Evans, and the arguments of counſel, reviſed from his manuſcript. Baltimore, printed for Samuel Butler & George Keatinge, 1805. Price 2,50. pp. 336.

The Monthly Regiſter and Review of the United States, for January, 1805, by S. Cullen Carpenter. Charleſton, S. Carolina. 6 dollars per annum.

The power of ſolitude: a Poem; in two parts, by Joſeph Story. A new and improved edition: with an elegant engraved Frontiſpiece. To which are added the following fugitive poems:—Monody. Monody to the Memory of Edward Edes, eſq. Monody on the death of Miſs E. Richardſon. Monody on the death of Miſs H. Hodges. Monody on the death of Iſaac Story, eſq. Monody to the memory of Col. Watſon. Ellen's Adieu. On Death. Expoſtulation and Reply. To a friend on her Birth Day. Adaline, in imitation of Lewis's "Alonzo and Imogene." The Druid Rites. Lover's Whims. Lines written on an Hermitage. The Diſconſolate. Ode written for the Female Charitable Society at Salem, and ſung on their Anniverſary. July 11, 1804. A Character. Apoſtrophe. Sonnet to Evening. William and Mary, a Legendary Tale, in imitation of the old Engliſh Ballad. Ode, written for the Boſton Female Aſylum, and ſung at the Anniverſary, September, 1804. Price 1,25 in plain handſome bindings,—1,50 in calf. Salem. B. B. Macanulty.

The Lord's ſongs: a collection of compoſures in metre, ſuch as have been moſt uſed in the late glorious revivals, Dr. Watts's pſalms and hymns excepted; by Joſhua Spalding, A. M. miniſter of the Branch church in Salem. Price 50 cents. Salem.

An addreſs to the members of the Maſſachuſetts Charitable Fire Society, at their annual meeting in Boſton, May 31, 1805, by Peter Thacher. Boſton. Ruſſell & Cutler. Pages 24.

Glad tidings. Or an account of the ſtate of religion, within the bounds of the general aſſembly of the preſbyterian church in the United States of America, and in other parts of the world, taken from the reports of their members and their committee of miſſions; publiſhed by the ſaid committee with the approbation of the general aſſembly for the information of the people under their care. Go ye into all the world and preach the goſpel to evey creature, Mark xvi. 15. Lo! I am with you always even unto the end of the world, Mat. xxviii. 20. Philadelphia. Aiken, 1804. 8vo. pp. 48.

The character, trials, and duties of a goſpel miniſter, delineated in a ſermon delivered at Amherſt, May 2, 1804. at the ordination of Rev. Thomas H. Wood, A.M. to the work of an evangeliſt. In compliance with the requeſt of the committee of the truſtees of the miſſionary ſociety. By John Emerſon, A.M. paſtor of the congregational church in Conway. Northampton, Butler, 1804. 8vo. pp. 20.

Errours of popery, a ſermon delivered at the anniverſary Dudleian Lecture, in the Univerſity at Cambridge, May 8, 1805, by Thomas Thacher, A.M. miniſter of a church in Dedham.

A miſſionary ſermon preached before the general aſſembly of the Preſbyterian church in Philadelphia, May 23, 1805, by Edward D. Griffin, A.M. one of the paſtors of the firſt Preſbyterian church in Newark, New-Jerſey. Philadelphia. Jane Aiken.

Three ſermons preached at Northampton; one on the 30th of March, the other two on the annual ſtate faſt, April 4, 1805, by Rev. Solomon Williams, A.M. Northampton, Maſſachuſetts. W. Butler. Price 20 cents.

A ſermon preached in the audience of his excellency Caleb Strong, eſq. governour, the other members of the executive, and the honourable legiſlature of the commonwealth of Maſſachuſetts, on the anniverſary election, May 29, 1805, by John Allyn, congregational miniſter of Duxbury. Boſton. For Young & Minns. Pages 37.

A diſcourſe delivered in Haverhill, March 22, 1805, at the funeral of Jabez Kimball, A. M. attorney at law. To which is added, a ſhort memoir of his life. By John Snelling Popkin, A. M. miniſter of the firſt church and congregation in Newbury. Newburyport.

The importance of virtue and piety as qualifications of rulers: a diſcourſe delivered March 31, 1805, by Daniel Dana, A.M. paſtor of a Preſbyterian church in Newburyport. Publiſhed by requeſt. Newburyport. E. M. Blunt. 8vo. Pages 27.

New Editions.

The Sabbath, a poem, with notes, by James Graham, of Edinburgh. In one 12mo volume—price 1,25 neatly bound in calf. New York, Ronalds & Loudon.

The Town Officer, ſixth edition, much improved and enlarged, by S Freeman, eſq. Boſton. Thomas & Andrews. Price 1,12½ cts. 12mo.

Letters from the earl of Chatham to his nephew Thomas Pitt, eſq. afterward lord Camelford. Cambridge, Hilliard.

By Subscription.

The New England Biographical Dictionary, containing a brief account of eminent and worthy perſons from the firſt ſettlement of the country; by a member of the Maſſachuſetts Hiſtorical Society. The work to be compriſed in one octavo volume, conſiſting of 400 pages, price 2 dols. Boſton.

Philoſophical eſſays on the conſtitution, duty, and religion of man, by Samuel Williams, LL.D. member of the Meteorological Society in Germany, of the Philoſophical Society in Philadelphia, and of the Academy of Arts and Sciences in Maſſachuſetts. The book will contain between 3 and 400 large demy octavo pages, to be neatly bound and lettered, and delivered to ſubſcribers at 1,50 a volume. Rutland. Vt.

Contents.

Eſſay I. The conſtitution and nature of man. Obſervations on inſtinct, appetite, natural affections, paſſions, reaſon, conſcience, and the religious principle.

II. The nature and origin of moral law, and obligation, of virtue, and vice. Moral law the ſame as the dictates of the moral principle; moral obligation founded on the moral ſenſe of Man, agreeable to the fitneſs of things, and to the will of God.—Virtue conſiſts in a conformity to the moral law of our nature: its neceſſity and effects. Not neceſſarily produced, but favoured by the human conſtitution.—Vice or ſin conſiſts in a deviation from moral law; derived from the appetites, affections, and paſſions, which are implanted in our conſtitution; conſiſtent with the wiſdom, and benevolence of the Deity in the formation of man. Produces a corruption of nature, the rebukes and condemnation of conſcience, a ſenſe and dread of deſerved puniſhment, and the loſs of hope and confidence in the divine favour and protection.

III. Civil and moral inſtitutions adapted to the conſtitution and ſtate, and deſigned for the benefit and improvement of man. Society—government—civil laws—law of nature and religion—revelation.

IV. The nature, deſign, and tendency of the chriſtian religion. Adapted and deſigned to afford the higheſt improvement to the intellectual powers of man—to his moral faculty—the ſureſt relief to his moſt diſtreſſing fears—provides the beſt aſſiſtances, the ſtrongeſt ground and evidence of his immortal hopes—and the moſt powerful motives to virtue. The nature, immutability, antiquity, and importance of this religion.

V. The power, authority, and evidence, by which the chriſtian religion was introduced. The nature, origin, and evidence of miracles. A critical and philoſophical examination, whether Jeſus Chriſt did in fact perform any ſuch works. Miracles ſhown to be the moſt fit, proper, intelligible, concluſive, convincing, and permanent proof of a divine miſſion, authority, and power.

VI. Morality, natural religion, and chriſtianity derived from the ſame author, and appertain to the ſame moral ſyſtem. Similar and analogous in their origin—foundation—univerſality—durability—operations, and effects—and final termination and iſſue.

The whole is deſigned to ſhew that morality, natural religion, and chriſtianity are eſſential parts of the ſame moral ſyſtem; that they all ſtand on the ſame foundation, and are among

the regular, durable, and deſtructible works of God; ſubject to eſtabliſhed laws, and as evidently marked with deſign, order, regularity, and harmony, as the ſyſtem diſplayed in the material world.

The wonders of creation, natural and artificial; being an account of the moſt remarkable mountains, rivers, lakes, caves, cataracts, mineral ſprings, and antiquities in the world. Compiled from geographers, hiſtorians, and travellers of the greateſt celebrity, by D. R. Preſton, author of the Juvenile Inſtructer, &c. Two large volumes 12mo—price one dollar. Boſton.

The plan of this work is as follows: The firſt volume will be devoted to America, as being moſt intereſting to Americans. Under North America, will be found its principal mountains, rivers, lakes, caves, cataracts, mineral ſprings, Indian mounds, antiquities, &c. Under South America, the ſame articles—alſo its mines, and ſome particulars of ancient Mexico, Peru, &c. Europe, Aſia, and Africa, being leaſt intereſting to us, will together form another volume.

Here the reader may expatiate on things worthy of admiration, and view as they ariſe thoſe wonders which owe their exiſtence to the immediate hand of God or the effect of human invention. He muſt not be diſcouraged by the length of the journey, for he will find ſuch a variety of entertaining objects by the way, as will make him forget the pains he may take in climbing the rugged Alps, or traverſing the deſerts of Africa. Beſides if he makes proper reflections on the ſurpriſing works of Providence, as well as thoſe the art of man has produced, he will not only have the pleaſure of gratifying his curioſity, but probably enlarge his ſtock both of piety and knowledge. As the outlines of this work have received the approbation of ſeveral diſtinguiſhed *literati* of our country, the author ſubmits it with more confidence to the publick.

INTELLIGENCE.

A copy of an Engliſh edition of the Analytical Inſtitutes of the very learned Italian lady Donna Agneſi, late profeſſor of mathematicks and philoſophy in the univerſity of Bologna, has been received by G. Baron of N. York, one of the editors of the Mathematical Correſpondent. This work, well known and juſtly valued on the continent of Europe, was publiſhed at Milan in the year 1748, when the celebrated author was about 28 years of age. The learned and ingenious John Colſon, M. A. F. R. S. who was well acquainted with what had appeared on the ſame ſubject in the works of thoſe ingenious men, Emerſon, Maclaurin, and Simpſon, found the Analytical Inſtitutions of Agneſi to be ſo excellent, that he was at the pains of learning the Italian language at an advanced age, for the ſole purpoſe of tranſlating that work into Engliſh, for the benefit of the Britiſh youth. This great deſign he lived to accompliſh, and had actually tranſcribed a fair copy for the preſs, when death put an end to his labours, Mr. Colſon's MS. remained many years in obſcurity, and might probably have been conſigned to eternal oblivion, had it not been for the active ſpirit of baron Maſeres, the great encourager of mathematical learning in England,

Vir in rem mathematicam promovendam natus.

This noble patron of ſcience and generous rewarder of mathematical merit, reſolved to bear the whole expenſe of the handſome Engliſh edition of the Inſtitutes, and to render the work as correct as poſſible employed the Rev. J. Hellings, a man eminent for mathematical knowledge, in printing the ſame. The work contains 623 large 4to. pages, bound in two volumes. The firſt volume treats of algebra, and contains a vaſt number of ingenious geometrical conſtructures deſigned to exhibit and illuſtrate the nature and reſolution of algebraick equations; the ſecond includes the doctrines of fluxions, applied to a great variety of uſeful and ſublime ſubjects.

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The long diſputed manuſcripts of the Poems of Oſſian, in the original Celtick, are now in the Britiſh preſs under the auſpices of the Highland Society, to be accompanied by a latin tranſlation by the late Mr. Macfarlane. The whole,

ſays the London monthly magazine, will form two large octavo volumes.

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By private letters from Paris we learn, that his majeſty the Emperour Napoleon has preſented to Mr. Livingſton, late miniſter from the United States to the French Court, on behalf of the Academy of Arts eſtabliſhed in New York, of which his majeſty is an honorary member, a very valuable collection, eſtimated at 50,000 livres, (10,000 dollars.) It muſt be matter of pride to the inhabitants of this city to have given birth to an inſtitution, which has ſhewn itſelf worthy of ſuch diſtinguiſhed patronage; and it is hoped, that this high teſtimonial of reſpect will inſpire them with freſh zeal for the advancement of an eſtabliſhment, which has attracted ſuch conſpicuous attention abroad, and which, if properly ſupported, cannot fail to add luſtre to our national character.—*Morn. Chron.*

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Noli me tangere.—The publication of a biographical work, containing the genealogical and revolutionary hiſtory of new princes of the imperial court of Bonaparte, having been lately announced in the Mercantile Advertiſer, an aid-de-camp of general Thureau, French miniſter plenipotentiary in the U. States came in a poſt-chaiſe to town for the expreſs purpoſe of preventing the ſaid publication. The miniſter, foreſeeing that this work would occaſion many polemick diſcuſſions, and of courſe highly diſpleaſe the new imperial court, thought it adviſable to ſtop the publication by buying the manuſcript.

The bargain was accordingly made, and Mr. Daudet the author of ſaid work, who lodges at Mrs. Bocquet and Freſſinet's boarding houſe, in Greenwich-ſtreet, gave up his manuſcript to the ſaid aid-de-camp, for the conſideration of 1000 dollars and a free paſſage to Martinico, where he is bound.

We are informed, that the gentleman who was to tranſlate the ſaid work, hearing of the tranſaction, offered 1500 dollars, but that Mr. Daudet, who had paſſed his word, declined the offer.

The publick curioſity would no doubt have been highly gratified by the publication of the ſaid work, as it would have provoked criticiſms and replies, by which theſe upſtart princes would have appeared in their true light. The article concerning Talleyrand Perigorde would have furniſhed matter for many critical obſervations.—*N.Y. Daily Adv.*

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Meſſrs. Cuſhing & Appleton, of Salem, have juſt iſſued a new edition of C. Criſpi Salluſtii, Belli Catilinarii et Jugurthini Hiſtoriæ, &c. "The text," ſay the publiſhers, "has been carefully reviſed, and collated with three of the beſt editions of this author, and unwearied pains taken in correcting the preſs. The notes are chiefly ſelected from thoſe of the edition *In uſum Delphini*. The redundancies of that commentary are expunged, and many additional annotations inſerted from commentators and philologiſts of the firſt authority. To give a greater value to this edition with the more advanced ſcholar, the *various readings* of the moſt importance are occaſionally pointed out in the notes. By a late regulation of Harvard Univerſity a knowledge of Salluſt has been made pre-requiſite to admiſſion into that ſeminary, and the preſent edition was originally undertaken at the requeſt and with the approbation of the governours of that inſtitution, and has been ſuperintended by a gentleman, lately a member of that body. The Elzevir editions of the Claſſicks have been made the model, as to the arrangement of the page and ſize of the character; and the impreſſion is from a new and handſome type."

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From a Paris paper of March 29.

Arts and Sciences.—There appeared a few days ſince upon the ſun, a large ſpot, with *nuclei*, which I obſerved in 9°. north of the ſolar equator. It differs little from the beautiful ſpots which I made uſe of to determine the ſun's rotation, in the Memoirs of the Academy of 1776, and ſeems to confirm the diſcovery I made at that time, by ſhowing that there are ſome places in preference to others where the large ſpots are formed. Perhaps they are mountains, which collect and retain the *ſcoria* of this immenſe furnace. The parallel that is 9°. ſouth of the ſolar equator abounds moſt in the great ſpots. Theſe ſpots with two *nuclei*, which have ap-

peared at different periods, seem to me to set aside the system of volcanoes suggested by Mr. Herschel; there cannot be two volcanoes so near to each other, and yet remain without intermixture, and always separated by a slender thread of light. DE LALANDE.

Our solicitude to correct an error in our preliminary observations to the Epithalamium of Trumbull in our last number, and which is explained in the note on page 229, is our motive for introducing the following

LIFE OF TRUMBULL.

From the London Monthly Magazine, for August, 1798.

AMONG those who have successfully contributed to inspire the American people with the love of literature and liberty, who directed their minds to sound views of the nature of government, and refined their taste by the twofold means of criticism and poetry, the author of "*McFingal*" deserves to be considered as one of the first. Indeed, before his time, however they might have been cultivated in the middle and southern portions of North America, letters were in a very crude and debased condition in New England. Efforts, it is true, had been made to lead the general mind towards their more assiduous culture; but the slightest comparison of the writings of Mr. Trumbull, with those of his immediate predecessors, will surprize the critick with a dissimilitude, which in any European country could scarcely have been expected to have happened in less than a century.

John Trumbull was born in the town of Waterbury, in Connecticut, in the year 1749 or 1750. His father, a wealthy and respectable clergyman of the place, early instructed him in the usual elements of education; and, flattered by his docile and active genius, led him from English to Latin and Greek. Nor were his cares unrewarded; for such was the uncommon vigour of the intellect of his son, and so assiduously did he apply himself, that at the age of seven, after a full examination, he was declared sufficiently advanced in his academick studies to deserve admission into Yale college. His tender years disinclining his parents to place him there so young, he was withdrawn, and did not join that institution till he was thirteen, or had entered his thirteenth year. His collegiate life was one continued scene of success. The superiority of his genius, attainments, and industry, elevated him, on every trial, over all his competitors; and such of his collegiate exercises as have been made publick, evidence a spirit and correctness of thought and expression rarely discernible in more advanced years, and after greater opportunities of instruction. Mr. Trumbull graduated in 1767. In what manner the interval between this period and 1771 was spent, the writer of this article is not particularly informed. He has an indistinct recollection, however, that Mr. Trumbull was engaged in the business of instruction, in some part of Connecticut. In 1771, he

accepted a tutorſhip in Yale college; and, as has been before remarked in the account of Dr. Dwight, was concerned in various periodical publications with that gentleman; all of which contributed to his reputation. Some of theſe performances were ſatirical; and their ſurpriſing ſucceſs induced the author to turn his attention more particularly to a ſpecies of writing for which, till then, he had himſelf modeſtly queſtioned his qualifications. But, whatever might have been his own conceptions as to the peculiar bent of his talents, his companions were too often forced to ſmart under the laſh of his ſatire to entertain any doubts of his ſucceſs. Nor does he appear to have been long held in doubt himſelf; for, in 1772, he publiſhed his poem, intituled, "*The Progreſs of Dullneſs*," in three parts, ſeparately printed. This poem had an amazing ſale; and, notwithſtanding ſeveral editions, and one as late as 1794, is now ſeldom to be met with either in the ſhops or in libraries. To judge properly of the merit of this performance, the reader ſhould be accurately and even minutely acquainted with the peculiar manners of the New England people, and particularly with their manners at that time ....for twenty years have made many changes....and as few foreigners can acquire this knowledge, the peruſal of the "*Progreſs of Dullneſs*" cannot be expected to intereſt the European reader in any remarkable degree.

Mr. Trumbull reſigned his tutorſhip in 1773, and repaired to Boſton. His original deſign was to devote himſelf to literature; but his father, judging, perhaps, more prudently for his ſon, obliged him to make choice of a profeſſion; and Mr. Trumbull having determined in favour of the bar, he was placed under the direction of Mr. Adams, then a diſtinguiſhed advocate and counſellor in Boſton, now preſident of the United States. But though he was now condemned to a purſuit little congenial to one whoſe inclinations continually tempted his *feet to ſtray into the pleaſant paths of poetry*, Mr. Trumbull did not forget the Muſes; and an occaſion ſoon preſented itſelf worthy of his pen. How he acquitted himſelf may be ſeen in his "*Elegy on the Times*," firſt publiſhed at Boſton, in 1774. On his admiſſion to the bar, Mr. Trumbull returned to Connecticut; and after no long time ſettled at Hartford, where he has ever ſince continued. Here he ſoon became one of the ableſt and moſt popular advocates; and till within a few years, (when his health had been ſo much impaired as to oblige him to decline the exerciſe of his profeſſion) he was conſidered as the ableſt counſellor in the county, and among the ableſt in the ſtate. His domeſtic habits, which ſeldom permitted him to mingle much in ſociety at large; and, perhaps, the fear of his ſatirick talents prevented that eager intereſt in his behalf, among a large body of men, which would have carried him forward into publick life; and it is owing, perhaps, to theſe ſedentary habits, and to this ſeclusion, that he has become the victim of hypochondriack and nervous affections, which now impair

his uſefulneſs and poiſon his felicity*.

'Mr. Trumbull has been the ſole or part author of numerous periodical publications, on literary, moral, and political ſubjects. all of which have commanded great reſpect. Of thoſe, in which he was concerned with others, none has attracted more applauſe than a ſeries of papers, ſomewhat on the plan of "*The Rolliad*," and executed with equal wit, intituled, "*American Antiquities*," and extracts from "*The Aarchiad*," originally publiſhed in the New-Haven Gazette for 1786 and 1787. Theſe papers have never been collected; but they were republiſhed, from one end of the continent of America to the other, in the newſpapers of the day. They were the joint work of Mr. Trumbull, Mr. Barlow, Col. Humphreys, and Dr. Hopkins.

But the work which has moſt contributed to eſtabliſh the reputation of this poet, is the poem of "*M'Fingal*;" a poem which has been favourably received in Europe, and which was read with rapture in America.

Mr. Trumbull has publiſhed—

1. M'Fingal, a modern epick poem, in four cantos, printed in 1784—laſt American edition in 1796.

2. The Progreſs of Dullneſs, firſt printed in 1772—laſt edition in 1974.

3. Elegy on the Times, 1774—collected with his ſmaller ſerious poems, in American Poems, vol. i. publiſhed at Litchfield, Connecticut, 1793.

It is ſaid that Mr. Trumbull is preparing a complete edition of his works, illuſtrated with notes, and compriſing many unpubliſhed eſſays and poems.

* We are happy to inform our readers that this is no longer true of our American poet; and a ſuggeſtion of this unpleaſant nature, which was inadvertently admitted in the laſt No. of the Anthology, we take the preſent opportunity to correct by informing them, that Mr. Trumbull now fills with much reputation a place on the judges' bench of his native ſtate.

BIOGRAPHICAL ANECDOTES

Of William Henry West Betty, commonly called the Young Roscius.

Nihil illo puero clarius, nihil nobilius fore. CICERO.

(Continued from p. 277.)

'As the young gentleman's talents and importance were now become manifeſt, Mr. Betty very prudently reſolved to contribute every means in his power to bring forward and mature ſo rare a genius. With this view he ſolicited Mr. Hough to attend his ſon in his excurſion to Dublin, as well as in all his future engagements; both for the purpoſe of continuing his inſtructions, and for taking the ſuperintendance of his theatrical intereſts and conduct. Mr. Hough having conceived a ſtrong attachment to the boy, as well as a ſanguine hope of his future eminence, accepted the propoſal, and immediately reſigned his ſituation in the Belfaſt theatre. From that time to the preſent he has directed his whole time and attention to his celebrated pupil, and their ſtrong attachment to each other is a proof that the appointment was mutually agreeable. On the nature of Mr. Hough's abilities, as an inſtructer, the publick are enabled to decide: he is certainly entitled to great credit for the care and judgment with which he has fulfilled his truſt.

'His firſt appearance at Dublin was

on Monday, the 28th of November, 1803, in his favourite part of young Norval. He was announced as the young gentleman who had acquired the appellation of the Infant Roſcius, being only twelve years old. The houſe was crowded with company of the firſt rank; and ſuch was his reception in the character, that the play was repeated on his ſecond night of performing with increaſed attraction. The third night he played Frederic, in the Comedy of Lovers' Vows, in which he was, if poſſible, ſtill more ſucceſsful than before. His repreſentation of that character is, indeed, generally admitted to be one of the moſt perfect performances of the modern ſtage. He played the whole nine nights of his engagement to the moſt brilliant audiences, and and with a great increaſe of reputation to himſelf, and of profit to the managers.

'While he remained at Dublin Mr. Jones was ſo ſenſible of his eminent talents and of his importance, as an acquiſition to the theatre, that he became very ſolicitous to ſecure to himſelf ſo valuable a treaſure. He offered accordingly to engage him by articles for a term of years, at a liberal and increaſing ſalary; but Mr. Betty very judiciouſly thought proper to decline the propoſal.

'The engagement with Mr. Jones being completed, his friends were induced to accept an offer of playing ſix nights at Cork, from Mr. Peros, the manager of a reſpectable company of comedians in the ſouth of Ireland. He opened with Hamlet, on the 31ſt of December, and afterwards played Romeo, Douglas, and ſome other characters. The houſe was ſo full every night, that numbers of the inhabitants of Cork and its neighbourhood could not poſſibly get an opportunity of ſeeing his performance. An agreement was therefore made with Mr. Peros, to extend the engagement for three nights longer. That his power of attraction was beyond any thing ever witneſſed in that city, will appear from the following circumſtance. Beſides Mr. Peros' theatre in Cork which was formerly occupied by Mr. Philip Aſtley, and adapted from his performances, there in another belonging to the Dublin manager. In this the Dublin company play regularly ſeveral months in the year, and it is of courſe accounted the principal theatre. The nightly receipts at this houſe frequently do not exceed ten pounds; yet it is an aſſured fact that Mr. Peros, during the performance of the young Roſcius, received upwards of one hundred pounds every night.

'By this time the fame of his extraordinary ſucceſs had reached as far as Scotland, and he now received a propoſal from Mr. Jackſon, the Edinburgh manager, to play a few nights in that city. The offer was accepted; but as Mr. Jackſon's ſeaſon was then far advanced, it was agreed that he ſhould firſt perform at Glaſgow the enſuing ſpring, and afterwards fulfil his engagement at Edinburgh. This interval enabled him, after completing his nine nights at Cork, to accompany Mr. Peros' company to Waterford; where he performed four nights, with as much encouragement from the inhabitants, and as much advantage to himſelf, as could reaſonably be deſired.

'His friends now thought it adviſable to begin their journey to the north, as the ſpring was approaching, and it was deſirable to be in a convenient ſituation for the paſſage to Scotland. This long journey, almoſt from one extremity of Ireland to the other, in the depth of winter, was of courſe extremely tedious and fatiguing. However, it was happily completed without any accident, and he once more joined his old friend Mr. Atkins, at Londonderry, where it had been agreed that he ſhould play ſix nights, as the Glaſgow theatre was not to open for ſome time. Having completed this engagement with the ſame good fortune which had hitherto attended him, they ſet forward for the place of embarkation to Port Patrick. Moſt unfortunately, in their way to the coaſt, Mrs. Betty was ſeized with a very ſevere and dangerous illneſs, which obliged them to ſtop at an obſcure village on the road. Here they were detained for more than five weeks, under the moſt diſagreeable circumſtances; the weather being very inclement, and ſcarcely any medical aſſiſtance to be procured. At the end of that time ſhe recovered ſufficient ſtrength to go forward, and at length, after many diſ-

ſcarlties, and a moſt ſtormy paſſage acroſs the Channel, they arrived in ſafety at Glaſgow.

'The ſcene was now entirely changed. They had entered into a new kingdom, where the habits and manners of the people differed conſiderably from thoſe of the country they had left, and it was not known but that their taſte for dramatick excellence might be equally different. Our hero's friends, who knew well the force of national paſſion and prejudices, were not entirely without apprehenſions for the conſequences of this change. Mr. Jackſon, they knew, had been blamed, as well as ridiculed, for bringing him over; and the reports from Ireland, reſpecting his admirable acting, had been treated in this neighbourhood as chimerical and extravagant.—His ſuppoſed excellencies had been attributed to that national partiality, to that ardent imagination, and that propenſity to exaggeration, for which the Iriſh have long been celebrated. Mr. Jackſon, however, who knew that the genuine feelings of human nature are univerſally the ſame, encouraged them to hope, and aſſured them that all would be well.

'The firſt appearance of the young Roſcius in Great Britain, was accordingly fixed for Wedneſday the 21ſt of May, 1804, in the character of Douglas, the part with which he uſually opens. His reception was equal to the manager's moſt ſanguine expectations, and proved that the language of nature and paſſion are every where alike underſtood, and equally reliſhed. Mr. Jackſon, in writing on this ſubject, declares "that he received the greateſt burſts of applauſe that he had ever witneſſed to have been given by any audience." He played the whole fourteen nights of his engagement to overflowing houſes, and received the ſame approbation in every character he attempted.

'From Glaſgow, Mr. Jackſon conducted the young Roſcius to Edinburgh, where he performed the ſame number nights with ſuch a ſimilarity of ſucceſs, that to deſcribe it would be merely a tireſome repetition of the ſame modes of expreſſion.

'While he remained in Scotland, offers of engagements from the principal theatrical managers in this country poured in upon him from all quarters. He had already paſſed through two parts of the empire with an uninterrupted career of ſucceſs, and the third now only remained for his ſcene of action. Till his performance at Edinburgh, he had been very little heard of in England, but his fame was now extending itſelf rapidly in every direction; and the continual rumours of his extraordinary talents began to excite attention even in London. Mr. M'Cready, the manager of the Birmingham theatre, was the firſt who brought him before the Engliſh publick. He was the earlieſt in his application for this enviable and profitable diſtinction, and every one will be pleaſed to hear that his ſpirit and exertion have been moſt liberally requited. The young Roſcius played at Birmingham fourteen nights; and the theatrical annals of that town furniſh nothing equal to the aſtoniſhing commotion which his performances excited. The publick inns were completely occupied with perſons who came to ſee him from every part of the ſurrounding country; and even the ſtage coaches, from places at a diſtance, were filled with paſſengers on the ſame errand. The caſe was exactly the ſame at Sheffield, where he afterwards performed fourteen nights under the ſame manager. The town was ſo crowded with company that it was with great difficulty a bed could be procured either in publick or private houſes.

'After leaving Sheffield, he arrived about the beginning of October at Liverpool. All his former ſucceſſes at other places, however brilliant and unprecedented, were here completely eclipſed. The inhabitants of this town are particularly attached to dramatic amuſements, and the ordinary receipts of the theatre greatly exceed thoſe of any other in the kingdom, London, and perhaps Dublin, only excepted. This is apparent from the rent paid by the managers, Meſſrs. Lewis and Knight, to the proprietors, which is fifteen hundred pounds per annum. The houſe is alſo conſiderably more ſpacious than any other in the empire, except thoſe before mentioned; yet the difficulty of admittance was ſuch, during the performance of the young Roſcius, that a few minutes after the door was opened,

not a place was to be obtained in any part of the house. When the box-office opened in the morning, the pressure to procure places was so excessive, that many gentlemen had their clothes torn in pieces, their hats and shoes carried away in the crowd, and themselves, sometimes, severely bruised, and almost suffocated in the attempt. There is reason to believe that if the theatre had been twice as large it would have been equally thronged. The terms of his engagement were so liberal that he received from the managers, for his share of the profits of fifteen nights, the enormous sum of fifteen hundred and twenty pounds, as appears from Mr. Betty's receipt in Mr. Knight's possession. Perhaps it would be difficult to find an example of so large a sum having ever before been paid to any individual for personal exertion alone, in the same space of time.

'From Liverpool he went to Chester, where he played seven nights; and his performances, as usual were attended by all the gentry of the neighbourhood for a circuit of many miles. He left that city on the 9th of November, in order to perform a few nights at Manchester, which was his last engagement in the country, previous to his appearance on the boards of the metropolis.

'It is a little remarkable, that, though on the stage his deportment and address are so completely those of a man, yet in private life he is more than commonly childish: all his amusements and sports are infantine, even beyond his years. But though among his equals in age he is sportive and boyish, his usual manner is serious and pensive; sometimes he appears restrained and timid; at others, he seems indifferent to every thing around him. But his fondness for play, and for every thing else, instantly give way when his favourite pursuit is in the question. His attachment to his art is paramount to every other passion; and his character is another illustration of the remark, that nature seldom inspires a strong ambition for any object without furnishing, at the same time, the abilities to obtain it.'

NOTES.

NOT a few of our readers will rejoice when they are informed that the Medical communication of this month closes the long protracted controversy. In the Anthology for March we informed the writers that after the publication of the pieces then on file, the last of which we have now published; the dispute must cease, and from the little interest it has excited, we feel no disposition to recede from our determination. Medicus will therefore pardon our unwillingness to admit his reply.—The conductors of such a miscellany are compelled to remember the question of the friend of Persius, "Quis leget hæc?"

We are sorry that our friend the Botanist is silent. Is this season, so full of the bloom of nature, unpropitious to the unfolding of the *petals* of elocution?

The communication of G is received, which, together with the Family Physician, No. 1, shall have our early attention.

The Literary Wanderer has hitherto found admirers; and he will therefore allow us to neglect No. 5, as his correspondents do not write so well as himself.

We should have acknowledged the receipt of the letter of Constance in our last number. It shall have a place in our next.

In our next number, we shall commence the publication of Sacontalá, or the Fatal Ring; an Indian Drama, from the Sanscrit of Cáladása, whom Sir W. Jones calls the Indian Shakespeare.—

The conductors of such a miscellany as ours cannot assume the proud and manly language of Bynkershoek, "I have leisure to write, but no leisure to copy." Indeed we take some merit for the judgment with which we copy in this instance.

We may venture also to promise in our next number, a review of the life of Sir W. Jones. We have also in preparation, reviews of the life of Washington, and of the transactions of the Academy of Arts and Sciences; all from sources to which we shall be proud to owe an obligation.

We offer our thanks to our friends for the recent very rapid augmentation of our patronage. Though it is now amply adequate to the support of the publication, yet we desire an increase of it in order to enable us to extend our correspondence, and present our readers with the contents of foreign literary journals, particularly those of the continent. We are therefore induced to republish the following

CIRCULAR LETTER.

Boston, May 1, 1805.

Sir,

It has been frequently said, that in the ancient town of Boston, the pride of New-England, abounding in wealth, and crowded with the eloquent, the learned, and the gay, there ought to be a repository for correct notices of all American publications; for just criticism; for the lucubrations of men of learning and taste; for the sallies of youthful genius aspiring to fame; and for whatever is propitious to the arts of peace, health, long life, and happiness.

That the *Monthly Anthology and Boston Review* has been judiciously devoted to these objects, we infer from the approbation it has received from many of our wisest and best citizens. Certain it is, whatever we may deserve, we covet the smiles of the friends of good government, and of sound priciples in literature and religion. On these grand subjects of human concern our opinions have been deliberately formed, and freely expressed. It is now an entire year since the work has engaged our attention, and since we have sought to enlist in its service the most useful and the most brilliant talents.

In regard to communications for supporting the publication we have nothing to fear. Our prospects are now brighter than ever. But in a pecuniary view, justice to ourselves obliges us to declare, that we need a more liberal patronage than we have hitherto enjoyed. It is, in fact, now to be determined whether the ANTHOLOGY is hereafter to be numbered with the multitude of withered and forgotten efforts of the kind, or whether it shall expand and ripen beneath the influence of publick spirit. From the decision of the general sentiment, which, though sometimes severe, is for the most part just, we shall make no appeal. We cannot but wish however that this decision may be made with the utmost caution. We confess ourselves ambitious of refuting a charge on the character of this town, a charge no less disreputable to its munificence than its taste, that no attempt within its limits to support a literary publication can be long successful. We are therefore desirous of prolonging the trial of our power to furnish means of instruction and amusement to an intelligent community.

Under these impressions, Sir, we are induced to solicit the honour of adding your name to the names of our patrons, and the favour of such offices in our behalf, in the circles of your friends, as shall promote our success.

We remain, Sir,
Your humble servants,
THE PUBLISHERS.

N. B. This publication was commenced in November, 1803, and the first volume, consisting of 14 numbers, was completed last December. Subscribers or others my be supplied with the preceding numbers, either bound or single.

METEOROLOGY from May 26 to June 26.

Day.	Clock.	Baro.	Ther.	Wind.	Weather.
	8			WSW	Fair.
	2			W	
26	88.				
	10				
	8			SW	Rain.
	2			SSE	
27	88.				
	10				
	8			SSW	Fair.
	2			E	
28	88.				
	10				
	8			E	Clouds & sunshine.
	2			SE	Showers in evening,
29	88.				with a little lightning.
	10				
	8			W	Clouds and sunshine.—
	2			E	Small showers P. M.
30	88.			W	fair morning & evening
	10				
	8	29,8		WNW	Fair. Some clouds.
	2	29,8			
31	88.	29,8			
	10	29,9	58		
	8	29,9	59	WNW	Fair.—Some clouds.
	2	29,9	66	NNE	
1	88.	30,2	65		
	10	30,6	64		
	8	30	62	ENE	Fair.
	2	30,9		SSE	
2	88.	29,8			
	10	29,8	62		
	8	29,8	67	NE	Fair.
	2	29,8		ENE	
3	88.	29,7			
	10	29,7	52		
	8	29,7	67	S	Dull hazy morning.—
	2	29,7	76	ENE	Clear at 11 A. M. & till
4	88.	29,7	70		evening. Then cloudy.
	10	29,7	68	S	
	8	29,7	65	S	Cloudy, rainy morning.
	2	29,7	75		Fair after 11 A. M.
5	88.	29,7	61	NE	Cloudy misty evening.
	10	29,7	60		
	8	29,9	62	NE	Cloudy most of the day.
	2	29,9	65		Clear about noon.
6	88.	30			
	10	30	52		
	8	30	56	NE	Cloudy and showers.
	2	30		ENE	
7	88.	30		ESE	
	10	30	53		
	8	30	58	ESE	Rainy.—In evening the
	2	29,9	60		wind rose, & it became
8	88.	29,8			a storm.
	10	29,7	54		
		29,6	54	ENE	Storm very violent all
9	2	29,5	56	NE	night and till noon.—P.
	88.	29,5			M. rain continues.
	10	29,6	50		
	8	29,6	55	NW	Clouds and sunshine.
10	2	29,6		S	
	88.	29,6	60		
	10	29,6	57		
	8	29,7	61	W	Clouds and sunshine.
11	2	29,7			Twothoft showers.
	88.	29,8			
	10	29,9	59		
	8	30	65	W	Fair and clear.
12	2	30		SSW	
	88.	30			
	10	30,1	61	WSW	
	8	30,2	67	W	Fair and clear.
13	2	30,2			
	88.	30,2		SE	
	10	30,2	65		
	8	30,2	73	W	Fair and clear.
14	2	30,2		SW	
	88.	30,2		WSW	
	10	30,1	68		
	8	30,1	74	SW	Fair and clear.
	2	30,1		WSW	
15	88.	30			
	10	30	67		
	8	30	80	NW	Fair.—Some clouds.
	12	—	92	SE	
	2	30	91		
16	88.	30	79	SSW	
	10	30	74		
	8	30,1	75	NE	Fair and clear.
17	2	30,1	82		
	88.	30,1			
	10	30,1	72		
	8	30,1	76	SW	Fair and clear.
18	2	30,1	90		
	88.	30			
	10	30	70		
	8	30	76	W	Fair.—Some clouds.
19	2	29,9	92		
	88.	29,9			
	10	29,9	79		
	8	29,9	82	W	Cloudy morning. In
20	2	29,9			evening mist.
	88.	29,9			
	10	30	60		
	8	30,1	63	E	Clouds and mist.
21	2	30,1	64		
	88.	30,1	61		
	10	30	60		
	8	30	66	E	Clouds—a little sprink-
22	2	30			ling in evening.
	88.	30			
	10	30	64		
	8	30	68	E	Cloudy A. M.—Fair P.
23	2	30			M.—Cloudy evening.
	88.	30			
	10	30	66		
	8	30	70	E	Cloudy morning—Clear
24	2	30	86		after 9 of the A.M.
	88.	29,9			
	10	29,9	76		
	8	29,8	76	W	Fair—In evening heavy
25	2	29,7	92		clouds with thunder &
	88.	29,7	80		lightning.
	10	29,7	76		

N. B. On the 26, 27, 28, 29, *and* 30*th of May there was no register kept of the state of the glasses.*

THE

MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY,

FOR

JULY, 1805.

LETTERS FROM ITALY.

Rome, 28th January, 1805.

MY DEAR BROTHER,

TO proceed with the Duke's account of the late eruption.

"The 2d of September the lava remained ſtationary in the cottage and grounds of Andrew Guida, there opened for itſelf a paſſage laterally towards the Monticelli, and by the evening had extended itſelf at leaſt 200 palms. The other lava, whoſe direction was towards the Cardinal's Caſino, had advanced by the 18th hour 2152 palms in a valley, taking along the ſide of the cottages of Ubaldo and Guarino. Its front was about 15 palms wide, its height 9, and its direction was to the ſouth, with an inclination of 30 degrees weſt. Having calculated the entire length of this body of lava, it reſulted that, from the mouth of the crater to the place where it then ſtopped, the diſtance was 13,600 palms, and from this place to the Caſino of the Cardinal was 12,500.

"On the 3d September nothing new took place on the ſide of the Cardinal's houſe, nor did the lava here advance. The other, on the ſide of Guida's, continued to ſpread, but proceeding on an ancient body of lava it did no damage. On the 4th, about the 20th hour (half paſt 3 o'clock P. M.) there aroſe a violent tempeſt from the eaſt, which laſted more than two hours. Nothing new took place in the lava. In the evening the fire from the mountain was increaſed, and the eruptions of ſtones were more frequent. There were perceived more copious effuſions of new lava from the orifice. On the 6th, notwithſtanding the ſaid overflowing, the lava made no progreſs; but the exploſions were louder, and the ſmoke more conſiderable. On the 7th, about half paſt 5 A. M. the lava recommenced its progreſs, which was however not very ſwift; but preſerving its width of 1700 palms it did not advance together, but in various diviſions, or parts. In one hour it progreſſed 20 palms, preſerving the height of 30. From the morning till the 23d hour the lava advanced 680 palms, and entered into the territory of Borelli and Ruggiero. In this night I went again up to the crater. I did not find it very different from what I have deſcribed it to be on the 1ſt September, except that the little mountains were ſomewhat increaſed. Two mouths ejected or vomited fire, two others aſhes

and ſmall ſtones; and from the large mouth, above deſcribed, aroſe a column of black ſmoke, which aſcended through the air with redoubled and repeated whirlpools. On the ſides of the little mountains ſmall quantities of ſmoke were ſeen to iſſue.

"The lava, which I have mentioned as having been amaſſed againſt the edge of the crater, was all covered with a ſaline cruſt, compoſed of ſal ammoniack, muriat of ſoda, or common marine ſalt. This was alſo found in large pieces, mixed with earthy particles, at the foot of a new mountain in the crater. This will demand a better and more exact analyſis, which I ſhall make on a more ſuitable occaſion. We may then perhaps decide, whether this ſalt be a native ſalt of the mountain, or produced from the water of the ſea. From a variety of deciſive obſervations, which I ſhall in proper time communicate to the publick, *I believe it to proceed from the ſea.*

"Having approached the lava, I found its channel leſſened at leaſt to five palms. After this however there iſſued another ſtream, which uniting to the old one, at the baſe of the mountain, formed a ſingle one. The ſmoke being carried to the oppoſite ſide by the wind, it became eaſy for me to aſcend upon the place whence the lava iſſued. The lava iſſued from beneath a grotto formed by the lava itſelf, and in the paſſage it produced an awful trembling and emitted an inſupportable heat. The grotto was about 15 palms wide, and the lava which iſſued collected into a maſs about 8 palms wide, from whence, like a ſtream iſſuing from a lake, it fell into its regular channel and deſcended along the ſides of the mountain. It was beautiful to ſee the reſiſtance, which the external air made to the fluid matter, which iſſued from the grotto; which you ſaw ſometimes recede to one ſide, ſometimes to the other, till, having overcome the obſtacle, it precipitated itſelf to the baſe. In this place the red colour of the lava was different from what it appeared on the 1ſt of September, ſince its outer ſurface was covered with a yellowiſh coat; which might have been occaſioned as well by the evaporation of ſulphur, as by ſome liquified metal, which came in contact with the atmoſpherick air at the moment of its oxygenation. The great quantity of ſulphur, which was developed in theſe eruptions, is derived, in my opinion, from the decompoſition of pyrites or ſulphurick metals, and particularly copper, iron, and arſenick, which are the metals moſt common to Veſuvius. The ſulphur is diſengaged from thoſe metals and from oxygen, which may be developed or produced in the decompoſition of water or of the atmoſpherick air, or from caloric, which, by abſorbing, volatized it. By theſe means ſulphur is either found pure on the ſurface of the lava, or by the atmoſphere reduced to an acid ſtate; and the metals abovementioned are found divided from the ſulphur, either in a pure ſtate, as the *ferrum ſpeculare*, and octagonals; or in a ſtate of oxyds, as the martial ochre, the green oxyd of copper, or the red oxyd of arſenick. The

lava here in the crater was much more fluid than in its deſcent; ſo that having thrown in a large ſtone it was entirely buried in it, and a ſtick preſſed with a ſmall force entered more than a palm; ſeparated from the maſs, the lava emitted a lively light, which ſuddenly ſpent itſelf, and it remained like carbon. This lava muſt have proceeded from one of the mouths, which ejected fire into the air. I ſent a perſon on the ſide of Ottajano, but he could not diſcover from which of the mouths the ſmoke iſſued. Nothing elſe remarkable occurred during my ſtay here. On the 8th the lava advanced in twenty-four hours 500 palms, and preſſed between the other territories of Magliulo and Borelli. On this day there was another tempeſt from the eaſt, which laſted two hours. It has been obſerved, that every time it rained abundantly, the current of the lava was much increaſed. Is not this another reaſon to prove the decompoſition of water in eruptions?

"On the 9th of September the lava at the 22d hour had reached the cottage of Vitiello; had ſurrounded his houſe without touching it, and had extended itſelf to the width of 1800 palms; its height in front was 28, and it had proceeded in the courſe of the day 1120. I meaſured the diſtance between this lava and that toward the Cardinal's, and found it 3700 palms. On the 10th it had arrived at the eſtate of Gargiulo; in the evening it was diſtant from the houſe of Fortunato 114 palms, and in the 24 hours had run 1134; its width was about 800. This was the firſt day, that the rain of aſhes was ſenſible in the ſea, and there aroſe a black thick ſmoke, which, carried by the wind, formed a ſtreak which reached to the iſland of Capri, (24 miles Engliſh.)

"The 11th the lava paſſed the houſe of Fortunato, having alſo ſurrounded it, and it had ſpread 1200 palms in the lands of Cozzolino and others, whoſe names I could not learn. Here the lava divided into three branches; the firſt directed itſelf towards Mont St. Angelo, or the Camaldoli, and running by a canal of water it arrived at the eſtate of Petrillo, and had paſſed the houſe leaving it untouched; its width was 670, its height above the valley 11 palms. This ſtream of lava at the 21½ hour had proceeded 3148 palms. The other branch deſcended from the houſe of Fortunato, and was alſo of conſiderable width and height. The laſt of theſe branches was in the eſtate of Antonio Serpe, diſtant from the former 460 palms, and was 42 wide and 8 high. The ſtream of lava which deſcended from the mountain was much more copious, and from the mouth of the crater there continued an ejection of fire, ſtones, aſhes, and cinders. Nevertheleſs the courſe of the lava was much diminiſhed this evening, and it did not progreſs more than 10 palms in ¼ of an hour.

"The 12th the lava towards the Camaldules advanced only 208 palms. Its width was 75; its height, comprehending the valley, 18. Having expoſed a thermometer along the ſide of the lava, at the diſtance of 20 palms, it roſe in 3 minutes from 25 to 48 degrees. I obſerved that the

which deſcended the mountain. ....The thick ſmoke, which had incumbered the crater on the ſide which I had juſt paſſed, obliged me to deſcend to the bottom of the crater between the little mountains, to ſeek a retreat which might be free from this dangerous ſmoke. Some of my companions, who choſe to return by the ſame road we had deſcended, were ſo affected by theſe noxious vapours, that they arrived at the top of the crater with their throats extremely parched, and were not able to utter a word without imminent hazard of their lives. In the deſcent, I had made many remarks on the above deſcribed little hills; ....the firſt, towards the ſouth, was that which had been formed before the opening of the new orifice on the 15th. After that followed another to the weſt, which was higher and ſharper; behind it was a mouth which threw forth aſhes and ſmoke, which formed, in their aſcent, a parabolick arch. From thence you ſaw three others, more depreſſed; from the two firſt iſſued burning ſtones and cinders, from the laſt aſhes and ſmoke. I could not mount on either of them. I placed my electrometer on one of them, and the ſigns were the ſame as before. The vallies which divided the mountains were filled with looſe ſand and aſhes to the height of three palms; or incumbered with ſtones, which had been ejected; or with hot and ſmoking lava, covered with ſulphur, muriat of ſoda, and muriat of ammoniack. The muriat of ammoniack is found ſo abundantly in this lava, that there was none which did not ſhew ſome, either unformed or chryſtallized. It would not be ſtrange, that the hydrogen, given out by the water, united to the azot of the atmoſphere, might form the baſe of this ſalt; whilſt the marine ſalt might furniſh it with the muriatick acid. In fact the marine ſalt was found much deprived of its acid."

"The ear was ſtruck with the deep rumbling, which was produced by the decompoſition of the ſubterraneous materials. I ſucceeded at laſt to reach the top of the crater without injury. There were no appearances of a ceſſation of the eruption, and the mountain was compoſed of the little hills and mouths I have juſt deſcribed, from which iſſued fire, ſtones, aſhes, and ſmoke. On the 18th was collected much aſhes in the city, which had fallen on the tops of the houſes. I meaſured this day the diſtance of the lava from the Royal way, or road, and found it about 2500 palms, or a little more than a third of a mile, and from the ſea about 6100 palms. After the 18th nothing new has occurred in the appearances, ſo that it is uſeleſs to continue this journal.

"The whole diſtance which the lava has run was this day meaſured, and found to be 22,500 palms, or little more than 3 miles. It differs a little, but not much, from the daily calculations.

"The damage done by the eruption, as near as I could diſcover in my daily expeditions, from perſons the beſt informed, may be eſtimated as follows....100 moggia of land overflowed, eſtimated at 600 ducats the moggia, amounts to 60,000 ducats, without eſtimating the injury and loſs

ſuſtained by the deſtruction of the next crop. It is alſo to be feared that the lands which are near the lava, and which are light and ſandy, will be ruined by the floods; which deſcend from the mountain, and which, having their uſual courſes filled with lava, will ſpread themſelves over the fields. The unhappy inhabitants have reaſon to utter their lamentations to heaven, while they not only are conſtrained to witneſs the deſtruction of their property, but to have their harveſts juſt ready to be gathered and the fruit of all their toil ſwept away in an inſtant."

Finis.

I dare ſay you will not be ſorry that I have finiſhed, if you have taken the trouble and fatigue of reading my miſerable tranſlation.

To tell the truth, I have found it extremely difficult to render into tolerable Engliſh a work written in a language, whoſe idiom is ſo different from our own;....and though the Duke may be an excellent philoſopher, he is moſt certainly neither an elegant nor entertaining writer. The mode he has adopted of journalizing the events of the late eruption is not well choſen, except for the naked exhibition of facts, and in that conſiſts the whole merit of his work. Even in theſe he has been too minute; but thoſe who deſire ſolid information will prefer it to the oppoſite extreme.

I will add in my next letter my own remarks on the ſubſequent ſituation of the mountain, and ſome obſervations on the moſt ſtriking facts ſtated by the Duke.

Adieu.

THE FAMILY PHYSICIAN. No. 1.

EVERY good mother will doubtleſs be attracted by the title of this paper, and will be willing to honour it by a careful peruſal. She will be ready to promiſe herſelf new directions for treating the canker and ſtuffed colds, and for guarding the ſyſtems of tender babes againſt the ſtriking in of humours. Although reluctant to diſappoint the expectations my beſt friends, I muſt honeſtly declare, that I am not deſcended from the immortal Buchan, and that I do not intend to walk in his path. That man muſt be poſſeſſed of a tranſcendant genius, and of the moſt extenſive information, who can in one volume give complete directions for the treatment of diſeaſes, which learned and ingenious practitioners often find too mighty for their controul. Plain and ſimple rules may be put on paper for the treatment of a patient with a fever, or with any other diſeaſe; but when theſe rules are referred to by an anxious parent, how many things will he find abſolutely requiſite to be known, previous to the application of them! He has firſt to decide, what the diſeaſe is, which he has to treat. A taſk this, to which the wiſeſt phyſician too often finds himſelf inadequate, and one for which the peruſal of a few ſummary deſcriptions will not qualify any man. The diſeaſe being furniſhed with a name, and the appropriate medicines being

adminiſtered, he has to determine, whether the operation of his medicines is favourable, or the contrary; whether he ſhall ſtop or go on; whether the ſubſiding of this or that ſymptom marks a real amendment, or is the conſequence only of a momentary alleviation; whether ſome new complaints ariſe from the phyſick on the diſeaſe. Theſe and ten thouſand queſtions will occur to embarraſs and perplex, which practice and obſervation only can ſolve.

In general the reading of medical books is dangerous to thoſe, who do not read extenſively. It cannot qualify them to practice phyſick, and it may raiſe a thouſand idle whims in a fanciful brain. The reference to medical books at the moment, when a child or a friend is ſick, is peculiarly abſurd. The moment of anxiety is not the moment for inveſtigation. Hardly can a medical man judge correctly in the caſe of a near friend or relative; ſtill leſs muſt one not converſant with the ſcience of medicine be capable of acquiring knowledge on this ſubject at the very inſtant in which it is to be exerciſed; and that too on an object, which engroſſes his warmeſt affections.

Theſe obſervations are made, not with a deſire to cloſe the avenues to medical information, nor to engroſs to the faculty the management of every trifling complaint. They are made from a conviction *that a little* medical *learning is a dangerous thing.*—Some obſervations on the occaſions for ſeeking medical aſſiſtance will be made in the courſe of theſe papers. At preſent it is ſufficient to remark, that when neither the patient nor his friends know what to do, it is time to aſk for profeſſional aid.

Theſe papers will generally treat of ſubjects, which reſpect the relations between phyſicians and their patients. The duties, which they owe to each other, and the decorum, which is proper to be obſerved on both ſides, will be particularly noticed. C.

TO CORNELIA.

******, *May* 13, 1805.

YOU are pleaſed, my beloved Cornelia, to aſk my opinion of the comparative merit of Johnſon and Hayley in the light of biographers.* They were ſituated ſo differently, it ſeems difficult to anſwer you. One had the life of the beſt of men and fondeſt of friends to narrate, whilſt the taſk of the other was exceedingly complicated. Events, buried in obſcurity, and diſcoloured by paſſion, were to be traced; characters, the reverſe of Cowper's, were to be drawn; and a multitude of political and hiſtorical facts to be recorded. The lives of mere poets are uſually attended with few adventures, and their hiſtory of courſe is ſterile and gloomy. The biography of philoſophers and ſtateſmen is copious, and connected with parties and opinions, with dangers and glory. The life of an unambitious poet fur-

* See Month. Anthol. vol. i. p. 73.

niſhes few events, which are intereſting to the tumultuous world. Genius poſſeſſes indeed the power of evolving and embelliſhing every ſentiment that can exerciſe the underſtanding or engage the heart. But genius always on the confines, or in the region, of madneſs, is to be looked at only by eyes that can weep, to be contemplated only by the heart of ſenſibility. In the prolifick imagination of the poet are pictured all the gay images of pleaſure, and all the grander ones of power and fame; and though, in the ſcrutinizing eye of philoſophy, they poſſeſs nothing but vanity and vexation, reſembling the empurpled cloud of twilight, which paſſes ſuddenly away and leaves no beam; yet, repreſented by the pencil of friendſhip, they brighten the horizon of life, like the golden bow of promiſe, auguring future and varied good. Dr. Johnſon was of too ſevere and inflexible a caſt for a commentator on Cowper. His influence on the moral world may be compared to the rage of the tempeſt, which conſumes the noxious vapours, and purifies the ſtagnated elements of nature; whilſt that of Hayley refreſhes the world of ſentiment and devotion, like the dew of heaven, when God commands a bleſſing on the earth.

Still I ſhould venture to pronounce decidedly, that the ſtern inveſtigation of Johnſon was more favourable to virtue than the tender partiality of Hayley, had the former never written the life of Edward Young*. How unfortunate, Cornelia, for the memory of this bard, and our feelings, that his biography fell into ſo ungentle hands as thoſe of Johnſon! Cold and hard muſt have been the heart, that could exaggerate the foibles of a man, who had animated the believer by the triumphs of chriſtianity, and conſoled him under the deepeſt afflictions; whoſe muſe was ſo often clothed in the veſtments of ſadneſs and wet with ſepulchral dews; who now ſo pathetically rehearſed the awful beheſts of time, and now ſo beautifully decked the ſhrine of friendſhip.

If the nocturnal poet ſuffered ſo much from the illuſtrious critick, one can eaſily conjecture the fate, which ſome of the letters of our amiable Cowper would have received at his hands. And what too would have become of the pious and venerable Unwin? We fear, that the frowning lexicographer would have defaced the boaſted Pharos of friendſhip, which makes the village of Weſton memorable. We glory in conſidering this friendſhip a teſtimony to the ſtrength and inviolability of an attachment, in which all the paſſions of the heart were not intereſted. But if the biographer admitted the exiſtence of this friendſhip, would he not have recalled the much endeared Auſten to reproach forever her elder companion, and to caſt a ſhade on the few happy periods, which gleamed on the poet's life?... Though this invidious taſk might have been embraced by none but Johnſon, none can view the diſſolution of Auſten's connexion, with-

* Our fair correſpondent is unfortunate in this inſtance. The life of Dr. Young, which appears in Johnſon's lives of the poets, was written by Herbert Croft. *Ed.*

out grief and indignation. Few read its hiſtory without lamenting that Unwin had not made the ſacrifice of a few years of precarious happineſs, that Cowper might have enjoyed the ſunſhine of an intellect like Auſten's. What might have been the effect? His faculties perhaps had been raiſed from that diſmal grave, in which they were ſo long buried. The duſt of Unwin might not have been ſo plaintively eulogized,—but in every heart, which the chriſtian religion and the ſorrows of Cowper had viſited, her memory would have found an altar laſting as the nature of virtue. After all, my Cornelia, the genius of friendſhip wept where Cowper dwelt, and ſmiling on juſtice, charity, and gratitude, pointed to the ſkies, where only his dominion is perfect.

After this rambling diſcuſſion of a ſubject, to which I am unequal, I ſend you ſome lines written on reading the life of Cowper, which you will highly prize.

Your's ever. CONSTANCE.

SKETCH OF THE DOMESTICK LIFE OF *GILBERT WAKEFIELD.*

FROM HIS MEMOIRS.

WITH reſpect to his perſon he was in a ſmall degree below the middle ſtature, ſomewhat narrow in the cheſt, and his legs more muſcular than his general appearance would have led one to ſuppoſe, which enabled him to endure without fatigue ſo much of his favourite exerciſe of walking, even, when occaſion required, to the extent of forty miles a day. His complexion was pale, his eyes grey, and the general impreſſion of his countenance in the higheſt degree intellectual.

In his apparel he was remarkably plain, perhaps too little regarding external appearance; but not from any ſlovenly habits, from which he was ever free. To ſimple neatneſs of dreſs and cleanlineſs of perſon, eſpecially the latter, he was ſcrupulouſly attentive. His motives for economy in the article of dreſs are thus deſcribed in one of his papers,—"Laid out no money on myſelf unneceſſarily in clothes, calculating ſuch expenditure as a great evil by one meaſure, that of books; regarding ſuch waſte of money, as the loſs of ſo many books as it would purchaſe, neceſſary to the comfortable proſecution of my ſtudies:" in this reſpect imitating *Eraſmus*, who ſays, in one of his Epiſtles, "that as ſoon as he could get any money, he would purchaſe, firſt, Greek authors, and ſecondly clothes."

Mr. Wakefield was always an early riſer, and when occupied in preparing any work for the preſs, it was by no means uncommon for him to be in his ſtudy by three or four o'clock in the morning. Perhaps it was in a great meaſure owing to this habit of redeeming time that he was ſingularly punctual to the hour of his engagements.

In the article of diet he was very abſtemious, and, in his latter years, rarely indulged himſelf in *animal* food. Indeed, he became, from principle, a decided enemy

to the uſe of it altogether, and, had he lived, it was his deſign to have publiſhed ſome obſervations on this ſubject. It is well known that other virtuous and reflecting men have inclined to this opinion.

From fermented liquors of every kind, he rigidly and conſcientiouſly abſtained, excepting when occaſionally preſcribed in a medicinal view. His principal meal was at tea-time. Tea was his favourite beverage, though he never allowed himſelf to wear out his pleaſures, as he uſed to expreſs it, by indiſcreet indulgence; unlike a celebrated "hardened and ſhameleſs tea-drinker," as he deſcribes himſelf, "whoſe kettle had ſcarcely time to cool; who with tea amuſed the evening, with tea ſolaced the midnight, and with tea welcomed the morning."

His hours of leiſure were devoted to no recreations beyond the exerciſe of walking, and the enjoyment of cheerful ſociety with a few friends at the tea-table, which he greatly preferred to the dinner-party. During his earlier years he had been extremely addicted to the amuſement of fiſhing, which he relinquiſhed for a long time before his death, from an averſion (which he was ſurpriſed not to have always felt) to any purſuit

> That owes its pleaſures to another's pain.

It may appear more extraordinary, that at one period of his early life, he occaſionally indulged in the ſport of ſhooting; a circumſtance to which he never adverted but with expreſſions of regret and mortification. Of the hardy delights of hunting, which, in his "Imitation of Juvenal," he has ſufficiently ſatirized, he could form no adequate conception, as he was never on horſeback in his life. The following paſſage, in which Cicero ſpeaks of his manner of paſſing the ſeaſon of retirement during the troubles of his country, he frequently quoted with great energy and admiration. "Neque otio me ignavo dedidi, nec, rurſum, indignis homine docto voluptatibus." I neither ſurrendered myſelf to inactivity and indolence; nor, on the other hand, to pleaſures unbecoming a man of letters.

Such accompliſhments, both of the head and the heart, might have been very reaſonably expected to advance the intereſt of their poſſeſſor, while men of inferiour talents were continually riſing to the higheſt honours. But Mr. Wakefield ſoon found himſelf under the neceſſity of ſacrificing all flattering hopes of improving his external condition, unleſs he would reſtrain the open declaration of theological opinions too uncourtly, and too much at variance with eſtabliſhed creeds, to be *avowed* by any one whoſe object was the promotion of ſelf-intereſt.

Free as were his ſentiments on many points of theology, they excited greater animadverſion from the unreſerved manner in which they are ſometimes ſtated. This practice however, as has been ſuggeſted before, ſprang from very honeſt motives; though ſome great men of former times, in ſimilar circumſtances, obſerved an oppoſite conduct—"concealed and timorous friends of truth, who keeping their ſentiments to themſelves, or diſcloſing them on-

ly to a few, complied with eſtabliſhed errours and ſuperſtitions, which they diſliked and deſpiſed."

It may be fairly inferred alſo from the writings of ſeveral of his contemporaries, who have had the good fortune to attain eminent ſtations in the church, that however they reconciled it to their minds to preſerve their connexion with the exiſting eſtabliſhment, they differed very little from him in many of his moſt obnoxious ſentiments.

His free theological opinions were not the only hindrances to his advancement. He felt a lively intereſt in the great political events which occurred, eſpecially in his latter years—events

> Of which all Europe rings from ſide to ſide.

The ſeverities which he now ſuſtained were tempered by the habitual ſerioufneſs of his diſpoſition, which ſuggeſted motives to cheerfulneſs and hope from ſources to which many are ſtrangers. The awful, but animating, conſideration of the omnipreſence of the DIVINE BEING was ſeldom abſent from his mind in the ſeaſon of ſilence and ſolitude; and the proſpect of immortality was a never-failing reſource.

Such a man was Gilbert Wakefield. He may be juſtly ranked among thoſe who in their lives, as well as their writings, have ſhewn that the principles of Chriſtianity happily accord with every mental accompliſhment which reaſon values or virtue approves; animating to the duties of life, and conſoling in the expectation of death. Though his date was ſhort, it was extended by unceaſing exertions; and though cut off in the midſt of his years, he fell not immaturely: for, as it has been beautifully expreſſed, "Honourable age is not that which ſtandeth in length of time, nor that is meaſured by number of years: but wiſdom is the grey hair unto man, and an unſpotted life is old age."

THE BOTANIST. No. 10.

IN the ſixth number, written in the ſevereſt cold of an inclement ſeaſon*, the Botaniſt promiſed, that when "*the winter was paſt*," and "*the flowers appear on the earth, and the ſinging of birds is come*," then would he quit his conglaciated ſtate, and, congenial to the cheerful ſeaſon, once more attempt to delineate the beauties of earth's renovated carpet. But ſhall man, who cometh forth as a flower, vain man promiſe himſelf any good at any diſtant period!

It is aſked, "*Is this ſeaſon*,† *ſo full of the bloom of nature, unpropitious to the unfolding of the petals of elocution?*"‡ Let the great Monteſquieu anſwer the queſtion. Put a man, ſays this ſage, in a warm, confined place, and he will feel faintneſs and laſ-

* In January 1805. Mercury 8° below 0.

† July. Thermometer between 88 and 95°. and not a ſprinkling of rain for five weeks.

‡ Hints to correſpondents in Anthol. for June.

ſitude. Thus circumſtanced, if you propoſe a bold enterprize to him, you will find him very little diſpoſed towards it. His weakneſs will induce a deſpondency; he will be afraid of every thing, becauſe he will feel himſelf capable of nothing. Faintneſs of the body, produced by the heat of the climate, is ſoon communicated to the mind; and then there is no curioſity, no noble enterprize, no generous ſentiment. The inclinations are all paſſive, and indolence conſtitutes his utmoſt happineſs. §

Although the Botaniſt has been ready to exclaim with Thomſon,

All-conquering heat, oh intermit thy wrath!

he has not been an idle ſpectator of tranſitory bloſſoms. For,

As the vernal ſun awak'd the torpid ſap,

he watched the infant bud and embryo flower, and marked, as they gradually unfolded, the beauties of the *breathing* leaf. And when the burſting calyx gave the ſtruggling petals to the admiring ſight, he hung over their elegant forms and reſplendent hues enraptured. But while gazing at the glories of the full-blown flower and contemplating its wondrous economy, it ſhrunk from the intruſion, and, like the hopes of man, withered on the ſtalk. So paſſeth away the ſplendour of this world!*

During this dry and fervid ſeaſon the vegetable race has a more melancholy aſpect, than in the frozen gloom of winter, when the vegetative *ens* naturally retires to its cradle, *hybernacula*, or

§ Spirit of Laws.

* In plain truth, the Botaniſt was never leſs idle; for, ſtimulated by a hint from a man of eminence, (one who with more than ordinary genius and learning holds the *ſcales*, though not the *ſword* of JUSTICE among us) he meditated, what ſome would call, an heretical innovation againſt the eſtabliſhed Linnæan creed. It has however ſerved, like every other hereſy, to fix more firmly the true doctrine. When he began theſe monthly eſſays, he hoped to remove the objection, often urged by parents, againſt the Linnæan doctrine and phraſeology; and to adapt the principles to the youth of both ſexes. In fewer words: he hoped he could drop the Linnæan *metaphor* of *generation*, and ſubſtitute that of *nutrition*, and thereby obviate the objection juſt mentioned. In his firſt eſſay his plan appeared plauſible and his progreſs pleaſant; but as he went on he found himſelf more and more incumbered with unmanageable and awkward materials. The Botaniſt knows no other diſtinguiſhing mark, that lays the line which divides the animal from the vegetable, than, that the one has a ſtomach for receiving and digeſting its food, and the other none. But he found that his meditated innovation would appear to treſpaſs againſt a law, which he had acknowledged.—To be more explicit. He communicated his delicate plan to a ſenſible friend; whether *une ſage femme*, or *une femme ſage*, imports not. The anſwer determined its fate. "You will be laughed at If "you refine too much, you will create "in young people the very evil you "apprehend. Remember Rouſſeau's "comment on the fable of the fox, the "crow, and the cheeſe. What you call "the objectionable part of botany is "a principal ſtimulus to its ſtudy. Di"veſt it of that charm, and you will di"miniſh the number of its admirers and "patrons among the men. Then burn "your nonſenſe, and glorify LINNÆUS."

The hiſtory of botany, the biographical ſketch of Linnæus, &c. was not the reſort of lazineſs. It appeared to the compiler a neceſſary piece of information to ſeveral perſons, who were engaged, according to their own confeſ-

winter-quarters, and is reſuſcitated by the next vernal ſun. But in this arid and aduſt ſtate of the earth and the air, every annual plant is threatened with ſpeedy deſtruction; for want of the cheriſhing influence of ſupernal rain,

——————Diſtreſsful nature pants.
The very ſtreams look languid from afar.†

To the laborious huſbandman, the gardener, and the botaniſt, the deſcent of rain on the parched ſoil and thirſty plants is the moſt grateful phœnomenon in the whole economy of nature. Let us put away our flowers then, for the preſent, that we may conſider the nature and contemplate the ſource of this precious fluid, which gives life, verdure and fragrance, health, beauty and vigour to all that lives.

WATER

is indeed a wondrous element. Well might the Grecian ſage‡ contend, that water was the original matter, or principle of all things, and that even the air was but an offspring, expanſion, or expiration of water. We actually find that it bears a part in the formation of every body in the three kingdoms of nature. It enters into all the food of every animal and every vegetable in creation. It is neceſſary to the free exerciſe of every animal function and action: and altho' it is the common cement of all terreſtrial bodies, it nevertheleſs haſtens and facilitates the requiſite diſſolution of every animal and vegetable, when life has departed; and is therefore an important agent in that never-ceaſing proceſs of mutation, by which one thing is changed *out of*, and *into* every other in creation.

Can a naturaliſt do better, at this dry and threatening ſeaſon, than ſolicit the attention of his young readers of both ſexes, to the means nature uſes to provide the earth with rivers of water, beaſts with running brooks, plants with refreſhing ſhowers, and man with every thing? It is poſſible that they may never have once reflected on the connexion between the ſea and vegetation....between the mountains and the ocean.... between rivers under ground and the atmoſphere above it. They may never have conſidered, that the Atlantick ocean conſpires with our loftieſt mountains to furniſh us with an element indiſpenſably neceſſary to life, health, and beauty.

The clouds diſpenſing refreſhing ſhowers, turning the wilderneſs into a ſtanding water and the dry ground into water ſprings; the flow of rivers, with their long train of beneficial conſequences, could hardly eſcape the notice of any thinking being in any age of the world. We accordingly find the ſupply of water frequently mentioned, in the oldeſt

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ſion, in the promotion of they knew not what.

The 9th number, on BOTANICAL GARDENS, was deemed uſeful in facilitating, or rather familiarizing, an uſeful deſign: the Botaniſt intended it as his *ſubſcription* towards it. When a poor, labouring man has no money to contribute towards making a new road for the benefit of all, he ſhould be allowed to work upon it himſelf, and the gentlemen will not deſpiſe him for it.

† Thomſon. ‡ Thales.

book we have, among the moſt wonderful, as well as valuable of Heaven's bleſſings, whilſt the heathen world imagined every river to be under the guardianſhip of ſome particular deity, who they believed created it, becauſe they knew a river of water to be of more than mortal formation.

It has probably impreſſed others, as well as the writer, with ſomething bordering on wonder, that, during the ſeven and twenty centuries, wherein the memory and learning of mankind have been exerciſed, there has not been found one philoſopher ſo well inſtructed in the laws of nature, as to be able to give a complete hiſtory and explanation of *the aſcent of freſh water from the ſalt ocean; the ſuſpenſion of vapours in the air; the formation of diſtinctly viſible clouds;* and *the deſcent of rain;* together with a connected chain of cauſes. What facts and reaſonings we have on theſe ſubjects are mere fragments, widely ſcattered. If Pythagoras taught as Ovid ſays,

——unde nives, quæ fulminis eſſet origo:
Jupiter, an venti, diſcuſſa nube tonarent,

the doctrine has never come down to us.

Seeing the earth covered annually with a rich and beautiful carpet of vegetables, and theſe ſurprizingly diverſified, variegated, and developing between "ſeed time and harveſt time," muſt have led thoſe of ancient days to recognize the proximate cauſe, the warmth of the ſun and the moiſture from the clouds; and theſe again to that perpetual circulation ſubſiſting between the ocean and the mountains, through the inſtrumentality of the air, and by the medium of rivers to the ocean again. But the philoſophy, or explanation of this vivifying phœnomenon is ſpoken of as ſomething paſt finding out. They did then, as we do now, puſh our inveſtigations as high as ever we can, as in the caſe of *gravitation;* and beyond that principle ſay with them, it is "*the hand of God:*" an expreſſion denoting only the laſt term of our analytical reſults. Unable to diſcover the eſſence of *light* and of *fire*, the DEITY was called by the name of theſe inſcrutable agents.

In early times, when the knowledge of nature was confined to narrow limits, they, like our Indians,

Saw God in clouds, and heard him in the winds.

Hence they ſtyled the DEITY, "*the father of the rains,*" and repreſented him, as "*calling forth the waters of the ſea, and pouring them down according to the* VAPOUR *thereof.*" Whence we infer they believed that the water roſe, in form of *vapour*, from the ſalt ocean; and that it became freſhened in its paſſage through the air. It moreover appears that they believed this proceſs was regularly and perpetually performing, in an unceaſing circulation; for they remarked that, although "*all the rivers run into the ſea, yet was the ſea not full; unto the place whence the rivers come, thither they return again.*" They ſeem alſo to have known, that *mountains* made a part of this grand apparatus; and to have believed that it was not a fortuitous or caſual operation, but regulated as we now find it by

weight and meaſure. May not this be inferred from the ſublime queſtion of Iſaiah—"*Who hath meaſured the waters in the hollow of his hand*, and weighed the MOUNTAINS in ſcales?"

The people of ancient times diſcerned in part this magnificent apparatus and ſaw its effects, but were reſtrained, by a religious awe, from attempting the inveſtigation of it, becauſe *ſtorms*, *lightning*, and *hail* were conceived to be the precurſors of the chariot of the DEITY;—"*who maketh the clouds his chariot—who walketh on the wings of the wind*," accompanied with "*hail-ſtones*" and "*fire*." The origin and the courſe of the winds, "*whence they come, and whither they go*," were all, for theſe reaſons, deemed myſterious. Hence, inſtead of ſcrutinizing the cauſe, their pious minds, overwhelmed with awe, ſunk into undiſcerning amazement. Under ſuch ſolemn impreſſions, I ceaſe to wonder that he, who wrote that ancient drama, the book of *Job*, puts, among the moſt difficult of his queſtions, that which demands an explanation of "*the balancing of the clouds*."

The never-ceaſing circulation of water between the ocean and *terra firma* has, it ſeems, been contemplated from the earlieſt ages with grateful admiration; but, not being altogether an object of ſight, was ranked among the inexplicable works of Deity. *Des Cartes*, *Niewentyte*, *Halley*, and a few others among the moderns, have amuſed the literary publick with their hypotheſes; but of their learned theories, which of them is not clogged with objections? That all the rivers of freſh water are derived from the ſalt ocean, no one doubts, but how it riſes from the ſea is the queſtion. Some contend, that the particles of water are formed into hollow ſpherules, or diminutive balloons, which being lighter than common air aſcend, and are buoyant in it; and that they riſe, or fall, or move horizontally, according to the impulſe given by attraction, repulſion, by winds, or by electricity. The publick have generally acquieſced in the theory of Dr. *Halley*, as they commonly do with every hypotheſis preſented to them in the impoſing garb of mathematicks. Dr. H. took a veſſel of certain dimenſions, filled to a certain depth with water, and warmed to ſuch a degree as the air is in the hotteſt ſummer months. After ſtanding two hours, he found, on weighing it, what it had loſt by evaporation. From this datum he proceeded in his calculations, and found that a mile ſquare yields 6914 tons, and conſequently that a degree ſquare will evaporate about 33 millions of tons. He calculated the ſurface of the Mediterranean, and eſtimated that it muſt loſe in vapour every ſummer's day *five thouſand two hundred and eighty millions of tons*. Dr. Halley conſiders a certain grade of heat abſolutely neceſſary to the aſcent of vapours from the ocean; but we find, that this evaporation goes forward with equal rapidity in the coldeſt weather, nay in caves at the coldeſt ſeaſon, in the frozen regions of the north. We muſt then ſeek ſome other cauſe beſide *heat*; and the chemico-philoſophers have tried to ſoothe diſputants by an hypotheſis void of it.

They conſider the air, as a *menſtruum* capable of diſſolving, ſuſpending, and intimately mixing the particles of water with itſelf. That, as a given quantity of water will take up juſt ſo much ſalt and no more, without becoming turbid, and at length precipitating it to the bottom; ſo air, the moſt powerful ſolvent in nature next to fire, will take up, intimately mix, and ſuſpend, juſt ſo much water and remain clear. The mixture will continue tranſparent, juſt this ſide ſaturation; when *ſaturated*, the abundant waters float in form of clouds; but when *ſuperſaturated*, it lets go the water, which, like a ſuperſaturated ſolution of ſalt, falls from the clouds on the earth in the form of rain.

The probability of this theory is far from being diminiſhed by the new chemical doctrine, which teaches that water is formed by an union of *hydrogen* and *oxygen*. The pneumatick chemiſts have, by their curious diſcoveries, removed the boundaries, which ſeparated, as we once thought, air from water; and have led us to reſpect that very ancient idea, which conceived them to be ONE element.

The ſalt ocean, which covers by far the greateſt part of this globe, has a three-fold motion. The firſt is gentle, like the breathing of an animal; by it the ſea ſwells and riſes up againſt the ſhores, and enters gradually into bays and mouths of rivers, during the ſpace of ſix hours. Then it ſeems to reſt for a quarter of an hour, and then as gradually ſlides down again; when, after another pauſe of a quarter of an hour, it begins again to flow as before. The ſecond motion is more vehement and inceſſant, and is, like that of the heart, circulatory, whereas that of the tides is merely backward and forward. It comes in the courſe of the trade winds, which blow everlaſtingly from eaſt to weſt; runs paſt the Weſtindia iſlands; pours into the bay of Mexico; and ruſhing rapidly out, forms the gulf of Florida; which ſweeping along the American ſhore, carries the waters of the Atlantick into the North Sea, whence they paſs in a never-ceaſing circulation around the globe.

The other motion is from the atmoſphere, when agitated by winds. It is local and variable; and ſeems ſubſervient to the tranſpiration of the ocean. It ruffles the ſurface merely, and, from this ſuperficial agitation, begins that hitherto inexplicable *diſtillatio per aſcenſum*.

By whatever mean the water aſcends the air from the ocean, this is briefly the courſe of it. In riſing from the ocean it leaves the ſalt behind it, as in the common proceſs of diſtillation. The aſcended vapour is probably decompoſed, when it forms clouds which are diſtinctly viſible. Theſe float in the general atmoſphere, which appears to be then a different fluid from theſe circumſcribed clouds. Antiquity conceived a cloud to be a congeries of watery vapour; a conſervatory, in which the rain is kept as "*in bottles.*"* As clouds become fuller of water they gravitate, or are attracted by the loftieſt

* See Job.

mountains, when they pour upon them abundant rains. But, according to an ingenious chemiſt,* there are two ſteps of the proceſs between evaporation and rain, of which at preſent we are completely ignorant :...1ſt. What becomes of the vapour after it enters into the atmoſphere. 2d. What makes it lay aſide the new form, which it muſt have aſſumed, and return again to its ſtate of vapour and fall down in rain. And, till theſe two ſteps be diſcovered by experiments and obſervations, it will be impoſſible for us to give a rational, or a uſeful theory of rain. There are mountains ſo very large, that even provinces are found emboſomed near their ſummits, as thoſe of Quito. The tops of ſuch mountains are conſtantly enveloped with clouds, eſpecially during the night ;† and the waters are conſtantly dripping down thro' the crannies and crevices of the ſtones, forming kindred brooks ; when uniting with other ſtreams, it ruſhes with accelerated force to the plains below, forcing a paſſage through every ſoft thing that oppoſes it.

Reſiſtleſs, roaring dreadful, down it comes,
From the rude mountain, and the moſſy wild;
Trembling through rocks abrupt, and ſounding far;
Then o'er the ſandy valley floating ſpreads,
Calm, ſluggiſh, ſilent ; till again conſtrain'd
Between two meeting hills, it burſts away
Where rocks and woods o'erhang the turbid ſtream,
There gathering triple force, rapid and deep,
It boils and wheels, and foams and thunders through ;
——Till pouring on, it proudly ſeeks the deep ;
Whoſe vanquiſh'd tide, recoiling from the ſhock,
Yields to this liquid weight of half the globe.‡

The river, after rolling its waters into the ocean, is deſtined to be again exhaled in vapours, and to re-enter afreſh the channels of this magnificent circulation !

The farther diſcuſſion of this ſubject will form the ſubſtance of ſome future number.

* Dr. I. Thompſon.

† It rains perpetually among the Andes, while in Egypt ſeldom or never.

‡ Thomſon.

SILVA. No. 5.

Aliqui decurrunt per materiem, et ſequentes calorem atque impetum ex tempore ſcribunt ; hanc ſilvam *vocant.*—QUINTILIAN.

PLAGIARISM.

THERE is no ſubject of literary caſuiſtry more difficult, than to fix the imputation of plagiariſm. The lighter troops of literature have been much employed of late years in beating up the ambuſhes in the paths of learning, and detecting and reſtoring the ſtolen goods of innumerable authors. "But (as Gibbon ſays) to *agree* is not always to *follow*, and to *follow* is not always to *ſteal.*" It is difficult to ſay how far the ſpirit of *claſſical imitation*, for inſtance, may be carried, without the intermixture of a felonious deſign. Thus Shenſtone in his

inimitable Paſtoral Ballad has given a literal verſion of two lines of Virgil, merely, as I ſuppoſe, to ſhow the felicity with which he could tranſplant a beautiful paſſage to adorn his poem.

Parta meæ Veneri ſunt munera: namque notavi
Ipſe locum, aëriæ quo congeſſere palumbes. *Eclog.* 3. *vv.* 68, 69.

I have found out a gift for my fair,
I have found where the wood-pigeons breed. SHENSTONE.

Innumerable inſtances of ſimilar imitations may be found in works profeſſedly formed on the model of the ancients, as in the Telemachus of Fenelon, and the Paſtorals of Pope.

For reſemblances and coincidences between contemporary authors it is more difficult to account. Collins and Gray ſometimes preſent us with the ſame images, and even epithets, on ſimilar occaſions. Gray's fine expreſſion of "moody madneſs" is adopted by Collins in his ode on the Highland Superſtitions; and in his Ode to Evening he has introduced a remarkably fine circumſtance from Gray's Elegy.

Now fades the glimmering landſcape on the ſight,
And all the air a ſolemn ſtilneſs holds;
Save where the beetle wheels his drony flight,
Or drowſy tinklings lull the diſtant folds. GRAY.

Now air is hush'd: Save where the weak-eyed bat
With ſhort ſhrill ſhriek flits by on leathern wing;
Or where the beetle winds
His ſmall but ſullen horn.
COLLINS's *Ode to Evening.*

Perhaps however they both copied Shakeſpeare.

The thought contained in the following famous line of Pope,

And ſhow a Newton, as we ſhow an ape,

I have caſually found in one of Plato's dialogues. "Is it for us," ſays he, "to penetrate the ſecrets of the Divinity; for us, the wiſeſt of whom is to the Supreme Being what an ape is to us?" *Plat. in Hipp. Maj.*

I will conclude this article with an unequivocal inſtance of plagiariſm. Who can ſee without indignation one of the pureſt gems of Engliſh poetry glittering among the ſhowy brilliants of the magick Oberon?

As ſome tall cliff, that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the ſtorm,
Though round its breaſt the rolling thunders ſpread,
Eternal ſunſhine ſettles on its head.
GOLDSMITH's *Def. Village.*

Sublimely raiſed to heaven his brow appears
The ſhrine of peace; and like a ſun-gilt height,
Where never earthly miſt obſcur'd the light,
Above the ſtormy world its tranquil ſummit rears.
SOUTHEY's *Wieland's Oberon. Canto* 8. *Stanza* 14.

Will the reader forgive me, if I refer him to Claudian* for the origin of both?

POPE'S VERSIFICATION.

WARTON, in his notes on Pope's Paſtorals, ſays there is only one falſe rhyme in them; and that is, in Part 1. *vv.* 35, 36. I took the pains to note five more, viz. *vv.* 9, 10, 85, 86. Part 4. *vv.*

* This laſt coincidence is pointed out by Gilbert Wakefield. *Memoirs, Vol. I.*

19, 20, 37, 38, 56, 57. In the Meſſiah the ſix following terminations immediately ſucced one another. vv. 75—80. *Succeed, weed, mead, lead, meet, feet.*

—

AN EQUIVOQUE.

To find a humorous anecdote among the barren diſquiſitions of an antiquary, is like accidentally picking up a current coin in a collection of old medals, ſo that one wonders how it got there. Anthony Matthæus, in a work publiſhed in the year 1686, undertakes to prove that the Franks were of German origin, by ſeveral Teutonick words, which he ſays were long preſerved among them. Thus Chilperic, for example, the name of one of their kings, comes from *Hilp rik*, or *Hilf reich*, *rich in ſupplies*. And many of their words, originally derived from the Latin, acquired a German termination. Thus *calt*, he ſays, an old French word, contracted from the Latin *calidus*, *warm*, is ſpelt and pronounced preciſely like the German *calt*, *cold*. This occaſioned once a pleaſant miſtake.

A poor old Gaulois, who undertook to get a living by begging, thought he ſhould better ſucceed by counterfeiting lameneſs. Being directed to the convent of St. Gal, he came up limping to the Abbè, who compaſſionately gave orders that he ſhould be provided with a warm bath, and a decent ſuit of clothes. The poor Frenchman being lifted into the bath finds the water a little too hot, and cries out *calt eſt*, *calt eſt*, *it is too hot*. Now as *calt* in German means *cold*, the ſervant who aſſiſted him anſwers; "what, too cold! I will make it warmer;" and pours in a pitcher of warm water. *Nye mi calt eſt*, *calt eſt*, cries the other. "What, too cold yet!" ſays the ſervant. "The deuce is in it, or I'll make it warm enough now;" and catching up a pail of boiling water pours it all into the bath. The poor, limping Gaulois could bear it no longer, but ſprings out, and recovers the uſe of his limbs.

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SCEPTICISM AND UNCHASTITY OF MIND.

I know not that it has ever been remarked, that there is ſome *cognation* between philoſophical ſcepticiſm, and what is ſometimes ſignificantly called a ſmutty ſtyle. The writings of ancient and modern *eſprits forts* will juſtify this remark. I will firſt inſtance in Lucretius, the elegant and philoſophical Lucretius, who has embodied in the ſame poem, the atheiſtick ſpeculations of Epicurus, with the moſt groſs and diſguſting images, which could be culled from the inmoſt receſſes of the Roman ſtews. The fourth book of his *Rerum Natura* is a loathſome picture of philoſophy debauched, and debauchery philoſophized.

I will next mention the witty Lucian, whoſe contempt of the chriſtians, and vein of ſatire, have inexpreſſibly endeared him to ſome of the libertines of our own age, who have ſucceſsfully aped the pleaſantry of his impudence, and the licentiouſneſs of his deſcriptions. I ſay not that he was a ſceptick, for his aſtoniſhing credulity in every thing which countenanced his prejudices, ſeems to render the term inapplicable; but that he was an Epicurean cannot be denied; and of the impurity of his imagination, who

that has read his ſtory of the Venus of Praxitiles, can be ignorant? But let us come nearer our own times.

With regret I mention Bayle; of the notes to whoſe dictionary it is doubtful whether they are moſt read for their ambidextrous ſcepticiſm, or their intolerable obſcenity.....with leſs regret, Voltaire, whoſe Philoſophical Dictionary will render complete what La Pucelle ſhall have begun; for after the imagination of the young is polluted, nothing remains but to perplex the judgment, and obſcure the moral perceptions..... muſt I add alſo the Hiſtorian of the Roman empire, who ſeems to dwell with equal delight on the apoſtacy of Julian and the vices of Theodora; who prys with eager eye into the feculence of the court of Conſtantinople, ſlyly directing you to his notes, where you may grope among the filth, which decency has compelled him to veil in the obſcurity of a learned language.

This liſt may be enlarged with the names of Montaigne, admired by Bayle, though not ſo indecorous as his admirer;....of Rabelais, whoſe indecency is plain, while his ſcepticiſm is only probable;....of Darwin, who has caught the philoſophical and ſolemn pruriency of Lucretius, without the ſtrength, purity, and elegance of his diction.

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HOURS OF STUDY.

THE ſtudent, who wiſhes to learn from the example of great ſcholars, what diſtribution of his time will inſure the moſt rapid acquiſition of knowledge, will be ſadly perplexed by the contradictory habits of moderns equally illuſtrious. I ſpeak of mere erudition;....be not alarmed, ſophomore, for I would not hint the treaſonable ſuppoſition, that genius, that occult quality, can be acquired by ſitting up till twelve at night, or only till nine; or by living on wine and roaſt beef, or only on ſmall beer or water gruel. Gibbon was a decided enemy both to nocturnal and antelucane ſtudies; yet we find he wrote the laſt words of his hiſtory between the hours of eleven and twelve at night. His time however was in general moſt exactly appropriated within the limits of the natural day. Johnſon, on the contrary, except when compiling his Dictionary, ſeems never to have *aſſigned* an hour to any thing. He was tumbling in bed till noon-day, and ſipping tea till midnight. Milton is an authority on both ſides, or rather on neither. In his youth he ſtudied late at night; but afterwards changed his hours and always went to bed at nine. Gilbert Wakefield, whoſe life I have juſt ſeen, and who had probably read more Greek and Latin than any man of his years, (for he died at forty-five) uſed commonly to trim his morning lamp before the ſun, and even aſſerts that it is indiſpenſable to literary proficiency. But Sir Wm. Jones, whoſe learning was almoſt as extenſive as the diffuſion of the ſolar light, was as punctual as the daily return of that luminary, and equal as its daily circuit at the equator in the diſtribution of his hours of ſtudy.

—

HANNAH MORE.

MUCH as I admire the writings of this fair lady, I think ſhe is guilty of a little diſingenuity

in one paſſage of her "Thoughts on the manners of the great." More effectually to alarm the worldly, who may expect to atone for a life of unreſtrained indulgence by occaſional acts of liberality, ſhe pretends to ſtrengthen her argument by adducing the inſtance of Ananias and Sapphira. Theſe, ſhe ſays, "were perhaps well eſteemed in ſociety; for it was enough to eſtabliſh a very conſiderable reputation to ſell even part of their poſſeſſions for religious purpoſes; but what an alarm does it ſound to hypocriſy, that, inſtead of being rewarded for what they brought, they were puniſhed *for what they kept back.*" Indeed, miſs Hannah, I think this repreſentation is a little coloured. Ananias and Sapphira were not puniſhed for what they kept back, but for their falſehood, and prevarication about the price. Had they not ſold *any* of their land, they would probably have eſcaped all puniſhment.

Compared with cotemporary female authors I believe miſs Hannah More will hold the firſt place as to ſtyle, the ſecond as to genius; for here ſhe muſt yield to the "mighty magician of Udolpho;" the third as to acuteneſs of obſervation and philoſophical diſcernment; for why ſhould I mention the illuſtrious names of Hamilton and Edgeworth?

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TITLE PAGES.

Upon opening a book it provokes me to find a long title or a crowded title page. It is robbing the table of contents of what properly belongs to it. Every book ſhould have at leaſt one conciſe, definite, and intelligible title, by which it may be called, quoted, and eaſily referred to, and its object, if it has any, underſtood. I always ſuſpect the emptineſs of a book deformed by a crowded title page. It is like a huckſter's or confectioner's ſhop, where all the ſtock is ſhown in the bow-windows, to gull country people, and children, and drain their pockets. A book, whoſe ſubject cannot be expreſſed in ſix words, very ſeldom has any definite ſubject.

This buſineſs of titles brings to my mind a ſeries of polemick publications which were printed in Lond. 1686, and reviewed in the Bibliotheque Univerſelle, vol. I. of which the firſt appeared under the title of

1. The Papiſt miſrepreſented and repreſented again.
2. Anſwer to the Papiſt miſrepreſented and repreſented again.
3. Reflections upon the anſwer to the Papiſt miſrepreſ. and rep. again.
4. Reply to the reflections upon the anſwer to the Papiſt miſ. and rep. again.
5. Anſwer to the reply to the reflections upon the anſwer to the Papiſt miſrepreſented and repreſented again.

"This is the houſe that Jack built," &c.

—

DR. JOSEPH ORNE.

Those who remember the unrivalled wit and humour of this man, which uſed to ſet the table on a roar, will be glad to recognize an epigram which he made

ON THE FLUTE.

To a Friend who was fond of playing.

Orpheus, 'tis ſaid, by muſick charmed the devil,
And made e'en ranting Proſerpina civil;
But had the Grecian been ſo dull a brute
As to have dared attempt it with a *flute*,
The ſequel, doubtleſs, would have taught him well
That ſuch vile whiſtling had no power in hell.

THE LITERARY WANDERER. No. 5.

Thus then at firſt was Beauty ſent from Heaven,
The lovely miniſtreſs of Truth and Good
In this dark world; for Truth and Good are one,
And Beauty dwells in them, and they in her,
With like participation. Wherefore then,
O Sons of Earth, would ye diſſolve the tie!—AKENSIDE.

BEAUTY is a word of very extenſive ſignificance, ſince in its common acceptation it comprehends, whatever affords gratification in the natural and intellectual world. In this number I ſhall briefly conſider that ſpecies of beauty, which may be denominated intellectual; a ſpecies, not calculated, like perſonal beauty, to captivate inſtantaneouſly; but as its impreſſions are more gradually effected, ſo they are with more difficulty obliterated. Purſuing the cuſtomary method of conſidering this ſubject, we might preſent to imagination the varied ſcenes of nature; accompany it through the flowery fields of ſpring; diſplay the moonbeams ſilvering the mountain-tops, and diffuſing a mellow luſtre over the lowlaid vallies; exhibit the unruffled boſom of the lake, when not a breath diſturbs the ſleeping ſurface; while the ſun, gradually ſinking beneath the horizon, variegates the eaſtern clouds with all the rich colouring of the rainbow; but, as my preſent path has been much leſs trodden, my journey, though retarded by aſperities, will be more ſatisfactory, when accompliſhed. Mere beauties of countenance are tranſient and capricious; thoſe of mind, like their immaterial manſion, remain forever.

In this, as in other departments, we naturally have a predilection for what we fully underſtand. Though mankind ſeem prepoſſeſſed in favour of novelty, and are accuſtomed to expreſs a momentary admiration of projects, which have no other engaging qualities to recommend them; ſtill, like bidding adieu to endeared connexions, we experience a penſive ſenſation on quitting a purſuit, which has for conſiderable time attracted our attention. More intimate acquaintance increaſes gratification. Whoever for example, has peruſed Virgil a long time, perfectly underſtands his manner, and can tranſlate with eaſe and elegance, imperceptibly becomes enamoured of his beauties, his inimitable graces of expreſſion, and relinquiſhes his company with ſenſible reluctance. From the voluntary confeſſion of ſeveral eminent mathematicians I am induced to imagine, that perſons, who devote much time to Euclid, Proclus, Diophantus, Alexandrinus, and ſimilar enchanting authors, have the ſame predilection for them, and conſider "triangles, circles, parallelograms," the cogency of argument, the obvious chain of dependence, and their mind-ſtrengthening efficacy, productive of as much refined pleaſure, as the melodious verſification, happy ſimiles, noble ſentiments, and beautiful imagery, of the Mantuan Muſe. The ſame holds true in metaphyſicks. Contemplating mixed modes, complex ideas, eſſen-

ces or atoms infinitely attenuated, ſubtle fluids penetrating all bodies, particles kindly conveying pictures of objects to the retina of the eye, perſonal identity, properties of bodies, ſuch as the colour, hardneſs, weight, fuſibility, malleability, ductility of gold, and ſolubility in aquâ regiâ; contemplating theſe *wonderful* peculiarities, the metaphyſician becomes enraptured with the ſubtiliated delicacy of his intellectual alembick!

Beaumont in his dialogue on beauty divides this ſubject into four heads; colour, form, expreſſion, grace; but, it ſhould be recollected, he treats excluſively of perſonal beauty, which is extremely different from that under conſideration. Intellectual beauty is that peculiar modification of the mind, which renders it ſuſceptible of thoſe virtuous, thoſe generous emotions, which conſtitute ſo conſiderable a proportion of human enjoyment. Theſe are numerous, and differently denominated according to their different modes of operation. Its principal conſtituents are good ſenſe, ſweetneſs of diſpoſition, and eſtabliſhed habits of virtue.

However good a perſon's intentions may be, if he is deficient in mental vigour, his exertions will be ineffectual. He will be inſuſceptible of impreſſion. The ſympathies of love, the enthuſiaſm of generoſity, or the lovelineſs of moral rectitude, will have no influence on his frigid boſom. As he is incapable of feeling thoſe warm, enrapturing emotions, which ſouls of ſenſibility alone experience, ſo likewiſe is he unable to communicate them to others. To him creation is a barren wilderneſs. But to perſons of genius and cultivated underſtanding far different appears the ſcene of things. Their ſouls are open to every external impreſſion.

All naked and alive
They catch the ſpreading rays, till now the ſoul
At length diſcloſes every tuneful ſpring,
To that harmonious movement from without
Reſponſive. AKENSIDE

To ſuch favourites of heaven, creation is an exhauſtleſs ſource of admiration, gratitude, and aſtoniſhment. In the infinitely diverſified lineaments of nature they view the impreſſions of Almighty Love and Benevolence.

But to ameliorate the mind, ſweetneſs of diſpoſition muſt accompany the endowment of genius; otherwiſe this ſtern and overbearing power will aſſume a forbidding, unpleaſant appearance. The noble purpoſes, which it might accompliſh, are counteracted by the ſupercilious hauteur of its demeanour. But apparalled in the robes of complacency, genius poſſeſſes double influence. In his warlike habiliments Mars is by no means an object of love; he muſt put off his terrours, to captivate the Queen of ſmiles. United with tranquillity of temper, genius becomes almoſt reſiſtleſs. It inſinuates itſelf into the boſoms of mankind, contemplates the diverſified movements of their minds, and impels them in whatever direction it chooſes.

Pectus inanitur angit,
Irritat, mulcet, falſis terroribus implet,
Ut magus; et modo me Thebis, modo me ponit Athenis. HORATIUS.

'Tis he, who gives my breaſt a thouſand pains,
Can make me feel each paſſion, that he feigns;
Enrage, compoſe with more than magick art,
With pity and with terrour tear my heart,
And ſnatch me o'er the earth or through the air,
To Thebes, to Athens, when he will and where. POPE's *Imitation.*

Mildneſs is the concomitant of virtue. By ſuch temperament of mind we in ſome meaſure become aſſimilated to the meek and lowly Man of Nazareth, who unceaſingly recommended humility, mildneſs, and ſubmiſſion.

A perſon however may have a bold, vigorous, and inventive mind; he may be feelingly alive to all the amenities of engaging temper and placid manners; and ſtill be deſtitute of intellectual beauty. Genius and complacency are inſufficient; another ingredient is indiſpenſably requiſite. Eſtabliſhed habits of virtue will complete its conſtitution. Without theſe the latter is inſignificant, the former dangerous, and both united ſtill more pernicious. Motives of virtue are neceſſary to the performance of a good action; for, if theſe have no influence, the action, however commendable in itſelf, muſt be attributed to ſiniſter views, which are far from meriting commendation. Though the deed be equally beneficial to others, ſtill it fails to afford the performer that ſweet ſolace of ſelf-applauſe, which ever accompanies intellectual beauty. But a perſon, deſtitute of religious principles, if he have genius and captivating manners, is uſually active to project ſuch plans, as will render his aſſociates as unprincipled as himſelf. Such is the magick influence of parts and inſinuation, that all this will be effected with ſuch illuſory appearances, as for the moſt part to deceive even the wary and circumſpect.

Intellectual beauty, thus conſtituted, conſummates the beauty of the countenance. There are pourtrayed the unaffected feelings of a virtuous heart; there glow the noble ſentiments of generoſity and gratitude; and there are vividly imprinted the repreſentations of love, truth, honour, and benevolence. Deſtitute of theſe graces of expreſſion, the countenance exhibits the beauty of a ſtatue, which, though elaborated with exact ſymmetry, fair proportion, and unexceptionable lineaments, will be contemplated without emotion. The moſt inelegant features, animated by intellectual beauty, become vivid and intereſting; but, when perſonal and intellectual beauty are combined in happy proportion, they irreſiſtibly command homage; as colours, ſeparately contemplated, are pleaſing; but, exhibited together in the rainbow, they are incomparably delightful. Z.

Granta, July 8, 1806.

SACONTALA'; OR, THE FATAL RING.

A DRAMA, TRANSLATED FROM THE SANSCRIT OF CALIDAS, BY SIR WM. JONES.

The works of Sir William Jones are publiſhed in Quartos ſo ſplendid and ponderous, that we doubt that there are more than two or three editions of them within the United States. The greater part of readers muſt of courſe be ſhut out from them; and they will not be diſpleaſed therefore, that we allow the following tranſlation to occupy much of the room, which we uſually devote to poetry. Of original poetry we muſt acknowledge and regret a lamentable dearth. Not however that we have not a profuſion of the "namby pamby madrigals," with which magazines uſually overflow. But, until we have exhauſted the treaſures of Engliſh poetry, we will not diſgrace our columns with the ſtrains of the "Phyllidas Hypſipylas vatum & plorabile ſi quid."——This will not be underſtood as a reſolution to refuſe all American poetry. On the contrary we ſhall hail every opportunity of preſenting to our friends every thing which has any claim to their reſpect.

ACT I.

SCENE.....A FOREST.

Duſhmanta, in a car, purſuing an antelope, with a bow and quiver, attended by his Charioteer.

Char. WHEN I caſt my eye on that black antelope, and on thee, O king, with thy braced bow, I ſee before me, as it were, the God Mahéſa chaſing a hart, with his bow, named Pináca, braced in his left hand.

Duſhm. The fleet animal has given us a long chaſe. Oh! there he runs, with his neck bent gracefully, looking back, from time to time, at the car which follows him. Now, through fear of a deſcending ſhaft, he contracts his forehand, and extends his flexible haunches; and now, through fatigue, he pauſes to nibble the graſs in his path with his mouth half opened. See how he ſprings and bounds with long ſteps, lightly ſkimming the ground, and riſing high in the air! And now ſo rapid in his flight, that he is ſcarce diſcernible!

Char. The ground was uneven, and the horſes were checked in their courſe. He has taken advantage of our delay. It is level now, and we may eaſily overtake him.

Duſhm. Looſen the reins.

Char. As the king commands.—[*He drives the car firſt at full ſpeed, and then gently.*]—He could not eſcape. The horſes were not even touched by the clouds of duſt which they raiſed; they toſſed their manes, erected their ears, and rather glided than galloped over the ſmooth plain.

Duſhm. They ſoon outran the ſwift antelope.—Objects which, from their diſtance, appeared minute, preſently became larger: what was really divided, ſeemed united, as we paſſed; and what was in truth bent, ſeemed ſtraight. So ſwift was the motion of the wheels, that nothing, for many moments, was either diſtant or near. [*He fixes an arrow in his bow-ſtring.*

[*Behind the ſcenes.*] He muſt not be ſlain. This antelope, O king, has an aſylum in our foreſt: he muſt not be ſlain.

Char. [*Liſtening and looking.*] Juſt as the animal preſents a fair mark for your arrow, two hermits are advancing to interrupt your aim.

Duſhm. Then ſtop the car.

Char. The king is obeyed. [*He draws in the reins:*

Enter a Hermit and his Pupil.

Herm. [*Raiſing his hands.*] Slay not, O mighty ſovereign, ſlay not a poor fawn, who has found a place of refuge. No, ſurely, no; he muſt not be hurt. Replace quickly, oh! replace the arrow which thou haſt aimed. The weapons of you kings and warriours are deſtined for the relief of the oppreſſed, not for the deſtruction of the guiltleſs.

Duſhm. [*Saluting them.*] It is replaced.

[*He places the arrow in his quiver.*

Herm. [*With joy.*] Worthy is that act of thee, moſt illuſtrious of monarchs; worthy, indeed, of a prince deſcended from Puru. Mayſt thou have a ſon adorned with virtues, a ſovereign of the world!

Pup. [*Elevating both his hands.*] Oh! by all means, may thy ſon be adorned with every virtue, a ſovereign of the world!

Duſhm. [*Bowing to them.*] My head

bears with reverence the order of a Bráhman.

Herm. Great king, we came hither to collect wood for a ſolemn ſacrifice; and this foreſt, on the banks of the Malinì, affords an aſylum to the wild animals protected by Sacontalá, whom our holy preceptor Canna has received as a ſacred depoſit. If you have no other avocation, enter yon grove, and let the rights of hoſpitality be duly performed. Having ſeen with your own eyes the virtuous behaviour of thoſe whoſe only wealth is their piety, but whoſe worldly cares are now at an end, you will then exclaim, "How many good ſubjects are defended by this arm, which the bowſtring has made callous!"

Duſhm. Is the maſter of your family at home?

Herm. Our preceptor is gone to Sómatírt'ha, in hopes of deprecating ſome calamity, with which deſtiny threatens the irreproachable Sacontalá; and he has charged her, in his abſence, to receive all gueſts with due honour.

Duſhm. Holy man, I will attend her; and ſhe, having obſerved my devotion, will report it favourably to the venerable ſage.

Both. Be it ſo; and we depart on our own buſineſs. [*The Hermit and his Pupil go out.*

Duſhm. Drive on the car. By viſiting the abode of holineſs, we ſhall purify our ſouls.

Char. As the king (may his life be long!) commands. [*He drives on.*

Duſhm. [*Looking on all ſides.*] That we are near the dwelling-place of pious hermits, would clearly have appeared, even if it had not been told.

Char. By what marks?

Duſhm. Do you not obſerve them? See under yon trees the hallowed grains which have been ſcattered on the ground, while the tender female parrots were feeding their unfledged young in their pendent neſts. Mark in other places the ſhining pieces of poliſhed ſtone which have bruiſed the oily fruit of the ſacred Ingudì. Look at the young fawns, which, having acquired confidence in man, and accuſtomed themſelves to the ſound of his voice, friſk at pleaſure, without varying their courſe. Even the ſurface of the river is reddened with lines of conſecrated bark, which float down its ſtream. Look again; the roots of yon trees are bathed in the waters of holy pools, which quiver as the breeze plays upon them; and the glowing luſtre of yon freſh leaves is obſcured, for a time, by ſmoke that riſes from oblations of clarified butter. See too, where the young roes graze, without apprehenſion from our approach, on the lawn before yonder garden, where the tops of the ſacrifical graſs, cut for ſome religious rite, are ſprinkled around.

Char. I now obſerve all thoſe marks of ſome holy habitation.

Duſhm. [*Turning aſide.*] This awful ſanctuary, my friend, muſt not be violated. Here, therefore, ſtop the car; that I may deſcend.

Char. I hold in the reins. The king may deſcend at his pleaſure.

Duſhm. [*Having deſcended, and looking at his own dreſs.*] Groves devoted to religion muſt be entered in humble habiliments. Take theſe regal ornaments;—[*the Charioteer receives them*]—and, whilſt I am obſerving thoſe who inhabit this retreat, let the horſes be watered and dreſſed.

Char. Be it as you direct! [*He goes out.*

Duſhm. [*Walking round and looking.*] Now then I enter the ſanctuary. [*He enters the grove.*]—Oh! this place muſt be holy, my right arm throbs.—[*Pauſing and conſidering.*]—What new acquiſition does this omen promiſe in a ſequeſtered grove? But the gates of predeſtined events are in all places open.

[*Behind the ſcenes.*] Come hither, my beloved companions; Oh! come hither.

Duſhm. [*Liſtening.*] Hah! I hear female voices to the right of yon arbour. I am reſolved to know who are converſing.—[*He walks round and looks.*]—There are ſome damſels, I ſee, belonging to the hermit's family, who carry water-pots of different ſizes proportioned to their ſtrength, and are going to water the delicate plants. Oh! how charmingly they look! If the beauty of maids who dwell in woodland retreats cannot eaſily be found in the receſſes of a palace, the garden flowers muſt make room for the bloſſoms of the foreſt, which excel them in colour and fragrance. [*He ſtands gazing at them.*

Enter Sacontalá, Anuſúyá, and Priyamvadá.

Anu. O my Sacontalá, it is in thy ſociety that the trees of our father Canna ſeem to me delightful: it well becomes thee, who are ſoft as the freſh-blown Mallicà, to fill with water the canals which have been dug round theſe tender ſhrubs.

Sac. It is not only in obedience to our father that I thus employ myſelf, though that were a ſufficient motive, but I really feel the affection of a ſiſter for theſe young plants. [*Watering them.*

Pri. My beloved friend, the ſhrubs which you have watered flower in the ſummer, which is now begun: let us give water to thoſe which have paſſed their flowering time, for our virtue will be the greater when it is wholly diſintereſted.

Sac. Excellent advice! [*Watering other plants.*

Duſm. [*Aſide in tranſport.*] How! is that Canna's daughter, Sacontalá?—[*With ſurprize.*]—The venerable ſage muſt have an unfeeling heart, ſince he has allotted a mean employment to ſo lovely a girl, and has dreſſed her in a coarſe mantle of woven bark. He, who could wiſh that ſo beautiful a creature, who at firſt ſight raviſhes my ſoul, ſhould endure the hardſhips of his auſtere devotion, would attempt, I ſuppoſe, to cleave the hard wood Samì with a leaf of the blue lotos. Let me retire behind this tree, that I may gaze on her charms without diminiſhing her confidence. [*He retires.*

Sac. My friend Priyamvada has tied this mantle of bark ſo cloſely over my boſom that it gives me pain: Anuſúyá, I requeſt you to untie it. [*Anuſúyá unties the mantle.*

Pri. [*Laughing.*] Well, my ſweet friend, enjoy, while you may, that youthful prime, which gives your boſom ſo beautiful a ſwell.

Duſm. [*Aſide.*] Admirably ſpoken, Priyamvada! No; her charms cannot be hidden, even though a robe of interwiſted fibres be thrown over her ſhoulders, and conceal a part of her boſom, like a veil of yellow leaves enfolding a radiant flower. The water lily, though dark moſs may ſettle on its head, is nevertheleſs beautiful; and the moon with dewy beams is rendered yet brighter by its black ſpots. The bark itſelf acquires elegance from the features of a girl with antelope's eyes, and rather augments than diminiſhes my ardour. Many are the rough ſtalks which ſupport the water lily; but many and exquiſite are the bloſſoms which hang on them.

Sac. [*Looking before her.*] You Amra tree, my friends, points with the finger of its leaves, which the gale gently agitates, and ſeems inclined to whiſper ſome ſecret. I will go near it. [*They all approach the tree.*

Pri. O my Sacontala, let us remain ſometime in this ſhade.

Sac. Why here particularly?

Pri. Becauſe the Amra tree ſeems wedded to you, who are graceful as the blooming creeper which twines round it.

Sac. Properly are you named Priyamvadá, or ſpeaking kindly.

Duſm. [*Aſide.*] She ſpeaks truly. Yes; her lip glows like the tender leaflet; her arms reſemble two flexible ſtalks; and youthful beauty ſhines, like a bloſſom, in all her lineaments.

Anu. Here is a plant, Sacontala, which you have forgotten, though it has grown up, like yourſelf, under the foſtering care of our father Canna.

Sac. Then I ſhall forget myſelf.—O wonderful!—[*approaching the plant.*—O Priyamvada! [*looking at it with joy*] I have delightful tidings for you.

Pri. What tidings, my beloved, for me?

Sac. This Mádhavi-creeper, though it be not the uſual time for flowering, is covered with gay bloſſoms from its root to its top.

Both. [*Approaching it haſtily.*] Is it really ſo, ſweet friend?

Sac. Is it ſo? Look yourſelves.

Pri. [*With eagerneſs.*] From this omen, Sacontala, I announce you an excellent huſband, who will very ſoon take you by the hand. [*Both girls look at Sacontalà.*

Sac. [*Diſpleaſed.*] A ſtrange fancy of yours!

Pri. Indeed, my beloved, I ſpeak not jeſtingly. I heard ſomething from our father Canna. Your nurture of theſe plants has proſpered; and thence it is, that I foretel your approaching nuptials.

Anu. It is thence, my Priyamvada, that ſhe has watered them with ſo much alacrity.

Sac. The Mádhavi plant is my ſiſter: can I do otherwiſe than cheriſh her? [*Pouring water on it.*

Duſh. [*Aſide.*] I fear, ſhe is of the ſame religious order with her foſter-father. Or has a miſtaken apprehenſion riſen in my mind? My warm heart is ſo attached to her, that ſhe cannot but be a fit match for a man of the military claſs. The doubts which awhile perplex the good, are ſoon removed by the prevalence of their ſtrong inclinations. I am enamoured of her; and ſhe cannot, therefore, be the daughter of a Bráhmen, whom I could not marry.

Sac. [*Moving her head.*] Alas! a bee has left the bloſſom of this Mallicá, and is fluttering round my face. [*She expreſſes uneaſineſs.*

Duſh. [*Aſide with affection.*] How often have I ſeen our court damſels affectedly turn their heads aſide from ſome roving inſect, merely to diſplay their graces! but this rural charmer knits her brows, and gracefully moves her eyes through fear only, without art or affectation. Oh! happy bee, who toucheſt the corner of that eye beautifully trembling; who, approaching the tip of that ear, murmureſt as ſoftly as if thou wert whiſpering a ſecret of love; and who ſippeſt nectar, while ſhe waves her graceful hand, from that lip, which contains all the treaſures of delight! Whilſt I am ſolicitous to know in what family ſhe was born, thou art enjoying bliſs, which to me would be ſupreme felicity.

Sac. Diſengage me, I intreat, from this importunate inſect, which quite baffles my efforts.

Duſh. (*Aſide.*) This is a good occaſion for me to diſcover myſelf—(*advancing a little.*)—I muſt not, I will not, fear. Yet—(*checking himſelf and retiring*)—my royal character will thus abruptly be known to them. No; I will appear as a ſimple ſtranger, and claim the duties of hoſpitality.

Sac. This impudent bee will not reſt. I will remove to another place. (*Stepping aſide and looking round.*)—Away! away! he follows me wherever I go. Deliver me, oh! deliver me from this diſtreſs.

Duſh. (*Advancing haſtily.*) Ah! While the race of Puru govern the world, and reſtrain even the moſt profligate, by good laws well adminiſtered, has any man the audacity to moleſt the lovely daughters of pious hermits? (*They look at him with emotion.*

Anu. Sir, no man is here audacious; but this damſel, our beloved friend, was teaſed by a fluttering bee.

Duſh. (*Approaching her.*) Damſel, may thy devotion proſper! (*Sacontalá looks on the ground baſhful and ſilent.*

Pri. Stranger, you are welcome. Go, my Sacontala, bring from the cottage a baſket of fruit and flowers. This river will, in the mean time, ſupply water for his feet.

Duſh. Holy maid, the gentleneſs of thy ſpeech does me ſufficient honour.

Anu. Sit down awhile on this bank of earth, ſpread with the leaves of Saptaperna: the ſhade is refreſhing, and our lord muſt want repoſe after his journey.

Duſh. You too muſt all be fatigued by your hoſpitable attentions: reſt yourſelves, therefore, with me.

Pri. (*Aſide to Sacontalá.*) Come, let us be ſeated: our gueſt is contented with our reception of him. (*They all ſit themſelves.*

Sac. (*Aſide.*) At the ſight of this youth I feel an emotion ſcarce conſiſtent with a grove devoted to piety.

Duſh. (*Gazing at them alternately.*) How well your friendſhip agrees, holy damſels, with the charming equality of your ages and of your beauties.

Pri. (*Aſide to Anuſúyá.*) Who can this be, my Anuſuya? The union of delicacy with robuſtneſs in his form, and of ſweetneſs with dignity in his diſcourſe, indicate a character fit for ample dominion.

Anu. (*Aſide to Priyamvadá.*) I too have been admiring him. I muſt aſk him a few queſtions.—(*Aloud.*) Your ſweet ſpeech, Sir, gives me confidence. What imperial family is embelliſhed by our noble gueſt? What is his native country? Surely it muſt be afflicted by his abſence from it. What, I pray, could induce you to humiliate that exalted form of yours by viſiting a foreſt peopled only by ſimple anchorites?

Duſh. (*Aſide.*) How ſhall I reveal, or how ſhall I diſguiſe, myſelf?—(*Muſing.*)—Be it ſo.—(*Aloud to Anuſúyá.*) Excellent lady, I am a ſtudent of the Véda, dwelling in the city of our king, deſcended from Puru; and, being occupied in

the diſcharge of religious and moral duties, am come hither to behold the ſanctuary of virtue.

Anu. Holy men, employed like you, are our lords and maſters.

Anu. (*Aſide to Sacontalá.*) Oh! if our venerable father were preſent—

Sac. What if he were?

Anu. He would entertain our gueſt with a variety of refreſhments.

Sac. (*Pretending diſpleaſure.*) Go to; you had ſome other idea in your head; I will not liſten to you. (*She ſits apart.*

Duſhm. (*Aſide to Anuſúyá and Priyamvadá.*) In my turn, holy damſels, allow me to aſk one queſtion concerning your lovely friend.

Both. The requeſt, Sir, does us honour.

Duſhm. The ſage Canna, I know, is ever intent upon the great Being; and muſt have declined all earthly connections. How then can this damſel be, as it is ſaid, his daughter?

Anu. Let our lord hear. There is, in the family of Cuſa, a pious prince of extenſive power, eminent in devotion and in arms.

Duſhm. You ſpeak, no doubt, of Cauſica, the ſage and monarch.

Anu. Know, Sir, that he is in truth her father; while Canna bears that reverend name, becauſe he brought her up, ſince ſhe was left an infant.

Duſhm. Left? the word excites my curioſity; and raiſes in me a deſire of knowing her whole ſtory.

Anu. You ſhall hear it, Sir, in few words.—When that ſage king had began to gather the fruits of his auſtere devotion, the gods of Swerga became apprehenſive of his increaſing power, and ſent the nymph Ménacá to fruſtrate, by her allurements, the full effect of his piety.

Duſhm. Is a mortal's piety ſo tremendous to the inferiour deities? What was the event?

Anu. In the bloom of the vernal ſeaſon, Cauſica, beholding the beauty of the celeſtial nymph, and wafted by the gale of deſire——

(*She ſtops and looks modeſt.*

Duſhm. I now ſee the whole. Sacontala then is the daughter of a king, by a nymph of the lower heaven.

Anu. Even ſo.

Duſhm. (*Aſide.*) The deſire of my heart is gratified.—(*Aloud.*) How, indeed, could her tranſcendant beauty be the portion of mortal birth? Yon light, that ſparkles with tremulous beams proceeds not from a terreſtrial cavern. (*Sacontalá ſits modeſtly with her eyes on the ground.*

Duſhm. (*Again aſide.*) Happy man that I am! Now has my fancy an ample range. Yet, having heard the pleaſantry of her companions on the ſubject of her nuptials, I am divided with anxious doubt, whether ſhe be not wholly deſtined for a religious life.

Pri. (*Smiling, and looking firſt at Sacontalá, then at the King.*) Our lord ſeems deſirous of aſking other queſtions. [*Sacontalá rebukes Priyamvadá with her hand.*

Duſhm. You know my very heart. I am indeed eager to learn the whole of this charmer's life; and muſt put one queſtion more.

Pri. Why ſhould you muſe on it ſo long?—(*Aſide.*) One would think this religious man was forbidden by his vows to court a pretty woman.

Duſhm. This I aſk. Is the ſtrict rule of a hermit ſo far to be obſerved by Canna, that he cannot diſpoſe of his daughter in marriage, but muſt check the natural impulſe of juvenile love? Can ſhe (oh prepoſterous fate!) be deſtined to reſide for life among her favourite antelopes, the black luſtre of whoſe eyes is far ſurpaſſed by her's?

Pri. Hitherto, Sir, our friend has lived happy in this conſecrated foreſt, the abode of her ſpiritual father; but it is now his intention to unite her with a bridegroom equal to herſelf.

Duſhm. (*Aſide, with ecſtaſy.*) Exult, oh my heart, exult. All doubt is removed; and what before thou wouldſt have dreaded as a flame, may now be approached as a gem ineſtimable.

Sac. (*Seeming angry.*) Anuſuya, I will ſtay here no longer.

Anu. Why ſo, I pray?

Sac. I will go to the holy matron Gautamí, and let her know how impertinently our Priyamvada has been prattling. (*She riſes.*

Anu. It will not be decent, my love, for an inhabitant of this hallowed wood to retire before a gueſt has received complete honour. (*Sacontalá, giving no anſwer, offers to go.*

Duſhm. (*Aſide.*) Is ſhe then departing?—(*He riſes, as if going to ſtop her,*

but checks himself.)—The actions of a paſſionate lover are as precipitate as his mind is agitated. Thus I, whoſe paſſion impelled me to follow the hermit's daughter, am reſtrained by a ſenſe of duty.

Pri. (Going up to Sacontalá.) My angry friend, you muſt not retire.

Sac. (*Stepping back and frowning.* What ſhould detain me?

Pri. You owe me the labour, according to our agreement, of watering two more ſhrubs. Pay me firſt, to acquit your conſcience, and then depart, if you pleaſe. (*Holding her.*

Duſhm. The damſel is fatigued, I imagine, by pouring ſo much water on the cheriſhed plants. Her arms, graced with palms like freſh bloſſoms, hang gracefully down; her boſom heaves with ſtrong breathing; and now her diſhevelled locks, from which the ſtring has dropped, are held by one of her lovely hands. Suffer me, therefore, thus to diſcharge the debt.—*(Giving his ring to Priyamvadá. Both damſels, reading the name Duſhmanta, inſcribed on the ring, look with ſurprize at each other.)*—It is a toy, unworthy of your fixed attention; but I value it as a gift from the king.

Pri. Then you ought not, Sir, to part with it. Her debt is from this moment diſcharged on your word only. (*She returns the ring.*

Anu. You are now releaſed, Sacontala, by this benevolent lord—or favoured, perhaps, by a monarch himſelf. To what place will you now retire?

Sac. (*Aſide.*) Muſt I not wonder at all this if I preſerve my ſenſes?

Pri. Are not you going, Sacontala?

Sac. Am I your ſubject? I ſhall go when it pleaſes me.

Duſhm. (*Aſide, looking at Sacontala.*) Either ſhe is affected towards me, as I am towards her, or I am diſtracted with joy. She mingles not her diſcourſe with mine; yet, when I ſpeak, ſhe liſtens attentively. She commands not her actions in my preſence; and her eyes are engaged on me alone.

Behind the ſcenes.] Oh pious hermits, preſerve the animals of this hallowed foreſt! The king Duſhmanta is hunting in it. The duſt, raiſed by the hoofs of his horſes, which pound the pebbles ruddy as early dawn, falls like a ſwarm of blighting inſects on the conſecrated boughs which ſuſtain your mantles of woven bark, moiſt with the water of the ſtream in which you have bathed.

Duſhm. (*Aſide.*) Alas! my officers, who are ſearching for me, have indiſcreetly diſturbed this holy retreat.

Again, behind the ſcenes.) Beware, ye hermits, of yon elephant, who comes overturning all that oppoſes him; now he fixes his trunk with violence on a lofty branch that obſtructs his way; and now he is entangled in the twining ſtalks of the Vratati. How are our ſacred rites interrupted! How are the protected herds diſperſed! The wild elephant, alarmed at the new appearance of a car, lays our foreſt waſte.

Duſhm. (*Aſide.*) How unwillingly am I offending the devout foreſters! Yes; I muſt go to them inſtantly.

Pri. Noble ſtranger, we are confounded with dread of the enraged elephant. With your permiſſion, therefore, we retire to the hermit's cottage.

Anu. O Sacontala, the venerable matron will be much diſtreſſed on your account. Come, quickly, that we may be all ſafe together.

Sac. (Walking ſlowly.) I am ſtopped, alas! by a ſudden pain in my ſide.

Duſhm. Be not alarmed, amiable damſels. It ſhall be my care that no diſturbance happen in your ſacred groves.

Pri. Excellent ſtranger, we were wholly unacquainted with your ſtation; and you will forgive us, we hope, for the offence of intermitting awhile the honours due to you: but we humbly requeſt that you will give us once more the pleaſure of ſeeing you, tho' you have not now been received with perfect hoſpitality.

Duſhm. You depreciate your own merits. The ſight of you, ſweet damſels, has ſufficiently honoured me.

Sac. My foot, O Anuſúya, is hurt by this pointed blade of Cuſa graſs; and now my looſe veſt of bark is caught by a branch of the Curavaca. Help me to diſentangle myſelf, and ſupport me. *(She goes out, looking from time to time at Duſhmanta, and ſupported by the damſels.)*

Duſhm. (*Sighing.*) They are all departed; and I too, alas! muſt depart. For how ſhort a moment have I been bleſſed with a ſight of the incomparable Sacontala! I will ſend my atten-

plants to the city, and take my ſtation at no great diſtance from this foreſt. I cannot, in truth, divert my mind from the ſweet occupation of gazing on her. How, indeed, ſhould I otherwiſe occupy it? My body moves onward; but my reſtleſs heart runs back to her; like a light flag borne on a ſtaff againſt the wind, and fluttering in an oppoſite direction. *[He goes out.*

END OF ACT I.

POETRY.

ORIGINAL.

SEDUCTION:

A POEM.

"But where are they,
The worſt of villains, viper-like, who coil
Around the guileleſs female, ſo to ſting
The heart that loves them?"

IMBOSOM'D deep in yonder woody vale,
Where rural Labour breath'd the morning gale,
And Quiet lov'd her wicker hut to build,
With turf o'erlaid and frugal plenty fill'd;
'Mong matted weeds, where owlet nightly cries,
Poor Bruno's home in ragged ruin lies.

Recluſe, unletter'd, indigent, yet gay,
On ſilken wings his moments ſtole away;
No vagrant wiſh was in his boſom found,
But, bleſs'd with health, he till'd his ſcanty ground,
And din'd from oaken plate on homely meal,
With all the luxury Content can feel.
To hie afield at glimpſe of opening morn,
Before the dew-drop left the whiten'd thorn,
When early birds began their broken lay,
As doubting yet to hail the dawning day;
To turn the ſmoking glebe with ſhining ſhare,
And view in harveſt gay reward for care;
In green retreats, ſecure from ſultry hours,
Where perfum'd breezes pant o'er opening flowers,
And gurgling rills at diſtance faintly tell,
In cooling ſounds, their windings thro' the dell,
To watch around his ewes in quiet graze,
Or guide their young in ſafety through the maze:—
Theſe ſimple joys his utmoſt wiſhes crown'd,
Once known within the valley's narrow bound.

At even-tide, when o'er the village green
Returning Toil with empty ſcrip was ſeen,
An badger, ſeated at his cottage door,
His fragrant pipe indulg'd, nor wiſh'd for more,
As through yon twilight wood I wound along,
Releas'd from cares that haunt the country throng,
Soft o'er my head the diſtant murmurs roſe,
Inviting every ſenſe to cool repoſe.
For then, beneath thoſe elms that ſkirt the way,
At moonlight eve the village us'd to play;
And oft I paus'd the ruſtick dance to view,
Sweeping in mazy rounds the ſilver dew;
And ſtill in recollection hear the ſong,
That cheer'd with woodland notes the artleſs throng.
Before his cot, on wooden bench reclin'd,
Where houſeleſs beggar ſat and freely din'd;
Where Want refreſh'd, had dropt her ſilent tears,
Imploring bleſſings on his aged years;
Old Bruno, ſmiling, watch'd the moving ſcene
That gaily circled round his little green;

Nor dreamt one fancied bliſs beneath the ſky,
But here in peace to live and here to die.

One only daughter ſhar'd the good man's heart,
In innocence as pure, as void of art;
With ſmiles ſhe lov'd his toiling day to cheer,
And gave to ev'ry want a willing ear.
When panting ſteers in looſen'd trace recline,
And Labour pauſing lent an hour to dine,
Her care the table plac'd along the ſhade
With ruſtick fare in neateſt order laid:
Or when, with level beam, the parting day
Peep'd through the leaves that o'er their lattice lay,
With whiten'd pail ſhe ſought the lowly kine,
That meekly ruminate beneath the vine;
While Evening ſoftly ſtole acroſs the vale,
And heard her ſong that died along the gale.
Their mutual care juſt watch'd their little all,
Enough for honeſt eaſe; enough, though ſmall;
And, like pure ſtreams, whoſe tranquil boſoms bear
The richeſt bleſſings of the opening year,
As through the woods and freſhen'd fields they flow,
Reflecting ſoft the heaven's ſurrounding glow;
So they together wound, where peaceful Toil
With roſy plenty ſtrew'd the laughing ſoil;
So mild, ſo pure, ſo tranquil were their days!
So clear their conſcience to the brighteſt blaze.

When winter's lengthen'd eves in ſtorms ſucceed,
And dreary proſpects deſolate the mead,
Lull'd by the rain, that rattled o'er their ſhed,
Warm hous'd, how ſweet the jocund moments ſped!
Freed from the city's ſpruce and apiſh band,
Where Vice and Faſhion circle hand in hand;
Where frigid Form in awkward pomp preſides,
And courteous Virtue moves, as Folly guides;
Where prudent thought ſpontaneous fears to flow,
And Simulation ſmooths the arched brow;
Cheer'd with the crackling faggot's ſocial blaze,
But more by ruſtick welcome's artleſs ways,
Beſide their hearth I lov'd the ſocial ſeat,
Where Age and Youth at evening us'd to meet;
Where ſoul view'd ſoul in native truth array'd,
And naked Nature ſcorn'd to maſquerade.

E'en now from retroſpection ſwells the tear,
As cruel mem'ry paints each trifle dear;
The wheel that hum'd in concert with the breeze;
The tale, though oft repeated, ſkill'd to pleaſe;
The careleſs laugh, that ſpoke the heart ſerene,
Frighting afar the haggard ſpectre Spleen;
The old muſician, ſeen at country fairs,
Who trinkets traffick'd, and who peddled airs,
Making, from viol hoarſe, the circle gay
With tune more ancient than his beard of grey.

Theſe now are fled; and ſilent all the vale,
Save the dry leaf that ruſtles to the gale;
Or where, on wither'd branch, the widow'd dove
Pours her ſad muſick for her murder'd love.
How ſolemn, dreary, death-like ſleeps the ſcene,
As o'er theſe mould'ring walls I friendleſs lean!
Each ruin'd object draws the lengthen'd ſigh,
And pleaſures paſt ſuffuſe my gazing eye;
Dark, cold, and cheerleſs broods the ſtorm amain,
And evening's ſhadows trail the duſky plain:
But ſtorms no more ſhall Bruno's reſt annoy,

Nor cares disturb, nor faithless friends destroy:
Green grows the turf that crowns his narrow grave,
And flowers fair their perfumes o'er him wave.
—Liv'd there a wretch, in sin supremely great,
Whom Satan's self had envying learn'd to hate;
Dead to the manly feelings of the soul,
And all alive to vice's black control;
Beneath those smiles, by Love and Friendship worn,
Within their breasts would seek to plant a thorn—
With curst Seduction's serpent tooth to tear
The guileless bosom of this simple Fair?
Yes, blush, O man, the form of man you bear!
Such smiling villains live and shameless dare,
With brow serene, the deed accurs'd proclaim,
And meanly glory in a ruin'd fame.

Aurora, peeping through her mists so grey,
Scarce gilt the checker'd pane with scanty ray,
And, trembling through the cot on Labour's brow,
Noted what time to yoke the crooked plough;
When Lucy rose, than morn more mildly fair,
And cheerful hied to tend her rural care.
Around the door the noisy poultry ran,
Drowning the song the early lark began;
The sparrow hopp'd beside the feather'd train,
First ey'd the stately cock, then pick'd the grain;
While faithful Tray, now white with many a year,
In welcome wagg'd his tail and prick'd his ear;
All eager pag'd their well-known mistress' heel,
Who smiling gave to each their portion'd meal.

But soon with ruthful deed the morn was sham'd,
For coward Sport with savage Murder flam'd;
With hound and horn the huntsmen pour'd amain,
Rev'ling in mirth, that doom'd the helpless pain:
And while with blood they print the peaceful vale,
And load with dying cries the saddening gale,
Her tender bosom heav'd the frequent sigh,
And Pity's tear roll'd softly from her eye.
"Ah, why," she sigh'd, "when nature wakes to love,
"Calm as the spirit of the woodland dove;
"Ah, why should man, the boasted lord of all,
"Close the dull ear on Mercy's melting call?
"Does not the heart, with fellow feelings warm,
"Bleed to set foot upon the humble worm?
"And can a conquest o'er the feeble fawn,
"The harmless tenant of the peaceful lawn,
"From home, from friends, perhaps from parents drove,
"And every tie that waits on mortal love,
"Excite that strength, for nobler purpose arm'd,
"Than goading innocence, that never harm'd?
"Shame on the chase! thy bloody rage defer
"Till Ruin rushes wild with wasting war!
"Dark is the soul, that joys in others' wo;
"And drear the breast, that pity can forego.
"If there's a bliss beneath our kindred sky,
"It sure must be to wipe Affliction's eye;
"To bind the wounds, that hard mishap may deal,
"And if we cannot cure, still learn to feel."

While thus her words with moving accent fell,
Pure as the drop, that hangs in cowslip's bell,
Her beauty glow'd with more than native power,
And Pity shone, like April, through her shower.

Borne from the chaſe, on ruin worſe intent,
Tow'rds the fair mourner ſmiling Alva bent;
Alva, to all that's human, foul diſgrace;
Blacker his ſoul, than ſeeming ſmooth his face.
With oily ſpeech and diffident advance,
He ſpread his wiles, where innocence might chance;
And, like hyena deadly, watchful lay,
His monſter part mid roſes veil'd from day;
On opening buds he breath'd his blighting breath,
And nipt their early bloom in ſhrivel'd death.
But the dark deeds that crowd his ſoul to hell,
Let crazy Jane in moody laughter tell,
When, wild as flowers that deck her wavy locks,
In ſtormy eve at village door ſhe knocks,
And, wo-begone, intreats with haggard form
A little ſhelter from the chilling ſtorm.
For her, ſeduc'd by villain arts, he drew
From every bliſs her humble cottage knew.
And oft, where Cynthia ſheds her loneſome ſheen
O'er the deep ſilence of ſome deſert ſcene;
In tatter'd weeds ſhe ſits, and wildly ſings
To chaſe the thought that dread reflection brings;
Or mutt'ring, through the thorny thicket winds;
And idle poſies on the buſhes binds.
Poor outcaſt! now, by ragged Famine led,
From wayſide friends, perhaps, ſhe begs her bread;
Or, ſtretch'd in ſqualid lodge, 'mong refuſe lies,
Recals that home ſhe left, and madd'ning dies.

Like Her own lamb, that left the wary flock,
And thoughtleſs play'd on yon high hanging rock,
Till borne neglectful o'er the giddy height,
In ruin daſh'd, it ruſh'd to endleſs night;
So Lucy hung o'er flattery's flowery ſteep,
Nor look'd below to mark the yawning deep;
Still void of guile ſhe thought the world was true
Nor deem'd a ſoftening ſmile her ruin drew;
Still raptur'd lean'd the artful tale to hear,
And drank deſtruction through the cheated ear.
But ſad reflection rous'd, alas! too late,
And woke to torture with a Fury's hate;
Woke like the calls that conſcious Murder quake,
When warning ghoſts its fitful ſlumbers break.

(To be continued.)

FROM A POEM, ENTITLED,

THE SABBATH.

Lately publiſhed in England.

HOW ſtill the morning of the hallow'd day!
Mute is the voice of rural labour; huſh'd
The ploughboy's whiſtle, and the milk-maid's ſong.
The ſcythe lies glitt'ring in the dewy wreath
Of tedded graſs, mingled with fading flowers,
That yeſter-morn bloom'd waving in the breeze:
Sounds the moſt faint attract the ear,—the hum
Of early bee, the trickling of the dew,
The diſtant bleating, midway up the hill.
Calmneſs ſeems thron'd on yon unmoving cloud.
To him who wanders o'er the upland leas,
The blackbird's note comes mellower from the dale;
And ſweeter from the ſky the gladſome lark
Warbles his heaven-tun'd ſong; the lulling brook
Murmurs more gently down the deep-ſunk glen;
While from yon lowly roof, whoſe curling ſmoke
O'ermounts the miſt, is heard at intervals
The voice of pſalms, the ſimple ſong of praiſe.

THE BOSTON REVIEW,

For JULY, 1805.

Librum tuum legi & quam diligentiſſime potui annotavi, quæ commutanda, quæ eximenda arbitrarer. Nam ego dicere verum aſſuevi. Neque ulli patentius reprehenduntur, quam qui maxime laudari merentur.—Pliny.

Article 50.

Memoirs of the life, writings, and correſpondence of Sir William Jones. By Lord Teignmouth. From the Claſſick Preſs. Philadelphia, printed for the proprietors William Poyntell & Co. 1805.

THE office of biography is to teach by examples. It then only fully attains its end, when the incidents, which form, or illuſtrate character and conduct, are ſo ſelected and diſpoſed, as to leave juſt, deep, and well defined impreſſions upon the mind. If it be the felicity of the biographer to light upon ſome rare individual, the ornament of his age, or of his nature, his taſk is indeed delightful, but it is high and difficult. A great mind is, like ſome auguſt temple, the ſlow work of labour and genius. It has effect as a whole. It has ſymmetry among its parts. Its proportions are well preſerved. Its foundations are laid among, and with materials of a groſs and earthy nature. Its ſublime top vaults towards heaven. If ſuch an object be preſented for the contemplation of the publick, we have a right to expect that all theſe characteriſtick harmonies ſhould be noticed; and that our attention ſhould be directed to each diſtinct excellence. Nothing, which contributes to its beauty, or utility, can be omitted in a juſt delineation. Nothing, which had an influence on its commencement or progreſs, can be ſuperfluous in its true hiſtory. Thus far the analogy holds. But moral, mental ſtructures have uſes and relations, higher and infinitely more numerous, as well as more important, than fabricks of wood, of brick, or of marble. Theſe are objects of emulation, and give hints for architectural improvement to one or two monarchs, or nations in an age. Whereas thoſe are examples of the progreſs of an individual towards the perfection of his nature and are the beſt inheritance of the whole human race, becauſe they are ſenſible ſtandards of moral and intellectual power, by which every man may meaſure the ſtature of his own attainment. Like the works of the ancient maſters in painting and ſculpture, they contain outlines of general beauty, which all may lawfully copy; and exemplify eternal rules of thought and action, by which it is the duty of each individual, making juſt allowance for ſituation and condition, to model and perfect himſelf.

Theſe conſiderations impoſe a high claſs of duties on him, who undertakes to write the life of an eminent man. He is not to con-

tent himſelf with meagre diaries, or with tranſcripts from occaſional correſpondencies, however elegant or intereſting. His labours ought not to ceaſe ſo long as any ſource of information remains unexplored. If the object of reſearch have been cotemporary, much light may be gathered from the companions of his early youth, or the friends of his manhood; from thoſe, who feared, and thoſe, who envied him; from patrons and rivals; from all, who had occaſion to obſerve, and capacity to mark with a diſtinguiſhing eye, his courſe and conduct. Out of this maſs of materials it is the duty of the biographer to ſelect the diſcriminating attributes of character; to ſeize upon them; and, tracing them through the various ſtages of exiſtence, to ſhow their origin, their growth, and the utmoſt limits of their expanſion. Nor ſhould he neglect to deſcribe the obſtacles, which thwarted his advancement; as alſo the means, by which he was enabled to ſurmount them; whether fortune made ſmooth his progreſs; whether genius, by its native force,

> At one ſlight bound, high overleap'd all bound;

or whether his path of aſcent was, like the way of the ancients, and like the way of the giants, to heaven;

> ——————imponere Pelio Oſſam
> Atq oſſæ frondoſum involvere Olympum.

A noble plan of biography ſeems to be imperiouſly requiſite, when the character to be deſcribed is of an extraordinary caſt; uniting excellencies, rare either for their number, nature, or combination; when labour is found aſſociated with genius; high mental, with high moral, attainments; great ſtrength of intellect with refined delicacy of feelings; and thoſe ſplendid talents, which make men admired and conſpicuous on the great theatre of the world, are ſeen united, not obſcuring, but adding luſtre, to thoſe qualities, which make men lovely and amiable in the ſmall circles and among the common relations of private life. Undoubtedly, Sir William Jones was a character of this claſs. We regret therefore, that in theſe memoirs of his life we do not find a plan, conformable to our general notions of an excellent biography. If ever a character required the hand of a maſter to do juſtice to its beauties, to diſcriminate them, to give relief to its great, and throw a ſtrong light on its delicate, parts, it is that of this excellent, we may juſtly add, this wonderful man. Lord Teignmouth does not aſpire to an high rank among biographers. His work is indeed worthy to be peruſed, and even ſtudied, by all; particularly by the young. The path he has taken is eaſy and pleaſant, faſcinating both to the author and reader, but leſs elevated and leſs luminous, than a genius like Sir William Jones has a right to claim, and will, certainly, in time command.

Taking a hint from ſome ſhort and imperfect notices of his life, found among his papers, the biographer has adopted the plan of tracing it from year to year; and by means of ſucceſſive correſpondencies, "as far as poſſible, to make Sir William Jones deſcribe

himſelf." A plan of this kind is ſpecious, and where the fund of reſearch is extenſive and regular, embracing the chief objects, which it is deſirable to know in a character, it may be purſued with no inconſiderable ſucceſs. But the life of a literary man is not to be collated from manuſcripts, nor picked up among deſultory correſpondencies. Much, that is intereſting to know, would not fall within the deſign of ſuch communications. Much, that is eſſential to a juſt eſtimate of character, would be ſcrupulouſly withheld from daily regiſters and occaſional friends. A great mind is, uſually, too much occupied in preſent contemplations to have regard in its operations to ſelf delineation. Were it poſſible that this could be the intended, or accidental, reſult of its labours in the firſt caſe, it might well be ſuſpected, in the laſt muſt unavoidably be imperfect. There is a perſpective neceſſary in our view of character; and no man can, either purpoſely or fortuitouſly, be placed at ſuch a diſtance from himſelf, as to have the image he makes, in his own fancy, received as the witneſs of its ſtandard, or proportions.

In making theſe remarks, we would not be underſtood to deny merit, either to the deſign, or execution, of the work. Lord Teignmouth has added many new and valuable materials to the ſtock of general knowledge concerning Sir William Jones. He ſeems deeply impreſſed with the greatneſs of the character he has undertaken to deſcribe; and glows throughout with the tenderneſs, which friendſhip, and ſometimes with the enthuſiaſm, which a love of letters, inſpires. Selections from hitherto unpubliſhed correſpondencies are judiciouſly made; and, as they ſet the character of Sir William Jones in new and ſtriking points of view, cannot fail to give great delight to his admirers. Among theſe we are proud to rank ourſelves. And, while we look anxiouſly for a work more regular and well digeſted, more worthy of the man and of this period, ſo abundant in literary talent and exertion, we cordially expreſs our gratitude to an author, who has contributed much to our ſatisfaction and added much to our knowledge of a character, which will be venerated, as long as virtue, or genius, has a name upon the earth.

We ſhall now indulge ourſelves in ſome ſketches, taken from the work, and in ſome reflections, which they ſuggeſt; being aſſured that this department cannot be more uſefully, or acceptably employed, than in extending our acquaintance with this extraordinary man.

The firſt point of view, in which his life preſents itſelf to us, relates to the youthful periods of it. This we ſelect, not ſo much for the ſake of the early evidences of diſtinguiſhed talent it affords, although theſe are indeed uncommon, as in order to ſet in an intereſting light the influence of the female ſex upon the deſtinies of man; by exhibiting an inſtance of the noble reſult and alſo of the exquiſite reward of female cultivation and attainment of high moral and intellectual excellence. By ancient writers the maternal influence is frequently repreſent-

ed, both as the early ſource and later motive of greatneſs and virtue. Plutarch, in the ſpirit of that pure and practical philoſophy, in which he abounds, dwells with delight upon the fact, that two of his moſt celebrated heroes, Epaminondas and Coriolanus, were indebted to their mothers for the firſt germs of their future diſtinction; whereby both became the moſt eminent men of their reſpective periods. Nor, according to him, did the parents derive more honour from conferring, than the ſons from the noble manner, in which they acknowledged theſe obligations. "In the midſt of his victories," ſays he, "the former rejoiced at "nothing ſo much, as that his "father and mother were alive "to witneſs his glory." As to the latter, "he was not ſo much "excited by the hope of glory, "as by the conſideration, that "the acquiſition of it delighted "his mother." Sir William Jones, who was framed after the fineſt models of ancient times, partook of the double felicity, for which the Grecian and Roman were diſtinguiſhed. *His mother lived to witneſs the eminence, he attained; and to hear him refer all to her care and inſtruction.* In his infant years, by the death of his father, the duties of both parents devolved upon her. "A woman eminently qualified for the taſk;" —"of uncommon talents and acquirements." In theſe memoirs, on the one ſide, the mother is ſhown "adopting, and purſuing, with indefatigable perſeverance, a plan for his education," "rejecting the ſeverity of diſcipline," "laying aſide the diſtance of "years," becoming the companion of his youthful labours, preſiding over his ſtudies, modelling his habits, forming his taſte, and

——————loading him
With ſuch precepts, as would make invincible
The heart that conn'd them.

On the other ſide, the ſon is ſeen, "cheerfully and zealouſly diſcharging every filial duty," at his higheſt elevation, amid the fluſh of his honours, according to the genius of ancient gratitude and elevated ſentiment, "always acknowledging himſelf indebted to her maxims for his future attainments;" evidencing the moſt affectionate attention, and reſpectful love; "devoting to her whatever time he could ſpare from his ſtudies; in manhood, "making her the confidant of his plans, hopes, and occupations;" conſulting her on all occaſions affecting his important intereſts; and "ſhowing, in numberleſs inſtances, too minute to be particulariſed" that "he derived a double ſatisfaction from the diſtinction, to which his abilities had raiſed him, from the conſideration, that his mother participated in it."

Traits of character, like theſe, are worthy of minute record and of frequent recurrence. They are teſtimonies borne by unqueſtionable greatneſs to the moſt important virtues, and the moſt refined, as well as uſeful ſentiments of common life;—teſtimonies, likely to be noticed, becauſe they are ſplendid, and to ſink deep, becauſe they fall from uncommon heighth. They are alſo teſtimonies, which the herd of literary greatneſs have not been aſſiduous

to give, either from real narrowneſs of intellect, which, occupied by mental avocations has no room left for the ſhow of the finer feelings, or from that pride, which makes them vain

——————————to ſtand
As if a man were author of himſelf
And knew no other kin.

The next quality, we notice, in the ſubject of theſe memoirs, is an induſtry, almoſt without example. To this, his biographer aſſures us, "he was not leſs indebted for his attainments, than to ſuperiour capacity." While yet a boy, "he voluntarily extended his ſtudies, beyond their preſcribed limits," and ſought diſtinction "by ſolitary labour." Hours, allotted by his ſchoolfellows to amuſement, he devoted to improvement; ſpending whole nights in ſtudy; taking antidotes againſt drowſineſs. This temper, and theſe habits, ſtrengthened with manhood. Age did not quench, nor did temporary avocations allay the noble flame, which glowed in his breaſt. His enthuſiaſm for letters, and his aſſiduous cultivation of them, continued, under every aſpect of fortune and every accumulation of buſineſs. In a mind, thus conſtituted, the greatneſs even of *his* acquiſitions ſcarcely ſurpriſe. Although verſed in twenty-eight languages, and maſter of the literary treaſures of Greece, Rome, and the Eaſt, as well as of whatever ſcience, modern Europe, in a cultivated age, yields, his attainments, unequalled as they are, ſeem the neceſſary effects of wiſe means, early adopted and late purſued, rather than the happy reſult of a nature, extraordinarily beneficent. We are ready to acknowledge, and perhaps with juſtice, that he was the architect of his own greatneſs. The bleſſing of heaven was only given, and ſeldom is it denied, to well directed deſign and unremitting efforts.

It is a wiſe and natural wiſh to follow one, diſtinguiſhed as was Sir William Jones, into the receſſes of his literary haunts; to inquire, in what way he managed his induſtry to make it thus ſingularly productive; what were his apportionments of time; what the aids, by which he overcame that indolence, which aſſails the ſtrongeſt, and that wearineſs of labour, which men, who lay claim to genius, for the moſt part, feel, or pretend. Concerning theſe objects, this volume does not ſufficiently gratify curioſity. It tells us indeed, that he was a rigid economiſt of time; that he read always with a pen in his hand, and, deeming "writing to be the chain of memory," was frequent in extract, and, in ſciences which he intended perfectly to poſſeſs, regular in common place book. Helps theſe, which the ſneers of a vain and labour-ſaving age have put out of countenance and uſe; but which ſuch men as Locke and Jones have condeſcended to practice and to recommend. Men, like theſe, we may be aſſured are formed no where but in the ſchool of the ancients;—on that great ſcheme, which refers all ſucceſs to induſtry, all literary eminence to individual exertion; which firſt excites in the mind of the pupil a zeal and ardour for intellectual advancement, placing him above the allurements of pleaſure and aloof from the influence of

the vulgar paſſions, and which next teaches him to progreſs, according to the nature of an imitative and dependant being, by a diſcriminating uſe of the rich ſtores the wiſdom of former ages has collected, and by elevating his ſoul, chaſtening his paſſions, and refining his taſte by long and diligent ſtudy of the works of thoſe great men, whom the concurrent teſtimony of the truly learned in every period has acknowledged as ſtandards and models.

How much Sir William Jones was indebted to ancient learning, firſt to that of Greece and Rome, afterwards to that of the Eaſt, theſe memoirs and his writings every where witneſs. Among theſe we find his choiceſt pleaſures and moſt profitable purſuits. He wrote many things, and contemplated others, expreſsly on the model of celebrated Grecian and Roman writers. He frequently expreſſes his obligations, and dwells with rapture on their beauties. Let thoſe, who, beguiled by the fantaſtick novelties of the period, would baniſh the Greek language from the courſe of academick ſtudies, hear him declare the pleaſure he had derived from that ſource. *—*Equidem poeſi Græcorum jam inde, à puero, ita delectabar, ut nihil mihi Pindari carminibus elatius, nihil Anacreonte dulcius, nihil Sapphûs, Archilochi, Alcæi, ac Simonidis aureis illis reliquiis politius aut nitidius eſſe videretur.*

Yet theſe are, chiefly, the minor relicks of that unrivalled nation. What language would he not have uſed, had his ſubject led him to ſpeak of authors of an higher claſs; of Sophocles or Euripides, of Thucydides or Homer?

It is impoſſible for the claſſical reader to open the works of Sir William Jones, not even thoſe few tranſcripts of letters, preſerved in theſe memoirs, without feeling that the ſpirit, which breathes in his veins, was quickened and purified by the ſtudy of the ancient maſters; that he has caught their ſimple and nervous manner; and glows with that elevated enthuſiaſm, which characteriſes them. The following paſſage, extracted from his letter to Reviczki†, cannot fail to illuſtrate this obſervation and to delight every one, who has any claim to a kindred ſoul. *—Neſcis quantum ab illo mutor quem in Angliâ vidiſti. Fui adoleſcens, fui imprudentior; nunc me totum humanoribus Muſis devoveo; et nihil vehementer peto præter Virtutem, quâ nihil divinius, Gloriam, quâ nihil mortali pretioſius, ac tuam denique amicitiam, quâ nihil dulcius eſſe poteſt.*

In a ſubſequent letter‡, to the ſame correſpondent, he indulges a ſimilar ſtrain, worthy of the beſt periods of antiquity. *—Sed omnibus vitæ gaudiis facilè antefero illam, illam quam perditè amo, Gloriam; illam per aquas, illam per ignes, illam diebus, illam noctibus, perſequar. Oh! mi Carole, quanta mihi ſeſe aperit ſylva! Si vitæ ſpatium duplicetur, vix mihi ſatisfaciat, ad ea quæ, in animo habeo tam publicè quam privatim rectè perficienda.*

In conformity with the ſame ſpirit is his advice to a ſtudent, in his letter to Halhed§. *—Humanoribus literis da operam, ut ſoles; muſas colè; philoſophiam venerare; multa ſcribe die, multa noctibus; ita*

* Letter to Reviczki. P. 1. Appen.

† Appendix p. 20. ‡ Ibid. p. 27.
§ Ibid. p. 18.

tamen ut valetudinem tuam cures diligenter.

We cannot paſs unnoticed the teſtimony of Sir William Jones, in favour of "the divine works" of Cicero. A writer, whom it is apparent he had aſſiduouſly ſtudied; for no where elſe could he have acquired that purity and elegance, for which his latin ſtyle is conſpicuous.*

Si mihi liceat eloqui quod ſentio, auctor ſim ut M. Tullii ferè divinis operibus quam diligentiſſimè navet operam, quæ neminem unquam legiſſe puto, quin legendo factus ſit et eloquentior et doctior. Digna eſt admirabilis illa ad Quintum fratrem de provinciâ adminiſtrandâ epiſtola, quæ ab omnibus in terrarum orbe regibus memoriter quotidie recitetur. Digni ſunt libri de Officiis, de Finibus, de Queſtionibus Tuſculanis, qui centies perlegantur. Dignæ orationes ferè ſexaginta quæ in omnes Europæ linguas convertantur. Nec vereor affirmare ſedecim illos epiſtolarum ad Atticum libros hiſtoriis ferè omnibus (Salluſtio excepto) præſtare.

The moral and religious attainments of Sir William Jones are on a ſcale, not leſs elevated, than his literary. In truth, in every part of his character, this admirable man ſeems to have reached that height of ideal perfection, which it is permitted to moſt men to conceive, but to which it is the lot of very few even to aſpire. To young men, to men indeed of every period of life, the contemplation of ſuch a character cannot be too frequent, nor intenſe. The firſt and ſureſt ſtep towards the improvement of an age is to ſet up correct ſtandards, to make the admiration and imitation of them faſhionable, and to teach men, by exalting and refining their imaginations to the ſublimity of their ſentiments and the purity of their manners, to transfuſe into themſelves all the excellence of their ſpirit. It is no objection, that theſe models are of rare workmanſhip, and above the reach of human capacity in its ordinary ſtate. He, who levels at a high mark, although he fall ſhort of it, will probably approach nearer to it, than he, who is content to take a low and ignoble aim. The advice, which Quintilian† gives to his orator, is applicable to every literary purſuit, indeed to every purſuit in life.—*Sed non ideo minus nobis ad ſumma tendendum eſt——— quod ſi non contingat, altius tamen ibunt qui ad ſumma nitentur, quam qui, præſumpta deſperatione, quo vellint, evadendi, protinus circa ima ſubſtiterint.*

* Letter to Bayer. Appendix p. 39.

† Inſtit. orator proœm.

ART. 51.

Democracy unveiled, or tyranny ſtripped of the garb of patriotiſm. By Chriſtopher Cauſtic, LL.D. &c. &c. Boſton, J. Weſt. 12*mo.*

IN all free governments political ſatire, though little diſtinguiſhed by novelty of ſentiment or elegance of language, will be read with avidity. The buffoonry of Pindar will be ſometimes received as wit, and even his blaſphemy, horrid beyond parallel, will be ſlightly cenſured by the multitude of thoſe, whoſe malignity exults in the profanation of whatever is venerable; in the ridicule of their monarch, and abuſe of the ſupporters of his throne. But ſuch productions ſoon periſh. When the fervour

of party, which alone enables them to cover a weak and unſightly trunk with the luxuriance of their foliage, is abated, they are ſwept without regard to the putreſcent receptacle of the worthleſs and noxious herbage of an uncultivated ſoil.

Even the works of the great maſters of ſatire, though ſplendid with invention and glowing with wit, are ſtudied with ardour gradually decreaſing, as the remembrance of the incidents they record, becomes fainter by age. For one, who peruſes Hudibras with delight in our time, there were fifty among the ſubjects of Charles.

Such will probably be the fate of this poem; but many will be deſirous, that it ſhould firſt produce the effect, for which it ſeems ſo well adapted.

Whoever reads Democracy Unveiled with candour, even if his muſcles be diſtorted with anguiſh by the caſtigation, ſo liberally beſtowed on the rulers of the moſt numerous party in this country, will readily credit the aſſertion of the author, that "perſonal animoſity is not among the motives which produced this poem." Though the ſmart of the culprit under the beadle's laſh be little alleviated by the knowledge, that his demerits have long required this exertion of juſtice; yet the publick will remember that the puniſhment is not inflicted through wantonneſs, nor aggravated by malice.

The poet in his commencement ſays,

I would not wantonly annoy,—
Would no one's happineſs deſtroy.
None lives, I ſay with honeſt pride, who
Deſpiſes ſlander more, than I do—

and next aſſigns the reaſon of his ſatire,

I'll laſh each knave, that's now in vogue,
Merely becauſe he is a rogue.

This poem is divided into ſix parts, between which however the connexion is not eaſily diſcerned. Canto 1ſt, called the Toſin, briefly diſcloſes his plan, and concludes with an apoſtrophe to his adverſaries.

Now, ſince ye are a ruffian crew,
As honeſt Jack Ketch ever knew;
Have chang'd your name, as well as
courſes,
Like folks, who *trade* in *ſtealing* horſes,
&c.

The ſecond part of Illuminiſm, is energetick and well conducted. The earneſtneſs of the author has condenſed his uſual levity, and the rhyme becomes more regular and dignified.

In the next Canto, Mobocracy, is an anachroniſm of ſo little uſe, that perhaps the author, ſo far from intending to derive advantage from it, in the hurry of compoſition did not obſerve it. The rebellion of 1786 is repreſented, as one of the conſequences of that ſpirit, excited by the revolutionary proceedings in France.

The fourth part, which takes its title from the preſident of the United States, contains "high matter," worthy to be examined by his friends and his foes.

Canto 5th, the Gibbet of Satire is the moſt humorous of the whole. The principal labourers in the cauſe of democracy are

here introduced to receive their reward; and so little deference does the author pay to the common notion of poetick justice, that a new recruit, purchased from England, receives his honours, so nearly resembling those of a veteran of twenty years' service in this town, and so blended with them, that it is difficult to adjudge the superiority to either. But, "when two men ride on a horse together, one must ride behind." Conspicuous above all others in this mock execution is the gentleman, who lately resigned the office of attorney-general of the United States. His last words and dying speech to the court is verified in a manner irresistibly ludicrous.

The last Canto contains the author's monition to his countrymen, in which is more good sense, than poetry.

Of the notes to the poem we may remark, that they are chiefly serious and closely connected with the text. The best is upon the principles of Godwin.

When the author publishes a new edition, to which the success of the first, as it is said, has encouraged him, he may easily enlarge his note on the 99th page. An ignorant, noisy, and mischievous fanatick in a neighbouring town has lately proved, and published his proofs, that Mr. Jefferson is the sixth angel, mentioned in the book of revelation. Are the days of Cromwell about to return?

Amid exuberance of thought, we are sometimes offended by repetition. In one place we find the bludgeon of satire and in the next couplet the whipping post of satire, where the author meant to convey but one idea. *Incudis fudit.*

In a late number of the Monthly Anthology a judicious critick, reviewing a former poem of this author, has said, that he receives no pleasure from rhymes, 'when 'the corresponding sounds are 'farther from the end of the line, 'than the penult syllable.' But in such compositions, as these, we know no reason, why the succession of rhyme should not begin with the antepenult. If only by poetical licence the double line be introduced, may not the same licence lawfully extend to the triple rhyme? All double rhymes seem distorted and unnatural, and it is this, perhaps, that affords us the amusement, we receive from them. From the difficulty of its composition the triple rhyme cannot often recur; and Butler has shewn us, that its effect is great. How often have we observed the particularity of this couplet,

'There was an ancient sage philosopher,
Who had read Alexander Ross over.'

Of Trulla we are told,

'She laid about in fight more busily,
Than th' Amazonian dame Penthesile.'

The best double rhyme in Democracy Unveiled is,

No dancing bear, whipt round a stake, or
Wild whirligigging shaking Quaker.

And on page 84th the reader will find an equally favourable specimen of these anomalous triple rhymes, which we have defended.

Democracy Unveiled should be read by every person in the community, especially by the middling

claſs of citizens, for whom it ſeems chiefly intended.

ART. 52.

The Power of Solitude: a poem, in two parts. By Joſeph Story. A new and improved edition. Salem. B. B. Macanulty. 1804.

WHATEVER may be the abſurdity in morals of the doctrine of tranſmigration, we certainly ſometimes ſee it realized in the literary world. When Mr. Story's poem firſt appeared, its features diſplayed ſo much more than infantine inanity, its frame appeared ſo rickety and imbecile, its whole aſpect was ſo pale and bloodleſs, that we ſaw it go down to the tomb without ſurprize; and believed that, if the Sybil ſhould ever conduct us to the lower regions, we ſhould find this ill-ſtarred babe among the ſcreaming ghoſts of infants at the entrance of Tartarus,

Quos
Abſtulit atra dies & funere merſit acerbo.

After ſeeing it ſo quietly inurned, we confeſs we were ſomewhat alarmed, when its ſecond exiſtence was announced; and our ſociety was ſadly puzzled to determine, by what means it had burſt its cearments, and made its eſcape to the upper air. Our alarm however we find was needleſs, as it does not, like the royal Dane, appear in any very queſtionable ſhape. It profeſſes to be a new birth, rather than a ſecond exiſtence, and we will now examine, whether by this literary metemſychoſis it has acquired any of the ſtrength of manhood and any of the glow and vigour of health.

The primary and radical defect of this poem, to drop our already jaded metaphor, is found in the ſubject itſelf, or at leaſt in the view which Mr. S. has taken of it. Its deſign, we are told, is "to mark the influence of ſolitude on the paſſions and affections of the mind." In doing this he does not confine himſelf to melancholy or aſcetick abſtraction from civilized life, but ſeems to think that every pauſe from ſocial intercourſe, and every reflection excited when alone, exemplifies the influence of ſolitude. This accommodating view of the ſubject, which he probably learned from Zimmerman's ſilly book, enables him to talk about any thing, and he avails himſelf of the privilege by talking definitely about nothing. We do not, to be ſure, aſk for formal induction, for inveſtigation of recondite truth, or even for much maſſiveneſs of ſentiment from a poet; but we have a right to demand, that we ſhould not be preſented with pages of abſolute inanity; that at leaſt we ſhould find ſome ſalient principle of animated ſentiment, to preſerve the current of his verſe from ſtagnation and putridity. But it does not ſeem to enter into Mr. Story's definition of poetry, that fine thinking ſhould make one of its conſtituents, and accordingly his work in general diſplays what Goldſmith calls 'a complete virginity of 'feature, uncontaminated by the 'ſmalleſt ſymptom of meaning.'

There would be no end to tranſcription, if we ſhould undertake to quote paſſages in ſupport of our aſſertion; we will nevertheleſs extract one from the ſec-

ond Canto, obſerving, however, that it is rather worſe than the general ſtrain of the volume.

Speaking of the ſports of "Gothick ſprites," for an illuſtration of which we are referred to Drake's Lit. Hours.

—Leagu'd with witchcraft, ſtrangeſt feats perform;
Wilder the traveller's path and brew the ſtorm,
Lead the wild corpſe light round the omen'd grave,
Dance in the bog or whiſtle on the wave;
Or, bent on miſchief, round ſome pillow creep
To ride their night-mare through the virgin's ſleep.
There too diſport, for gambols deftly dight
The ſilver legions of Arabia's ſprite;
Winds her blithe horn, and lo, the buſy troop
Trail in light meteors, many a fiery whoop;
On poſting glow-worms wing ſome ſoft deſire,
And breathe from ruby lips innocuous fire;
With mellow warbles charm the curious ears,
Or weave of moonlight hues pellucid tears, &c. *Part* 2.

From this extract our readers will probably infer, that the poem has at leaſt the merit of conſiderable ſmoothneſs of verſification; and the concluſion will not be unjuſt. Indeed, ſince the days of Pope, this ſpecies of excellence has become almoſt mechanical. The artizan of verſes has only to reſort to his works, in which, it is ſcarcely too much to ſay, may be found every muſical and every graceful phraſe, which our language affords, and the manufacture of harmonious lines becomes the eaſieſt thing in the world. In this way, of late years, ſo much currency has been given to the inſipid and quotidian traſh of thoſe, who never were 'poets of God's making,' that we are almoſt tempted to renounce our objections to the harſh, abrupt verſification of Cowper, and hail him as the reſtorer of the dignity of Engliſh verſe.

There are many peculiar reaſons however for the melody of Mr. Story's verſification. In the firſt place, he is not incumbered with any very violent regard to ſenſe; and is not always very ſcrupulous that his line ſhould be intelligible, provided it be liquid and round. In the next place, he has a moſt perilous talent of eking out verſes by means of an accommodating ſet of phraſes, which he has always at command. If, for inſtance, he had occaſion to ſpeak of love, and the rhyme were too obſtinate to be made out by any common place epithets, he would not, like a writer of inferiour powers, count his fingers, bite his nails, and 'cudgel his dull brains' for a moment, but would call it at once a "ſprite;" or if that would not do, a "viewleſs ſprite;" or if the verſe were ſtill reluctant, he would talk of its "wildering power," its "myſtick power," its "fitful glance," its "kindling glance," or its "reſtleſs glance;" its "eye's fluttering flaſh," its "flickering beam," or its "moon-witched beam," &c. &c.

Another method, by which Mr. S. makes his verſification eaſy, is by enlarging, on an emergency, the vocabulary of the language. ....He introduces, for inſtance, "*needled* landſcapes," "*pierceleſs* ſhields," "*moveleſs* tongues,"

"*changeleſs* rigours," "*anguiſhed* ſcreeches," and "*ſcreamful* ghoſts." It is not to be expected, that one, who has ſo little regard to the Engliſh language, ſhould have much reſpect for its proſody; we are not ſurprized therefore to meet with "ā'lārmed ſoul," "cō'qūet's arts," &c. From the laſt charge, however, we confeſs Mr. S. is tolerably free; and we are more willing, that he ſhould eſcape without cenſure on this ſubject, becauſe though we think that every fault of this kind ſhould be carefully noted in poets, as they are the legitimate guardians of the proſody of language, yet we ſomewhat doubt that Mr. Story's authority will ever be quoted by poſterity to ſanctify an anomaly.

In looking back on what we have written, we obſerve ſcarcely a gleam of praiſe, and for this we are ſorry, becauſe Mr. Story's talents, if they were not diſtorted by his vitiated taſte, are not contemptible. We quote the following lines as a proof that he is capable of better things. Speaking of Vaucluſe,

There lov'd the bard, mid rocks groteſque and bold,
His liberal converſe with the dead to hold.
Above, dark woods o'er dizzy torrents hung
Through winding vales their giant ſhadows flung.
Below, from ſprings where ſcarce a bubble whirl'd,
Through verdant glens the ſilver Sorgia purl'd;
The landſcape round in pure luxuriance ſmil'd;
Here ſoft and calm; there grand, abrupt, and wild.

And the following:

Span, if thou durſt, the mighty march of mind,
Its views how vaſt, its projects unconfin'd;
Then trace the ſource, whence mental grandeur roſe,
Its orbit meaſure, and its height diſcloſe.
No flowery paths, to win aſpiring youth,
Mark'd the bold rout to ſcientifick truth;
Slow mov'd invention many a tardy year,
Toil led the van, and patience clos'd the rear.

If he had attended at all, however, to the ſentiment of the cloſing lines, he would not have talked of the *ſource*, *orbit*, and *height* of mental grandeur.

We conclude from internal evidence, that Mr. Story cannot be the author of the Monody, which begins the collection of fugitive poems at the end of the volume. We need only to extract the following exquiſite ſtanza to ſupport our aſſertion.

Her voice was ſofter than the lyre,
That ſteals each echo from the breeze;
Her eye, the blue with chaſten'd fire,
That wins us, ere it ſeem to pleaſe.

There is a truth of nature and delicacy of thought throughout this little piece, of which we find nothing in any of Mr. Story's writings.

The general inſipidity of the volume before us we do not ſo much attribute to want of talents in the author, as to an imbecile ſurrender of his powers to the modern ſchool of writers. He is ſometimes an imitator of Darwin among others, but we think altogether without ſucceſs. It indeed requires ſtronger powers, than Mr. Story poſſeſſes, to imitate the ſtyle of Darwin, to copy his mantle of every hue and every luſtre,

gorgeous with gold and ſparkling with gems. With all his mad philoſophy, and Aſiatick taſte, he has yet too bright an eye, and too noble a wing to be emulated in his flight by ſuch an imitator. ....We forbear however any farther obſervations on Mr. Story. The preſent edition of his work is undoubtedly improved, as it is diminiſhed to one third of its former ſize. He has alſo added ſome good lines and expurgated it of a great deal of nonſenſe. It is in truth a better poem, than nine tenths that are publiſhed. And when he has learned to be content with the limits, which Butler aſſigns, of giving only *one* line *for rhyme*, and *one* at leaſt *for ſenſe*; when he has learned, that our language is already tolerably copious, and that his ideas are really not ſo novel nor gigantick, as to require that its vocabulary ſhould be enlarged to expreſs them; when alſo his mind ſhall have become regulated by age, and enlarged by meditation, we think he may write very tolerable verſes.

ART. 53.

The moral tendency of man's accountableneſs to God; and its influence on the happineſs of ſociety. A ſermon, preached on the day of the general election, at Hartford, in the ſtate of Connecticut, May 9th, 1805. By Aſahel Hooker, A. M. Paſtor of the church in Goſhen. Hartford, Hudſon and Goodwin, 8*vo. pp.* 41.

MR. Hooker was judicious in ſelecting his topick of diſcourſe; and his ſermon, among ordinary ſermons, and before ordinary aſſemblies, might be deemed a good one. But to a ſcholar, who had viewed this ſubject by the lights of Dr. Parr's notes to his Spital Sermon, or of Hall's Sermon on Modern Infidelity, the Election Sermon of Mr. H. will ſeem a vapid performance, diſtinguiſhed for neither richneſs of matter, fire of fancy, nor elegance of ſtyle.

ART. 54.

Entick's New Spelling Dictionary, adapted to the uſe of ſchools in the United States, with an Abridgement of Murray's Grammar prefixed. Printed at New Haven, 1804.

THIS is a cheap and uſeful work, though the editor differs in ſome inſtances from the Engliſh accentuation. Thus he accents the words *conventicle* and *exemplary* on the ſecond ſyllable inſtead of the firſt. He has Walker in his favour with regard to *conventicle*; but the authority of the poets is ſuperiour to that of Walker, and muſt always be conſidered the ſtandard for quantity.

'Myſelf had notice of your *conventicles*.' SHAKESP.

'Far more diſguſting than the natal twang
In *conventicle* heard.' COWPER.

'From this abyſs of *exemplary* vice.' PRIOR.

ART. 55.

Sermons by William Jay. Firſt American from the ſecond London edition. Boſton, B. & J. Homans. 1805. 8*vo. pp.* 478.

THE author of theſe ſermons is a miniſter at Bath in England; a place diſtinguiſhed, not only as

the retreat of the invalid for the healing qualities of the waters, but as the resort of the dejected for amusement and recreation, and of the polite and accomplished for the purpose of mingling in genteel company and improving society. The clergymen of the city are therefore expected to possess talents to please the learned, and interest the cheerful, as well as powers to sooth the disconsolate, and administer to the last stages of human misery the reviving cordials and comforts of religion. Mr. Jay was undoubtedly selected under these considerations, and appears to have done honour to such a choice. He is considered as one of the most eloquent and popular preachers in Great-Britain. A volume of his sermons was eagerly desired, and when it was published was read with such avidity, that a second edition was called for within a year. Such was the general approbation, that another volume was solicited by his friends in 1803, which has also passed thro' a second edition. Both these volumes are here reprinted; and every person of piety and taste must be pleased with the perusal. As compositions they are animated and elegant; as moral lessons, instructive and solemn; and as scriptural illustrations, clear and evangelical. There is great ingenuity in the plan of each discourse, and the interest excited by the exordium increases to the close. The author's talent appears to be that of PERSUASION; which he attains by convincing the judgment, awakening the imagination, rousing the passions, and impressing the heart.

Our limits will not allow us to enter into a particular examination, nor to make large extracts; but we will select a few specimens of Mr. Jay's manner.

The Vth sermon is from 1 Kings xviii. 12. *I fear the Lord from my youth.* After briefly stating the history of the context, the preacher tenderly mentions his concern for the spiritual improvement and happiness of the youth he addresses, and adds....

Behold standing near your preacher, your friends, your relations, your parents, hearing for you with trembling, and prayers, and tears. Thy father is saying, "my son, if thou be wise, my heart shall rejoice, even mine." The woman who bare thee is saying, "What, my son, and what the son of my womb, and what the son of my vows!"

Behold too your fellow-citizens, your countrymen. I imagine all those assembled here this evening, with whom you are to have any future connexions by friendship, by alliance, by business; whose kindred you are to espouse, whose offices you are to fill; these, I ask, is it a matter of indifference, whether the rising generation be infidel and immoral, or influenced by conscience, and governed by Scripture? Where is the person, who has any regard for the welfare of the nation, for social order, for relative life, for personal happiness, who would not immediately exclaim, "Rid me and deliver me from the hand of strange children; whose mouth speaketh vanity, and their right hand is a right hand of falsehood: that our sons may be as plants grown up in their youth; and that our daughters may be as corner stones, polished after the similitude of a palace."

Behold the blessed God looking down from heaven, blending his claims with your welfare, and urging the language of command and of promise: "Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth"; "they that seek me early, shall find me." These are parties concerned in the success of this endeavour. But, my young friends, there are characters

here more deeply intereſted than all theſe; they are yourſelves. To be pious in early years, is to be "wiſe for YOURSELVES": it is your privilege, ſhall I ſay, more than your duty? Yes, the gain will be principally your own.

The whole of this diſcourſe is excellent, and deſerves the attentive peruſal of every young perſon, who has the intention to be virtuous or the wiſh to be happy.

Sermon X. is an ingenious application of the addreſs of Jehovah to the Captain of the Lord's inheritance, when, having nearly completed the conqueſt of Canaan, he ſuffered his fervour to cool, and his courage to fail. *There remaineth yet very much land to be poſſeſſed.* Joſhua xiii. 1. From this remark the preacher urges, by a variety of conſiderations, the propriety and neceſſity of making freſh and continual advances in knowledge and holineſs. In illuſtration of his argument he obſerves,

There is ſomething very attractive and pleaſing in progreſs. It is agreeable to obſerve a ſtately edifice riſing up from the deep baſis, and becoming a beautiful manſion. It is entertaining to ſee the rough outline of a picture, filled and finiſhed. It is ſtriking in the garden to behold the tree renewing ſigns of life; to mark the expanding foliage, the opening bud, the lovely bloſſom, the ſwelling, colouring, ripening fruit. And where is the father, where is the mother, who has not ſparkled with delight, while contemplating the child growing in ſtature; acquiring by degrees the uſe of its tender limbs; beginning to totter, and then to walk more firmly; the pointing finger ſucceeded by the prattling tongue; curioſity awakened; reaſon dawning; new powers opening; the character forming. But nothing is to be compared with the progreſs of "this building of God;" theſe "trees of righteouſneſs"; this "changing into his image from glory to glory"; this proceſs of "the new creature" from the hour of regeneration "unto a perfect man, unto the meaſure of the ſtature of the fulneſs of Chriſt." And, O what is it when we are the ſubjects too! The nearer we live to heaven, the more of its pure and peaceful influence we ſhall enjoy. The way of life, narrow at the entrance, widens as we proceed. It is the nature of habits to render their acts eaſy and delightful. There is little pleaſure in religion, if there be no fervency; if there be no vigour in faith, no zeal in devotion, no life in duty, religion is without a ſoul; it is the mere carcaſe of inanimate virtue. What ſenſations of ecſtacy, what proſpects of aſſurance can ſuch chriſtians expect? In converſion, as in the alteration of an old edifice, we firſt demoliſh, and this only furniſhes us with rubbiſh and ruins; But afterwards, we raiſe up an orderly beautiful building, in which we are refreſhed and charmed What an happineſs ariſes from difficulties overcome, and from labour crowned with ſucceſs! What emotions can equal the joy of one, who after the painful battle "divides the ſpoil?" But what can reſemble the ſatisfaction of the chriſtian, who on each ſucceſsful exertion gathers freſh "glory, honour, and immortality!" The life of the active chriſtian is the labour of the bee; who all day long is flying from the hive to the flower, or from the flower to the hive; but all his buſineſs is confined to fragrancy, and productive of ſweets.

The XIXth is a beautiful and excellent ſermon "on Domeſtick Happineſs." As a farther ſpecimen of Mr. Jay's manner, we enrich our pages with the following extract.

Oh, what ſo refreſhing, ſo ſoothing, ſo ſatisfying as the plaeid joys of home!

See the traveller. Does duty call him for a ſeaſon to leave his beloved circle? The image of his earthly happineſs continues vividly in his remembrance; it quickens him to diligence; it cheers him under difficulties; it makes him hail the hour which ſees his purpoſe accompliſhed, and his face turned towards home; it communes with him as he journeys; and he hears the

promiſe which cauſes him to hope, "Thou ſhalt know alſo that thy tabernacle ſhall be in peace; and thou ſhalt viſit thy habitation and not ſin." Oh, the joyful re-union of a divided family; the pleaſures of renewed interview and converſation after days of abſence!

Behold the man of ſcience. He drops the labour and painfulneſs of reſearch, cloſes his volume, ſmooths his wrinkled brows, leaves his ſtudy, and unbending himſelf, ſtoops to the capacities, yields to the wiſhes, and mingles with the diverſions of his children.

"He will not bluſh that has a father's heart,
To take in childiſh play a childiſh part:
But bends his ſturdy back to any toy
That youth takes pleaſure in to pleaſe his boy."

Take the man of trade. What reconciles him to the toil of buſineſs? What enables him to endure the faſtidiouſneſs and impertinence of cuſtomers? What rewards him for ſo many hours of tedious confinement? By and by the ſeaſon of intercourſe will arrive; he will be imboſomed in the careſſes of his family; he will behold the deſire of his eyes, and the children of his love, for whom he reſigns his eaſe; and in their welfare and ſmiles he will find his recompenſe.

Yonder comes the labourer. He has borne the burden and heat of the day; the deſcending ſun has releaſed him from his toil, and he is haſtening home to enjoy repoſe. Half-way down the lane, by the ſide of which ſtands his cottage, his children run to meet him; one he carries, and one he leads. The companion of his humble life is ready to furniſh him with his plain repaſt. See his toil-worn countenance aſſumes an air of cheerfulneſs; his hardſhips are forgotten; fatigue vaniſhes; he eats and is ſatisfied; the evening fair, he walks with uncovered head around his garden; enters again and retires to reſt, and "the reſt of a labouring man is ſweet whether he eat little or much." Inhabitant of this lonely, lowly dwelling, who can be indifferent to thy comfort! "Peace be to this houſe."

"Let not ambition mock thy uſeful toil,
Thy HOMELY joys, and deſtiny obſcure;
Nor grandeur hear with a diſdainful ſmile,
The ſhort and ſimple annals of the poor."

MONTHLY CATALOGUE

OF NEW PUBLICATIONS IN THE UNITED STATES,

FOR JULY, 1805.

SUNT BONA, SUNT QUÆDAM MEDIOCRIA, SUNT MALA PLURA.—*MART.*

NEW WORKS.

Sketches of the life of the late Rev. Samuel Hopkins, D. D. paſtor of the firſt Congregational church in Newport, written by himſelf; interſperſed with marginal notes, extracted from his private diary: To which is added, a dialogue, by the ſame hand, on the nature and extent of true chriſtian ſubmiſſion; alſo, a ſerious addreſs to profeſſing chriſtians: Cloſed by Dr. Hart's ſermon at his funeral. With an introduction to the whole, by the editor. Publiſhed by Stephen Weſt, D. D. paſtor of the church in Stockbridge. Hartford, Hudſon & Goodwin, 1805. 12mo. pp. 240.

News from heaven by viſions. Communicated miraculouſly to, and explained by, Caleb Pool, of Glouceſter. Salem, price 25 cents.

A complete treatiſe on the menſuration of timber. Containing beſides all the rules uſually given on the ſubject ſome new and intereſting improvements; particularly the new, expeditious, and very accurate method of calculating the contents of ſquare and round timber; with the deſcription of the Sliding Rule and Gunter's Scale, ſo far as they relate to this art. The whole being illuſtrated with examples at full length, and is well adapted to the

practical timber measurer. By James Thompson. Troy, N.Y. 50 cts.

The value of life and charitable institutions, a discourse delivered before the Humane Society of the commonwealth of Massachusetts, at their semi-annual meeting, June 11th, 1805. By Thomas Gray, minister of the church of Christ on Jamaica Plain, Roxbury. Boston, Sprague. pp. 22. 8vo

A sermon, delivered to the church and congregation, on Jamaica Plain, Roxbury, the afternoon of the Lord's day, immediately succeeding the twelfth anniversary of his ordination, March 31, 1805. By Thomas Gray, minister of that church. Boston, Russell & Cutler. 8vo. pp. 22.

A masonick address, &c. pronounced before the brethren of Mount Moriah Lodge, at Reading, on the anniversary of St. John the Baptist, June 24th, A. L. 5805. By Brother Benjamin Gleason, K. T. &c. Three editions. Boston, Newell. pp. 22.

An oration, delivered on the 4th of July, 1805, at the north meeting house in Salem, Massachusetts. By Ichabod Nichols, ter. Salem. Joshua Cushing. 8vo. pp. 24.

An oration pronounced at Northampton, July 4, 1805, the twenty ninth anniversary of American independence: at the request of the committee of arrangement. By Isaac C. Bates. Northampton. Pomroy. 8vo. pp. 32.

An oration, pronounced July 4, 1805, at the request of the federal republicans of Charlestown, at the anniversary of American independence. By Aaron Hill Putnam. Charlestown, Etheridge. 8vo. pp. 18.

An oration, pronounced at the request of the Charlestown Light Infantry company, before the republican citizens of Charlestown, on the anniversary of American independence, July 4, 1805. By Benjamin Gleason, A. M. Two editions. Boston.

An oration, pronounced July 4, 1805, at the request of the inhabitants of the town of Boston, in commemoration of American independence By Warren Dutton. Boston. Newell. pp. 16.

An oration, pronounced July 4th, 1805, before the young democratick republicans of the town of Boston, in commemoration of the anniversary of American independence. By Ebenezer French. Boston. Ball. pp. 23.

The Panoplist, or the Christian's armoury, No. 1. Containing religious communications, selections, review of new publications, religious intelligence, literary intelligence, list of new publications, poetry, &c. Charlestown, Etheridge. 8vo.

The 4th number of the Massachusetts Baptist Missionary Magazine. Boston. Manning & Loring.

NEW EDITIONS.

Catechismus Historicus Minor. By the Abbe Fleury. Philadelphia. John Conrad & Co.

The Children of the Abbey. By Regina Maria Roche. Third American edition. Fine paper—in 2 vols. 12mo. 2 dols. 50 cents. N.York. Riley & Co.

Debates and other proceedings of the Virginia convention on the adoption of the federal constitution. Norfolk—Worldly & Dobson.

BY SUBSCRIPTION.

A new work, entitled, Wonders of nature and art; or, a concise account of whatever is most curious and remarkable in the world, whether relating to its animal, vegetable, or mineral productions, or to the manufactures, buildings, and inventions of its inhabitants. Compiled from historical and geographical works of established celebrity, and illustrated with the discoveries of modern travellers. By Rev. Thomas Smith, author of the Universal Atlas, Sacred Mirrour, &c. Revised, corrected, and improved by James Mease, M. D. member of the American Philosophical Society, and corresponding member of the Literary and Philosophical Society of Manchester. 14 vols. octo-duodecimo, Philadelphia.

The travels of Anacharsis the Younger in Greece, during the middle of the fourth century before the Christian æra, with notes and references. By the Abbe Barthelemy, keeper of the medals in the cabinet of the king of France, and member of the royal academy of inscriptions and belles lettres. Translated from the French. 4 vols. octavo. Wove paper. 2 dols. per vol bound and lettered; 1 dol. 75 cents, in boards. Baltimore. M'Loughli & Grave.

The new American Clerk's Magazine, and Complete Practical Conveyancer. Containing the moſt uſeful and neceſſary precedents in conveyancing, as ſettled and approved by the moſt eminent conveyancers; with obſervations and references to the laws, &c. with a variety of other uſeful inſtruments of writing: the whole of which are adapted to the uſe of the citizens of the United States, and more particularly to thoſe of the ſtate of Maryland. With neceſſary inſtructions and forms of precedents for the uſe of juſtices of the peace, ſheriffs, coroners, and conſtables, and of matters which relate to the duties of executors and adminiſtrators in the ſettlement of the eſtates of deceaſed perſons; alſo, of guardians, &c. The whole ſelected from the laws, and draughts of actual practice. By a gentleman of the bar. 1 vol. 12mo. pp. 350. 1 dollar 25 cents. Hagerſtown, Maryland. Jacob D. Dietrick.

Human prudence; or the art, by which a man or a woman may be advanced to fortune, to permanent honour, and to real grandeur. With corrections and additions from the 8th London edition. This book was found in the library of the late Dr. Sprague of Dedham, who received it from a friend in London, when a youth. He uſed to call it his treaſure—a pearl—among other more bulky volumes. And it is well known, that his literary, as well as medical and pecuniary judgment and acquirements were great. Dedham. H. Mann. 66 cents to ſubſcribers.

INTELLIGENCE.

Two numbers of a new religious publication, entitled, "The chriſtian ſun and true philanthropiſt, or the one thing needful," have made their appearance. The work will be publiſhed, weekly, in one of the middle ſtates, and contain, each number, 8 octavo pages, for 25 cents. Its deſign and complexion ſeem to us, from a haſty peruſal, to be ſimilar to thoſe of the Panopliſt publiſhed at Charleſtown, in this ſtate.

We have great pleaſure in announcing the appearance of a monthly miſcellany in the iſland of Jamaica (a part of the world hitherto conſidered as devoted ſolely to the ſervices of Plutus and Bacchus), to be regularly continued under the title of the Jamaica Magazine. Part of the ſecond number contains ſome original Memoirs of Charles Weſtcote, which have proceeded with much ſpirit through the ſucceeding numbers. We ardently wiſh ſucceſs to an attempt calculated to introduce a ſpirit of literary curioſity and inquiry into ſo conſiderable a community as that compoſing the flouriſhing iſland of Jamaica.

Propoſals have been iſſued in this town for publiſhing by ſubſcription an elegant American edition of Taſſo's Jeruſalem Delivered, being a proſe tranſlation after the manner of Fenelon's Telemachus; by Francis Green, of Medford, A. M. H. S. S. The profits ariſing from the ſale (if any) to be applied, as a ſubſcription ſum, towards eſtabliſhing a ſchool, or charitable inſtitution for the inſtruction of the Deaf and Dumb, whenever that can be effected. The work is to be comprized in two neat octavo volumes, on good paper, and with a large and diſtinct type, containing about 400 pages in each volume. This highly celebrated and beautiful epick poem of 20 cantos (ſays the editor in his propoſals) is an elaborate compound of hiſtorical facts and intereſting poetical fiction, abounding with all the machinery of poetry, and inferiour to none perhaps, (the prior poems of the Iliad and Æneid excepted), has no tranſlation of *this kind* in our language; and this, on being compared with Hoole's elegant *verſified* edition, it is preſumed does not ſuffer by the compariſon, nor appear to do injuſtice to Taſſo. The four firſt cantos were tranſlated by the late Miſs Harriet Mathews Green, daughter of the editor, under his inſpection, and have been thought by competent judges to be a handſome ſpecimen of the talents of the youthful ſair of the United States.

Mr. William Dunlap, of New York, propoſes to collect and publiſh, by ſubſcription, his dramatick performances. This publication will probably extend to eight or ten volumes, and will conſiſt of tragedies, comedies, comick operas,

and farces; ſome of which, but not all, have been produced on the ſtage. Theſe performances will undergo the moſt accurate reviſion and correction, ſome of them, eſpecially the earlier ones, will be wholly re-written, and all will receive thoſe improvements which may reaſonably be hoped for from the extenſive experience and mature taſte of the author. As this gentleman is almoſt the only dramatick writer among the natives of America, his friends entertain ſome confidence that the patronage will not be denied to him by his enlightened countrymen, to which he may juſtly lay claim on that ſcore alone.—*Lit. Mag.*

Mr. Abbot, of the Temple, has recently finiſhed, for publication, a ſmall volume of Inſtructions to Maſters of Hired Tranſports and other Veſſels in the Service of Government.

The editor of the Gazette of the United States has received Mr. Roſcoe's Life and Pontificate of Leo X., and is preparing to put it to preſs. Propoſals for this work will be preſented to the publick in a few days.

M. Coſſuli has publiſhed, at Parma, a work, in two volumes, quarto, on the origin and early progreſs of algebra, in Italy; in which he ſhows that this ſcience was brought from the eaſt into Italy, by Leonard Bonacci, of Piſa, in the thirteenth century. He follows its progreſs through the ſubſequent periods, and ſhows that for the firſt advancement of the ſcience the world is indebted to Italy, and that even before it began to be cultivated in other countries, it had there attained a high degree of perfection.

Another new planet has been diſcovered by M. Harding of Lilienthal, near Bremen, to which he has given the name of Juno. It is of the eighth magnitude, and attracted his attention while comparing with the heavens the 50,000 ſtars obſerved by Meſſrs. Lalande. It appears to have a peculiar motion, and after obſerving it for ſeveral days, he clearly aſcertained that it was a planet. Its right aſcenſion on the 5th of September, was 1 min. 52 ſec.; its north declination 0 deg. 11 min. The ſame planet was obſerved by M. Burckhardt, on the 23d of September, at 359 deg. 7 min. and 40 deg.; from which he inferred that the duration of its revolution is five years and an half. The following particulars have alſo been aſcertained: its inclination is 21 deg.; its eccentricity is a quarter of its radius; its mean diſtance from the ſun is three times that of the earth, or about an hundred millions of leagues; it is conſequently farther than Ceres or Pallas, whoſe diſtance is 96,000,000. Its diameter has not yet been aſcertained, but its ſize appears nearly the ſame as that of Ceres, or the planet diſcovered by Piazzi. This is the twelfth planet diſcovered within a few years; Herſchel having diſcovered the Georgium and its 6 ſatellites, and 2 new ſatellites to Saturn; Piazzi diſcovered Ceres; Olbers diſcovered Pallas.

An Italian tranſlation of Blair's Lectures on Rhetorick and the Belles Lettres, by Franciſco Soave, has recently been publiſhed at Parma.

We are happy to extract from the life of Gilbert Wakefield, by Meſſrs. Rutt & Wainewright, the following note:—"It will be gratifying to ſcholars to learn that Mr. Wakefield's copies of his Lexicon, with all his papers connected with that work, are ſtill in poſſeſſion of his family, and it is hoped will be given to the publick, at no very diſtant period.

His critical ſtudy of the Greek writers had led him to remark the lamentable deficiencies and inaccuracies of Hederic's Lexicon, and he had accuſtomed himſelf, almoſt from the period of his quitting ſchool, to note, in the margin of his own copy, ſuch alterations and corrections as were ſuggeſted by an attentive ſtudy of the beſt Greek authors. Theſe were originally deſigned ſimply for his own improvement. Finding, at length, that his notes became very numerous, he adopted the plan of continuing them in an interleaved copy of Hederic.

It was his practice, during a long courſe of years, when reading any Greek author, either alone, or with his pupils, to keep the Lexicon open before him. To this he continually referred for the examination and correction of errours and omiſſions with a patient aſſiduity which would ſurpriſe an ordinary ſtu-

dent. His enthuſiaſtick love of claſſick literature, and his ardent deſire to facilitate the knowledge of it, reconciled him to a taſk ſo painful, and laborious, to a man of his refined taſte.

As his firſt object in the propoſed work was to aſſiſt the ſtudies of his own countrymen, it was his deſign to give an *Engliſh* inſtead of a *Latin* interpretation, notwithſtanding the prevailing prejudices againſt ſuch an innovation."

Professorship of Rhetorick and Oratory.

The friends of our Alma Mater will hear with pleaſure that the Corporation have choſen the Hon. John Quincy Adams, Profeſſor of Rhetorick and Oratory on the foundation left by the Hon. Nicholas Boylſton, and that the choice has been confirmed by the Board of Overſeers. No one, who has obſerved the ſtyle of elocution and of oratory which has hitherto prevailed in the univerſity, can be inſenſible that the call for reform is loud and preſſing. We anticipate much from the acknowledged learning, taſte, and ability of the Profeſſor elect, and ſincerely hope that the conditions of the foundation are ſuch, as to encourage him readily to accept, and early to commence the duties of the office. Though it may be true that *orator naſcitur non fit*, yet an inſtitution like the preſent may be the means of developing in ſome thoſe talents, which ſhould not be concealed, and of concealing in others thoſe defects, which cannot be removed.

MEDICAL REPORT.

Statement of Diseases for June.

(Omitted laſt month, by miſtake.)

Caſes of typhus continue to occur. With the advance of the ſeaſon we have ſeen affections of the ſtomach and inteſtinal canal—ſuch as cholera morbus, diarrhœa, dyſentery, &c. A few caſes of hepatitis, and ſome catarrhal affections, as alſo a few caſes of hæmoptyſis have come under our obſervation. The acute diſeaſes of this month have ſcarcely in any inſtance been fatal, where they have had the advantage of profeſſional direction.

We hear of the ravages of ſmall pox within twenty miles,* but relying on providence we will not guard againſt the enemy till he begins to batter down our walls. Let us bleſs the Jennerian diſcovery and rejoice that other nations are bleſſed by it, but if our children are not threatened with the ſmall pox this year, they ſhall not be inoculated for the cow pox till the next.

* *At Beverly.*

Statement of Diseases for July.

Diarrhœa, dyſentery, and cholera have been the diſeaſes moſt prevalent during the month of July. Cholera infantum has not yet become very common. The hooping cough is epidemick. Typhus mitior has been frequently ſeen, but of a character remarkably mild. Scarcely a fatal caſe of fever has hitherto appeared; yet all the vigilance of the preſervers of publick health is required to oppoſe the introduction of the fatal diſeaſe, which afflicts our unfortunate neighbours.

A caſe of variola has lately occurred and excited that attention to the cow pox, which it merits. Should the infection of the former diſeaſe have been communicated, many will, no doubt, ſuffer for their neglect of advice, which has been continually laviſhed upon them.

METEOROLOGY.

State of the Barometer and Fahrenheit's Thermometer. Obſerved at 8 *o'clock,* A.M. —2, P.M.—*ſunſet*—*and* 10, P.M.

9th July.

Clk.	Bar.	Ther.	Wind.	Weather.
8 :	29,9	79	N	Fair and clear.
2 :	30	84		
ss. :	30	80		
10 :	30	76		
			10th.	
8 :	30,1	71	N	Clouds and ſunſhine.
2 :	30,1	75		
ss. :	30,1	72		
10 :	30,2	69		

		11*th.*	
8 : 30,3	69	NNW	Fair. Very fine.
2 : 30,2	78		
ss. : 30,1	76		
10 : 30,1	73		
		12*th.*	
8 : 30	76	WSW	Fair and clear.
2 : 30	90		
ss. : 30	87		
10 : 30	84		
		13*th.*	
8 : 30	83	W	Fair. Hot.
2 : 30	91		
ss. : 30	88		
10 : 30	85		
		14*th.*	
8 : 30	77	ENE	Cloudy.
2 : 30	76		
ss. : 30	73		
10 : 30	73		
		15*th.*	
8 : 30,1	76	SW	Fair.
2 : 30	83	NE	
ss. : 30	84		
10 : 30	81		
		16*th.*	
8 : 30	83		Fair.
2 : 30	94		
ss. : 29,9	88		
10 : 29,9	82		
		17*th.*	
8 : 29,8	85		Fair. Thunder &
2 : 29,8	93		lightning atten-
ss. : 29,8	84		ded with a little
10 : 29,8	76		ſprinkling at ss.
		18*th.*	
8 : 29,9	79		Fair.
2 : 29,9	90		
ss. : 29,9	82		
10 : 30	74		
		19*th.*	
8 : 30	76		Fair.
2 : 30	81		
ss. : 30	80		
10 : 30	80		
		20*th.*	
8 : 30,1	74	NNE.	Somewhat clou-
2 : 30,1			dy.
ss. : 30,2			Fair.
10 : 30,2			
		21*st.*	
8 : 30,2			Fair.
2 : 30,2			
ss. : 30,2			
10 : 30,2			
		22*d.*	
8 : 30,2			Fair and clear.
2 : 30,2			
ss. : 30,3			
10 : 30,3			
		23*d.*	
8 : 30,3	70		Fair;—ſome
2 : 30,2	76		clouds P. M.
ss. : 30,1	70		
10 : 30	71		
		24*th.*	
8 : 29,9	76		A ſmall ſhower
2 : 29,8	84		about daylight—
ss. : 29,9	80		Fair afterwards.
10 : 29,9	76		
		25*th.*	
8 : 30	73	NE.	Fair and clear.
2 : 30	74	E.	Fair.
ss. : 30	72		
10 : 30	70		

We regret the imperfection of the above obſervations; which aroſe from an accident, which we hope will not again occur.

NOTES.

THE obſervations prefixed to Sacontalá were made before we received the poem, the publication of which we have with pleaſure commenced.

We have received a letter from Dr. Morſe, acknowledging the errour obſerved by Salvian. It was received too late for the preſent number, but ſhall receive our ready attention in the next.

The medical communication, which was acknowledged in our laſt, is ſo valuable, that we greatly regret the neceſſity of poſtponing it to another number.

We have prepared for Auguſt Dr. Parr's character of Gilbert Wakefield; a letter from Europe; review of the Science of Sanctity, &c.

July 30, 1805.

ERRATA.—On page 366, fifteen lines from the bottom, for *country* read *courtly*. P. 374, 2d col. beginning of l. 5 from bot. read *firſt*.

THE

MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY,

FOR

AUGUST, 1805.

REMARKS ON THE LITERARY CHARACTER OF *GILBERT WAKEFIELD*,

In a letter from the Rev.d Dr. Parr.

DEAR SIR,

WHATSOEVER traces of irritability, and sometimes even pertinacity, may occur in the publications of our excellent friend, Mr. Wakefield, I know, from my private correspondence with him, that, when treated with the respect due to his talents and attainments, he was patient under opposition, was grateful for information, and would honestly abandon some of those opinions and conjectures, which, previously to our discussions, he had believed to be well founded.

"Conjectural criticism," says Johnson, in his preface to Shakespeare, "has been of great use in the learned world; nor is it my intention to depreciate a study, that has exercised so many mighty minds from the revival of learning to our own age, from [John Andreas] the bishop of Aleria to English Bentley;" and I shall myself add, as Johnson would have added, to Richard Porson.—"It is not easy," says the same writer, "to discover from what cause the acrimony of a scholiast can naturally proceed."——"The various readings of copies, and different interpretations of a passage, seem to be questions that might exercise the wit, without engaging the passions. But, whether it be, that "*small things make mean men proud*," and vanity catches small occasions; or that all contrariety of opinion, even in those that can defend it no longer, makes proud men angry; there is often found in commentaries a spontaneous strain of invective and contempt, more eager and venomous than is vented by the most furious controvertist in politicks against those whom he is hired to defame."

Though the temper, or at least the language, of verbal criticks, has been, in our own days, much improved by the examples of Markland, Wesseling, Hemsterhusius, Valkenaer, Ruhnken, Heyne, and other illustrious scholars, too many traces may yet be found of that spirit, which is so extremely offensive to every well-regulated mind.

The *Vannus Critica* of D'Orville abounds with recondite criticism; and the severity of the writer has been sometimes excused, on the plea of retaliation,

against Pauw, whose coarseness and petulance are quite intolerable. But I must confess that the perpetual recurrence of illiberal and savage reproach in that celebrated work is wearisome to me, and I remember with pleasure that, in his notes upon *Charito*, D'Orville has not fallen into this odious way of writing.

No man admires more sincerely than I do the genius and learning of Herman. But I can never read without indignation the arrogant and contemptuous terms in which he speaks of the late Mr. Heath—a man, whose good sense, good manners, and most meritorious labours ought to have protected him from such indignities. Vid. Herman. Obser. Crit. p. 59, and his note on verse 1002 of the Hecuba, p. 153.

The manner in which Mr. Brunck speaks of Vauvilliers is by no means warranted by Brunck's great and indisputable superiority; and I suppose that other readers, as well as myself, have observed numerous instances, in which Brunck has slyly stolen the emendations of his insulted predecessor, and meanly endeavoured to disguise his plagiarism.

Perhaps the great erudition, the wonderful sagacity, and the useful discoveries of such men as Joseph Scaliger, Bentley, and Salmasius, may now and then induce us to forgive the insolence of their temper, and the asperity of their invectives. But, when better examples have been set before us by the most distinguished criticks of our own times, little or no apology remains for men whose abilities are not of the highest class, if they select their models from periods, when the happy effects of civilization were less diffused, and when the value of it on controversial subjects, was less understood.

In the ardour and impetuosity of youth, our friend had met with those terms of reproach, which criticks employ against each other. He might have been pleased at the moment with the appearance of vivacity and acuteness in some favorite writer: he found it easy to use the expressions which custom seems to have established among his predecessors; and perhaps the natural soreness of his mind, under provocations which he thought unmerited, increased his disposition to adopt them. This failing, however, we should deplore, rather than justify; and we should also remember, that he shared it in common with other writers, who were inferiour to him in diligence, in knowledge, in rectitude of intention, and in holiness of life.

The warmest of Mr. Wakefield's admirers must acknowledge that, in taste, erudition, and ingenuity, the celebrated Ruhnken was superiour to him. But they will recollect with satisfaction that one praise which Wyttenbach has bestowed upon Ruhnken, may be justly claimed by Wakefield. "*Nec ipse unquam aliter loquebatur, quam sentiebat, nec eos qui secus facerent, ferre poterat.*"—See the Life of Ruhnken, p. 245.

Many of the errours, which occur in his emendations, and many of the imperfections which have been imputed to his Latin style, may, I think, be traced to the following causes.

The first, and perhaps the most powerful, which presents itself to my memory, is, that he had not received his education in one of our great publick schools, where

his taste would have been early and correctly formed; where a traditionary stock of principles would have been ready for his use in the opinions and compositions of his schoolfellows; where the conjectures and arguments of commentators, unaccompanied by their rude disputes, would have been first conveyed to his mind; and where a judicious instructor, by his own remarks, would not only have assisted the judgment of Mr. Wakefield, but would have taught him to smile at the self-importance, and to avoid the acrimony of the most eminent criticks. Dr. Warton of Winchester, and Dr. John Foster of Eton, carried into their writings the same candid and liberal spirit which pervaded their oral instructions; and their examples, I am sure, were equally favourable in their literary and moral effects on the minds of their scholars.

Mr. Wakefield was himself very sensible of the inconveniences to which he was exposed from another circumstance, which I am now going to mention; and in his letters to me, he has more than once lamented them most ingenuously and most feelingly. In consequence of his habits of retirement, of his separation from the English church, and the English universities, of his residence in places far remote from the capital, and of his numerous and honourable employments, when he came into the neighbourhood of it, he seldom had access to the conversation of such among his countrymen, as are most distinguished for philological learning. But, from my own personal experience, I can say with justice of those who take the lead among them, that Mr. Wakefield would have derived the greatest advantage from their friendly communications; and would have met, not only with more wisdom, but with more candour, than the generality of the world is prone to ascribe to verbal criticks. If much intimacy had fortunately subsisted between these excellent men and our friend, he might have been often contradicted; he would have been sometimes vanquished; but he would have always been enlightened, and very seldom displeased. "*Si quidem vera Amicitia nullam fert* Ἐπιχαιρεκακίαν, *nullam Malevolentiam, nullam Invidiam, Irrisionem nullam.*" Life of Ruhnken, p. 162.

Men who talk to each other with freedom and good humour, are seldom disposed to write about each other with bitterness and scorn. But it was the hard fortune of Mr. Wakefield to meet with rivals, rather than guides and auxilliaries, among his contemporaries; and for this reason, erroneous and rash opinions, which might have been previously corrected by conversation, sometimes found their way into his writings. To me, however, it seems wonderful that a man, who had so little personal intercourse with philologists, should so intensely, and, I will add, so successfully have turned his attention to those subjects, in which the curiosity of scholars is chiefly interested, and on which their talents are chiefly employed.

Every man of letters would do well to read Morhoff's Chapter de Conversatione Eruditâ, where he tells us, "titulo Homiletices

ERUDITÆ, Librum mihi scribendum aliquando proposui;" and every impartial critick on the philological labours of Mr. Wakefield, will acknowledge the importance of the following remark: "*Nihil ad Informationem commodius est, quam frequens cum viris doctis Conversatio, quæ est Disciplina omnium optima, et in Sensus magis incurrit, quam tædiosa illa per Lectiones et Meditationes Via.*"—Vid. Morhoff. Polyhis. Lit. lib. i. cap. 5, p. 165, vol. i.

I have sometimes thought that the range of Mr. Wakefield's critical reading was too confined, and the course of his classical reading too diversified and irregular. He had not begun, I believe, till very lately, to make the metre of the ancient writers a subject of direct and distinct study. He does not appear to have been very deeply versed in the writings of Hæphestio, Terentianus Maurus, Diomedes, Marius Victorinus, and the other metrical writers in Putsch's Collection; nor even in the rules laid down by Hare, Bentley, Morell, Heath, &c. and without much preparatory knowledge he could hardly have turned to good account the very curious and valuable information which has lately been communicated to the world by Herman and by Porson. He had not very accurately examined the history of the changes which took place in the Greek orthography. He had not been much accustomed to consult the structure of letters in manuscript, though, from the works of Bentley and other scholars, he had gained some useful general notions, upon the sources of errours in transcribers.

The learned biographer of Ruhnken speaks with just commendation of the method in which Ruhnken conducted his studies; and after enumerating the order which Alberti followed in his reading, he tells us, "*regiam illam viam, gravissimorum et antiquissimorum quorumque deinceps scriptorum ex ordine legendorum, aut non ingressus est, aut ingressus mox reliquit.*"

This, perhaps, was, in some measure, the case with Mr. Wakefield. I suspect that his mind was embarrassed and confused by the multiplicity of his reading; that it was not sufficiently stored with those principles which a man of his industry and sagacity might have easily collected from the great work of Henry Stephens on the Dialects, and from the celebrated preface of Pierson to Mœris: that he passed with too much rapidity from writers in one age and in one dialect, to writers of other ages, and in other dialects; from prose to verse; from epick to dramatick poetry; from tragedy to comedy; from epigrammatists to lyrick writers; that he had read much, observed much, and remembered much; that he was eager to produce the multifarious matter which he had accumulated; and that he wanted time or patience for that discrimination, which would have made his conjectures fewer, indeed, but more probable; and his principles in forming or illustrating them more exact.

"I have always suspected," says Johnson, "that the reading is right, which requires many words to prove it wrong; and the emendation wrong, that cannot, without so much labour, appear to be right. The justness of a happy restoration strikes at once." Ruhnken, it should seem, was

nearly of the same opinion with Johnson, "*Emendationum conjecturae, nisi sponte et subito, facili certe partu, natae, non probabat.*" Life of Ruhnken, p. 221.—But the faculty of striking off such conjectures surely πολλῆς ἐστι πείρας τε καὶ λόγων ἐπιχόρηγια. Longin. sect. vi. And, in the absence of the aids from genius and experience which are necessary to such felicity, the patient industry of Mr. Markland is most worthy of imitation.

I have, therefore, sometimes indulged a wish that Mr. Wakefield, instead of pushing on to fresh editions of books, or to fresh emendations of writers, had sitten down to review his own critical works. When the first and sudden allurements of emendation had passed away—when his mind was at leisure to consider "the objections which might arise against the change which once appeared to him happy"—when correction was the professed and immediate object in which he was to be employed, I am persuaded that he would have observed and retracted many of his own mistakes; and that he would have placed a proper degree of reliance upon those canons of criticism, which he had examined negligently, and rejected hastily. Some of them have been long established by the general consent of scholars, and others, though recent, are decisive and illustrious proofs of sagacity in the persons who proposed them. Most of his prejudices, indeed, would have been corrected, and most of his deficiencies would have been supplied, if he had met with opportunities for conversing familiarly with the scholars who adorn our capital and our universities.

It was once suggested to me that even his arduous and most meritorious labours in the elucidation of the Scriptures, might have no very favourable influence upon his judgment, when he directed his thoughts, as an editor and as a critick, towards the profane writers of antiquity. Upon this point, I shall not myself attempt to decide; nor do I think it necessary, upon the present occasion, to enlarge upon the very different qualifications for criticism, in those who undertake to explain the *sacred* writings, and those who are employed upon the *classical* writers of antiquity. But in justice to Mr. Wakefield, and with frequent and important differences of opinion from him upon controversial questions in theology, I must acknowledge the success, and commend the judgment with which he applied his philological learning to the illustration of the scriptures.

The natural vigour of his mind, the great increase of his knowledge, and the gradual improvement of his taste, are visible in many of his later English productions: for in point of elegance and correctness, as well as energy, they far surpass the earlier productions of his pen in his own language.

He seems to have composed in *Latin* with great ease and rapidity, I mean in his later works, when practice had enabled him to overcome the difficulties of which he complains in his Memoirs. Habit, no doubt, was accompanied by improvement, as well as by facility. But, in common with many other scholars, he had not attained to any eminence in the art of what Wyttenbach calls "*vel Latine scribendi, vel*

bene." Life of Ruhnken, p. 227. —In the general structure of his sentences there is something of harshness and embarrassment. His periods are seldom harmonious ; and none, I fear, of his Latin productions are wholly free from faults, which he would have been taught to avoid in our best publick seminaries, and of which I have seen many glaring instances in the works of archbishop Potter, Dr. John Taylor, Mr. Toup, and several eminent scholars now living, who were brought up in private schools.

In thus endeavouring to account for the imperfections of Mr. Wakefield's writings, I would not be understood to depreciate their *real, great*, and *solid* merit. Many who, like myself, discern those imperfections, are far below Mr. Wakefield, not only in industry, but in acuteness ; not only in extent, but, perhaps, in accuracy of knowledge ; not only in the contributions which they have made, or endeavoured to make, to our general stock of knowledge, but in their capacity to make them so largely or so successfully.

While, therefore, we state what Mr. Wakefield has *not* done, let us bear in mind what he *actually* did ; and when we enumerate the causes, which might have enabled him to *do better*, let us remember the *obstacles* with which he had to contend, when he *did so well*.

He had fewer incentives than other men to exertion, from secular emoluments. He had fewer opportunities for improvement than others, from access to publick libraries, from the advantages of publick education, and above all from the company of persons accurately and profoundly learned. But his diligent researches, his extensive and various knowledge, his zeal for the diffusion of learning, and his solicitude for the discovery of truth, will always be remembered with respect by unprejudiced judges, who consider the numerous difficulties with which he had to struggle, and the virtuous motives by which he was actuated.

For my part, I shall ever think of him as one of the best scholars produced by my own country in my own age ; and as one of the best men who, in *any* country, or in *any* age, have examined the evidences of Christianity seriously, believed them sincerely, defended them earnestly, and endeavoured to practise the duties which it inculcates steadfastly and faithfully.

I am, dear Sir,
Your very faithful well-wisher
and obedient servant,
S. PARR.

Hatton, June 1, 1804.

Arnold Wainewright, Esq.

FOR THE MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY.

WATER, AS A REMEDY IN FEVERS.

TO those who appreciate the importance of the healing art, it cannot be an useless attempt to inquire into the causes which have contributed to throw so many, once celebrated, remedies into disrepute and neglect. These remedies, having been found useful in some cases, have, by the enthusiasm of their discoverers,

been too indiscriminately recommended as of general application.

Here two sources of fallacy readily present themselves. The peculiar properties of the new article have not been accurately ascertained. The specifick cases where it would have been really beneficial have not been sufficiently particularised. This task, so little flattering to the impatience of genius or the pride of science, requires more opportunities, more time, and attentive observation, than are commonly found. Till lately, the common article of *water*, in its various temperatures and modes of application, has been classed among the curative means of doubtful character. It has excited but little of the physician's attention, because, when he has thought of it at all, he has considered it as of little consequence in the exercise of his profession. If the light however which has been recently thrown on this subject be received, it can no longer be deemed an uncertain remedy, nor one of small importance.

Since the early records of medicine we find that water, in some form or other, and in different countries, has been occasionally tried as a means of relief in fevers and some other complaints. But so little were the properties of this powerful agent understood, and so equivocal were the effects of its application, that, though sometimes extolled, it never came into general use, so far as I am informed, as a remedy for any of the diseases of the human body.

It is now nearly thirty years since this subject, the use of water in fevers and other kindred complaints, has occupied the attention and united the labours of a number of humane and enlightened physicians. During this period the subject has been very successfully investigated and is now well understood. Every shade of errour, of doubt, and uncertainty has given way to the light of truth and knowledge, fully established by the most adequate experience. The result of the numerous trials and experiments, relating to this branch of medical science, is the establishment of the following fact; a fact surely of the highest importance to suffering humanity. Namely, that *Water, applied according to principles now clearly developed and amply detailed, is a more pleasant, speedy, and effectual remedy, than any other yet known, for the most numerous and fatal class of diseases to which the human body is obnoxious.*

Among the cultivators of this field of valuable research, the name of Dr. James Currie, of Liverpool, England, stands preeminent. Since he entered this field of experiment, though preceded by several, his progress has been equalled by none. About the year 1797 appeared his "Medical Reports on the Effects of Water, cold and warm, as a remedy in Fever and Febrile Diseases, whether applied to the Surface of the Body, or used internally."

Last year, 1804, he published a third edition of the same work, much enlarged; 630 pages, with an appendix, bound in two volumes. This work is strongly recommended to the American publick, in full confidence that every liberal physician, every benevolent spirit, will read it with

great satisfaction to himself, with gratitude to the author, and with much surprise and regret that Dr. Currie's successful mode of treating the worst kinds of fever has been so little attended to in the treatment of the late epidemicks of the United States. Dr. C. says, p. 610.

'The first edition of the Medical Reports had no influence, that I know of, on the mode of practice in Philadelphia, or New York, in the fatal epidemick of 1798. The practice I had recommended met indeed the approbation of Dr. Eustis*, of Boston; and the second edition of this work was abridged and recommended to publick notice by a gentleman in the district of Maine, formerly a member of the British House of Commons§. But in the middle States, where the mortality has chiefly prevailed, other modes of practice have engrossed the general attention. The Medical Reports were announced, but neither reviewed nor analyzed, in the Medical Repository of New York. From a recent number of this valuable publication, I however see with pleasure, that the practice I have recommended begins to receive some attention. The following is an extract from a letter from Dr. Selden, and Dr. Whitehead, of Norfolk, Virginia, to Dr. Miller, of New York, dated July 15, 1802, and published in the 6th volume of that Journal. After a general view of the causes and of the symptoms of the yellow fever at Norfolk in 1801, they proceed as follows. The plan of treatment proposed this year was, in many respects, similar to that adopted in 1800, of which we have formerly given some account. The lancet, however, was more sparingly employed; calomel, in all cases, was liberally exhibited, both with a view to produce, in the commencement, a full and speedy evacuation, and afterwards also, in such forms as have been found most readily to bring on a salivation, which, in every instance with us, as has been often noticed by others, was followed by the recovery of our patient.———But, under every form of treatment, numbers fell victims to the disease. In this juncture, being desirous of making every effort, we had recourse to a remedy we had last year tried in a few cases with some benefit, and now found attended, as far as it was carried, with unequivocal success. This was the liberal affusion of cold water, not on the plan prescribed by some of the writers of the West Indies, but in a mode similar to that recommended by Dr. Currie, of Liverpool. The first trials were made on young robust British seamen, & the good effects of this remedy equalled our most sanguine expectation. After the affusion of the cold water, the pulse was often thereby reduced thirty strokes in a minute, the burning heat of the skin was greatly lessened, and the thirst, headache, and other uneasy sensations, were greatly alleviated. The patient generally found himself so much relieved and refreshed after the cold bath, that he submitted, not only without reluctance, but with pleasure, to a repetition of it.———It is with the fullest conviction of the supe-

* See his letter, dated Nov. 21, 1798, p. 18, of the 1st No. of the Med. and Phys. Journal.
§ Mr. B. Vaughan.

riority of this plan of treatment, to any we have yet tried, that we record its effects.' Then proceeds Dr. Currie, p. 615.

'After the body of evidence, which has been brought forward, and particularly after this narrative, I may perhaps, though a stranger, be excused for proposing a more general trial of the practice recommended in this volume to the candid and unprejudiced physicians of America. Proposals for improving the method of cure of the destructive fever of that country cannot be considered as superfluous. "Four times as many persons," says Dr. Rush, "were affected by the yellow fever of 1793, as in 1798, but the mortality of the two years was nearly equal;" a melancholy truth, which affords room for much serious reflection. Nor has the subsequent experience of the American physicians discovered a mode of treatment on which confidence rests. The great cities of America are still deserted on the appearance of the yellow fever, which every where excites alarm and dismay. That this practice, in favour of which so much evidence is here collected, will succeed in the United States is a fair presumption, which nothing but the result of careful and continued experience should be allowed to overthrow; since the evil is one for which no other remedy has been found, and, since it is of a magnitude to obstruct the high destinies of a people, otherwise most happy and prosperous. I venture these observations with hesitation, and offer them with deference and regard. An observer, at this distance, must be particularly liable to errour; and those who have performed their duty with courage and fortitude, amidst scenes of unprecedented toil and danger, are entitled to the respect, as well as the sympathy, of their more fortunate contemporaries.'

Let no one presume from what is here said, that the application of this remedy will be beneficial, or even safe, in his hands, till he has read Currie, and learnt the principles by which the practice should be conducted. G.

Boston, June, 1805.

To the Editors of the Anthology.

Thinking some account of the late Collection of Paintings in the Louvre might interest as a novelty, if not instruct as a criticism, I take the liberty of communicating to the Monthly Anthology the following letter. The analogy between Painting and Poetry may render observations on the former not altogether unacceptable, though perhaps unusual: Painting, in fact, is no more than Poetry in pantomime, and, though the medium through which she expresses similarity of sentiment is not german to the bosoms of all, yet when it is known that, in addition to the fascinations of her Sister Muse, she possesses the singular qualification of taciturnity, no one can doubt of her reception at least amongst the gentlemen. Poetry and Painting are improperly ranked with the luxuries of society, and my countrymen, I fear, under favour of a prejudice, are ready

to palliate the little encouragement they render to either. He who equalizes the passions by exhibiting the harmonies of Nature, though he pipes in the fields or pencils on the canvas, may without levity be considered as sermonizing with the preacher on the loveliness of Divinity. It is not the contemplation of Nature or her resemblances that weakens the sinews of a nation....Luxury is born of the body and rebel to the soul ; and we may say with Fuseli, that towards the aggrandizement of character and the cultivation of Genius, gold, gold has done nothing ! Yet a seed has fallen in the bosom of our land, and I look wistfully for the period when, with regard to the growth of the Arts, we may be considered as sitting under our own vine and fig-tree....Philosophers affect the citizenship of the world, but I am too mortally compounded not to love my own country. I have heard her rated for deficiencies which I could not defend, and my cheek has crimsoned.*

> Oh, speed the years that wrap our future fame,
> And grant me life to glow beneath their flame !

Paris, Nov. 27, 1803.

DEAR FRIEND,

I WROTE you not long since from Rotterdam, where I arrived with a bad sore throat, after a tedious passage of sixteen days. We were not all that time on the water (being obliged to make two ports in the English channel) ; but our accommodations on shore gave us little reason to rejoice that we were not. Our vessel was what they call a bomb ; and I think not improperly, for we only wanted powder to be truly combustible. Surely such a compound of heterogeneous animals was scarcely ever collected together ; as you may judge when I tell you that our company consisted of French, American, Dutch, German, Italian, and Swiss, all crowded together in a nut-shell of a cabin, and a stinking hold, every now and then perfumed with subterraneous fumes of masticated garlick, and the balsamick steams of defuncted herring. Some are able to forget their sufferings in sleep ; but the cursed Genius of Dutch œconomy took good care that I should not ; for the birth allotted me was hardly better than a kennel and scarcely long enough for a dog. In short, I suffered as much as the most devout Catholick could desire.

You will hardly be amused by what I can say of Rotterdam, as you already know it so well. I wished to have seen more of it, but my cold would not suffer me to attend to any thing before I arrived at Paris ; where it left me to be still more confounded by the innumerable spectacles that met my astonished senses. You have heard much of Paris ; so have I. But to have an idea of Paris, you must be in it ; wherever you go, something grand, or something amusing is ready to arrest you ; your eyes, your ears, and I may say your palate, nay, to you who are so great an admirer of

* The New York Academy, though ridiculed by those who love to thwart enterprise, is vastly superiour to the English School in its collection of PLAISTERS. The oak was an acorn.

onions, I may even add your nose.

The Louvre I visited the day after I arrived. Oh Raphael, oh Paolo, oh Titian !—What would you give to hear something about them ? I can say very little as yet ; but I feel disappointed to find, that the mechanical has outstripped the intellectual part of our arts.—I have seen the Transfiguration of Raphael. It may be that I want taste ; but after seeing the Raising of Lazarus, I must confess that it appeared cold and powerless. Had I never beheld the picture of Michael Angelo, I had probably admired this more. But I looked in vain for the divinity that inspired his Christ, in vain for the grandeur that characterized his Lazarus. Raphael has certainly discovered less poetry in his treatment of this subject, than, I am apt to think, either Michael Angelo or Leonardo would have done. Take the figures separately, they are fine ; they are well drawn, they are expressive, and, together, they tell the story ; but they are not beings, under the influence of a preternatural power ; they are not witnesses of the divinity of the Saviour. Abstracted from the subject, the composition is great ; the figures stand together as in the presence of a master ; they are drest for the society of the antique ; but they speak in language of mortals. Michael Angelo perhaps would have made them gods. " How absurd !" say the criticks, " there would be no distinction between the principal and the subordinates." In that case he would only have followed the example of Raphael. Better then that he had made them all gods, than that he had made them all men.

You may think I say too little of Raphael. If I have said little of Raphael, it is only in comparison with Michael Angelo. Should I meet him in any other company, I will shew him the homage that is due to the lover of the Graces, to the enchanter of hearts. But I bow to Michael Angelo, as to the Poet of nature. I would not have you imagine neither that I condemn his Transfiguration. I only say, it is not equal to the Raising of Lazarus. Taken by itself, it is grand ; it has a dignity about it, that was natural to Raphael ; it is expressive, it is harmonious : No figure is introduced to fill up the canvas ; they each take a part and act it with dignity. The female figure which is kneeling is particularly beautiful, and the little maniack has an expression that borders on sublimity. In short, it is a picture that displays the whole power of art, and wants nothing but the destruction of Lazarus to be the finest in the world.

If I have dared to criticise this picture, I have not been without example ; but presume upon the privilege, that all the world assume, of criticising every thing, without troubling themselves with considering whether they are able to improve them or not.

If it would cause you any pleasure, I could tell you with what astonishment the gallery filled me ; but you can better conceive than I describe, when you are told, that, besides a salloon as large as the exhibition room of

Then thundering through the planks, in fury grew,
Swelled in the wind, and round the structure flew.
With headlong speed the imprisoned troops retire,
Thronged in huge heaps, before the spreading fire.
While on one side their weight incumbent lay,
The beams all burst, the crackling walls give way,
The ponderous pile comes tumbling to the ground,
And all Olympus trembled at the sound.

Mr. Melmoth, the elegant author of Fitzosborne's letters and translator of Cicero and Pliny, passes the following just encomium on Pitt's Virgil. 'I am glad of an opportunity of quoting from a poet, whose translation of the Æneid does honour to the English language.' Melmoth's Pliny. Lib. 5. Letter 8.

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CHURCHILL.

CHURCHILL possessed great genius, which he prostituted in the most scandalous manner. He was so intoxicated with the praise bestowed on the Rosciad, his first production, that he grew careless in his composition, and profligate in his habits. His works are fast hastening to oblivion, from which the far greater part deserves not to be rescued. Wilkes used to repeat the following lines of his poetical friend as the finest in our language.

Cold-blooded criticks! whom enervate sires
Scarce hammered out, when nature's feeble fires
Glimmered their last.

—

PUNS.

IT is observed by some one, that none despise puns but those, who are unable to make them. The observation is not strictly just, as Johnson and Swift were extremely happy in this species of wit, though they despised it. Swift's pun on a Cremona fiddle accidentally thrown down by a lady's gown, then commonly called a mantua, is admirable. On observing the accident he immediately repeated from Virgil the following line.

Mantua væ miseræ nimium vicina Cremonæ.

Pope, who was extremely diminutive and deformed, in poring over a Greek author at a coffee-house, found a passage which he could not explain. A young officer in his regimentals, who happened to be an excellent scholar, looking over him, observed, that a note of interrogation would remove the difficulty, and render the sentence clear. The great poet, mortified at being thus instructed by a stripling, asked with contempt. 'And, pray, Sir, what is a note of interrogation?' 'A note of interrogation, Sir, replied the young man, fixing his eyes on the unhappy person of the bard, is a little crooked thing, that asks questions.'

The ancients seemed to have had little success in this kind of wit. Nothing can be more contemptible than Cicero's puns on the name of Verres. Quintilian, however, has preserved one that is admirable. Hortensius, who was engaged on the other side, pretending not to understand Cicero, who was pleading against Verres, observed that he was no Œdipus, and could not explain riddles. No Œdipus, replies Cicero, when you have the golden

Sphynx at home! Verres, among other fees, had presented Hortensius with a golden Sphynx, of considerable value, not only for the metal of which it was composed, but for its exquisite workmanship.

When a pun can bear translation into another language and depends not on the mere quibble of words, it then rises to the dignity of wit.

—

DR. JORTIN.

THIS excellent scholar, and most amiable man will rise in estimation with posterity, when Warburton and the disciples of Warburton will no longer be read. We understand his works are now reprinting in England, and will probably comprise twenty octavo volumes. Profoundly learned himself, and at the same time distinguished by excellent sense and abundant wit, he could detect the errours of the most celebrated writers. He thus exposes the ignorance of Voltaire. 'Scanderbeg (says the Frenchman) was son of a despot, or little prince of Albany; that is to say, of a vassal prince, for so the word signified; and it is strange, that the word despot should be appropriated to monarchs, who have made themselves absolute.' Voltaire Essai sur l'Histoire. II. 29.

What ignorance! (says Jortin) to imagine that *despotick* or *despotism* had its derivation from the title of these petty rulers. Though tributary princes have worn the pompous name of *despot*, yet originally Δεσποίνης is a lord or master relatively to Δοῦλος a slave; and so *despotism* means, properly and strictly, arbitrary and uncontroulable power.

'A total ignorance of the learned languages (continues Jortin); an acquaintance with modern books, and with translations of old ones; some knowledge of modern languages; a smattering in natural philosophy, poetical talents, a vivacity of expression, and a large stock of impiety; these constitute a Voltaire, or a modern genius of the first rank, fit to be patronized by princes and caressed by nobles.'

THOUGHTS ON PLAGIARISM.

Messrs. Editors,

I NOTICED in your last some thoughts on plagiarism, with some extracts tending to show, that certain brilliant passages in celebrated works were borrowed or were imitations of predecessors. This is a nice subject, and requires a master's hand. "There is no new thing under the sun," and if we resolve to read and admire nothing but what is new and entirely original, we shall, I am afraid, deprive ourselves of a great deal of intellectual pleasure. The ingenious and candid Boileau has said, in the preface to his works, that wit and fine writing doth not consist so much in advancing things that are new, as in giving things that are known an agreeable turn. Mr. Addison, who quotes and applauds the passage, adds, 'that it is impossible for us, who live in the latter ages of the world, to make observations in criticism, morality, or any art or science, which have not been touched upon by others

have little else left us, but to represent the common sense of mankind in more strong, more beautiful, or more uncommon lights.' There have been but few originals in the world. Cannot we trace the logick now taught in all our colleges to Aristotle, who it seems invented it. Every thing praiseworthy in Horace's Art of Poetry may be found in the writings of the same mighty original. As to modern learning, if we reject all that is taken from Bacon, Newton, Hooke, Grew, Linnæus, and Priestley, to what a small number shall we reduce our publications. As in a political view we were colonies derived from Europe, so in a literary one we are colonies of that great mother country, especially England. As to our own native literature, our country has not yet arrived at the period of its encouragement. I should not be displeased, I confess, if our clergy would borrow more than they do from their elder brethren of Europe, especially England. As to our periodical publications I could wish them adorned with transatlantick silk and fine-twined linen; and not with tow-cloth, merely because it is homespun. I hate to see the disposition to hunt out resemblances, imitations, and strained plagiarisms. It discourages the young from attempting to express old things in a new way, when in truth that is all we ought to expect from them.

Indignor quicquam reprehendi, non quia crasse
Compositum, illepideve putetur, sed quia nuper. W.

ORIGINAL LETTER OF REV. SAMUEL MATHER.

Messrs. Editors,

The following letter is from the pen of Rev. Samuel Mather, a man who was not inferiour to any of his illustrious ancestors, and who closed the fourth generation of a family high in the ranks of natural aristocracy. The remarks are pleasant and ingenious, and highly recommendatory of the philosophick poet of Cato and Pharsalia. It seems to me a rich gem. I have read it as often as the medallist contemplates an exquisite camea, and my cabinet does not contain a rarity more precious. It was found among the papers of a clergyman, who died in this town a few years ago; and though the name of the person to whom it was written does not appear in the manuscript, yet I have learnt from high authority, reasoning on known facts and internal evidence, that it was addressed to the Rev. Nathaniel Walter, then a student in divinity under the care of Rev. Mr. White, of Cape Ann. The proposals for printing refer to the author's life of Rev. Cotton Mather. Mr. Henchman was then one of the deacons of the first church in this town, and kept a bookstore at No. 19, Cornhill, which was then the fashionable literary lounge of the clergy, and whence, on each Thursday, they proceeded in a body to the stated theological lecture. I could wish that your publick garden was adorned with every flower of rich fragrance and variegated hue, which now blooms

in the parterre of individual botanists, high fenced from every look, whether of mere curiosity or of intellectual animation..... Dried rose leaves, wreaths of larkspur, and wild fern may be properly preserved in old family bibles, but you and I, and every one would joyfully thank every possessor of antiques, or of modern rarities, if he would take them from the curious shelf or table-drawer, and exhibit them in the Anthology, whether they are rusty by corrosion of time, or sparkling with radiance fresh from the hand of the workman. Q.

*Castle Wm. June 6. 1730.

Dear Sir,

SINCE I wrote to Mr. White by my Aunt, I received your Letter, by which I am informed that mine came safe to your Hands and was acceptable to you: I am very glad of it.

In complyance with your Desire I now enclose you *Lucan* and *Tibullus*, &c. I hope the latter will not effeminate your Mind, but soften your Disposition, tho' it is already tender and sweet.

As for *Lucan*, I am sure he will raise your Sentiments and invigorate your Soul. For my part I cannot but think in some Places the *Pharsalia* excels the *Iliad* or the *Æneid*. As a Proof and Instance let me just observe the different Behavi^r. of *Æneas* and *Cæsar* in a storm. As the Tempest grows the Courage of the latter rises; and when the Storm rages and the Master of the Vessel is overwhelmed with Anxiety and Fear, he is tranquil, sedate and unconcerned,

Sperne minas, inquit, Pelagi, ventoq. furenti
Trade sinum——

Whereas *Æneas* in the same Circumstances despairing, weeps and bewayls his Misfortune, tho' the Gods had assured him, y^t he sh^d. one day found an Empire in Italy.

Extemplo Æneæ solvuntur Frigore Membra
Ingemit, et Duplices tendens ad Sidera Palmas.

Nor is this the only noble Passage in *Lucan*. *Cato*'s March thro' the Desarts of *Lybia* is fine. In that March he comes to *Jupiter Ammon's* Temple. Coming there *Labienus* advises him to consult the famous Oracle about the event of the War

Nam cui crediderim, superos arcana daturos
Dicturosq. magis, quam sancto vera Catoni?

To w^ch *Cato* answers in a manner as grave and religious, as beauteous and inimitable;

Quid quæri, Labiene, jubes? an liber in Armis
Occubuisse velim potius quam Regna videre?
An sit vita nihil, sed longa? an differat ætas?
An noceat vis ulla bono? Fortunaq. perdat
Oppositа virtute minas? Laudandaq. velle
Sit satis et nunquam Successu crescat honestum?
Scimus et hæc nobis non altius inseret Hammon
Hæremus cuncti Superis, Temploq. tacente,

.....

* It will be seen that we have preserved the obsolete and uncouth orthography of the original with all the scrupulosity with which the antiquarian cherishes the œrugo of a medal. ED.

Nil facimus non sponte DEI: nec vocibus ullis
Numen eget; dixitq. semel nascentibus Auctor,
Quicquid scire licet. Sterilesne elegit harenas,
Ut caneret paucis, mussatq. hoc pulvere verum?
Estne DEI sedes nisi Terra et Pontus et Aer
Et Cælum et Virtus? Superos quid quærimus ultra?
Jupiter est quodcunq vides, quocunq. moveris.
Sortilegis egeant dubii, semperq. futuris
Casibus ancipites; me non oracula certum
Sed mors certa facit. Pavido fortiq. cadendum est.
Hoc satis est dixisse Jovem.

**St. Evremont* says, every thing here is poetical, every thing is consonant to Truth and Reason... *Dr. Welwood* says, the Language here is worthy *Cato and the Gods.*

Lucan considered *Nero* in whose Reign he lived and died, as his own and his Country's Adversary, and therefore he conspired against him: But, being unhappily betray'd, he was sentenc'd to dy, and to choose in what manner he w.d leave the World. He supped chearfully with his friends and then went into the Hot Bath, which distended his Veins; then he ordered those of his Arms and Legs to be open'd, and so expir'd in his 27th Year with great Ease and Tranquillity, repeting those Lines in *Pharsal.* lib. 9. lin. 811.

Sanguis erant Lachrymæ; quæcunq. foramina novit
Humor, ab his largus manat Cruor: Ora redundant,
Et patulæ Nares; Sudor rubet, omnia plenis
Membra fluunt Venis, totum est pro Corpore Vulnus.

There has bin an English translation of *Lucan* by *Mr. Rowe*, who it is thot has always equall'd and often outdone the Original.

You see I am very particular in my Accounts of this Author; I have so great a Value for him yt I could not help it.

When you have done with these Books I beg you would return them, and let me know what others I shall send you; For I am very ready to oblige and gratify you.

So wish.s you may encrease in useful Knowledge and generous Vertue I am

Yours affectionately
Samuel Mather.

P. S. When you are at leisure, I wish you would take Copies of my Letters to you and send them to me. I have not Time to transcribe them; and sh.d be loth to write the same things over and over to you.

I enclose you Proposals for Printing &c. I beg *Mr. White* and you would animate the Ministers and People ab.t you to subscribe. The Subscriptions may be sent either to Mr. Henchman or to me.

* Our readers will be willing to see the original passage from St. Evremond. "Vous voyez in Labienus un homme pieux & sensé, qui unit à la sainteté envers les Dieux la consideration qu'on doit avoir pour la veritable vertu des gens de bien. Caton est un philosophe religieux, défait de toute opinion vulgaire, qui conçoit des Dieux les hauts sentimens qu'une raison pure & une sagesse élevée en peuvent former." Œuvres de St. Evremond, tom. v. ED.

SACONTALA: OR, THE FATAL RING.

Continued from p. 366.

ACT II.

SCENE—*A plain, with royal pavilions on the skirt of the forest.*

MADHAVYA, *(sighing and lamenting.)*

STRANGE recreation this?—Ah me! I am wearied to death.—My royal friend has an unaccountable taste.—What can I think of a king so passionately fond of chasing unprofitable quadrupeds?—"Here runs an antelope!—There goes a boar!"—Such is our only conversation.—Even at noon, in excessive heat, when not a tree in the forest has a shadow under it, we must be skipping and prancing about, like the beasts whom we follow.—Are we thirsty? We have nothing to drink but the waters of mountain torrents, which taste of burned stones and mawkish leaves.—Are we hungry? We must greedily devour lean venison, and that commonly roasted to a stick.—Have I a moment's repose at night? My slumber is disturbed by the din of horses and elephants, or by the sons of slave-girls hollooing out, "More venison, more venison!"—Then comes a cry that pierces my ear, "Away to the forest, Away!"—Nor are these my only grievances: fresh pain is now added to the smart of my first wounds; for, while we were separated from our king, who was chasing a foolish deer, he entered, I find, yon lonely place, and there, to my infinite grief, saw a certain girl called Sacontalá, the daughter of a hermit: from that moment not a word of returning to the city!—These distressing thoughts have kept my eyes open the whole night.—Alas! when shall we return?—I cannot set eyes on my beloved friend Dushmanta, since he set his heart on taking another wife.—[*Stepping aside and looking.*]—Oh! there he is.—How changed!—He carries a bow, indeed, but wears for his diadem a garland of wood-flowers.—He is advancing: I must begin my operations.—[*He stands leaning on a staff.*]—Let me thus take a moment's rest.—[*Aloud.*

Dushmanta enters.

Dushm. [*aside, sighing.*] My darling is not easily attainable; yet my heart assumes confidence from the manner in which she seemed affected: surely, though our love has not hitherto prospered, yet the inclinations of us both are fixed on our union.—[*Smiling.*]—Thus do lovers agreeably beguile themselves, when all the powers of their souls are intent on the objects of their desire!—But am I beguiled? No; when she cast her eyes even on her companions, they sparkled with tenderness; when she moved her graceful arms, they dropped as if languid with love; when her friend remonstrated against her departure, she spoke angrily—All this was, no doubt, on my account.—Oh! how quick-sighted is love in discerning his own advantages!

Mádh. [*Bending downward as before.*] Great prince! my hands are unable to move; and it is with my lips only that I can mutter a blessing on you. May the king be victorious!

Dushm. [*Looking at him and smiling.*] Ah! what has crippled thee, friend Madhavya!

Mádh. You strike my eye with your own hand, and then ask what makes it weep.

Dushm. Speak intelligibly. I know not what you mean.

Mádh. Look at yon Vétas tree bent double in the river. Is it crooked, I pray, by its own act, or by the force of the stream?

Dushm. It is bent, I suppose, by the current.

Mádh. So am I by your majesty.

Dushm. How so, Mádhavya?

Madh. Does it become you, I pray, to leave the great affairs of your empire, and so charming a mansion as your palace, for the sake of living here like a forester? Can you hold a council in a wood? I, who am a reverend Bráhmen, have no longer the use of my hands and feet: they are put out of joint by my running all day long after dogs and wild beasts. Favour me, I entreat, with your permission to repose but a single day.

Dushm. [*Aside.*] Such are this poor fellow's complaints; whilst I, when I

think of Canna's daughter, have as little reliſh for hunting as he. How can I brace this bow, and fix a ſhaft in the ſtring, to ſhoot at thoſe beautiful deer who dwell in the ſame groves with my beloved, and whoſe eyes derive luſtre from her's?

Madh. [*Looking ſtedfaſtly at the king*] What ſcheme is your royal mind contriving? I have been crying, I find, in a wilderneſs.

Duſhm. I think of nothing but the gratification of my old friend's wiſhes.

Madh. [*Joyfully.*] Then may the king live long! [*Riſing, but counterfeiting feebleneſs.*

Duſhm. Stay; and liſten to me attentively.

Madh. Let the king command.

Duſhm. When you have taken repoſe, I ſhall want your aſſiſtance in another buſineſs, that will give you no fatigue.

Madh. Oh! what can that be, unleſs it be eating rice-pudding?

Duſhm. You ſhall know in due time.

Madh. I ſhall be delighted to hear it.

Duſhm. Hola! who is there?

The Chamberlain enters.

Cham. Let my ſovereign command me.

Duſh. Raivatica, bid the general attend.

Cham. I obey.—[*He goes out, and returns with the General.*]—Come quickly, Sir, the king ſtands expecting you.

Gen. [*Aſide, looking at Duſhmanta.*] How comes it that hunting, which moraliſts reckon a vice, ſhould be a virtue in the eyes of a king? Thence it is, no doubt, that our emperour, occupied in perpetual toil, and inured to conſtant heat, is become ſo lean, that the ſunbeams hardly affect him; while he is ſo tall, that he looks to us little men, like an elephant grazing on a mountain: he ſeems all ſoul.—[*Aloud, approaching the king.*]—May our monarch ever be victorious!—This foreſt, O king, is infeſted by beaſts of prey: we ſee the traces of their huge feet in every path.—What orders is it your pleaſure to give?

Duſhm. Bhadraſéna, this moralizing Mádhavya has put a ſtop to our recreation by forbidding the pleaſures of the chaſe.

Gen. [*Aſide to Mádhavya.*] Be firm to your word, my friend; whilſt I found the king's real inclinations.—[*Aloud.*] O! Sir, the fool talks idly. Conſider the delights of hunting. The body, it is true, becomes emaciated, but it is light and fit for exerciſe. Mark how the wild beaſts of various kinds are variouſly affected by fear and by rage! What pleaſure equals that of a proud archer, when his arrow hits the mark as it flies?—Can hunting be juſtly called a vice? No recreation, ſurely, can be compared with it.

Mádh. [*Angrily.*] Away, thou falſe flatterer! The king, indeed, follows his natural bent, and is excuſable; but thou, ſon of a ſlave girl, haſt no excuſe.—Away to the wood!—How I wiſh thou hadſt been ſeized by a tiger, or an old bear, who was prowling for a ſhakal, like thyſelf!

Duſhm. We are now, Bhadraſéna, encamped near a ſacred hermitage; and I cannot at preſent applaud your panegyrick on hunting. This day, therefore, let the wild buffalos roll undiſturbed in the ſhallow water, or toſs up the ſand with their horns; let the herd of antelopes, aſſembled under the thick ſhade, ruminate without fear; let the large boars root up the herbage on the brink of yon pool; and let this my bow take repoſe with a ſlackened ſtring.

Gen. As our lord commands.

Duſhm. Recal the archers who have advanced before me, and forbid the officers to go very far from this hallowed grove. Let them beware of irritating the pious: holy men are eminent for patient virtues, yet conceal within their boſoms a ſcorching flame; as carbuncles are naturally cool to the touch; but, if the rays of the ſun have been imbibed by them, they burn the hand.

Mádh. Away now, and triumph on the delights of hunting.

Gen. The king's orders are obeyed. [*He goes out.*

Duſhm. [*To his attendants.*] Put off your hunting apparel; and thou, Raivataca, continue in waiting at a little diſtance.

Cham. I ſhall obey. [*Goes out.*

Mádh. So! you have cleared the ſtage; not even a fly is left on it. Set down, I pray, on this pavement of ſmooth pebbles, and the ſhade of this tree ſhall be your canopy; I will ſit by you; for I am impatient to know what will give me no fatigue.

Duſhm. Go firſt, and ſeat thyſelf.

Mádh. Come, my royal friend.

[*They both ſit under a tree.*

Duſhm. Friend Mádhavya, your eyes have not been gratified with an object which beſt deſerves to be ſeen.

Mádh. Yes, truly; for a king is before them.

Duſhm. All men are apt, indeed to think favourably of themſelves; but I meant Sacontalá, the brighteſt ornament of theſe woods.

Mádh. [*Aſide.*] I muſt not foment this paſſion.—[*Aloud.*] What can you gain by ſeeing her? She is a Bráhmen's daughter, and conſequently no match for you.

Duſhm. What! Do people gaze at the new moon, with uplifted heads and fixed eyes, from a hope of poſſeſſing it? But you muſt know, that the heart of Duſhmanta is not fixed on an object which he muſt for ever deſpair of attaining.

Mádh. Tell me now.

Duſhm. She is the daughter of a pious prince and warriour, by a celeſtial nymph; and, her mother having left her on earth, ſhe has been foſtered by Canna, even as a freſh bloſſom of Malati, which droops on its pendant ſtalk, is raiſed and expanded by the ſun's light.

Mádh. [*Laughing.*] Your deſire to poſſeſs this ruſtick girl, when you have women bright as gems in your palace already, is like the fancy of a man, who has loſt his reliſh for dates, and longs for the ſour tamarind.

Duſhm. Did you know her, you would not talk ſo wildly.

Mádh. Oh! certainly, whatever a king admires muſt be ſuperlatively charming.

Duſhm. [*Smiling.*] What need is there of long deſcription? When I meditate on the power of Brahmá, and on her lineaments, the creation of ſo tranſcendent a jewel outſhines, in my apprehenſion, all his other works: ſhe was formed and moulded in the eternal mind, which had raiſed with its utmoſt exertion, the ideas of perfect ſhapes, and thence made an aſſemblage of all abſtract beauties.

Madh. She muſt render, then, all other handſome women contemptible.

Duſhm. In my mind ſhe really does. I know not yet what bleſſed inhabitant of this world will be the poſſeſſor of that faultleſs beauty, which now reſembles a bloſſom whoſe fragrance has not been diffuſed; a freſh leaf, which no hand has torn from its ſtalk, a pure diamond, which no poliſher has handled; new honey, whoſe ſweetneſs is yet untaſted: or rather the celeſtial fruit of collected virtues, to the perfection of which nothing can be added.

Madh. Make haſte, then, or the fruit of all virtues will drop into the hand of ſome devout ruſtick, whoſe hair ſhines with oil of Ingudi.

Duſhm. She is not her own miſtreſs; and her foſter-father is at a diſtance.

Madh. How is ſhe diſpoſed towards you?

Duſhm. My friend, the damſels in a hermit's family are naturally reſerved; yet ſhe did look at me, wiſhing to be unperceived; then ſhe ſmiled, and ſtarted a new ſubject of converſation. Love is by nature averſe to a ſudden communication, and hitherto neither fully diſplays, nor wholly conceals himſelf in her demeanour towards me.

Madh. [*Laughing.*] Has ſhe thus taken poſſeſſion of your heart on ſo tranſient a view?

Duſhm. When ſhe walked about with her female friends, I ſaw her yet more diſtinctly, and my paſſion was greatly augmented. She ſaid ſweetly, but untruly, "My foot is hurt by the points of the Cuſa graſs:" then ſhe ſtopped; but ſoon advancing a few paces, turned back her face pretending a wiſh to diſentangle her veſt of woven bark from the branches in which it had not really been caught.

Madh. You began with chaſing an antelope, and have now ſtarted new game: thence it is, I preſume, that you are grown ſo fond of a conſecrated foreſt.

Duſhm. Now the buſineſs for you, which I mentioned, is this: you who are a Brahmen, muſt find ſome expedient for my ſecond entrance into that aſylum of virtue.

Madh. And the advice which I give is this: remember that you are a king.

Duſhm. What then?

Madh. "Hola! bid the hermits bring my ſixth part of their grain." Say this, and enter the grove without ſcruple.

Duſhm. No, Madhavya: they pay a different tribute, who having abandon-

ed all the gems and gold of this world, poſſeſs riches far ſuperiour. The wealth of princes, collected from the four orders of their ſubjects, is periſhable; but pious men give us a ſixth part of the fruits of their piety: fruits which will never periſh.

Behind the ſcenes.] Happy men that we are! we have now attained the object of our deſire.

Duſhm. Hah! I hear the voices of ſome religious anchorites.

The Chamberlain enters.

Cham. May the king be victorious!—Two young men, ſons of a hermit, are waiting at my ſtation, and ſoliciting an audience.

Duſhm. Introduce them without delay.

Cham. As the king commands.—[*He goes out, and re-enters with two* Bráhmens.]—Come on; come this way.

Firſt Bráhm. [*Looking at the king.*] Oh! what confidence is inſpired by his brilliant appearance!—Or proceeds it rather from his diſpoſition to virtue and holineſs!———Whence comes it, that my fear vaniſhes?———He now has taken his abode in a wood which ſupplies us with every enjoyment; and with all his exertions for our ſafety, his devotion increaſes from day to day.—The praiſe of a monarch who has conquered his paſſions aſcends even to heaven: inſpired bards are continually ſinging, "Behold a virtuous prince!" but with us the royal name ſtands firſt: "Behold, among kings, a ſage!"

Second Bráhm. Is this my friend, the truly virtuous Duſhmanta?

Firſt Bráhm. Even he.

Second Bráhm. It is not then wonderful, that he alone, whoſe arm is lofty and ſtrong as the main bar of his city gate, poſſeſſes the whole earth, which forms a dark boundary to the ocean; or that the gods of Swerga, who fiercely contend in battle with evil powers, proclaim victory gained by his braced bow, not by the thunderbolt of INDRA.

Both. [*Approaching him.*] O king, be victorious!

Duſhm. [*Riſing.*] I humbly ſalute you both.

Both. Bleſſings on thee!

Duſhm. [*Reſpectfully.*] May I know the cauſe of this viſit?

Firſt Brahm. Our ſovereign is hailed by the pious inhabitants of theſe woods; and they implore———

Duſhm. What is their command?

Firſt Brahm. In the abſence of our ſpiritual guide, Canna, ſome evil demons are diſturbing our holy retreat. Deign, therefore, accompanied by thy charioteer, to be maſter of our aſylum, if it be only for a few ſhort days.

Duſhm. [*Eagerly.*] I am highly favoured by your invitation.

Madh. [*Aſide.*] Excellent promoters of your deſign! They draw you by the neck, but not againſt your will.

Duſhm. Raivataca, bid my charioteer bring my car, with my bow and quiver.

Cham. I obey. [*He goes out.*

Firſt Brahm. Such condeſcenſion well becomes thee, who art an univerſal guardian.

Second Brahm. Thus do the deſcendants of Puru perform their engagement to deliver their ſubjects from fear of danger.

Duſhm. Go firſt, holy men: I will follow inſtantly.

Both. Be ever victorious! [*They go out.*

Duſhm. Shall you not be delighted, friend Mádhavya, to ſee my Sacontalá?

Madh. At firſt I ſhould have no objection; but I have a conſiderable one ſince the ſtory of the demons.

Duſhm. Oh! fear nothing: you will be near me.

Madh. And you, I hope, will have leiſure to protect me from them.

The Chamberlain re-enters.

Cham. May our lord be victorious!—The imperial car is ready; and all are expecting your triumphant approach. Carabba too, a meſſenger from the queen-mother, is juſt arrived from the city.

Duſhm. Is he really come from the venerable queen?

Cham. There can be no doubt of it.

Duſhm. Let him appear before me. [*The Chamberlain goes out, and returns with the Meſſenger.*

Cham. There ſtands the king—O Carabba, approach him with reverence.

Meſſ. [*Proſtrating himſelf.*] May the king be ever victorious!——The royal mother ſends this meſſage——

Duſhm. Declare her command.

Meſſ. Four days hence the uſual faſt for the advancement of her ſon will be kept with ſolemnity; and the preſence

of the king (may his life be prolonged!) will then be required.

Duſhm. On one hand is a commiſſion from holy Brahmens; on the other, a command from my revered parent: both duties are ſacred, and neither muſt be neglected.

Madh. [*Laughing.*] Stay ſuſpended between them both, like king Triſanku between heaven and earth; when the pious men ſaid, "Riſe!" and the gods of Swerga ſaid, "Fall!"

Duſhm. In truth I am greatly perplexed. My mind is principally diſtracted by the diſtance of the two places where the two duties are to be performed; as the ſtream of a river is divided by rocks in the middle of its bed.—[*Muſing.*]—Friend Madhavya, my mother brought you up as her own ſon, to be my playfellow, and to divert me in my childhood. You may very properly act my part in the queen's devotions. Return then to the city, and give an account of my diſtreſs through the commiſſion of theſe reverend foreſters.

Madh. That I will;—but you could not really ſuppoſe that I was afraid of demons!

Duſhm. How come you who are an egregious Brahmen, to be ſo bold on a ſudden?

Madh. Oh! I am now a young king.

Duſhm. Yes, certainly; and I will diſpatch my whole train to attend your highneſs, whilſt I put an end to the diſturbance in this hermitage.

Madh. [*Strutting.*] See, I am a prince regnant.

Duſhm. [*Aſide.*] This buffoon of a Brahmen has a ſlippery genius. He will perhaps diſcloſe my preſent purſuit to the women in the palace. I muſt try to deceive him.—[*Taking Mádhavya by the hand.*]—I ſhall enter the foreſt, be aſſured, only through reſpect for its pious inhabitants; not from any inclination for the daughter of a hermit. How far am I raiſed above a girl educated among antelopes; a girl, whoſe heart muſt ever be a ſtranger to love!—The tale was invented for my diverſion.

Madh. Yes, to be ſure; only for your diverſion!

Duſhm. Then farewel, my friend; execute my commiſſion faithfully, whilſt I proceed——to defend the anchorites.

[*All go out.*

POETRY.

ORIGINAL.

SEDUCTION....A POEM.

Continued from p. 369.

TO tell thoſe arts the ſecret villain forg'd,
How gain'd that love his fated ſtomach gorg'd,
Would be, impervious through the thorny brake
To trace the flexures of the ſlipp'ry ſnake.
Enough to know that ſin to union tends,
And ev'ry Vice its ſiſter Vice befriends,
Thus horrid aids to horrid purpoſe ſpeed.
Thus hell communion'd crown'd the *damning deed.*

Ah, ſimple maid, who own'd his plighted love!
Who chang'd for titled wealth thy quiet grove!
Thoſe roſy cheeks, that vied with morning's hue,
Thoſe ſparkling eyes, that ſham'd her brighteſt blue,
The pleaſant taſk that ſerv'd to ſweeten play,
The healthful ſlumbers light, the cheerful day.
The lowly joys the vacant ruſtick knows;
All, all were loſt, and loſt for gilded woes!

Sad was the eve, and mournful ev'ry gale,
When o'er the hills you left our little vale.
Nor rural reed that charm'd at twilight cloſe,
Nor homeward woodman ſinging as he goes,

Nor murmur ſoft, that whiſper'd through the grove,
Where Leiſure ſweet with Paſtime lov'd to rove,
Nor aught of ſounds, that us'd to cheer the lawn,
Were heard as once—for Lucy now was gone!
Her lengthen'd note the boding raven pour'd,
The village fall in hollow murmurs roar'd;
Cold o'er the dews, with throbbing boſom bare,
Pale Sorrow ſtalk'd and wav'd her ſable hair,
While muffling Night through heavy darkneſs frown'd,
And awful Stillneſs breath'd her horrours round:
The ſcene all drear, in deſert ſlumber laid,
Like hoary manſion of the mould'ring dead.

Still, true to woe, that parting ſcene revives,
And cloſing wounds with freſhening anguiſh rives;
Still o'er my cheek a childiſh tear will flow,
And fruitleſs ſorrow ne'er a reſpite know.

The ſun had ſunk beneath his weſtern way,
And tender Twilight ſhed her penſive grey;
No breeze was heard the ſlender reed to move,
And weary Nature paus'd in dreams of love.
Then throng'd the train to bid their laſt farewell—
But only look'd, what grief forbad to tell;
For each a friend in favourite Lucy own'd,
And ſever'd love each playmate's heart bemoan'd.
Their ſports had oft the ſummer's day deceiv'd,
One paſtime pleas'd them and one ſorrow griev'd:
And then to loſe her, ev'ry tie was broke;—
Sighs fill'd the vale, and wonted mirth forſook.

With brimming eyes, where ſilent bleſſings flow'd,
Some treaſur'd trifle ev'ry ſwain beſtow'd,
Then ſlowly turn'd and ſep'rate wound away:
Drear was the eve, all loneſome was the way.

Thus cheriſh'd friendſhip wings the keeneſt dart,
Full oft may ſooth, but oftener rends the heart.
Looſe let me range where random Fortune wills,
Unfelt its raptures, and unknown its ills.

Sad mid the throng the rev'rend Bruno ſtood,
His evening's bleſſing fled, yet mildly good;
Time's lengthen'd debt his furrow'd forehead bore,
And honour'd froſts his ringlets ſprinkl'd o'er:
Propp'd on a ſtaff, his age's laſt relief,
Oppreſs'd with years, but more oppreſs'd with grief,
He tott'ring lean'd—the tears in fondneſs roll'd—
But naught but tears his ſilent ſufferings told;
For firm on God the ruſtick ſaint rely'd,
And healing hope with trembling voice apply'd.

"Yet, yet, a few vain days of April joys,
Of friendleſs anguiſh and of empty noiſe,
And all is huſh'd, and little man's forgot—
Slow beats his bell, and nature waits her lot.
Ceaſe then, my child, ah, Lucy, ceaſe to mourn!
Nor waſte in truant tears youth's fleeting morn;
Thy image ſtill my lonely hours ſhall cheer,
And lov'd remembrance hold thee ever dear:
Thee ſhall the cloſe of ſummer's eve reſtore,
When, ſilent ſitting at our cottage door,
The drowſy gales through trembling poplars ſigh,
And nightly birds their mournful veſpers ply;

Or muſing oft by winter's ſocial blaze,
With thee renew'd, I'll act o'er former days,
Still at the wicket wait thy wiſh'd return,
And anxious tidings from each traveller learn:
The buſy wheel, the ſong of *Robin Grey*,
In fancy freſh, ſhall ſooth a gloomy day.
Diſtance may part this lump of kneaded loam,
A breath may blaſt it, or a ſtraw foredoom;
But kindred ſouls no mortal mounds withhold,
In ruin reckleſs and in being bold.
And now farewell! and oft when far away
Thy youthful ſteps through roſy windings ſtray,
Remember well the moral tales I taught—
The world nor deem too wiſe, nor Bruno nought;
For ſoon through tears this ſacred truth ſhall beam,
A parent's friendſhip's next to God's ſupreme.
And, oh, where e'er thou go'ſt may ſorrow fly!
Smooth be thy way and guardian angels nigh!"

O'ercome with grief, the good man could no more,
But wav'd his hand and ſilent ſought the door;
Its hinges hoarſe with hollow murmur cloſe,
And preſage dark his boding boſom froze.

By Alva rous'd, who eager chid their ſtay,
Sad through the gate his Lucy took her way;
Beſide the path, then ſmooth with frequent tread,
Where yonder thiſtle waves its barren head,
In ſervice old and white with honeſt hoar,
(Emblem of Him, whoſe quiet rule he bore)
Stretch'd in the cool of evening's tranquil ray,
True to his truſt the faithful watch-dog lay.
Beneath their roof his earlieſt breath he drew,
The humble friend of all the village crew;
Oft on his back, that ſtooping met its load,
In childiſh ſport his playful miſtreſs rode;
And oft had Tray, with neighb'ring playmates pair'd,
Before the cot her ſimple ſupper ſhar'd.
The fall of feet the weary veteran drew,
And o'er his friend a wiſtful eye he threw,
That feebly gleam'd through age's evening tear,
And ſadly ſtoried all he had to fear.
"And doſt thou too," ſhe ſigh'd, "my ſorrows ſhare?
Thy Lucy's loſs ſhall many friends repair;
Alas, for thee (a bliſs to me deny'd)
Thy native fields and happy home abide;
No doubtful change thy peaceful reſt annoys,
No parted parent, and no rifled joys;
And yet I would thy wintry joints were young,
As once they were, when round thy neck I clung;
For I with thee ſome thoughtful hour might cheer,
When wayward fancy moulds a bitter tear.
But fare thee well—remember'd be my Tray,
Whoſe labour'd limbs are paſt their uſeful day."
The wicket cloſ'd, and o'er the hollow ground
Her parting ſteps in mournful meaſure ſound.
Awhile he paus'd, and homeward turn'd his view,
Then ey'd the gate where late his friend withdrew:
Still in the gale his leſſening name return'd,
And hapleſs "Tray" alone the valley mourn'd;
But, impotent to riſe, each effort try'd,
Beſide the door he crawl'd, and whining dy'd.

Jeer not this tribute to an humble friend,
Not mean the ſubject, if the verſe offend;
Worth e'en in Tray my better feelings moves,
Tho' rigid reaſon ſneering diſapproves.

Oh! it does gall me in the tend'reſt part,
And bids each pulſe with indignation ſtart,
When peeviſh churls, unknowing how to feel,
Their worthier brutes do ſpurn with brutal heel.
With *him* all friendſhip, kindred I diſclaim,
And brand his mem'ry with a villain's name,
Whoſe narrow ſoul would vent its coward ſpleen
On pooreſt reptile, that poſſeſs'd the green,
Rent from the entrails of ſome rocky mine,
By furies faſhion'd at the moon's decline,
With naught that's human, ſave an outward form,
Deſign'd for judgments and create for ſtorm.
There are, who feaſt on cries of tortur'd breath,
And hold their paſtimes in the courts of death.
But, unprovok'd, who baſeſt being harms,
Is dead to manhood and to nature's charms—
Would unconcern'd, to gain ſome paltry end,
Renounce his Saviour, and traduce his friend.
Mercy ne'er ſleeps within a generous mind,
But ſcatters b' ſtings gen'ral as the wind.

Near theſe waſte walls, this rudely fractur'd frame,
Where hoary Ruin holds his deſert reign,
Noting the thefts that ſtealthy Time achieves
By moulder'd fragments tumbled from the eaves;
At dead of night, when awful Stillneſs broods
'Neath ſleepy ſhadow of the noiſeleſs woods,
Remote from all I mourn poor Lucy's fate;
And nurſe the woes theſe idle lines relate.
For here with her at eve I us'd to rove;
Here gain'd the promiſe of her early love;
And here e'en now, ſecure from reſtleſs fame,
Had known the joys, that wait an humbler name.
But rapid Time had ſcarce that period told,
When ardent boyhood feels the man unfold,
What time the down was dawning on my cheek,
And ſober Reaſon bow'd to childiſh freak,
When round the vale I roll'd a ſickly eye,
And heav'd for nobler ſcenes a fooliſh ſigh.
Oft on the lonely head of ſome vaſt height,
When gathering tempeſts ſhed prophetick night,
In ſtrange repoſe I liſtening lean'd to hear,
While doubling thunders ſhook the palſied ſphere:
And oft at eve when all the hamlet ſlept,
And waking fays from folded roſes crept,
Muſing, I lov'd to haunt ſome poet ſtream;
And gaze all wiſtful on the moon's mild beam.
Thus, frenzied grown, I burn'd for vain renown,
My crook reſign'd, and ſought the faithleſs town.

(To be continued.)

LOVE EPISTLE.

Messrs. Editors,

Amatory epiſtles are as antiquated as the paſſion they reſpire; and Hiſtory is indebted to conjecture for the origin of Love. No ſonnets are recorded of the courtſhip of Adam, but who can diſcredit the numbers that our Mother inſpired? The influence of Love on the Lyre was never more eminently evinced, than in the following Elogy on Betty. Fortunately, we have hitherto avoided the peril of her charms; for ſomething approaching the conflagration of the ſenſitives *has been ſeriouſly apprehended from the portraiture of Her Beau.*

" *Omnia vincit Amor: et nos cedamus Amori.*"

Peculiar Betty, Fortunate as Fair! Fortunate in the Friendſhip of thy Preſident! Fair, peculiarly Fair, in Intellect and

Soon! "*Laura, to this Lady, was but a kitchen-wench; Dido, a dowdy; Cleopatra, a gipſey; Helen and Hero, hildings and harlots; Thiſbe, a grey eye or ſo, but not to the purpoſe.*"

Fain would I tune the Jewſharp, Love, for Thee,
And waft Thy praiſe to Waſby o'er the Sea:
Fain view the heel-taps of thoſe witching Shoes.
Or kiſs their little printings 'mong the dews.
Periſh PRESUMPTUOUS! *nor preſume a ſigh!*
My Bet, my Life, my Ang——I faint—
I die!!!

....

TRANSCENDANT BETTY,

IN the inexhauſtible infinitude of thy beatifick perfections, ſuffer thy moſt paſſionate adorer one celeſtial ſmile on thy nectareous lips. Pardon him, moſt enchanting of thy ſex, if in the tranſporting paroxiſms of ſeraphick admiration he dares one day hope for one electrick kiſs on thoſe cherubick corals to lull his ſoul into a ſweet delirium of agoniſing ecſtaſy. O, moſt egregiouſly benignant angel, to affix a value to the ſmalleſt hair of thy tranſlucent head would be to eſtimate a world of diamonds; but to delineate thy beauty would be to paint a heaven which we never ſaw, and talk a language that we never knew.

Would that the ſun to view thy eyes could meet!
His rav'nous envy would conſume his heat,
And waſte his carcaſe to a lump of peat.
Would that the ſpheres thy tuneful voice could hear!
Such ſweet confuſion would their bodies wear
As ſoon to earth would ſend them, dropping down
To dance a hornpipe round thy angel crown.
Would that the Goddeſs, of renown ſo great,
Celeſtial DIAN! could behold thy gait.
Her bluſhing highneſs would to ſtilts conform,
And high-heel'd ſhoes by all her train be worn.
Celeſtial BETTY, deign this gift receive,
The richeſt treaſure my fond heart can give;
On thy fair boſom let it hence remain,
Until in death you give it me again.
And when far hence, beyond the grave you fly,
To rove the fields of yonder glitt'ring ſky,
Inform each angel, as they flock to thee,
That once, on earth, you thought of love and me;
Then ſhall each cherub, as I enter there,
Douſe his congée and give me welcome cheer.
O, maid ſeraphick! ſoothe my aching heart,
'Tis death alone us turtle-doves can part.

VERSES

ON HEARING AN ÆOLIAN HARP AT MIDNIGHT.

By Mr. C——, a young Gentleman, who died of a conſumption a few days after writing them.

I.

YE heavenly ſounds! enchanting notes!
That ſwell the whiſp'ring breeze;
Say whence your ſoft complaining airs,
Your magick power to pleaſe.

II.

Are ye ſome fairy, tiny voice,
That, by the glow-worm's light,
At lonely hours, your vigils keep,
Unmark'd by mortal ſight?

III.

Are ye ſome nymph of antient time,
Like Echo's hapleſs maid,
In plaintive ſongs that woo'd your love,
Till chang'd into a ſhade?

IV.

Or, are ye Oſſian's paſſing ghoſt
That thus the midnight cheers,
And to the ſir Malvina tunes
The ta[illegible]f other years?

V.

Sweet ſounds! that melt the ſoul to love,
My ſenſes captive take,
Soft as the cygnet's dying voice,
That's wafted from the lake.

VI.

Oh! ceaſe not to my liſt'ning ear;
Still tune your heav'nly lay;
And by your ſtrains my raptur'd ſoul
To Paradiſe convey.

THE BOSTON REVIEW,

For AUGUST, 1805.

Librum tuum legi & quam diligentissime potui annotavi, quæ commutanda, quæ eximenda, arbitrarer. Nam ego dicere verum assuevi. Neque ulli patientius reprehendantur, quam qui maxime laudari merentur.—Pliny.

ARTICLE 56.

A theoretick explanation of the science of sanctity, according to reason, scripture, common sense, and the analogy of things: containing an idea of God: of his creations, and kingdoms: of the holy scriptures: of the christian trinity, and of the gospel system. By Thomas Fessenden, A. M. pastor of the church in Walpole, N. H. Printed by Wm. Fessenden, for the author. Brattleboro', Vermont. 1804. 8*vo. pp.* 308.

It has been the misfortune of theology on this side the Atlantick to have received little illustration from the learning, while it has suffered much embarrassment, and false refinement from the ingenuity and subtilty of its professors. The catalogue of American divines is not crowded with philologers and criticks, with scholars versed in the sacred idiom, and provided with the furniture of sacred science; but we discover in the villages and hamlets of New-England scholastick theologues, hair splitting metaphysicians, long-breathed controversialists, pamphleteers, and publishers of single sermons,

> Thick as autumnal leaves which strew the brooks
> In Vallombrosa.

In American literary history it would perhaps be in vain to search for one *omnis Minervæ homo*; and in the learning peculiar to theology, no divine, since the days of our puritan ancestors, has attained an eminence, which has attracted the notice of Europe; but in the metaphysicks of theology we can boast of Edwards, Witherspoon, Hopkins, Emmons, West, Dickinson, and a long *et cætera* of names, of some of which the sound has gone forth unto the ends of the earth, while others are destined to remain the temporary pride and wonder of a county only, or a village.

To the class of system-makers another is now added; and we are here presented with "a theoretick explanation of the science of sanctity, according to reason, scripture, common sense, and the analogy of things." This production is an absolute non-descript; and one half its readers, after having gone through the book, will not probably know much more about it, than they have now found out from the title. If it were fairly written in any living or dead language we should venture to speak more decidedly of the merit of its novelties, because, by the help of a grammar and dictionary, we might hope in time to reach its meaning. But ever since we took up this book, which is really not without the merit of ingenuity, we have been gaping after the

sense of passages, which it would puzzle Œdipus to unravel, and guessing at the signification of terms, which we might hope to find only in a Thesaurus of the languages at Babel. Here may the curious reader cull some of the newest words which have enriched Columbian dictionaries, many of the choicest phrases of cis-atlantick writers, not a few grammatical solecisms, and a plentiful variety of compound and decompound epithets, and polysyllabick terms of every description, now for the first, and, as we hope, last time set in types and impressed on paper. Of the style in which this book is written we propose now to give our readers a foretaste, which we think will sufficiently excuse us, if in the short sketch we shall give of its contents, we should be found to have misapprehended the meaning of the author.

First. As to the titles of Lord and King as belonging to the divine majesty, and the prerogatives of his sovereignty or imperial estate.

Lord and God are of near affinity, and are often joined in scripture. In a civil law sense, a Lord is a superior proprietor of things and persons. Math. xx. 8. Gen. xxxi. 35. As *possessor*, God is Lord of heaven and earth and all things in them. Governing powers of the natural and legal kind are Lords who have a kind of propriety in those to whom they stand in this relation. I. Pet. iii. 6.

But an authoritative Lord is one that *beareth rule*, and is so far *unsubject*. To the civil sovereignty, whether lodged in one or [illegible] persons, the law attributes a public *lordship*, consisting in the great and supreme rights of government. The subjects of a legal lord are his lieges, and between him and them there subsists a mutual obligation even where no formal contract is made. In nobility learning, which treats of titles of honour, the greater dominant estates are lords. Jud. xvi. 8. God as Lord is of dominant condition over the universe, as a supreme authoritative power, *panto crator, all imperial*, and a liege lord to his liege subjects.

GOD IS KING.

This is of great note in the bible, though it is disregarded by many divines, and not accounted of in most systems, but considered as a metaphor when it comes in their way. But, He is no otherwise *God*, than he is *King*. I. Tim. i. 17.——*p.* 22.

The kingship of God imports a reigning condition or estate; to this agree the titles of the most High, the supreme Potentate, Power, &c. Goodness, greatness, glory, belong to him as a person of regal dignity. The reigning estate, is the *sublimity* of the godhead, the *summity* of the divine supremacy, the *dignity* of the *peerless supereminency*, and *transcendency of God.*——*p.* 23.

The imperial Father is the head of a vital empire, and must possess that life which is *constitutive* of his person, and that life which is *communicative*, which is the essence of the Holy Spirit, who was the Father's agent in creation, and in the Son's generation, and in the communication of vital sanctity to the whole empire. And the imperial Son is mediate Head of a vital empire: and there is in his essence the vitality which is *constitutive* of his person, and the vitality which is *communicative*. Therefore the one divine essence must be considered as it is the *constitutive personal essence of the Father as the primitive*, and the *constitutive personal essence of the Son, as the derivative, confronted to the divine essence the communicative, which is the constitutive essence of the Holy Ghost.* That vitality which the Father's essence is, as the primitive, must be confronted to the Son's as the derivative, and as it is the *constitutive*, it is confronted to the *communicative*, which is the Holy Ghost's. And in like manner the vitality of the Son as the *derivative*, must be confronted to the vitality the primitive; and as it is merely the *constitutive* of his person, it must be confronted to the *communicative.*——*p.* 212, 213.

The preface, which is rather better written than the rest of the book, is occupied in stating the author's belief, that much improvement may be made in the science of theology, and that much of the present corruption of christian doctrine has originated in the Platonism of the early fathers, whose piety he professes to venerate, but whose infallibility he resolutely denies. He offers an apology for the compound words which he has fabricated, "because no others," he says, "would express his idea;" declaring with St. Augustin, *mallem reprehendent grammatici, quam non intelligant populi.* But, with St. Augustin's leave, this is a most absurd sentiment; for never was a writing the more intelligible because it violated syntax, purity, or precision.

The first chapter of this anomalous production is entitled, "an idea of God." His definition is, "God is definitively the Divine Majesty, actually reigning, and exercising imperial sway over the universe of creatures." Much in the same style is the whole of this chapter; where old maxims are wrapped up in curious phraseology, common notions presented in odd attitudes, and for new purposes, and distinctions and definitions, some of which are valuable in themselves, and others important only to the author, multiplied without mercy and without end. His remarks on the meaning of the word *nature*, particularly as applied to God, we shall now quote; because much use is made of them in other parts of the book.

By a nature and life the same thing is to be understood, and it is the specifick property of a thing, the vital substance of a being, which constitutes and denominates it, and distinguisheth one being from all others of another kind. It is not therefore a being, person, or agent of itself, nor hath it any existence but in relation to the subject to which it belongs. To ascribe personal acts to a nature, or to speak of worshipping the divine nature, however common, is a real impropriety, and manifest absurdity. ——Saints, as saints, are one with God and Christ, by a participation of the divine nature. John xvii. 21, 22. It is an essential oneness, if nature and essence are the same; but if essence signifies something different from nature, as it is no scripture word, Thomas Aquinas, or any one else may have it.——One person or being may have more than one nature, but one personal agent, or being, cannot have more than one intellect without destroying his individuality. In men there are two natures, an animal nature of flesh and blood, common to them and beasts, and a rational soul with its vital substance, wherein humanity properly consists; and in regenerate christians the divine nature is added to these and yet there is but one individual personality, as there is but one intellect.—— By a nature as applied to God is not intended his metaphysical entity as the first being, nor his mere intellectuality. These constitute no *specifick* difference, but only what is *gradual*, between him and other beings or intellectualists. Being or existence in any degree is no more the divine nature, than Behemoth partakes of the divine nature because he is great. Creatures may exist, be invisible, incorruptible, intelligent, and immortal in *a degree* and not partake of the divine nature. *pp.* 16, 18.

You see, gentle reader, what the divine nature is not; we do not promise you, that you shall *understand* what it is. "The divine nature is that whereby God is God. It is his life and constitution; it is *vital, pure sanctity, holiness, spirit, light, love, and eternal life.*——Unbounded sanctity is the vital substance in which the infinite intellect of God exists." P. 18. This indistinct notion

however of essence or nature is the key to his language on the subject of the Trinity, a subject which occupies more than half of the work.

In the second chapter, which treats "of the original creation and kingdom of God," we have an incomparable mixture of truth and falsehood, good sense and absurdity, credulity and scepticism, rational theology and the most vague and ridiculous conjectures. He combats the chimeras of others, however, with such fearless honesty, that he may sometimes be pardoned for suggesting his own. By the original creation and kingdom of God, he intends a society of holy "rationals," or intelligent spirits, existing with God before the formation of our world. These subjects of God's original kingdom were angels, and pre-existent human spirits, created holy, under a law which required "unsinning" obedience. They inhabited the place called heaven, about the locality of which he offers a conjecture. He supposes the peculiar brightness of the milky way is occasioned by the vicinity of this celestial world. Notwithstanding the holiness and happiness of this society, yet as they were left to the freedom of their own wills, a number of the angelick rank with Satan at their head, and the whole order of human spirits, revolted from their lawful sovereign. Having thus lost the original righteousness in which they were all created, they are incapacitated for heaven; and while the rebel angels are hopelessly confined in chains of darkness, the human spirits are successively sent into this world, where, by being united to flesh and blood, they suffer all the inconveniences of our present state, not for the sin of Adam in paradise, but for their own sins in a pre-existent state. All that in his opinion we suffer by Adam is the loss of animal life. To this, indeed, he confesses we should have been naturally exposed, but on account of the transgression of our progenitor it was rendered positive and penal." We expected some new and ingenious reasoning in favour of the exploded doctrine of pre-existence; but we can find only the following argument,....No man can be restored to what he has not lost. We are restored to something by Christ; but we lost nothing by Adam; therefore we must have possessed in some *former* state that to which we are restored, viz. a portion of the divine nature, i.e. vital sanctity, i. e. original righteousness. Q. E. D.....Truly this is a proof of which "Trismegistus, Pythagoras, Plato, the Egyptian Gymnosophists, and Indian Bramins," could never have dreamt. From this visionary region, however, he frequently descends into the old and beaten paths of rational theology and common sense. He reasons ingeniously in favour of the opinion, that the Mosaick account of the Hexäemeron, does not require us to suppose a creation out of nothing; he exposes the absurdity of the dogmas of imputed righteousness and imputed guilt; and throws occasional gleams of light on the obscurities of the earliest dispensations. But the reader will look in vain for any long continued series of sensible remarks, and le-

gitimate conclusions. The author's evil genius is perpetually recovering the ascendancy, and then he begins to talk confidently about the Devil, his kingdom, offices, ministers, subjects, territory, titles, and shape. He espies the sinuous track of the old serpent in the absurdities and horrid crimes of savage superstition, and in all the humiliating extravagances, which deform every period of the history of man. King James wrote a Dæmonology, to which these pages on the "Devil's worldly kingdom" might be subjoined, as a statistical account of the empire.

The next chapter is entitled "a delineation of the character of the Scriptures, as holy, popular, unphilosophical, antimetaphysical, and theopolitical." Notwithstanding these hard words, this is quite a sensible chapter; and whoever can overlook harsh epithets, quaint phrases, and terms needlessly invented, will say, when he reaches the end, *macte, Senex,....O si sic omnia!* Neither from this, nor from any other portion of the work, have we been able to ascertain the opinion of the writer on the subject of inspiration.

The seven following chapters embrace what is undoubtedly the favourite object of the present publication, a statement of the author's notions on the character of Christ, and on the christian trinity. We would gladly present our readers with an analysis of every chapter in its order; but (to borrow a word from poetry) so *fitful* is the progress of his reasoning, so intricate are his movements, so abrupt are some of his digressions, and so impalpable are many of his notions, that we are not always confident of having understood him ourselves; and even when we have caught his slippery meaning, we despair of holding it long enough to hand it to our readers. We have therefore chosen to give you at once those few outlines of his scheme, which we think we have discerned through the vexatious obscurity of a style, which is unquestionably *sui generis*; a style which never had a prototype, and we trust will never have a copy.

We can easily tell you what he is not; for never was a divine less solicitous of disguising his sentiments, to conciliate orthodox or heretick. He is not an Athanasian; for scarcely is there a contemptuous epithet, which he does not bestow on those who hold what he calls the traditionary dogma of three persons in one God. He is not an Arian; for, while the subordinate divinity of the Son and Holy Ghost forms an article of his creed, we cannot find that he believes Christ to have existed before his "Bethlehemetical generation," though he maintains the pre-existence of all other human souls. And he is not a Socinian; for, besides his peculiar notion of the person of Christ, which we shall presently attempt to state, he vindicates without difficulty the personality of the Holy Spirit. His scheme coincides, however, in many points with that of the early Polish Socinians, in others with the last conclusions of the excellent but irresolute Watts, and in others with the gross conceptions of an Anthropomorphite.

The unity of the Supreme God,

as one individual person, and the only underived being in the universe, is the primary tenet of his faith. The Father alone is essentially and absolutely God, and to him is all religious homage ultimately due. Though the Son and Spirit are also Gods, yet their divinity, as well as their existence, proceeds from the Father. As each possesses distinct personality, it is impossible they should constitute one individual being. They are therefore one, only as they exercise, each in his proper office, a consentient dominion over the new creation. This Trinity he considers as peculiar to christianity; an administration of the divine government, with which the church only is concerned. The Son of God is Jesus of Nazareth, who had no existence in any state or capacity before his conception in the womb of the virgin. He supposes this to have been a real and proper generation; and if we may be pardoned for copying his language, which sometimes treads on the brink of blasphemy, "the divine nature possesses a power and principle of fecundity," so that, in plain terms, Jesus was born a proper and natural son of God, an infant prince, and heir of deity. The incarnation and humiliation of Christ do not, in his opinion, refer to his birth of the virgin; for as he did not exist before his birth, which was the beginning of his "personal subsistence," there could be no condescension in his being born; thus the generation, conception, and nativity of Jesus, were no more the acts of Jesus, than they are the acts of any other infant, which is ushered into life.

We confess that we have not been able to comprehend this author's notion of the character of Jesus during his minority, and before his entrance on his publick mission. If we recur to his former remarks on the word nature, we may perhaps understand him when he says, that in Jesus were united from his birth the divine and human natures, without the animal nature of flesh and blood, which man shares in common with the brutes. Still however he grew up with a body, which possessed the form of God, was admitted to heaven, and resided for a time at the court of his Father. This our author calls his "ascentional remove;" and thus supposes with Socinus, that Jesus was personllay in heaven before the commencement of his publick ministry. It was at the beginning of the gospel epoch, when John began to preach, that the word, or Jesus, was with God, and was God.

> He was not that God with whom he was, but the only begotten of that God, now arrived to perfection by the progress of nature he was born subject unto. God here is without an article in the Greek, to distinguish him from the Father, and to denote that He was not in *state* God; that is, in a reigning condition, vested with any power of actual government. This is the God afterwards manifest in flesh.——p. 141.

When the fulness of time was come, Jesus consents to leave the presence of his Father, where he enjoyed all the honours, which he possessed by native, hereditary right, empties himself of the form of God, and assumes a body of flesh and blood, which was prepared for him, that he might be

made in all things like unto his brethren, whom he came to save.

The scripture idea of the incarnation is precisely no more than the *sarkosis* becoming flesh of Jesus Christ, at that beginning which succeeded the termination of his generative capacity, and was the commencement of his missive economy. The sarkosis means no more than that at the descent of Jesus from heaven, and coming into our world, after emptying himself of the form of God, he assumed an animal body fitted for him, for a little while called flesh, flesh and blood. And thus coming in flesh he was anointed, made God's Messiah by the descent of the Holy Ghost at his baptism by John.

In every *state* after the person of Jesus was constituted by his Bethlehemetical generation and nativity, he remains the same essentially human divine, of two natures in one person. The several states he passes through do not alter his person, but so change his condition, that things rightly predicated of him in one state, are not compatible to him in another state. The becoming incarnate was only for a little while, a temporary thing: the days of his flesh were only during his ministry on earth, and are now over, but his essential divinity and humanity are the same yesterday, to day, and forever. In Isaiah ix. 6. and Philip. ii. 5. 11. we have three states of Jesus Christ mentioned at once; and in 1. Cor. xv. 28, &c. a fourth.——*p.* 144.

While he was in flesh he had three natures in one person, the *human* in a true body, the *divine* in sanctity, and the *animal* in flesh and blood; in neither nature had he any distinct subsistence or separate agency, but was one only intelligent agent. Thus the persons of the regenerate are now constituted. Jesus Christ at his death put off the animal nature, the flesh and blood he had assumed for a little while, and his body by a change of qualities became spiritual and glorious at his resurrection, as the bodies of the saints will be changed like unto his. He was therefore exactly a middle person between God and men, according to the present estate of the sons of men, that God might manifest them. A middle person between God the Father and men, and not between the Trinity and men; for it is as such a middle person, human divine, that he is the second person in the trinity. It is noticeable that as mediator he is called the *man Christ Jesus*, and he is to be honoured as the Father is and hath all judgment committed to him *because he is, or was the Son of man*: He is the *man* ordained to judge the world. Now in his transactions with God, he is called God, or the Son of God: but when he acts in God's behalf with men, he is called man, or the Son of man. So that in his treating with God he assumes a name expressive of his divinity: But in his treating with men, he assumes the more familiar name of man, or the Son of man. The ground hereof was not his birth of a woman a virgin, as we have before shown, for man had no concurrence therein, but his becoming the second Adam, when he came from heaven in his incarnate state: That ground hath now ceased since his exaltation, and if he is now called man or the Son of man, it is not for what *he is, but hath been, and is now more properly like to the Son of man.* Rev. i. 14.——*p.* 272.

Jesus is anointed Christ at his baptism, dies, and rises again; and leaving the body of flesh and blood, ascends to his former hereditary rank, retaining however in one person the divine nature, which he possesses as properly begotten by God, united with the human, which he necessarily receives from Mary. By referring the incarnation to the period of Christ's entrance on his ministry, the author conceives that he avoids many difficulties; and it must be confessed, that he has thrown light, whether delusive or true we do not determine, on many perplexing texts. If the reader complains of obscurity or absurdity in this account of our author's sentiments, we cannot help it. He speaks for himself in the following passages.

It appears there are two grounds or reasons of the filiation of Jesus Christ to God.

The first is, as Jesus, whereby he is the Son of God by *nature* the only begotten of the Father. The second is, as Christ, whereby he is divine by state. The divinity of the nature of Jesus can only be proved by his generation, and the communication of the divine life to him therein. But the divinity of the state of Christ is to be proved by his official dignity. Thus Christ proves his divinity of state from his being sanctified, *and sent into the world.* John x. 36. Mr. Emlyn and others who deny the divine nature of the Son, say he was only an official God, as magistrates are. It is allowed divinity of nature is not asserted here in John x. 36. however it may be supposed. As Christ he is God by office, but as Jesus he is God by nature, and it is impossible he should be otherwise as a Son of a divine Father. Even in the forecited John v. 30, and 38, his divinity of nature is also intimated, "I and my father are one," and "the Father is in me and I in him." Sanctity is divinity of nature, or life: and is only the vital substance, of the intelligent agent made partaker of it: the communication of it to Angels or the regenerate neither makes them all powerful nor all knowing. A nature is no intellect or intellectualist, but the substance of one, and therefore knows nothing of itself. Is it a valid proof that a man hath not the human nature because he knows not so much as Newton, or cannot reason like a Locke, or write a poem like Milton, or move a weight equal to Sampson or Archimedes? Just as well Jesus may be denied to be divine by nature when in the manger, because he was not that mighty God and great God our Saviour he came to be when the government was upon his shoulder. Let them prove that the only Begotten of the divine Father can be by nature of a different species from the Genitor, and it will be to some purpose. It makes nothing when the Son begins his personal existence; his life from the time of its being given, must be divine and eternal because the Father's is so.——*p.* 157.

Another inferential observation may pertinently be made, viz. That *divinity of nature alone* is no ground of religious worship, but divinity of state grounded on and added to divinity of nature is. It is only in his official character Christ is worshipped. Every man possesses the human nature equally with a king, and yet that nature is no object of civil worship, but only the person of him who is in state king. While Jesus was God's holy child and heir, he was truly divine by nature, but direct acts of divine worship were not then paid to him.

The worship of the wise men was *civil* according to the eastern mode; it was paid to the born king of the Jews, but it does not appear that they viewed him as divine. The worship ordered to be given him is because of his being the son of man, and having all judgment committed to him.——*p.* 159.

Should any object that we are to worship God only, and therefore if the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, were not in conjunction one God, it would be idolatry to worship the Son. The answer is easy, the worship paid the Son is not *supreme* though it is *divine*, but is such as the divine Father orders to be paid to the divine Son, to His own glory. Phil. ii. 2. The intelligent christian who knows the only true God, and Him whom he hath sent, worships each according to their personal idea and state, and for their personal works, and doth not confound the *sender*, and the sent, and the whole of the worship of Jesus Christ redounds to the glory of the Father, the fountain of all divinity of nature and state.

It is Jesus Christ as exalted, that is the mediatorial creator of all things, as shall be shewn in its place, which determines the nature and time of his creation. That it is spiritual and heavenly, not natural, earthly, or material, and that it did not take place till at or after his resurrection, the beginning of his exaltation.

Jesus Christ in his exaltation is the second person in the christian trinity, which is the triune administration of the kingdom of God.

An eternal Son, and an eternal Trinity, are mere scholasticisms, human inventions, and groundless traditions.

There was no Trinity before the re-

surrection of Christ, and there will be none after he hath delivered up the kingdom of the Father, and God shall be all in all. *Now* the government is that of the Father, of whom are all things, and of the Son, by whom are all things, and of the same Spirit, through whom are all things.

We would now state the author's notion of the Holy Spirit; but lest we should misrepresent it, we prefer quoting the following definition, which, though enlarged ed upon in several chapters, is scarcely rendered more intelligible.

The third Person in the christian Trinity is the *Holy Ghost.*

He hath been proved to be a personal agent, and not a mere virtue or energy: divine and not a creature: an eternal undivided essentiality of the one God, and not caused by any productive procession, or spiration. Officially the inspiration agent in the kingdom of God, and a peculiar kind of person, sustaining no politick relation to God, Christ, Angels, the Church, or individual Saints. His divinity of *nature* appears from his sanctity, for sanctity is divinity: and his divinity of *state* is evident from his junction with the Father and the Son in the divine sovereignty. The essence and power of the Holy Ghost, like that of the Son's is not another divided from the Father's, but *his* communicated, manifested, and exercised in a certain way and manner peculiar to the Holy Spirit, to the Father's glory, the source and fountain of all divinity of state and nature. The honour therefore due to each, must be divine according to their personal characters, and works: and the reason of this worship cannot be the same in each person. but differs as "of whom are all things, by whom are all things, through whom are all things," differ. The intelligent worshipper will not confound these distinctions, misplace them, nor unite them as mere denominations in one Agent, Being, or God.——*p.* 202.

The subjects of the remaining chapters are, *Regeneration,...A testament-covenant and law,...Christianity a new creation of God by Christ,...Justification and Salvation.* In these chapters there is nothing remarkably just, nor remarkably odd. The opinions of the author are uniformly anticalvinistick, and he seems unwilling that any one should write metaphysically on subjects of theology, but himself. He asserts positively the freedom of the will, and denies positively the doctrines of imputed righteousness, personal election, and necessary perseverance. Part of one chapter is devoted to the subject of universal restitution..... "The mediatorial kingdom of Christ will not cease, till it has drawn into its vortex all rationals of God's creation; as they all issued from the Father of spirits, and the fountain of sanctity, so they will all be brought home in him.——The present reign of Christ is for the subduing of every opposing power, Jews, Romans, Turks, *Kings*, and Infidels, *sin, death, and the devil.*" p. 168..... The concluding chapter on Justification contains many valuable remarks, and some continuous reasoning; as to the efficacy however of Christ's death little is said, and this little is so unsatisfactory, that we have been entirely unable to penetrate the sentiments of the writer.

The peroration, as it may be called, we here subjoin, because it contains more of truth, nature, intelligible sentiment, and intelligible language, than any other paragraph in the book.

The theoretick explanation of the Science of Sanctity is now finished. One practical observation may be subjoined that the gospel contains a perfect rule

of life and righteousness: grants no liberty to sin, and affords or offers to all sufficient assistance to enable them to comply with the terms therein proposed.

Among all the rejecters of the gospel doctrines, few have condemned its morality: but most have spoken highly of it, as containing the best directory or rule of life, for the regulation of temper, conversation, and conduct, towards God, man, and ourselves, that is any where to be found, in whatever station and relation of life we may be placed.

The royal law of God as written upon the hearts of men, published by Moses and explained by the Prophets, containing the love of God and of our neighbours; and the doing to others as we would that they should do unto us, contains a most excellent system of piety, righteousness, sobriety, and charity. As Christ saith he came to *fulfil the law*, so one sense in which he doth this is by extending and enlarging it. In his sermon on the mount, and in his other discourses, he adds some things to the law. Christianity contains new causes, degrees, measures, objects, and motives of duty to angels and men. In the gospel we have the clearest notices of righteousness and true holiness, the greatest and most precious promises to make us partakers of the divine nature, and to animate us to cleanse ourselves from all filthiness of flesh and spirit, and to perfect holiness in the fear of God. The grace of God which hath appeared to all men bringing salvation, teaches that denying, &c.

One thing more might be added, viz. that with the gospel proposal of salvation sufficient grace and assistance are offered to men to enable them to comply with the terms of it. The christian religion is adapted to the present state of man in the world, and considers him as what he is, and not what some have supposed him to be. It doth not require him to act from principles which he is not possessed of, in order to obtain what he wants. Men could not receive the grace of God in vain, if it was not given: nor reject the counsel of God against themselves by a non-compliance with the means of salvation, if there was no counsel of God that they should use them, and that with such use as they can make, they will by his grace prove effectual to the desired end. The helps the gospel affords or offers are various, consisting in God's preventing grace, in the drawings of the Father, in the free supernal influence of the spirit, in the power of prayer, in the unction of the holy one Christ Jesus, who is a magazine of grace, and of his fulness we may receive a supply of all our needs, in the prevalency of his intercession, in his divine example, in the gospel ministry, in the holy sacraments, in the communion of saints, and in the ministry of angels: all which serve to begin or carry on a good work in men, and by which God works in men, to will and to do of his good pleasure. Men cannot be neglecters of a salvation not offered them so as they might receive it.

Since the whole design of the religion of God is to restore men to holiness and happiness, it hath been our aim in this theory to promote this end. The better the theoretick part is understood by men, the more likely it will be to have a practical influence on their hearts and lives. Consistency is what the human mind delights in: the divine plan is perfect self consistency, and the clearer our view of it is, the more readily shall we acquiesce in it. Whether we have contributed any thing towards giving such a view of the ways of God to man, the reader is left to judge for himself. If any, by what hath been written, be engaged to acquire a habit of thinking upon subjects not much attended to, and the holy scriptures recover their due esteem and place, from which they have long been excluded by tradition and the undeserved veneration entertained for the supposed authority of fallible men: and the searches of the sincere be directed, their faith increased, and their lives bettered, the author will not think his labour lost:—For any good effected by this well meant, little encouraged, and much opposed publication, may the one God of grace, through the one Lord Jesus Christ, by the same Holy Spirit have all the praise.

p. 366.

Never did we read a work, of which we found it so difficult to give an account, as of this "theoretick explanation of the science

of sanctity." Twenty times have we sitten down to this review, and twenty times have we risen again, repulsed by the absolute barbarity of the style, and shocked by the absurdity of some of the sentiments. Still the occasional good sense and ingenuity, the uniform independence of mind, and honesty of intention, which discover themselves, together with the theological learning of the author, which, however indigested, is, we are confident, rare in New-England, seemed to solicit attention and respect, though they could not command unmingled approbation. We have pointed out no particular defects of style or of reasoning; for to write them all would require not only a pen of brass, but adamantine patience, the χαλκον νοος of Homer. Scattered throughout the work are several critical remarks, some of which are plausible. Texts of scripture are frequently placed in a new light, and many obstinate passages are either warped or straightened, till they are accommodated to the author's system. Upon the whole, though we have been often vexed and wearied in the perusal, we take our leave of Mr. Fessenden's book in perfect good humour. Much of what we have understood we have approved, and are therefore willing to believe, that what we have not understood is equally excellent. We have only to regret, that before this work was committed to the press, it had not been subjected to the rigorous criticism of some sensible friend, sufficiently indoctrinated in the author's system, who might have suggested many hints for its better arrangement, many alterations for its greater perspicuity; who might have purged it of "colloquial barbarisms, licentious idioms, and irregular combinations," and out of the present indescribable medley of notions have presented the leading features of a system, which, while it would have attracted all by its novelty, would have been peculiarly interesting to the theologian, as the unassisted result of a retired clergyman's speculations. Then it might have been read through with an avidity, which, in its present form, the first page will destroy, and received with a degree of commendation, which we are confident few will now have the patience to qualify themselves to give.

ART. 57.

An Oration, pronounced July 4, 1805, at the request of the inhabitants of the town of Boston, in commemoration of American independence. By Warren Dutton. Boston. Newell.

THOUGH there is no country so fruitful in orations as our own, yet are our orators widely distant from perfection in this species of composition. Unnatural thoughts, extravagant metaphors, and violent exclamations, conveyed in a style inflated and incorrect, are the rhetorical flowers, with which these patriotick effusions are commonly decorated.

Mr. Dutton has carefully avoided these faults, and produced a composition of considerable merit. The sentiments are manly and just, and the style terse and correct. But though a performance of excellent sense, it bears little

resemblance to an oration, as the audience are in no instance directly addrest. The occasional interspersion of 'Fellow citizens,' like the '*Cives & Judices*' of Cicero, the '*Ανδρες Αθηναιοι*' of Demosthenes, or the '*Mr. Speaker*' of modern senators, would have removed this defect, and given it a less equivocal title to what it claims to be. In its present form it must be considered as a sensible treatise, containing important political truths, to which all men of sense will readily assent. It possesses also a negative merit of no small magnitude, as it is entirely free from those silly invectives against monarchies, and those no less silly panegyricks on republicks, in which the unfledged productions of our oratorical striplings abound. We fought for the rights of Englishmen under a limited monarchy, from the enjoyment of which an infatuated ministry attempted to exclude us. We never fought for a republick, into which we were forced by the injudicious obstinacy of our opponents. Thus our form of government was the result of necessity, and not the offspring of choice.

For modes of government let fools contest,
That, which is best administered, is best.
POPE.

We shall transcribe the conclusion of the production, that the reader may form an opinion of the author's style and manner.

Such representations are not made in the spirit of despondency, which says that nothing can be done; nor in that of over-cautious prudence, which says that nothing ought to be done; but in the persuasion, that the evils, which threaten the existence of our excellent institutions, are altogether of the popular kind, that they ought to be understood, and can be resisted. Those who will still borrow confidence from their hopes, and believe nothing which requires exertion, must continue in their slumbers, till exertions are useless. They will perceive the mischief when it has happened, and excuse their indolence, by expressions of idle amazement. The timid and the wary, who fear to act, lest they should be acted upon, who hope to obtain favour for their neutrality will find that the evils of anarchy will fall indiscriminately, like the tornado which tears the oak of an hundred years from its foundations, and despoils the humblest flower of a day.

The present time demands all the talents the virtues and influence of men, who are engaged from principle and interest to support our truly Republican system of State Government. Popular errours should be exposed and misrepresentations corrected, with the same perseverance with which they are made, till truth becomes powerful, by being widely diffused.

Those, who administer our government have nothing to fear from the truth for it is their friend; and as to the charge of non-conformity, the only one which has been brought against them, we consider it their highest praise, and are still impelled by all our hopes, and by all our fears, to confer honour where honour is due.

It is confidently trusted, that there is a redeeming spirit yet to arise from the sober sense and sound principles of New-England. The tyranny of demooracy, though it wears a thousand disguises, will be laid bare to the eye before it is too late to resist; and call into action all the energies, which resisted it in another shape is the memorable year of seventy-five. Then it was seen in the gigantick form of undisguised power; now it approaches with smiles, in the light drapery of fancy, suiting its forms and hues, to the endless varieties of human passions.

As an important member of the Union, we ought never to forget, that we must preserve the best system of Government in the world, or submit to one of the worst. Those, who feel an interest in its preservation, united in sentiment, and acting in concert, should

With the transactions of the present hour you naturally associate the events of other years. You call to mind the history of your society, which has existed more than a century. With gratitude to Providence, you reflect upon its flourishing state under the care of a Coleman, venerable for his piety and learning; of a Cooper, eminently useful and beloved; of his son and successor, whose talents, literature, patriotism, and urbanity, rendered him not only the boast of the church, but an ornament to his country; and of the late eloquent and beneficent Thacher, whose charming accents still vibrate in our ears, and whose memory will never be erased from our hearts.—*p.* 35.

This is high praise; but it is below the truth.—The character of Dr. Coleman has often been described to us by an aged friend. He was a man as amiable for his candour and humility, as he was venerable for his piety and learning. Though he laboured incessantly to correct and polish his discourses, yet after all his pains he entertained a low opinion of them, and esteemed them far inferiour to those of many of his brethren. To young clergymen he was attentive and indulgent; and he took pleasure in displaying their abilities, and in bestowing on them the praise, to which they were entitled. His charming pulpit talents and the elegance of his manners rendered him the delight and the pride of his congregation.—His colleague was a character of a sublimer order. The sermons of Dr. Coleman were applauded by all who heard them; but no man ever thought of applauding the sermons of Mr. Cooper. For he had gained that height of perfection, which few preachers seem to have the inclination or the power of attaining, the happiness of keeping himself entirely out of sight. He did not for a moment divert the attention of his hearer to the graces of his manner, or the ornaments of his style, but fixed it deeply on his subject. A preacher of terrour, terrour was introduced by him, not for the sake of *pulpit* effect, but because he felt that it was his duty to alarm the conscience of the sinner. Hence it was, that after the performances of Dr. Coleman, the hearers retired from church with erect countenances and voluble tongues, with a smile of satisfaction for the entertainment which they had enjoyed, and with warm encomiums on the talents of their admired pastor. But when Mr. Cooper had preached, they withdrew, hanging their heads, serious, and silent.—His son, the classick, the refined, the all-accomplished Dr. Cooper, we have seen; and we do not expect to see his like again.—We also knew his worthy successor; nor can we forbear to lament his death, whilst we recollect the unblemished integrity, which accompanied him in every situation of life.—These four preachers were all distinguished by their eloquence. It does not often happen, that a church is favoured, during so long a period of time, with pastors of such eminent abilities. We regret that the plan of Mr. E. did not permit him to enter more fully into their characters, as he will probably never again be indulged with an opportunity of bestowing his encomiums with equal justice. For in a succession of ministers, governours, or any other description of persons, of whom it is ex-

pected that notice should be taken, four or five men of talents or virtue are commonly associated with one or two insignificant or worthless individuals. But if any are praised, all must be praised. For who would willingly give offence to surviving friends by censure, or even by silence ? and what heart is so bold, as to dare to call from the tomb frailties, which ought to be buried in oblivion ?

ART. 59.

An Oration, pronounced at Northampton, July 4, 1805, the 29th anniversary of American independence, at the request of the committee of arrangement. By Isaac C. Bates. Northampton, Pomroy. *pp.* 32.

An Oration, delivered on the 4th of July, 1805, at the North meetinghouse in Salem, Mass. By Ichabod Nichols, ter. Salem, J. Cushing. *pp.* 24.

An Oration, pronounced July 4, 1805, at the request of the federal republicans of Charlestown, at the anniversary of American independence. By Aaron Hill Putnam. Charlestown, Etheridge. *pp.* 18.

An Oration, pronounced July 4, 1805, at the request of the Charlestown light infantry company, before the republican citizens of Charlestown. By Benjamin Gleason, A. M. Boston.

An Oration, pronounced at Worcester on the anniversary of American independence, July 4, 1805. By Daniel Waldo Lincoln, A. B. Worcester. Ægis press.

THE dispute between Great Britain and her colonies, which was closed by the peace of 1783, may be justly considered as one of the most important events of the last century. A mob of French, English, Dutch, German, Italian, and American authors have attempted to trace its origin, to delineate its principles, and to detail the events of the war which succeeded ; yet we flatter ourselves, that we shall not be singular in the opinion, that few subjects have been less understood, or more grossly misrepresented. The French writers have been singularly unfortunate and extravagant in their compositions on the American revolution. In consequence of the treaty of alliance between France and the American States Frenchmen displayed an uncommon interest in our contest with England, and discovered no small degree of anxiety to be acquainted with its history. All who could write were eager to treat on a subject which excited so much interest, and each, in fear of being anticipated, published his production before it was possible to have acquired correct information from this country, or even to have collected that, which might otherwise have been procured in Europe. Many of their histories are therefore no better than romances, and a man may acquire as much correct information from Homer's Iliad, as from their productions on the American revolution. Call General Washington Achilles, and Lord Cornwallis Hector, and, as has been correctly observed, you would have little doubt, that you were reading the history of the Trojan war. The American revolution, thus badly

detailed as to its events by historians, and worse misrepresented as to its principles by many of the July orators, resembles no more the revolution, which our heroes and statesmen magnanimously achieved, than the mangled phantom*, which Æneas met in his descent to Avernus, resembled the faultless figure of Deiphobus, when rioting on the charms of his fair Helen.

....

The oration by Mr. Bates is unquestionably written by a man of respectable talents. He defends with much ingenuity, and with the zeal of an honest man, the federal constitution, and the measures of an administration, which, as has been acknowledged by one of its most insidious and inveterate enemies in an inaugural speech, has brought this country to the height of political experiment. The style of this performance, though often nervous and animated, is neither elegant nor correct; and we are inclined to believe, that the author, had he given himself more time, might have comprised in a much smaller compass what he has now extended to thirty pages. In the 6th page, "The ashes of the dead are *unraked* with deliberate coolness to glut the rage of envy," &c. We apprehend the author has mistaken the meaning of the word *unraked*. Johnson defines *unraked* "not thrown together and covered." The ashes of the dead are *raked open*, &c. would have conveyed the author's meaning in correct language. *Truer*, in the 14th page, is an expression, which the philosophy of language does not admit. In universal grammar *true* is one of those adjectives which exclude comparison. Notwithstanding the errours of this oration, we are not insensible to its many beauties, and cannot but regret, that the limits of this publication prevent our making many extracts. Alluding to the want of energy in the present administration in regard to our countrymen in Tripoli, "whitening and fading in the solitary cells of darkness and disease," our author exclaims:

> There was a time, my countrymen, when the voice of Greece rocked the battlements of Troy, and shook the throne of Priam, to redeem an individual. But that was an age of magnanimity; *heroes* ruled, and *cowards* played with children.

Speaking of the pusillanimous conduct of the administration as it respects foreign nations, Mr. Bates observes,

> With a fawning submission, we crawl to the footstool of nations, and *intreat* as a *favour* what we might have *demanded* as a *right*. In France, we curse and slander the enemies of the Great Republick; we applaud and caress the tyrant; we outstrip the obsequious multitudes that surround him, and receive a *snuff box* for our adoration. When tutored for our conduct, by the rod of England, we beg her pardon, and promise to reform.

In his peroration our orator enforces, with much warmth and

* *Atque hic Priamiden laniatum corpore toto*
Deiphobum vidit, lacerum crudeliter ora,
Ora manusque ambas, populatæque tempora raptis
Auribus, & truncas inhoneslo vulnere nares.
Vix adeo agnovit pavitantem, et dira legentem
Supplicia—— ÆN. VI. 494.

earnestness, serious truths, which Americans would do well to consider and lay to heart.

Though the course we ought to follow be clear as the sun, we have no reason to expect that prejudice will yield, or that truth will triumph.

There is a strange fatality attending man. Should an *Angel from Heaven* preach to a congregation on the great principles of morality and a judgment to come, each individual would believe himself excepted. Though we have the testimony of all history without a single exception or contradiction, and the evidence of our own experience, that anarchy alone is the door which can open tyranny to our view, yet we *will not* believe it. But the judgment will come; and if we refuse to listen to the warning voice that whispers from the ruins of our predecessors, the period is on the wing, rapid as the flight of time and certain as the shaft of fate, when it will be forever too late; when our liberty will be gone and with it all that can cheer, can animate, or console. Some future traveller may sit, like the son of Hilkiah on the ruins, and apostrophise the desolation that surrounds him. Here once was the seat of a great empire. Under the smiles of Heaven and of freedom, she was virtuous and happy. But parties arose, freedom fled, and now she is left desolate. "How doth the city mourn that was full of people. All her friends have dealt treacherously with her." The sound of the lute is no more heard in her cottage; innocence no more sports upon her mountains; but the streams murmur to the silence of the forest; and the blasts of the evening sigh through the wide and melancholy waste.

....

The oration by Mr. Nichols we understand was hasty. Some of his positions seem therefore to have been carelessly examined. His reasonings are of consequence not always conclusive, and though on the whole the performance may be pronounced tolerably judicious and spirited, it will probably share the fate of the ephemeral productions of the season.

....

The oration by Mr. Putnam displays judgment and ingenuity. Allusions to English history have by this time become trite, but his are so just and apposite, they please without being new.

....

The oration by Mr. Gleason, to borrow the beauties of its author, "is a standing monument of impoverished ostentation and pre-eminent insignificance." Residing in the neighbourhood of a geographer, our orator appears to have taken the *geographical disease* the natural way, for it breaks out in the forehead of this performance with the names of more countries than are contained in the American Gazetteer. We enumerated twenty on the face of a single page, but the complaint growing confluent as we advanced, a further lustration was postponed for future leisure. In fact, the performance is altogether so singular in its structure, that one is puzzled how to take hold of it. "It is not o'the earth, and yet is on't." Our society wished it to slip through their fingers for a bad job, but it is so exquisite a recipe for the vapours, that it would be siding with the faculty not "to give you a taste of its quality."

See!—your brave countrymen throwing up entrenchments, on *Bunker's Hill!* The enemy advancing, with the progress of the Sun,—*all is lost!*—No!—livid Death rushes down their ranks dreadful and tremendous.—*They retreat!* our Countrymen victorious!—No! They rally!—They return!—Again all is confusion, shrieks and shouts:—again bravely repulsed:—*They retreat:*—Victory!—No!—wrought up to a de-

gree of desperation—great in numbers,—pomp and power, they furiously put forward !—O ! God—temper, with mercy, the preponderating scale of war !—Spare—Spare our brethren. WARREN falls !—*Relief—ammunition* fail! Convulsed, our countrymen make the last struggle !—*Charlestown in flames ! Howe* yet trembles in dubious contest. I see the interest felt universal, all round the hemisphere of vision —The enemy have reared the standard of victory; but in exaltation, triumph the Americans !—Those take possession of the *Hill*;—but our WARREN, our *Countrymen* of immortal glory !—

"See!" (Mr. Gleason appears to see more than any man) "a gathering storm appears at Leechmore's point,—eight hundred troops have landed !!" This interesting climax is not, we are sorry to say it, perfectly original.

"See red hot stones from burning Ætna's top,
Roll down the hill amain, hop, hop,
hop, hop !"

....

Mr. Lincoln's. Though juvenile performances may claim indulgence, by withholding the rod we may injure the child. The severity of criticism is a vulgar complaint, for more capacities are ruined by the palliatives of praise, than by the asperities of censure. At least, in the present instance, whatever may be thought of the influence of either, no mischief can be apprehended from the application of the latter. The object of our strictures, if character is developed in composition, is too much elevated with his own consequence to be hurt by the reflections of another. Mr. Lincoln, mistaking acrimony for wit, and confounding finery with ornament, appears desperately busied after sublimity and point. But, as we are all liable to misconstrue inclination into capacity, the gentleman will acquit us of the charge of ill-nature, though we should consider him as peculiarly unfortunate in his declamatory endeavours. There are some trees more remarkable for their foliage than for their fruit, and we may be supposed, during the reading of this oration, to have been dozing in the shade, without a single excitement from the fall of an apple. Mr. L. after the rough *unseamment* of old wounds, by recounting revolutionary cruelties, and after raking together a promiscuous handful of last year's political sarcasms, very modestly supposes the business of celebration accomplished. Nothing further follows but a wearisome continuance of former declamation. The same wave, attended with the same froth and the same roar, is continually unbosoming itself. Though such stuff of the imagination might answer to decorate the pages of the Ægis, Mr. L. should recollect, that something more is expected from a gentleman and a scholar.

NOTICE

Of the American editions of the Classicks, from the press of William Poyntell & Co. Philadelphia.

THESE publications we announced in a recent number of the Anthology, and have since formed our opinion of their merit from an inspection of the editions of Virgil and Sallust.

The editors have chosen for their model the editions in usum

Delphini, and, with the exception of the indices at the close, these publications have all their merit and defects. The origin of the Dauphin Classicks is not perhaps generally known, we will therefore extract an account of them from the Huetiana, quoted in the Bibliog. Dict. They were completed for the Dauphin of France, under the direction of Huet, Bishop of Avranches. Forty scholars were employed, but, as they were necessarily of unequal talents and learning, the original design was imperfectly executed. The best edited works in the collection are Pliny by Hardouin; Cicero's orations by Merouille; Livy by Doujat; Virgil by La Roue, and Curtius by Le Tellier.

These editions we believe have been in popular use, and some of them have passed through a vast number of impressions; but always accompanied with the indices. These indeed are of so much value to every scholar, unless he possess the boundless memory of Scaliger and Wakefield, that we are disposed to think the omission of them a serious defect. We understand, however, that the editors have in contemplation to publish a separate volume containing the indices to all the classicks which they give forth. If this be true, and they can procure a scholar of sufficient erudition and sufficient patience to condense and unite them all, so as to give at one view the authorities for every word, our censure will be converted into praise, and we think the design will even receive the approbation of the learned in Europe.

Though we cannot forbear to wish that the text had been taken from some more recent and better collated editions,* our only very valid objection is to the retention of the marginal interpretations. Nothing has contributed more to the retardation of boys in the knowledge of the construction and idiotisms of the language than these injudicious auxiliaries. One proof is sufficient....the fact that a boy, who with their assistance can translate Virgil with considerable facility, will yet find embarrassment from the pure and natural phrases of Cæsar. This objection, however, applies with equal force to the English and French editions of the Dauphin Classicks; the American editions are therefore in this respect on an equality, & we think incomparably superiour to them in the beauty of the type, and the general neatness of the page. In correctness also, as far as we have examined, we think it claims a preference, particularly to the *late* London editions, some of which have been shamefully neglected.

* Of Virgil, for instance, by Hunter, the basis of whose edition is Heyne's; and which Heyne himself, the first Latin scholar in Europe, has pronounced to be the best *text edition* extant; of Horace by Gesner; of Sallust by Cortius, &c.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editors of the Anthology.

Gentlemen,

With the *politeness*, with which *some* of your number are accustomed to treat their correspondents, who happen to differ from them,

SALVIAN, in your last number (p. 22.) notices a mistake of mine in quoting, in my reply to the Reviewers, from a MS. sermon, which I supposed to have been written by *Professor* Wigglesworth, but which, it since appears, was written by another gentleman of the same name. The mistake arose from this circumstance: the sermon, which agreeably to the requisition of the Founder of the Dudleian Lecture, was copied by the Author; and deposited in the Archives of the College, was inscribed, "Mr. Wigglesworth's sermon at the annual Dudleian Lecture," &c. It was naturally supposed, that the modesty of the Author might induce him thus to inscribe it without his christian name, or his titles. Not knowing that there was any other clergyman of his name living at that time, and having understood that Professor Wigglesworth preached the Dudleian Lecture about this period, it was naturally concluded that this was his sermon, and it was quoted accordingly. The amiable and venerable clergyman of Newburyport, who detected the errour (having been a member of College at the time, and present at the Lecture) in a conversation, I recently had with him on the subject, candidly imputed the errour to its true cause, and considered it a very natural and innocent mistake. Had *Salvian*, possessed a small portion of the candour of the worthy gentleman from whom he received information of the mistake, his note would have exhibited a very different temper and complexion. After the foregoing statement of facts he is at liberty to make the most of what he is pleased to call an "egregious blunder." But, as the extracts alluded to, were made only in defence of a point, which the Reviewers themselves consider to be not essential to the main argument, it is presumed the same gentleman will not imagine the argument affected by the mistake, nor allow it more than "the weight of a straw in balancing the merits of the main question," viz. Are the Electors bound by the Statutes of the Founder, to choose a Professor, *sound* and *orthodox*, in Mr. Hollis's sense of these terms?

In consequence of the repeated reference to Dr. Wigglesworth's MS. annexed by his son to his printed Lectures on the doctrine of Reprobation, I have sought, obtained, and read it; and I will add, with uncommon satisfaction. I find in it nothing contradictory to the sentiments expressed in the Extracts above referred to; nothing that in any degree indicates a departure from those *sound and orthodox principles* required by Mr. Hollis in his Professor. It is a candid, able, and lucid illustration and defence of that *middle ground*, which lies between Arminians and Supralapsarian Calvinists. The venerable Professor, with uncommon strength of reasoning, and exemplary candour, maintains mild, rational, and scriptural views of the much controverted doctrine of which he treats; such I conceive, as would meet the cordial approbation of the great body of evangelical christians at the present day. And, as you have brought this MS. into view, in a manner calculated to excite a strong desire in many of your readers to peruse it, and especially, as the author himself, at the

close of his life, "at several times expressed his desire, that it might be made publick,"* I hope, gentlemen, you will recommend its speedy publication, in which you shall assuredly receive the prompt and cordial aid of Your humble servant, J. MORSE.

July 23. 1805.

* See MS. Remarks of the late Dr. Wigglesworth, prefixed to the MS. of his Father.

MONTHLY CATALOGUE

OF NEW PUBLICATIONS IN THE UNITED STATES,

FOR AUGUST, 1805.

Sunt bona, sunt quædam mediocria, sunt mala plura.—Mart.

NEW WORKS.

An abridgement of the history of New-England, for the use of young persons. By Hannah Adams. Printed for the author, and for sale by B. & J. Homans, and John West.

The Berean, or an appeal to the scriptures on questions of utmost importance to the human race. Boston, Munroe & Francis. 12mo. pp. 228.

A sermon delivered at the funeral of the Rev. Timothy Fuller, of Merrimack, formerly pastor of Princeton, Mass. July 4, 1805. By Humphrey Moore, pastor of the church in Milford. Amherst, Joseph Cushing.

A discourse on the decease of Mrs. Martha Russell, who died at Burlington, January 28, interred on the 26, 1805, after a mental derangement during the seven preceding years, aged 50, the consort of David Russell, Esq. By Daniel C. Sanders, A. M. President of the University of Vermont, in Burlington. Benington, Haswell & Smead. 8vo. pp. 24.

A sermon, delivered at Walpole, N. H. March 10, 1805, being the Lord's day next following the ordination of the author. By Pliny Dickenson, A. M. junior pastor of the church and society in said town. Walpole, Thomas & Thomas. Price 12½ cents.

An oration, pronounced before the inhabitants of Portland, on the 4th of July, 1805, in commemoration of American independence. By James D. Hopkins. Portland. pp. 25.

An oration, pronounced before the republican citizens of Portland, on the 4th of July, 1805, being the anniversary of American independence. By the Rev. Joshua Taylor. Portland, Nath. Willis, jun. 8vo. pp. 12.

An oration, pronounced at the request of the republican citizens of Falmouth, on the anniversary of American independence, July 4, 1805. By Rev. Joab Young. Portland, Willis, jun. 8vo.

"The union of all honest men." An oration, delivered at Rowley, West parish, July 4th, 1805. By Isaac Braman, A. M. Newburyport, Thomas & Whipple, pp. 20.

The first number of the Literary Miscellany, second volume. Cambridge, Hilliard.

The Monthly Register and Review of the United States, No. 2, being for the month of February, 1805. Charleston, S. C. Courier Office.

The Massachusetts Baptist Missionary Magazine, No. 2 of 3d Volume, for July, 1805. Boston, E. Lincoln. pp. 40.

NEW EDITIONS.

Volume 4th of a new and complete Encyclopædia, or universal dictionary of arts and sciences, on an improved plan, in which all the respective sciences are arranged into complete systems, and the arts digested into distinct treatises; also the detached parts of knowledge alphabetically arranged and copiously explained according to the best authorities. New York, John Lowe. Quarto. Price 5,50 per vol.

IN THE PRESS.

A small volume of Poems by John Marriot, of the society of Friends, including a short account of the author, and extracts from some of his letters. This work will be copied from an edition lately published in England, and

will be neatly printed on writing paper. New Bedford, Abraham Shearman, jun.

BY SUBSCRIPTION.

Reports of Cafes argued and determined in the Supreme Court of Errours of the State of Connecticut. Part 1. Containing twenty three Cafes, decided at the term of ſaid court at New Haven, June 1805. By Thomas Day, counſellor at law. To be publiſhed in the ſame manner, as to type and paper, with the London edition of Eaſt's Reports; and afforded to ſubſcribers at the rate of one cent per page.

INTELLIGENCE.

Extract of a letter from Charleſton, S. C. June 8, 1805:—"I ſuppoſe that ere this you have heard the progeſs, which we have made in founding a Univerſity in our ſtate, at Columbia. We have placed Mr. Maxy at the head of it as Preſident, and have a ſufficient number of ſtudents to induce us to hope that it will do well. By Capt. M'Neil, from England, we expected to have received a very large aſſortment of books and a very valuable philoſophical apparatus, but, juſt as he was off our bar, and about to enter, he was captured by a French privateer and I ſuppoſe will be taken to ſome of the Weſt India iſlands, where no doubt he will be ſold as lawful prize. He left England it ſeems, without certain documents, and it is very likely that he will be ſold and all our books, &c. with her. This is truly a great misfortune."

It affords us much pleaſure to announce the complete ſucceſs which has attended the eſtabliſhment of a Botanick Garden, under the auſpices of the Medical Society of South Carolina. The lot is incloſed and many valuable exotick plants have already been preſented. A publick meeting was held in Auguſt, for the organization of the inſtitution, and a committee choſen to ſerve till October, 1806, who call upon the publick to further the views of the eſtabliſhment. "No company (ſay they) ever met with more general patronage, nor was ever a propoſal more liberally ſubſcribed to, than that of the Botanick Garden. But the objects of attention are ſtill wanted: We have to make a collection of Plants, and requeſt that every one who feels a wiſh for the ſucceſs of our undertaking, will contribute ſomethig thereto. Thoſe Plants are chiefly ſolicited, or the ſeeds of ſuch Plants, as are remarkable either for their novelty, or beauty, for their medicinal properties, or utility in the arts. We requeſt likewiſe as much information reſpecting each as can be given, and not only with regard to the above peculiarities, but alſo as to the nature of the ſoil in which they grow, whether it be ſandy, of a rich mould, clayey, or low and watery. Likewiſe, that the roots may be incloſed in as much of the native ſoil as poſſible, and the whole of the Plant enveloped in moſs; that the name, or names, if known, ſhould be mentioned, and the part pointed out, whether the flower or fruit, the leaf, ſtem, bark, or root that had been remarkable for any peculiar property. As many Plants are now in flower, and the ſeaſon therefore unfavourable for tranſplanting them, we requeſt that ſuch may be ſet apart until the winter; but that ſome ſpecimens be now taken up with the flower perfect, and dried between ſheets of paper, that their deſcription may be more eaſily aſcertained."

The Windham Herald contains an account of the progreſs of the manufacture of ſilk in the town of Mansfield, Connecticut, by which it appears, that in the laſt year, 1804, there was produced in that town, "between twelve and thirteen hundred pounds weight of well dried raw ſilk, every pound of which when made into ſewing ſilk was worth ſeven dollars, and found a ready market." This ſilk is ſtated to be far ſuperiour to that imported, in ſtrength and durability. It is principally attended to by women and children, and therefore interferes very little with the agriculture or other purſuits. Would not the manufacture of this article be worth attention in other places than Mansfield?—*N. Y. pap.*

Mr. Hugh Maxwell, printer, of Philadelphia, has at preſent in his preſs,

Lord Strangford's Tranſlation of the Minor Poems of Camoens. Theſe beautiful poems have already had a third edition in London, and their popularity ſtill increaſes. The Britiſh criticks ſpeak highly, but not extravagantly, in their praiſe, and with ſome confidence aſſert them to be the *original* productions of the noble tranſlator himſelf. It would appear ſtrange that a poet ſhould thus needleſsly deprive himſelf of the valuable reputation which the production of ſuch poems muſt procure to him, if we did not know the modeſty of true genius. There ſeems to be no good reaſon to doubt the aſſertion of the Reviewers, one of whom has, perhaps truly, ſaid, that Camoens could not have written them. This is, indeed, high applauſe—but no one who may read them, will deny it to be juſt. They poſſeſs all the delicacy and the grace of Little's poetry, without its voluptuouſneſs; they have the harmony of Pope, the ſweetneſs of Goldſmith, and the penſive pathos of Collins, with the playful ſprightlineſs of *Little*, and after repeated peruſals, it may yet be doubtful whether *Moore* or Strangford be the better poet.—*U. S. Gaz.*

Perkins's Stereotype Bills.—It is a remark, which juſtice to the merit of Mr. Perkins and general intereſt require ſhould be made publick, that ſince the banks in this part of the country have, moſt of them, adopted his Stereotype printed Bills, thoſe hordes of counterfeiters, who formerly perplexed us, have either relinquiſhed their iniquitous trade, or fled to the ſouthward, where bills are ſtill made on the old plan, and, of courſe, liable to be counterfeited, as in fact we find they are. We have attentively examined the proceſs of making ſtereotype plates for bank bills, and are confident that Mr. Perkins, having delivered up his plates to the charge of ſome bank, could not himſelf counterfeit his own work. The uncertain degree of expanſion and contraction which takes place in preparing the ſteel, uſed in making his plates, deſtroys the poſſibility of imitation, by any ſyſtem; and in his laſt improvement he has combined with his own talents, as a dye-ſinker, the beſt execution he could command in etching and engraving. The diſcovery is invaluable, and promiſes to command univerſal attention, from the ſtrongeſt of all motives to patronage—*the intereſt of thoſe concerned.*—*Reper.*

The Firſt volume of American Annals, printing at Cambridge, by Mr. Milliard, it is expected, will be ready for ſubſcribers early in October.

Mr. Belſham has at length completed his Hiſtory of England, from the Revolution to the Peace of Amiens, in 12 uniform volumes octavo. In connection with the hiſtory of Mr. Hume, it forms an authentick ſeries of Engliſh hiſtory, from the earlieſt records to the preſent time. Six of the volumes have juſt been reprinted, with ſuch conſiderable corrections founded on new information, as to conſtitute almoſt a new work, and the eleventh and twelfth volumes appeared but a few weeks ago.

Mr. Cooke, well known as the friend of the late Samuel Foote, of facetious memory, has written a life of that celebrated character; to which he has annexed anecdotes of many of Foote's contemporaries, and a collection of his beſt *bonmots*, chiefly original.

Sir William Forbes will ſpeedily publiſh an account of the life of Dr. Beattie.

The editors of Dr. Doddridge's works, the Rev. Dr. Williams, of Rotherham, and the Rev. Edward Parſons, of Leeds, have announced their intention of publiſhing periodically, by ſubſcription, an uniform edition of the whole works of the late Preſident Edwards, of New-England, executed in the ſame elegant ſtyle as their edition of Doddridge.

At the firſt annual meeting of the Britiſh and Foreign Bible Society, held on Wedneſday, the 1ſt of May, at the New London Tavern, Cheapſide, the Right Hon. Lord Teignmouth, preſident, read from the chair a report of proceedings. It appears from this report, and the extracts of correſpondence which were afterwards read by one of the ſecretaries, that the Society had made in the courſe of this, their firſt year, a very conſiderable progreſs; a ſociety upon a ſimilar principle has, under their auſpices, been eſtabliſhed in the free Imperial city of Nurenberg, and a great degree of zeal has been excited in many other parts of the continent, both among Proteſtants and

Catholicks, for procuring and distributing the Holy Scriptures. It also appeared that in Ireland, Scotland, and Wales, the views of the Society had been cordially embraced, and that, in the two latter, collections had been made which already amount to more than two thousand pounds. The report and revised plan of the Society were unanimously adopted, and, on the motion of the Lord Bishop of Durham, seconded by Mr. Wilberforce, the warmest thanks of the meeting were voted to the Right Hon. the President, for his Lordship's faithful, zealous, and persevering, attention to the interests of the Society, during the whole period of his connection with it. Thanks were also severally voted to the Right Rev. and the other Vice-Presidents; to the Treasurers and Secretaries for their gratuitous services; to Granville Sharp, Esq. for a valuable donation of Versions of the Scriptures in various modern languages; to the Presbytery and Synod of Glasgow for their respective resolutions to promote collections for the Society; and to the several congregations throughout the United Kingdoms, from which collections have been received. The report is, we understand, in the press, and to that we must refer the publick for a more particular account of the design and success of this institution.

The Literary Club has began a subscription for erecting a monument in St. Paul's Cathedral, to the memory of Sir Joshua Reynolds, the founder of that Society.

A new edition of the works of that celebrated American patriot, Dr Franklin, consisting of his Life, by himself, together with his philosophical and other papers, will shortly be published, in periodical numbers, forming, when complete, two handsome volumes octavo.—*Lon. Mon. Mag. for July.*

M. Humboldt, the celebrated traveller, is employed in the following works. 1. A Physical Description of the Equinoctial Regions. 2. A Flora of the same. 3. The Astronomical Observations and Measurements made during his Travels between the Tropicks: and 4. in conjunction with Gay Lusac, some Treatises on Eudiometry and the Atmosphere. He intends to make a tour in Italy, and another to the most northern point of Norway.

ACCOUNT

OF

THE REV. DR. PALEY.

Died, at Bishop Wearmouth, in the county of Durham, on Saturday the 25th of May, 1805, after a violent illness of three weeks, the Rev. Dr. Paley, subdean of Lincoln and rector of Bishop Wearmouth. This distinguished literary character was born at Peterborough in 1743. His father who held a small living near that place soon afterwards removed to Giggleswick in Yorkshire, where he was appointed to be master of a grammar school, and continued to act in that capacity until his death, which happened in the year 1799. Dr. Paley was educated under his father's care, until he became a student of Christ College, Cambridge, in 1759. The first opportunities he enjoyed in the university of displaying his talents, brought him into considerable notice. About the middle of their third years, the senior sophs (as they are called) dispute in the publick schools on questions of natural and moral philosophy. In these exercises Dr. Paley was distinguished for his extraordinary quickness and sagacity, and whenever he was expected to dispute, the schools were crowded with his admirers. In the earnestness and intensity of thought he was sometimes led to dispose himself into unusual attitudes; and a drawing by Bunbury, who was a contemporary, is still remembered at Cambridge, in which one of these is happily described, and in which Dr. Watson, the present bishop of Llandaff, who then presided in the schools, forms another very prominent figure. In 1763 he took the degree of batchelor of arts, and in the previous examination had the

honour of appearing the first man of his year. His studies being now completed, and no other engagement offering, he went to be an assistant in the school at Greenwich. In that situation he remained nearly three years, and then, upon being elected fellow of Christ College, returned to a residence in the university. His election into a fellowship of the college, was very soon followed by an appointment to be one of the tutors of it. Though the duties and usefulness of the tutor of a college are in the present state of the university almost imaginary, and the progress of the young student depends upon his own industry or on private assistance, this appointment was of very considerable importance even in its literary consequences. Dr. Paley did not content himself with repeating over every year the traditional learning of the college, but endeavoured to convert the opportunities that were afforded to him into means of extending his reputation. His lectures on moral and political philosophy and on the Greek Testament contained the outlines of the works by which he has so much benefited the world, and his old pupils preserve in their note books some of the arguments and illustrations which have rendered them so celebrated and so useful. The works may therefore be said to have been occasioned by the situation which imposed upon him the duty of delivering the lectures; and though it would be absurd to conclude that they might not have been produced under very different circumstances, yet there can be no impropriety in attributing superiour efficacy to a cause of which the operation may be so distinctly traced. He had the happiness of acting with a brother tutor who was one of the ablest and most intimate of his friends, Dr. John Law, the present bishop of Elphin, son of Dr. Edmund Law, the late bishop of Carlisle. The talents and exertions of two such men of course rendered the college extremely popular; but the flourishing state to which the society attained while they were tutors, unequalled, perhaps, in the history of the university, was not entirely owing to the reputation they conferred upon it. Dr. Shepherd, the late Plumian professor, shared with them the profits of the tuition, which he very essentially contributed to enlarge; for, though without literature and without literary talents, by extensive connexions among the great, by his plausibility and activity, he made known the merits of his colleagues, and brought about them a crowd of pupils which they themselves could perhaps never have assembled. It is by intrigues without a college, and not by talents within, that it is filled. Who is the publick tutor is not in fact a very important consideration, and it has in general less weight even than it deserves. During his residence at Cambridge, Dr. Paley was intimately acquainted with almost every man who was at that time celebrated in the university. The friendship that subsisted between him and Dr. John Law has already been mentioned. Through him he became known to Dr. Edmund Law, who was master of Peterhouse, and continued to reside almost wholly at Cambridge, after he was created bishop of Carlisle in 1769. This connexion had a most important influence on Dr. Paley's life, for he owed to it an establishment in the church which induced him to abandon all the advantages of his academical situation, and directly led to those great preferments he enjoyed in the latter years of his life. Dr. Waring, the celebrated mathematician, and Dr. John Jebb, well known both by his talents and his violence in religious and political controversy, were amongst his most particular friends. The Bishop of Carlisle was always considered as very deficient in orthodoxy, and Dr. Jebb was the most notorious innovator, both in creeds and government, that disturbed the age in which he acted. The strict union and confidence in which Dr. Paley lived with them, rendered his opinions suspected, and prepared many to discover dangerous tendencies in his moral and political speculations when he had acquired reputation as a writer. Because he was a liberal thinker, they pronounced him a latitudinarian; forgetting or not being able to see, that a philosopher, who undertakes to instruct mankind, would be indelibly disgraced by sanctioning prejudices with his approbation, however useful they may be deemed, and however professional it may have been to support them. After

his return to the univerſity he continued to live in it about ten years. During this time he was rather a hard worker, than a hard ſtudent. To his engagements as a publick tutor, he added others ſtill more numerous, as a private one, and by theſe united labours was in the receipt of a very conſiderable income. This is perhaps the only uſeful way of ſpending the univerſity life. What is called its leiſure, is the abſence of all exertion. He who does not work for money, works for nothing elſe; for the mere love of reputation is quickly obliged to yield to the drowſy examples by which he is ſurrounded. Nothing more than the general outlines of his great performances was produced whilſt he reſided as Cambridge, nor had he then conceived the deſign of publiſhing at all; but what ſplendid or uſeful undertakings have been accompliſhed by men oppreſſed under the diſadvantages of ſuch a ſituation? He did not, as moſt frequently has been the caſe, loſe the power of accompliſhing them.

At no time of his life was Dr. Paley a hard ſtudent according to the common acceptation of the word, which is uſed rather to deſcribe one who reads, than one who thinks much. His works do not diſplay any very profound or extenſive acquaintance with books; they are valued not for diſcuſſing and deciding upon the opinions of learned men, but for original and enlightened reflections on the tranſactions of human life. ſuch as may be ſuppoſed to have paſſed before him, or to have come to his knowledge without any laborious inquiry. A maſter of Greek canons, and an admirer of accents would probably have looked with contempt on the literary acquiſitions of a man, whoſe genius enabled him to comprehend the moſt important truths, and to teach them with a force and perſpicuity which will be ſought for in vain in the writings of ancient or modern philoſophers. In 1770 Dr. Paley left college and married. He had at firſt a ſmall benefice in Cumberland then the living of Appleby in Weſtmoreland, worth about 300l. a-year; and in a ſhort time he was promoted to a prebendal ſtall in the cathedral of Carliſle, together with the living of Dalſton, a pleaſant village ſituated in the neighbourhood of that city, and between it and Roſe-Caſtle, the ſeat of the Biſhop. In 1782 on the reſignation of Dr. John Law who was created an Iriſh Biſhop, he was made arch-deacon of the dioceſe, and not long afterwards ſucceeded Dr. Burn, the author of the "Juſtice of the Peace," &c. in the chancellorſhip. All theſe preferments were beſtowed on him either by the biſhop or Carliſle or by the Dean and Chapter of the Cathedral Church in which Dr. John Law, who was a prebend had the leading influence. Men of genius have not often experienced ſuch bountiful patronage from the friends whom their talents have procured them. It was while his reſidence was divided between Carliſle and Dalſton, that Dr. Paley undertook to write his firſt and moſt celebrated work, "The Elements of Moral and Political Philoſophy." It would however perhaps never have been produced by a juſt confidence in his own talents, if that had not been aided by the inſtigations of Dr. John Law; who having, while they were connected together at college, enjoyed frequent opportunities of looking into his lectures, had read them with the admiration they deſerved, and had early conceived an idea that they might be expanded into a moſt uſeful treatiſe by the great abilities of the author. This he had often ſuggeſted and often urged him to carry it into execution; but Dr. Paley always objected the little attention that was paid by the publick to the moſt eminent writers on thoſe ſubjects, and after his marriage thought it his duty not to print a book that would not be bought. A living therefore becoming vacant, Dr. Law gave it to him on receiving a promiſe that he would conſider it as a compenſation for the hazard of printing, and immediately ſet about preparing his work for the preſs. The living was doubtleſs intended to be freely given to him, but his friend might juſtly think it no injurious departure from that intention, to attach a condition to the gift which was ſo likely to increaſe its value. In 1785, "The Elements of Moral and Political Philoſophy," appeared. The publick did not heſitate long about the reception of it. It was read with univerſal admiration, and editions were multiplied with a rapidity

entirely unexpected by Dr. Paley. It is dedicated to the Biſhop of Carliſle, in an addreſs which may be ſafely preferred to any complimentary compoſition in the Engliſh language. The venerable age of that diſtinguiſhed prelate, his great ſervices to mankind performed in a life devoted to the inveſtigation of moral and religious truth, and the ſignal and numerous obligations conferred by him upon the author, gave a peculiar propriety to the dedication, and furniſhed ſuch a variety, as cannot often be found, of noble and intereſting topicks. It is unneceſſary to add how they are treated: the addreſs exhibits one of the greateſt literary opportunities the moſt happily employed. It is upon this work that the reputation of Dr. Paley is principally founded, though he has exerted the whole force of his mind in many others; and its merit is ſufficient to eſtabliſh the moſt illuſtrious name. It diſplays a ſagacity, a comprehenſion and powers of communication and inſtruction which were never before ſo happily united. That indeed which diſtinguiſhes Dr. Paley from all other writers, in the art he poſſeſſed of familiarizing knowledge. He has the ſolidity of a philoſopher, without his ſolemnity and reſerve; he has diſencumbered truth of its ſcholaſtick trappings, and accommodated it to the commoneſt underſtandings. So great is his excellence in this reſpect, that it has perhaps operated againſt his reputation. Becauſe he is intelligible, he is thought to be not profound: for the ſcholar is often leaſt apt to reverence the knowledge of his maſter, when he moſt readily apprehends his inſtructions. The political ſpeculations, if not the moſt valuable part of his work, are certainly that part in which his talents are moſt eminently diſplayed. His Obſervations on the Laws and Conſtitution of this Kingdom ſhew that he had imbibed very largely the ſpirit of our juriſprudence, and are founded upon enlarged views, ſuch as are rarely taken by thoſe who, in the courſe of their profeſſional ſtudies, make greater legal acquiſitions.

(To be continued)

Statement of Diſeaſes in Boſton, for Auguſt.

Dyſentery and cholera infantum have been the prevailing diſeaſes this month; the former however leſs ſo, during the latter part of it. The hooping cough more general, than in the preceding month. Cholera morbus of adults has alſo been no uncommon diſeaſe for the laſt two or three weeks, but has generally been the conſequence of errour in diet, or imprudent expoſure to the dampneſs and chill of a night air, after the extreme heat of the day. Fevers of a typhoid character have been leſs frequent, than in the former part of the ſummer. Cutaneous affections of children, and other conſequences of atony and indigeſtion, have appeared, as the natural conſequences of alternate heat and cold, peculiar to the ſeaſon.

The cow pox has been an object of greater attention this month than uſual, in conſequence of an inſtance of variola; but is again ſinking into its former neglect.

Deaths in Boſton, from July 26 to Auguſt 22, as reported to the Board of Health.

	M.	F.	CH.
Accident, 70,	1		
Bilious colic, 36,	1		
Cholera, 26, 52, 22, 2,		3	2
Cholera infantum, 9m. 11m. 5m.			3
Conſumption, 86, 50, 18, 35, 30, 66,	4	2	
Diarrhœa, 2,		1	
Drowned, 16, 8, 7,	3		
Dyſentery and fever, 17,	1		
Hooping cough, 4,			1
Infan. compla. 7m. 3w. 3m. 18m.			7
Lung fever, 63,		1	
Maraſmus, 8, 1, 2, 2, 1, 8m.			6
Nervous fever, 27,	1		
Pluriſy and Stranguary, 56,	1		
Rickets and fever, 3,		1	
Spiny bifida, 3w.			1
Spaſmod. aſthma, 3m.			1
Stranguary, 57,		1	
Typhus fever, 23, 40,	2		
Diſeaſes not returned, 46, 8, 20, 79, 10, 46, 38, 21, 48, 19, 5, 8m. 16m.	4	8	4
	18	17	25

5 perſons from the alms-houſe. Total 65

NOTES.

THE "notice" of the remarks of one of our correſpondents, which appeared in the laſt number of the Literary Miſcellany, we confeſs we have not read with indifference. The obſervations which we admitted, though not perhaps very lenient, appeared to us dignified and temperate. They ſeemed to be the language of a friend, or they would never have been admitted; though indeed of a friend, who could ſee defects as well as excellence; who though willing to be pleaſed, was unable to commend without limitation or exception. With the Literary Miſcellany we ſurely could have no wiſh to contend; for moſt of us have felt more than a ſtranger's partiality for it, and none of us think of the ſociety, under whoſe auſpices it was commenced, without reſpect. The idea of competition we have never for a moment entertained; and though we have whatever right to publick favour priority of birth can beſtow, yet we have never felt any Turkiſh jealouſy of this "brother near the throne." We have always thought, that within the ample domains of literature, there was enough to find us both employment without interference; that while we were engaged in the humble employment of collecting the ſcattered and neglected flowers of its fields, we might reſign to them the more dignified taſk of cultivating the oaks of ſcience, and enriching the ſoil around their roots. Having ſuch feelings, it was with a warmer ſenſation than ſurprize, that we ſaw the pages of the Miſcellany diſgraced with a publication containing ſo much illiberal cenſure and unmanly ſarcaſm. Illiberal, we ſay, becauſe there was no attempt to refute the writer of the obſervations, and unmanly becauſe it contained ſo much *groſs* and *contemptible perſonality*. If it had been merely an attack on the ſentiments of the author, though it had been ever ſo ſevere, we ſhould have been the laſt to complain; for it is one of our principles that ſatire if juſt muſt be beneficial, if unfounded muſt be impotent. If a writer then advances any thing diſputable—let him be refuted; if any thing weak, or unjuſt—let *his writings* be condemned and chaſtiſed; but there is ſomething in perſonal alluſions, which argues weakneſs in the cauſe, or rancour in its defender; ſomething of littleneſs, which a man of ſpirit would deſpiſe; and ſomething of diſingenuity, which would not be reſorted to by a man of honour and generoſity.

Theſe obſervations flow from our regard to the writer, who honoured the Anthology with his eſſay; one whom though we have not the happineſs of numbering among our ſociety, yet from the knowledge, which ſome of us have of him, we are ſure is infinitely removed beyond the reach of ſuch weapons; and who will feel only one emotion, when he reads the "notice of his obſervations."

The Literary Wanderer is neceſſarily omitted.

In the next Anthology, our ſociety will commence a ſeries of original Eſſays.

We ſhall alſo preſent our readers with a continuation of the very delightful letters on the paintings of the Louvre, with a continuation of the review of the Hiſtorical Collections, with reviews of Story's Pleadings, of Morſe and Pariſh's, and Adams' Hiſtories of New-England, &c.

Boſton, Sept. 1, 1805.

ERRATA.—*Page* 402, *5th line from the bottom, for* fuiſſit *read* fuiſſet. *Page* 403, *beginning of quotation from Æneid.* IX. *for* turis *read* turris. *Page* 406, *8th line from bottom, for* camea *read* cameo.

THE

MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY,

FOR

SEPTEMBER, 1805.

BOTANIST. No. 11.

If love be any refinement, conjugal love must be certainly so in a much higher degree. It is the parent of substantial virtues and agreeable qualities, and cultivates the mind while it improves the behaviour.——Spectator No. 525.

We dedicate the present number to such of our fair countrywomen, as honour these essays with perusal. Our Flora, on this occasion, has bound her cheerful brow with *myrtle* and placed the *white rose* in her bosom.* We have moreover selected for a motto a passage from that accomplished scholar and friend of the sex, Addison, as containing a charming sentiment, every way proper to precede the history of a female, who not only shone with uncommon splendour as an artist and a botanist, but was rendered still more conspicuous by the additional lustre of conjugal affection, which virtue she exercised at the darkest periods and during the most distressful pangs of human calamity.

Our fair readers will pardon us, if we should fail in celebrating conjugal affection, the groundwork of all the domestick virtues. Teachers of righteousness themselves may excuse us, if we cast a look of regret towards this too much neglected portion of moral philosophy. We have colleges for teaching every art and science. We have minute directions in gardening and in agriculture. We have numberless books on the doctrine of business; on self policy, or the art of rising in life; on oratory, and on politicks; while that which is worth them all, *the doctrine of domestick happiness*, is left comparatively uncultivated,....yet this is that philosophy, spoken of by Lord Bacon, which of all others "*comes home to men's business and bosoms.*"

The history of every civilized nation, nay every man's own recollection, affords abundant proofs, that the female mind is equally capable with that of the male. It is situation and circumstances, that rouse the latent energies of the female soul. Whence is it, that the children of widows become generally better men and better women, than children brought up in conjunction with a father? It is, because afflictive circumstances have called forth the dormant energies of heroick woman, and perfected a virtue peculiar to the sex; a virtue, which originated in conjugal affection. Can this

* Plants sacred to love in ancient mythology.

evanescent world, this anxious scene exhibit a more interesting sight to the philosopher, than a virtuous widow weeping over her "*houseless child of want?*" Yes! there is one picture still more affecting. It is where the father and husband is worse than dead, through his folly and his crimes. Here, if conjugal love has not been ripened into maternal affection, and grown up into the highest of stoical virtues, nay more, sublimed into religion, the wretched woman sinks into intemperance or is lost in despair. An over anxious and unrestrained fondness is not true maternal affection. The fowls of the air and the beasts of the field have also a blind and furious fondness for their young. Maternal affection is where judgment draws more closely the bonds of nature.

The happiness of the conjugal state appears heightened, says Addison, to the highest degree it is capable of, when we see two persons of accomplished minds not only united in the same interests and affections, but in their taste of the same improvements, pleasures, and diversions. Pliny, one of the finest gentlemen and politest writers among the Romans, has left us, in his letter to Hispalla, his wife's aunt, one of the most agreeable family pieces of this kind ever seen. We refer our readers to 525th number of the Spectator for the letter itself, and hasten to give an account of an ingenious and excellent woman, who enlivened the dungeon of her husband with flowers and entwined his fetters with the *rose* and the *myrtle*.

It is a singular fact, says Dr. Pulteney, that physick is indebted for the most complete set of figures of the medicinal plants to the genius and industry of a lady, exerted on an occasion, that redounded highly to her praise. The name of

MRS. ELIZABETH BLACKWELL

is well known, both from her own merit and the fate of her unfortunate husband, who, condemned for crimes of state, suffered death on the scaffold in Sweden, in the year 1747.

We are informed, she was the daughter of a merchant in the neighbourhood of Aberdeen; of which city Dr. Alexander Blackwell, her husband, was a native, and where he received an university education and was early distinguished for his classical knowledge. By some he is said only to have assumed the title of Doctor after his successful attendance on the king of Sweden; but I believe the more probable account is, that of his having taken the degree of Doctor of Physick under Boerhaave at Leyden. After having failed in his attempt to introduce himself into practice, first in Scotland, and afterwards in London, he became corrector to a printing press, and soon after commenced printing himself. But being prosecuted by the trade, and at length involved in debt, was thrown into prison. To relieve these distresses, Mrs. Blackwell, having a genius for drawing and painting, exerted all her talents; and, understanding that an herbal of medicinal plants was greatly wanted, she exhibited to Sir Hans Sloane, Dr. Mead, and other physicians, some specimens of her art in painting plants, who

approved so highly of them, as to encourage her to prosecute a work, by the profits of which she is said to have procured her husband's liberty, after a confinement of two years. Dr. Isaac Rand was at that time Demonstrator to the Company of Apothecaries, in the garden at Chelsea. By his advice she took up her residence opposite the Physick Garden in order to facilitate her design by receiving the plants as fresh as possible. He not only promoted her work with the publick, but, together with the celebrated Philip Miller, afforded her all possible direction and assistance in the execution of it. After she had completed the drawings, *she engraved them on copper* and coloured the prints with her own hands. During her abode at Chelsea, she was frequently visited by persons of quality and many scientifick people, who admired her performances and patronized her undertaking.

On publishing the first volume, in 1737, she obtained a recommendation from Dr. Mead, Dr. Sherard, Dr. Rand, and others, to be prefixed to it. And being allowed to present, in person, a copy to the College of Physicians, that body made her a present, and gave her a publick testimonial of their approbation; with leave to prefix it to her book. The second volume was finished in 1739, and the whole published under the following title: "*A curious Herbal, containing 500 Cuts of the most useful plants which are now used in the practice of Physick, engraved on folio copper-plates, after drawings taken from the life. By Elizabeth Blackwell. To which is added, a short description of the Plants, and their common uses in Physick.* 1739." 2 Vol. fol.

The drawings are in general faithful; and if there is wanting that accuracy, which modern improvements have rendered necessary in delineating the more minute parts, yet, upon the whole, the figures are sufficiently distinctive of the subject. Each plate is accompanied with an engraved page, containing the Latin and English officinal names, followed by a short description of the plant, and a summary of its qualities and uses. After these occur the name in various other languages. These illustrations were the share her husband took in the work. This ill-fated man, after his failure in physick, and in printing, became an unsuccessful candidate for the place of secretary to the Society for the Encouragement of Learning. He was made superintendant of the works belonging to the Duke of Chandos, at Cannons, and experienced those disappointments, incident to projectors. He formed schemes in agriculture and wrote a treatise on the subject, which we are told was the cause of his being engaged in Sweden. In that kingdom, he drained marshes, practised physick, and was even employed in that capacity for the king. At length he was involved in some state cabals, or, as some accounts have it, in a plot with Count *Tessin*, for which he suffered death, protesting his innocence to the last.*

So respectable a performance as Mrs. Blackwell's attracted the

* Dr. Pulteney's historical and biographical sketches of the progress of Botany in England

attention of physicians on the continent. It was translated into German and republished at Norimberg in 1750. To this edition was prefixed a most elaborate and learned catalogue of botanical authors. In 1773 a supplemental volume, exhibiting plants omitted by Mrs. Blackwell, was published under the direction of Ludwig, Rose, and Boehmer. In this form the work of this learned and ingenious lady surpassed all that had been published. We hope the patrons of botany, that beautiful handmaid of medicine, will gratify the ladies of America with a sight of these splendid books, not merely as a valuable treasure of botanical knowledge, but to show the men to what degree of perfection the other sex may ascend, when their talents are called forth sublimed by conjugal affection.

ORIGINAL LETTERS.

ACCOUNT OF PAINTINGS IN THE LOUVRE.

Continued from p. 402.

No. II.

Paris, March 5, 1804.

DEAR FRIEND,

I WILL not wait for an answer to my letter, but continue to write while I have any thing to say; as I have the vanity to think, that nothing, which I might esteem worthy of saying, will ever be unacceptable to you. I endeavoured in my last to give you some notion of the great gallery here. I said much of Raphael, and much of Paul Veronese. I promised also to send a word or two concerning Titian and Rubens. Of the latter's works almost the whole of the Luxembourg gallery is composed; so that one may have the advantage of gathering his character, as an artist, from a variety and number of pictures, which are no where else to be seen collected of any one painter. The subjects of this series of his works, I suppose, you are acquainted with. They are all allegorical; a branch of the art which Sir Joshua thought best suited to the powers of Rubens. They all, in fact, contain some story; but such a story as would not reward curiosity to know. Yet such is the splendid, overpowering fascination of his pencil, that every picture rises from his hand with a magnificent prodigality, that seemingly could only flow from stores extracted from the richest sources. Most painters elevated themselves on the grandeur of their subjects; but it was Rubens' delight to raise dignity from meanness. No man ever possessed such a power of commanding; he enchains the attention even where he has nothing to say. Like a mighty orator his very looks, his very gestures, are significant; they awe us into silence and inspire us with expectation; and if his words should not be to the purpose, they are such, as at least, to extort admiration; if they do not convict us with arguments, they, at least, enrapture us with their melody,

and overpower us with their splendour.

Thus o'er his Art indignant Rubens rear'd
His mighty head, nor critick armies fear'd.
His lawless style, from cold subjection free,
Impetuous rolling, like a troubled sea,
High o'er the rocks of reason's ridgy verge
Impending hangs; but, ere the foaming surge
Breaks o'er the bound, the under-ebb of taste
Back from the shore impels the watry waste.*

SMELFUNGUS.

* I suppose you well know that on the sea shore every breaker forms a returning current, which makes its way under the succeeding waves, and of course impels them back towards the ocean.

THE REMARKER. No. 1.

Quæ, quum brevi ostendit quod dictum sit, proponit item breviter quod consequatur.
AUC. ad HERENN.

BAYLE in one of the notes to the life of Tavernier has justly remarked, that an author, who publishes his work, becomes a party in a publick trial for his literary reputation. This is a metaphor, so striking in its applicability, that it singularly involves argument and illustration. In the opening number of a series of essays, I have therefore determined to avoid all apology; not that apology is unnecessary, but because it is useless. Excuse is indeed the ordinary refuge of guilt, and necessity of explanation implies mysteriousness of conduct; but though perfectly conscious of literary weakness, to excuse I shall not resort, to explanation I shall not condescend. In the early feudal ages the *juramentum expurgationis*, either of the party or the vicinage, was high testimony of innocence; but society has changed; we live in a different age, andmust therefore submit to different institutions.

When a new production in literature is presented to the publick, they have a right to know the object, which it proposes to attain, and the principles, on which it is established. This right has generally been acknowledged by authors, in every department of letters, without any dispute; but, by the writers of regular unconnected essays alone, the obligation is lost in the pleasure of the act, and the simple duty is transmuted into a refinement of elegant courtesy. This difference of conduct is curious, and its cause deserves investigation. It results partly from diversity of temper, which alone is mighty in operation among the affairs of men, and principally from the diversity of literary pursuits. The writer of short unlaboured speculations commonly inculcates the excellence, advantages, and necessity of practical ethics; his literary opinions and criticisms are light, easy, and sparkling, without deep erudition or perplexing abstruseness; sometimes he may examine the solid foundations of morality; and religion sometimes receives from his aid new reasons of obligation and new enforcements of obedience. He who discusses these beautiful or su-

blime subjects must be strangely deficient in duty, if he neglect to discourse gallantly to his readers on his intended manner of execution; on the objects, which occupy his mind, and the principles, which invigorate his exertion. As he sometimes trifles with the fashions of the day, and either sportively talks of concerts and plays, of scandal and the tea table, or seriously censures high gaming and loo parties, he should always endeavour to attract attention to his work by commencing his papers with courteous respect, as the christian knights of chivalry always bowed low to the ladies, when they entered the ground of the tournament. He ought to open his subject, not as if it were exacted by stern authority from servile obedience, but as if intended to conciliate affection and substantiate esteem.

Other writers have other pursuits and are animated by different rewards. They are not "men of honour;" or, if ever they attempt to imitate the graciousness of Sir Philip Sydney or the glowing soul of Tasso's Tancred, they shew by their impotence and abominable folly, that they are made of the dust and are "stale and unprofitable." This *genus inutile* bury themselves among the manuscripts of museums or the ruins of cities; they traverse deserts, plunge into caverns, and listen to cataracts;...the historian discusses the travels of Alexander beyond Indus and the Panjab; the metaphysician talks learnedly of occult forms and the Gnostick æons; while the naturalist treats of the strata of mountains and the Megalonyx or the Mammoth; and the antiquary decyphers his Otho and the Isiack hieroglyphicks. As these subjects, in the opinion of the authors, are very abstruse, useful, and important, they always demand submission to their sentiments and reverence for their labours. These lords in literature never think of reconciling disgust, of propitiating indifference, or strengthening goodwill; the world must remain under the deepest obligations for such unmerited favours; the ponderous folios must be received by mankind with gratitude, like magnificent gifts, without questioning the value of the present, or the motive of the donor. Such men, in the republick of letters, are like Roman dictators; they silence disputes by punishment, and punish disobedience with death.

The periodical essayist has not received a suitable degree of esteem and admiration from the world, whom he has endeavoured to benefit. If we except the *Spectator* of Addison and the *Rambler* of Johnson, it will not be easy to mention another, who has been honoured and courted according to the goodness of his intentions, the rectitude of his principles, and the perseverance of his labours. The *Adventurer* is sometimes quoted, and the *Mirror* and *Looker-On* are read and regarded, but all the others, from the *Tatler* to the *Pic Nic*, which now lies on the English breakfast table unknown or unregarded, have either gone down to the quiet repose of oblivion, or else are fast hastening to the place of their original destination. Sometimes indeed they will reappear in clusters, like half dead

swallows raked up from a mud pool, and when they have been warmed by a bird catcher, like Harrison or Chalmers, they will faintly twitter for a summer, and then die together all in a heap. Sometimes a solitary writer will burst from the tomb, like Hamlet's father, in strength of arms and kingly apparel, but he ranges only a little while, and when "the glow worm shews the matin to be near," he feels an impotent revenge, descends into the earth, and never can return. Surely these writers deserved better rewards. Their intention was honest and laudable, and these qualities merit some real celebrity. For every good wish, I should hope, there is due a little applause, and for every virtuous exertion I would not circumscribe the sphere of renown.

If the periodical compositions of England are in general forgotten, what fate awaits the American essayist? Even the name is lost in early life. I know not indeed, that our country has added many such works to the bills of literary mortality. The *Lay Preacher* is still alive, but he confines his sermons to the wayfaring people and lives in woods and by the pleasant running waters. I am sure, that there is a gentleman in full health and vigour, beloved by all the Muses and the Graces too, though residing in the noise, and bustle, and business of a great metropolis, who is the friend and father of the Lay Preacher, and I could wish that he would deck this offspring in his Sunday clothes and introduce him to the gay world, to the circles of the fair, the witty, and the great; for I am certain that his short discourses would please the lounger and the ladies, and all would be highly interested in his manners and learning, his company and his talk. Besides this country youth, I once knew, though I now only faintly recollect, a *Gleaner*; but she was ugly as a gypsey and spoke gibberish. An English gleaner with a clean blue stocking and a new straw hat is pretty, and civil, and modest, but the other gleaner nobody cared for; where she has gone to, nobody can tell; I heard a report, that she had died many years ago in a garret or a cellar, forgotten and alone, and I have no doubt, that the story is perfectly true, for her nearest relations know nothing about her.

If there have been any other periodical publications in America, which have assumed the dress of a volume, they have never come to my knowledge, and I can only beg pardon of the authors for not noticing their names. Perhaps there have been many, and perhaps none. But whether the number is great or small, I have no doubt, that they were written with the most praiseworthy intentions. I believe, that the object to be promoted was important or interesting, and that the principles were honest and pure. If then they are forgotten, let not unsuccessful uprightness be depressed; honour and renown are often the portion of knaves and fools; merit is frequently disregarded by the undiscerning multitude, but in the other world every pure motive and every virtuous attempt will be accepted and rewarded.

The *Remarker* claims no high favours ; he only requests a little attention. This may be easily granted, even by merchants and speculators. As he intends either to instruct or entertain, perhaps every one may be willing to know if the intention is fulfilled. But whether the essays are regarded with indifference and neglect, or received with welcome and wreaths, it may gratify the severe censor and the careless reader to know, that as the company at the luxurious banquets of the polished Athenians was never less than the Graces, and never more than the Muses in number ; so by rhetorical inversion of metaphor, the writers of the Remarker, who are to furnish the feast, will be equinumerant to the guests at the Attick entertainments. Such therefore will be the variety of sentiment and composition, that I trust that the readers of this periodical work will be as numerous as the crowded population of Athens ; and I hope, that its criticks will be as candid and discerning, as the pure judges of truth and refinement, who guided the taste and extended the glory of that nurse of arts, the Queen of Greece, the *omnium doctrinarum inventrix*. —— Q.

OBSERVATIONS

ON ALLOWING THE CLERGY THE OCCASIONAL USE OF PRINTED DISCOURSES.

Andrew Norton

Of the clergy of New-England it cannot be denied, that they are sedulous and fervent in duty, with little hope of human praise and with no view of worldly promotion. It may be doubted however, whether the composition of weekly discourses, in which perhaps the greater part of their time is employed, be not laborious without proportional utility. Why this should be so rigidly required, why a good man should thus, as it were, despise all eloquence and reject all instruction, but what is the immediate labour of his clergyman, it may be difficult to tell. There are published in our language many sermons, such as no common preacher hopes to excel ; and it might be for the benefit of all who preach and all who hear, that their use should be occasionally allowed.

By intermingling the sermons of others, there would be leisure for a clergyman to mature and perfect his own. He would be relieved from the irksomeness of delivering hasty compositions dissatisfying himself ; and his hearers might hope to be often pleased and seldom offended, since his selections would probably be good and his compositions need not be negligent.

There is however, little ingenuity necessary to discover one's objection to this proposal ; that it is an innovation. In our times we have seen so much good destroyed with the pretence of removing evil, and so many rash experiments, in which present blessings have been hazarded and wasted in unsuccessful attempts to procure greater, that he may be excused who has forgotten, that to alter is sometimes to improve. This is however an

objection, which will rather deter us from examining, than assist us in deciding on the question. It is addressed to our fears, not to our understanding.

It is indeed seldom good to destroy what time has spared; what it has rendered familiar is to be loved, and what it has sanctioned is to be reverenced. But it is the principle of the institution, not the defects of the one nor the abuses of the other, which are to be preserved. Though the tree, bearing fruit, is not to be cut down that we may rear a better in its place, yet it is more than allowable, it is required, to prune away branches which are useless or unhandsome.

The opposition to this proposal from weakness at least amiable, or from principles at least prudent, will not however be the most difficult to remove. There are some, I have no doubt, who will say, that if this periodical labour be in any degree dispensed with, they shall not have from their clergyman the full value of what they have a right to require. I may have weakened the force of this objection by stating it with too much delicacy. The weapon which is clumsy and blunt must be impelled harshly to give it effect.

To spend his life in doing that, which to do well requires talents that are given to few and leisure which is now allowed to none, and the latter more especially, as the former may be wanting, is not one of the principal and essential duties of a clergyman. He is to administer the sacraments of our religion. He is set apart and consecrated from common services to offer up the prayers of his people. He is to be among them as it were a father, admonishing by his example and reproving by his neglect. There is assigned to him a more than ordinary share of the duties of charity and consolation; he is to "remember the forgotten, to attend to the neglected, and to visit the forsaken." The eloquence of his life should indeed be seconded by the less effectual eloquence of the pulpit; but his publick discourses will not be less pleasing if sometimes the adopted favourites of his taste, and not always the immature offspring of his invention.

I have been hitherto considering the subject, as if the labours of his profession were the only labours of a clergyman; but those, who think their minister intended "for nothing but to write," sometimes however believe that, as a man, he has much other duty to perform. The charge of their souls being little better than a sinecure, they cannot consent that it should be his only employment. A country clergyman is frequently both a farmer, and, to boarding scholars at least, a schoolmaster. "The wisdom of a learned man," says an authority not lightly to be despised, "cometh by opportunity of leisure; and he, that hath little business shall become wise. How can he get wisdom that holdeth the plough, and that glorieth in the goad; that driveth oxen, and is occupied in their labours, and whose talk is of bullocks?"

The hurried manner, in which the sermons of our clergy are at present necessarily composed, not only renders them less valuable, but induces habitual carelessnes-

and inattention. He, who is often obliged to take into service whatever thoughts chance first to offer, that his required number may be complete, will lose the power of selection by prescriptive disuse. The faculties of the mind, (literary taste and acuteness, certainly as much as any) become torpid, and decay if neglected. As for invention too, whatever may be thought, there is almost as little opportunity for its exercise in these prolifick labours, as for that of taste. There are very many acknowledged truths and prevailing prejudices; very many propositions, which, when enforced, no man feels more strongly, because no man ever denies; very much beautiful imagery, which has however lost a little of lustre by continual use; and all this common treasure is at the service of him, to whom is no proper wealth from the labours of invention.

The man of genius, who *paints for eternity* must paint like Apelles, and the man who, with moderate talents, would attain moderate excellence, must use similar labour; labour not diffused without effect over a multitude of objects, but concentrated and illuminating one. He, who would write what may be read with instruction or delight, must patiently accumulate his treasures and employ them with careful munificence. Many of our clergy however (not perhaps from any personal fault, but from the unfortunate neglect of literature among us) enter their profession with the little knowledge of a very defective education, and that little every day decaying; not even acquainted for the most part with the classical languages, those keys, which beside admitting us into the pleasant paths of ancient poetry and eloquence, open the way into the holy *penetralia* of our religion. Ignorant as they may be however of books or of men, they are still to write, not "*with patient* touches of unwearied art," but continually and hastily; and their labours must become every day more feeble, as their minds are more exhausted. Why should leisure be denied to these, to learn what they ought to have learned before, to write slowly, and thus perhaps to write well? Why should it be denied to those, whose education has been more complete, and who by promoting the literature may promote the elegance, and taste, and virtue, and power of our country?

Religion has appointed her holy days as resting places for man, where he may stop to review the past and to prepare for the future. They should be sacred from the cares of life. The Temple of God (to apply the language of inspiration) should be *a refuge from the storm and a shadow from the heat*. They are intended to recal us from business and from pleasure, and to disengage us from their allurements; they are intended too, to give to those, struggling with misfortune, a truce at least from the warfare of the world.

That the recurrence of these days should by every proper means be rendered delightful, who will deny? Yet who will affirm, that the publick exercises of these days are always such as to allure attendance? Who will af-

firm, that he has not sometimes been wearied and sometimes disgusted? Who will affirm, that the ridicule of the light and the gay has not sometimes glanced from the speaker to his subject, and even religion and virtue become less respected by the meanness of their advocates? Who will affirm, that former good impressions have not been partially defaced by him, who has unskilfully attempted to renew them?

These are questions, I know, not lightly to be asked; the implied assertions are not hastily to be made. But these evils, if they do exist, (a thing very unpleasant to believe, but hard to be doubted) may be removed, in some degree at least, by allowing such as want leisure occasionally, and such as want talents often to resort to the volumes of those, who have "*poured out doctrine as prophecy and left it to all the ages forever.*"

The writings of men of former days with their real excellence, whatever it may be, have beside an accidental recommendation. In every age and country there are favourite virtues and prevailing vices, and these vices are frequently nothing more, than those virtues degenerate and excessive, engrafted upon some one of the passions, instead of growing naturally from principle. Now these vices, though most requiring censure, will be engaged with too little disfavour by men, who are themselves interested in the passing scene, who are affected by the prejudices and have their share of the character of the age, and whose disgust is weakened by frequency of observation. It is from those alone, who have lived in times of a different character, that rigid and impartial sentence is to be expected upon vices, which did not then shelter themselves under the name of some favourite good quality. He who travels may divest himself of the prejudices of his country; he who studies the works of our forefathers may free himself from the prejudices of his age; he who studies their morality may free himself from its vices.

I would therefore recal as it were to the pulpit the sacred orators of other times. I would recal the various eloquence of South, the persuasive sincerity of Tillotson, the equable elegance of Atterbury, and the Grecian simplicity of Sherlock.*

Cernere uti videamur eos audi-
reque coram
Morte obita, quorum tellus amplectitur ossa.

I would thus recal in some measure the virtues of our forefathers, and entwine our elegance of manners around their strength of principle.

* There are others, whom I am not worthy to praise; but though many, like me, may have not read their discourses, all have heard of Butler, and Barrow, and Clarke.

SILVA. No. 7.

In ingeniis quoque, sicut in agris, quamquam alia diu serantur & atque elaborentur, graviora tamen quæ sua sponte nascuntur.—TACITUS.

MRS. RATCLIFFE.

I CLAIM the privilege of being one of the admirers of this wonderful woman. It is easy to find a thousand faults with her writings, and faults, which cannot be defended on any of the canons of criticism. But I have forgotten her faults, and remember only her beauties. Her imagination is inexhaustible, and her fancy sometimes displays itself in descriptions, of unequalled beauty. She is in truth always a poet, except when she writes verses. Her grand excellence however is in the conception and impression of character, and her greatest character is undoubtedly Schedoni. There is nothing within the whole compass of the Epos or Drama superiour to it. It is long since I read the Italian, and yet the image of the dark, mysterious, horrible monk is almost as vivid, as when it was first impressed. The scene on the seashore no reader ever yet forgot.—And this woman is now a maniack.

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IMPURITY OF THE CLASSICKS.

WE hear much of late from the opposers of learning of the licentiousness of the classicks and of its effect on youth. Those, who can read them, however, laugh at the charge. Would such writings have received the approbation and almost devotion of Hooker, of Hales, of Mede, and of Fenelon? I designedly name men of even punctilious piety. The truth is, the charge proceeds from those, who do not read the classicks; all who do, know that it is groundless. The impurity, which words can excite, arises from irregular associations, and these associations, if they exist, cannot be excited by the words of a language which has ceased to be spoken. With a man indeed of such an imagination, so polluted as to find impurity in the most unmeaning expression, this may not be true. But happily debauchees never read the Classicks. In order however to destroy the efficacy of this feeble weapon, expurgated editions of the most licentious writers have been published, and in their zeal the University of Paris sometimes proceeded to a laughable extreme. It must certainly, for instance, be a most termagant chastity, which can apprehend danger from Horace's *Dulce ridentem Lalagen amabo*, yet it was thought necessary to change the line to *Dulce ridentes socios*, and an edition was actually published with this mutilation.

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POETRY OF MOORE.

BUT harmless as is the licentiousness of the classicks, it is impossible to look with equal indifference on the same fault in our own language, and in our own times. The poetry of Moore is read with emotions bordering on horrour, by every mind which retains any sanctity and healthiness of principle. It is indeed without parallel. Even

Catullus, the careless and vivacious libertine Catullus, in an age of the deepest profligacy, thinks some apology necessary, and confesses,

Castum esse decet pium poetam,

though he thinks, that a writer of *little verses* may be indulged with some licence. It is then a subject of serious and almost awful consideration, that in the present state of society any writer should presume thus to cry "Havock" against decency, and that his poems should find admission into any other libraries, than those of a brothel.—I feel and admire the talents of Moore. But is his reputation to rest on no nobler basis? Can he consent to be deified by prostitutes, or to have his praises chaunted only amid the wild and lascivious revelry of the crew of Comus? Is this a worthy exercise of the bright-eyed fancy of the poet? And can he think, without shuddering, that his writings may gave contributed to awaken the yet dormant passions of innocence, or to revive the loathsome prurience of gray and tottering iniquity?

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JOHNSON'S VANITY OF HUMAN WISHES.

THE Vanity of Human Wishes is I think fully equal to the 10th satire of Juvenal; though that satire is doubtless the master piece of its author. Johnson above any writer that can be named was formed to be the imitator of Juvenal; an author whose peculiarity he describes, "as a mixture of gaity and stateliness; of pointed sentences and declamatory grandeur," but who is without any of those aerial and indescribable beauties, which are the offspring of feeling and taste, and which Johnson, as he could not feel, could neither imitate, nor admire. The subject too is peculiarly fortunate; so darkened and solemn; so kindred to the melancholy philosophy of the author of Rasselas. It calls forth all the felicity of his powers, and if he is ever a poet it is in this imitation. The portrait of Charles XII., corresponding to that of Hannibal in the original, is singularly happy. I know not which to prefer, though the greater merit is undoubtedly Juvenal's, because in the finest passages Johnson imitates him most closely. The instance of Wolsey is not a perfect parallel with Juvenal's Sejanus, though it might not perhaps be easy to select a better. The lines themselves too are indifferent; while the description of Sejanus is given in Juvenal's keenest and most vigorous manner. Johnson's closing lines are noble and inimitable. I wonder however, that he should neglect a sentiment of the original, which I suppose is by far the most sublimated and devout; by far the brightest apprehension of the Divine Benevolence, that can be found in the writings of all antiquity. It is this short sentence.

Carior est Diis homo quam sibi. l. 250.
More dear to God than to himself is man. GIFFORD.

—

FAITH.

THERE is a story in one of Dr. Jortin's works, which I will transcribe, because it is a good one in itself; but principally because it will display the manner in which

he enlivens his writings, and relaxes the melancholy brow of Ecclesiastical History.

'Since it is sometimes so nice a thing,' says he, 'to settle the boundaries between orthodoxy and heterodoxy, the only way to be safe is to imitate the prudent monk, who, when Satan would have drawn him into heterodoxy by asking his opinion on a certain point, answered, *Id credo, quod credit ecclesia.* But *Quid credit ecclesia*, said Satan. *Id quod ego credo*, replied the other.'

—

HORACE WALPOLE.

THERE is no man, of any rank in literature, who seems to me to have lived more completely in vain, than Lord Orford. He used life, as if he thought it a bauble, which we are to toss about for a few hours, and when we are weary, to resign ourselves to repose, which will never be interrupted. He amused himself, for none of his works have claims to a more dignified character than amusing, with writing "Historick doubts," which have some ingenuity, without either accuracy or utility; a "Catalogue of royal and noble authors," of some value, but of little merit; the "Mysterious Mother" & "Anecdotes of painting," which are said to be his best attempts. Besides these he published some pretty letters and some neglected verses. The rest of his life was wasted in writing a romance, determining the antiquity of a picture, reviving forgotten scandal, or retailing bon mots. Such a man as this however did not fear to deride Johnson, dislike Cervantes, and ridicule christianity.

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AMERICAN POETRY.

THE common charge against us of poverty of genius is least easily eluded, when we are told, that America has never yet produced a poet of more than second rate excellence. We can account pretty well, for not having any rivals to the philosophers and scholars of Europe; but poetry has no necessary alliance with opulence and refinement. Its fullest and richest tones have often been heard, where science never raised her voice, and refinement never imprinted her footsteps. The birth place of the original poet has often been, where, as in our country, nature appears in all her rudeness, where the mountains rise in their unsubdued and gigantick elevations, the cataracts fall without mechanical precipitation, and the rivers roll without artificial meanders. The only reason, that I can think of, without admitting the justice of the charge, is, that our writers import the style and imagery of the poets of England, as much as our merchants do its wares. The new appearances of nature in our country, one would think, ought to have extended the limits of an art confessedly imitative. But our poets have been contented with attempting to revive the lilies and roses of Europe, all whose leaves are withered, and all whose fragrance is exhausted by having been so long plucked, and having been transferred to so many possessors. When we are farther advanced in refinement, we shall have poetry of as much beauty, as any that has recently appeared in Europe; but whilst we contin-

ue to receive our riches by inheritance, and not to produce them by our vigour, we shall not be able to boast of any imperishable name; of one, who may sit down with Homer, Milton, and Shakespeare.

VOLTAIRE ON VIRGIL.

GENTLEMEN,

I SEND to you for publication in the Anthology the translation of a letter, written in French by M. Fontanes, containing observations on some notes, in the hand writing of Voltaire, on the margin of a Virgil, found in his library. The letter was published in the second number of the new series of the Mercure de France, 5th of July 1800, a periodical journal, which was suppressed during the revolution, but which had been established for more than a century, and had acquired great reputation by the genius and learning of its conductors, in the list of which were the names of Marmontel, Champfort, and M. de Laharpe, who were numbered among the most illustrious academicians of France. Fontanes is a gentleman of taste and learning, who has for a long time held a distinguished rank in the republick of letters, and who has contributed much by his well written essays to the high estimation, which the literary world are disposed to allow to the Mercure de France. His oration, on the death of General Washington, in the *Champ de Mars* at Paris, takes a high rank among the funeral panegyricks, which that occasion produced. It sometimes exhibits that gorgeous imagery, which distinguishes the eloquence of France, as displayed in the *Oraisons funébres* of Bossuet; and many of those simple touches and insinuating impulses of tender passion are discoverable, with which the sermons of Massillon abound, and to which the poetry of De Lille is indebted for its peculiar fascinations. The following letter is full of pleasant literature; it will agreeably detain the idle reader for a few minutes; and though it does not aspire to the high dignity of regular criticism, it will surely be interesting to those, who would regard with delight the smallest notice on the great national poet of Rome, by him, who was afterwards to assume the same place in the literature of France. Voltaire was indeed young, when he wrote upon Virgil, but his was the youth of a giant. If Leonardo da Vinci had painted the retreat of Æneas from the ruins of the city of Priam, though the Trojan Chief, in strength of manhood and ripeness of years, would be the most important figure in the composition of the picture, yet who would not view with peculiar interest the tender Iulus, treading in the steps of his father, and perhaps anticipating the day, when he was to reign in the kingdom of his predecessors?

SAMPSCISERAMUS.

....

TRANSLATION.

THE loss of Voltaire's library cannot be too much regretted.

The greater number of the books, which composed it, were filled with remarks, written with his own hand, which proved the immense extent of his reading and knowledge. We might there perceive a superiour understanding employing all the treasures of memory, refuting by a single passage a long production, and condensing in a few words the result of fifty years' meditation. Gentlemen of credit, who have seen the library of this great man, will attest, that this eulogy is not exaggerated. Circumstances have procured me a copy of Virgil, which belonged to Voltaire, on the margin of which he has scattered various observations. His chirography is easily to be recognized, and the testimony of his secretary, Vanieres, corroborates its authenticity. Nothing at first view promises more interest, than criticisms on the author of the Æneid by that of the Henriade; but Voltaire was unfortunately very young, when he made these remarks, of which I am the depository. It appears to me, that at that period, fraught with the instruction of father Poreé, he had just left college, and therefore almost all his remarks are written in latin. We perceive, that he had studied with care the language of Virgil...he comments on the peculiar expressions of the Roman poet....he illustrates the affinity between him and the Greek authors, whom he imitated....he explains, by a short paraphrase, some of the elliptical and figurative expressions, with which he was delighted. Such a labour, undertaken by Voltaire in his early youth, is at once a reproach and a lesson to so many modern authors, who have neglected the most indispensable studies, and who call themselves men of letters, to the disgrace of our age.

I confess, that the greater number of the notes, which I have perused, contain nothing remarkable, altho' they discover throughout, that his erudition was very extensive for so young a man. Five or six only forewarn even the most critical observers of the future mind of Voltaire. To manifest this it is perhaps sufficient to mention the apparent indifference, with which Voltaire appears to have read the Eclogues and Georgicks. The last work, the most perfect of antiquity, has not furnished him with the smallest remark, and of the Eclogues only the following line has received any mark of his commendation.

Ut vidi, ut perii, ut me malus abstulit error.

This he underscored, because it contained an expression of passion. The 3d Eclogue, imitated from Theocritus, appeared to him unpolished in some of its details ....the 9th, cold....the 4th, too elevated for Bucolick compositions.

From this epoch we perceive Voltaire's exclusive preference for moral and dramatick poetry. He reserves all his attention for the animated scenes of the Æneid and entirely neglects the interesting nature of the rural paintings.... the perfection of the picturesque details, which all ages have admired in the Georgicks. Thenceforward we may conjecture, what will be the character of his genius. We are no longer surprised, that Voltaire, equal to the

greatest masters in delineating the passions, should be almost always their inferiour in his pictures of nature ;....it was because he never loved the country, and because from his youth he never had lived in it.

All epick poets before him, and this observation is I think very important in the history of their productions, wrote pastoral poetry in their youth, or works of an analogous nature. Virgil, before he had described the sack of Troy and the combats of Turnus and Æneas, had chaunted of Tityrus and the old man of Galesus. The Rinaldo of Tasso was preceded by his Aminta. Camöens, in the commencement of his poem, while addressing himself to the nymphs of the Tagus, reminds them of the Eclogues, with which they had inspired him. Even the sublime genius of Milton has attempted rural imagery in his Lycidas and Il Penseroso. Homer, in fine, loses no opportunity of retracing, amid the horrours of war, the charms of the tranquillity of a rural life. Voltaire has drawn from this original source of true beauty less, than all the others. His youthful days flowed away among the fascinations of the arts and society. He lived in the country during his old age only, and then he carried with him more philosophy, than passion. Having cherished for fifty years different impressions, he could not, even surrounded by the Alps and the Jura....on the banks of the lake of Geneva, and in the presence of the genius of nature, abstract himself for a moment from the illusions of the theatre. Whatever was not related to the drama, in his estimation was of inferiour rank. This opinion has sometimes bewildered his judgment, and caused him to neglect several essential parts of the art. Thus, in his descriptive poetry, we often wish for images, more true, and more precise....a harmony more judicious, and a character more original. This defect is often felt, particularly in the Henriade compared with the poems of antiquity ; but even this is no excuse for the criticks, who close their eyes to its beauties, some of which are real and even peculiar, and the work itself will always be ranked with the first monuments of French poetry.

It is then true, that, even in the infancy of men of splendid talents, we may conjecture what will be the character of their genius. Voltaire, while a child, preferred the movements of passion to the calm and happiness of rural life. Racine affords an opposite example in the remarks of his youth on the tragedies of Sophocles and Euripides. His affectionate soul dwelt with delight on those very details, which could not fix the impatient and restless sensibility of Voltaire. Pastoral images, hospitable manners, always received profound respect from the future creator of Athalie. Even in the earliest reflections of these two great dramatick poets we perceive a glimmering of the characteristick difference of their style. Voltaire judges only of the whole manner, and the general beauties. He admires less often the effects of imitative harmony, those bold expressions, those expert combinations of words, happily collocated, which

are the fruit of profound meditation and of skilful art. Very different was the progress of Racine. I have read some of his notes in the margin of a Horace, which had been in the possession of his son and Lefranc de Pompignan. We find, that the most perfect of our poets did not become so, but in studying continually, and in its minutest details, all the secrets of the poetick style. He had marked many expressions of Horace, as fit to be transplanted into French poetry. By the side of the words *nigrum fulvere* he had written *noire de poussiere*, and added, *this expression may be transferred with success into our language*. In the same copy, on the margin of the well known passage in Horace,

In me tota ruens Venus
Cyprum deseruit,

was found this admirable verse of Phœdra,

C'est Venus toute entiere a sa proie attachee.

Voltaire's notes on Virgil do not offer, as I have said before, a single remark so interesting. The first, second, fourth, and sixth books of the Æneid are filled with marks of the pencil, the fifth has very few of them. The book, which Montaigne regarded as the chef d'œuvre of the versification of the first of Latin poets, could not arrest the attention of Voltaire, and precisely for the same reason that he read so cursorily the Eclogues and Georgicks. The episode of Nisus and Euryalus is the part of the ninth book which he most extols. The delicate impulse of passion, which terminates this episode, and by which Virgil introduces himself in this scene of the Æneid, appeared to him singularly beautiful.

Fortunati ambo, si quid mea carmina possunt
Nulla dies unquam memori vos eximet ævo.

Therefore he has not failed to imitate it, at the end of the combat of the two D'Ailly, in the eighth book of the Henriade.

Pere, epoux malheureux, famille deplorable, etc.

The lines, which expressed a sentiment, always attracted his attention. The line,

Non ignara mali, miseris succurrere disco,

is carefully marked, and in the margin against it he has written, *versus mirificus*. Voltaire remembered his original admiration of this verse, when he wrote that charming line of Zaire, in which the same thought occurs with a different sentiment,

Qui ne sait compatir aux maux qu'on a soufferts?

When Dido, after having loaded Æneas with reproaches, addresses her sister in order to move her compassion in those well known verses,

Anna vides toto properari littore circum, etc.

Voltaire eulogizes the happy artifice of this discourse, and recals that line of Phedra to Ænona,

Presse, pleure gemis, peins—lui Phedre mourante.

He repeatedly observes, and this observation has been made by others, that Virgil seems to disregard the uniformity of the same sounds recurring at the hemistich and at the end of the line. Examples of these are sufficiently numerous in Virgil, and in the poets which succeeded him. It seems, that this species of beauty,

if it sometimes is one, degenerated into affectation after the age of Augustus. This is probably one of the reasons, why those famous lines, attributed to Nero,

Torva mimalloneis implevunt cornua bombis, etc.

appeared so affected to Persius; ....but we cannot deny, that the return of the same sounds has sometimes been designedly contrived in the poetry of Horace and Virgil. The Asclepiad verses of the first, particularly, offer frequent examples of it.

Mataque fervidis
Evitata rotis palmaque nobilis
Terrarum dominos evehit ad deos.

Rhyme is not a barbarous invention, although some have said so, who believed themselves philosophers. By means of a true philosophy they would have found in nature, and in the organization of man, the causes of the pleasure which it affords him. They would have learned, that it was natural in every nation, and that the first verses in every language have probably been rhymes.

Voltaire observes very judiciously, that in the beautiful lines of the second book,

Uteroque recusso
Insonuere cavæ gemitumque dedere caverna,

the four lines prolong and double the harmony by the repetition of similar sounds. He blames, and perhaps with some reason, the same effect repeated nearer the end of the book.

Trojaque nunc stares Priamique arx alta maneres!

It is very certain, that we do not perceive here the necessity of the same harmony. How many beauties of this kind would a man like Voltaire have discovered in the Æneid, if he had made his comments at a more advanced age? But it is not now genius estimating genius, it is a pupil of Poree who was improving himself in the knowledge of the Latin language. By the side of the sublime description of Ætna, in the third book of the Æneid, he refers to the first Pythique of Pindar, in which he has so well described the rage of Typheus. He transcribes some Greek verses and cites them with great applause, whence we may conclude that Voltaire, notwithstanding what has been said of him, had studied Greek, and that there was one time at least, when he could admire Pindar.

We recognize, even in these notes, traits of the satirical spirit of Voltaire. At the close of the sixth book, when Anchises has shown to his son the whole succession of his descendants, Virgil terminates very abruptly and speaks, without any transition, of the two gates of sleep, through which dreams proceeded,

Sunt geminæ somni portæ, etc.

Voltaire wrote on the margin, *Hic Virgilius oblitus sui est, nisi lacunas fuisse velit.* Upon reflection we are disposed to think with Voltaire, that there is in this place an absolute *hiatus*.

I could have wished to have made a more abundant harvest, but I foresaw that it must be limited. I flatter myself, that the celebrated names of Voltaire and Virgil will excuse the minuteness of these details, and give them some value. FONTANES.

SACONTALA: OR, THE FATAL RING.

Continued from p. 413.

ACT III.

SCENE—*The Hermitage in a Grove. The Hermit's Pupil bearing conſecrated graſs.*

PUPIL.

HOW great is the power of Duſhmanta!—The monarch and his charioteer had no ſooner entered the grove, than we continued our holy rites without interruption.—What words can deſcribe him?—by his barely aiming a ſhaft, by the mere ſound of his bow-ſtring, by the ſimple murmur of his vibrating bow, he diſperſes at once our calamities.—Now then I deliver to the prieſts this bundle of freſh Cuſa graſs to be ſcattered round the place of ſacrifice. ——(*Looking behind the ſcenes.*) Ah! Priyamvada, for whom are you carrying that ointment of Uſira root, and thoſe leaves of water lilies?—(*Liſtening attentively.*)—What ſay you?—That Sacontalá is extremely diſordered by the ſun's heat, and that you have procured for her a cooling medicine!—Let her, my Priyamvadá, be diligently attended; for ſhe is the darling of our venerable father Canna.—I will adminiſter, by the hand of Gautamí, ſome healing water conſecrated in the ceremony called Vaitána. (*He goes out.*

Duſhmanta enters, expreſſing the diſtraction of a lover.

Duſhm. I well know the power of her devotion: that ſhe will ſuffer none to diſpoſe of her but Canna, I too well know. Yet my heart can no more return to its former placid ſtate, than water can reaſcend the ſteep, down which it has fallen.—O God of Love, how can thy darts be ſo keen, ſince they are pointed with flowers?—Yes I diſcover the reaſon of their keenneſs. They are tipped with the flames which the wrath of Hara kindled, and which blaze at this moment, like the Bárava fire under the waves: how elſe couldſt thou, who waſt conſumed even to aſhes, be ſtill the inflamer of our ſouls? By thee and by the moon, though each of you ſeems worthy of confidence, we lovers are cruelly deceived. They who love as I do, aſcribe flowery ſhafts to thee, and cool beams to the moon, with equal impropriety; for the moon ſheds fire on them with her dewy rays, and thou pointeſt with ſharp diamonds thoſe arrows, which ſeem to be barbed with bloſſoms. Yet this god, who bears a fiſh on his banners, and who wounds me to the ſoul, will give me real delight if he deſtroy me with the aid of my beloved, whoſe eyes are large and beautiful as thoſe of a roe.——O! powerful divinity, even when I thus adore thy attributes, haſt thou no compaſſion? Thy fire, O Love, is fanned into a blaze by a hundred of my vain thoughts.—Does it become thee to draw thy bow even to thy ear, that the ſhaft, aimed at my boſom, may inflict a deeper wound?—Where now can I recreate my afflicted ſoul by the permiſſion of thoſe pious men, whoſe uneaſineſs I have removed by diſmiſſing my train?—(*Sighing.*)—I can have no relief but from a ſight of my beloved.—(*Looking up.*)—This intenſely hot noon muſt, no doubt, be paſſed by Sacontala with her damſels on the banks of this river over-ſhadowed with Támalas.—It muſt be ſo:—I will advance thither. —(*Walking round and looking.*)—My ſweet friend has, I gueſs, been lately walking under that row of young trees; for I ſee the ſtalks of ſome flowers, which probably ſhe gathered, ſtill unſhrivelled; and ſome freſh leaves, newly plucked, ſtill dropping milk.——(*Feeling a breeze.*)—Ah! this bank has a delightful air!—Here may the gale embrace me, wafting odours from the water lilies, and cool my breaſt, inflamed by the bodileſs god, with the liquid particles which it catches from the waves of the Máliní.—(*Looking down.*) Happy lover! Sacontala muſt be ſomewhere in this grove of flowering creepers: for I diſcern on the yellow ſand at the door of yon arbour ſome recent fooſteps, raiſed a little before, and depreſſed behind by the weight of her elegant limbs.——I ſhall have a better view from behind this thick foliage.——(*He conceals him-*

ſelf, looking vigilantly.)—Now are my eyes fully gratified —The darling of my heart, with her two faithful attendants, repoſes on a ſmooth rock ſtrown with freſh flowers.—Theſe branches will hide me, whilſt I hear their charming converſation. (*He ſtands concealed and gazes.* Sacontalá *and her two Damſels diſcovered.*

Both. (*Fanning her.*) Say, beloved Sacontala, does the breeze, raiſed by our fans of broad lotos leaves, refreſh you?

Sac. (*Mournfully.*) Why, alas, do my dear friends take this trouble? (*Both look ſorrowfully at each other.*

Duſhm. [*Aſide.*] Ah? ſhe ſeems much indiſpoſed. What can have been the fatal cauſe of ſo violent a fever?—Is it what my heart ſuggeſts? Or—[*Muſing*]—I am perplexed with doubts.—The medicine extracted from the balmy Uſíra has been applied, I ſee, to her boſom: her only bracelet is made of thin filaments from the ſtalks of a water lily, and even that is looſely bound on her arm. Yet, even thus diſordered, ſhe is exquiſitely beautiful.—Such are the hearts of the young? Love and the ſun equally inflame us; but the ſcorching heat of ſummer leads not equally to happineſs with the ardour of youthful deſires.

Pri. [*Aſide to* Anuſúyá.] Did you not obſerve how the heart of Sacontala was affected by the firſt ſight of our pious monarch? My ſuſpicion is, that her malady has no other cauſe.

Anu. [*Aſide to* Priyamvada.] The ſame ſuſpicion had riſen in my mind. I will aſk her at once—[*Aloud*]—My ſweet Sacontala, let me put one queſtion to you. What has really occaſioned your indiſpoſition?

Duſhm. [*Aſide.*] She muſt now declare it. Ah! though her bracelets of lotos are bright as moon beams, yet they are marked, I ſee, with black ſpots from internal ardour.

Sac. [*Half raiſing herſelf.*] Oh! ſay what you ſuſpect to have occaſioned it.

Anu. Sacontala, we muſt neceſſarily be ignorant of what is paſſing in your breaſt; but I ſuſpect your caſe to be that which we have often heard related in tales of love. Tell us openly what cauſes your illneſs. A phyſician, without knowing the cauſe of a diſorder, cannot even begin to apply a remedy.

Duſhm. [*Aſide.*] I flatter myſelf with the ſame ſuſpicion.

Sac. [*Aſide.*] My pain is intolerable; yet I cannot haſtily diſcloſe the occaſion of it.

Pri. My ſweet friend, Anuſuya, ſpeaks rationally. Conſider the violence of your indiſpoſition. Every day you will be more and more emaciated, though your exquiſite beauty has not yet forſaken you.

Duſhm. [*Aſide.*] Moſt true. Her forehead is parched; her neck droops; her waiſt is more ſlender than before; her ſhoulders languidly fall; her complexion is wan; ſhe reſembles a Madháví creeper, whoſe leaves are dried by a ſultry gale: yet even thus transformed, ſhe is lovely, and charms by ſoul.

Sac. [*Sighing.*] What more can I ſay? Ah! why ſhould I be the occaſion of your ſorrow?

Pri. For that very reaſon, my beloved, we are ſolicitous to know your ſecret; ſince, when each of us has a ſhare of your uneaſineſs, you will bear more eaſily your own portion of it.

Duſhm. [*Aſide.*] Thus urged by two friends, who ſhare her pains as well as her pleaſures, ſhe cannot fail to diſcloſe the hidden cauſe of her malady; whilſt I, on whom ſhe looked at our firſt interview with marked affection, am filled with anxious deſire to hear her anſwer.

Sac. From the very inſtant when the accompliſhed prince, who has juſt given repoſe to our hallowed foreſt, met my eye———

[*She breaks off, and looks modeſt.*

Both. Speak on, beloved Sacontala.

Sac. From that inſtant my affection was unalterably fixed on him—and thence I am reduced to my preſent languor.

Anu. Fortunately your affection is placed on a man worthy of yourſelf.

Pri. Oh! could a fine river have deſerted the ſea and flowed into a lake?

Duſhm. [*Joyfully.*] That which I was eager to know, her own lips have told. Love was the cauſe of my diſtemper, and love has healed it; as a ſummer's day, grown black with clouds, relieves all animals from the heat which itſelf had cauſed.

Sac. If it be no diſagreeable taſk,

contrive, I entreat you, ſome means be which I may find favour in the king's eyes.

Duſhm. [*Aſide.*] That requeſt baniſhes all my cares, and gives me rapture even in my preſent uneaſy ſituation.

Pri. [*Aſide to* Anuſuya.] A remedy for her, my friend, will ſcarce be attainable. Exert all the powers of your mind; for her illneſs admits of no delay.

Anu. [*Aſide to* Priyamvada.] By what expedient can her cure be both accelerated and kept ſecret?

Pri. [*As before.*] Oh! to keep it ſecret will be eaſy; but to attain it ſoon, almoſt inſuperably difficult.

Anu. [*As before.*] How ſo?

Pri. The young king ſeemed, I admit, by his tender glances, to be enamoured of her at firſt ſight; and he has been obſerved, within theſe few days, to be pale and thin, as if his paſſion had kept him long awake.

Duſhm. [*Aſide.*] So it has——This golden bracelet, ſullied by the flame which preys on me, and which no dew mitigates, but the tears guſhing nightly from theſe eyes, has fallen again and again on my wriſt, and has been replaced on my emaciated arm.

Pri. [*Aloud.*] I have a thought, Anuſuya—Let us write a love letter, which I will conceal in a flower, and, under the pretext of making a reſpectful offering, deliver it myſelf into the king's hand.

Anu. An excellent contrivance! It pleaſes me highly;—but what ſays our beloved Sacontala?

Sac. I muſt conſider, my friend, the poſſible conſequences of ſuch a ſtep.

Pri. Think alſo of a verſe or two, which may ſuit your paſſion, and be conſiſtent with the character of a lovely girl born in an exalted family.

Sac. I will think of them in due time; but my heart flutters with the apprehenſion of being rejected.

Duſhm. [*Aſide.*] Here ſtands the man ſupremely bleſſed in thy preſence, from whom, O timid girl, thou art apprehenſive of a refuſal! Here ſtands the man, from whom, O beautiful maid, thou feareſt rejection, though he loves thee diſtractedly. He who ſhall poſſeſs thee will ſeek no brighter gem; and thou art the gem which I am eager to poſſeſs.

Anu. You depreciate, Sacontala, your own incomparable merits. What man in his ſenſes would intercept with an umbrella the moonlight of autumn, which alone can allay the fever cauſed by the heat of the noon?

Sac. [*Smiling.*] I am engaged in thought. [*She meditates.*

Duſhm. Thus then I fix my eyes on the lovely poeteſs, without cloſing them a moment, while ſhe meaſures the feet of her verſe: her forehead is gracefully moved in cadence, and her whole aſpect indicates pure affection.

Sac. I have thought of a couplet; but we have no writing implements.

Pri. Let us hear the words; and then I will mark them with my nail on this lotos leaf, ſoft and green as the breaſt of a young parroquet: it may eaſily be cut into the form of a letter.—Repeat the verſes.

Sac. "Thy heart, indeed, I know not: but mine, oh! cruel, love warms by day and by night; and all my faculties are centered on thee."

Duſhm. [*Haſtily advancing, and pronouncing a verſe in the ſame meaſure.*] "Thee, O ſlender maid, love only warms; but me he burns; as the day-ſtar only ſtifles the fragrance of the night-flower, but quenches the very orb of the moon."

Anu. [*Looking at him joyfully.*] Welcome, great king: the fruit of my friend's imagination has ripened without delay.

[Sacontala *expreſſes an inclination to riſe.*

Duſhm. Give yourſelf no pain. Thoſe delicate limbs, which repoſe on a couch of flowers, thoſe arms, whoſe bracelets of lotos are diſarranged by a ſlight preſſure, and that ſweet frame, which the hot noon ſeems to have diſordered, muſt not be fatigued by ceremony.

Sac. [*Aſide.*] O my heart, canſt thou not reſt at length after all thy ſufferings?

Anu. Let our ſovereign take for his ſeat a part of the rock on which ſhe repoſes. [Sacontala *makes a little room.*

Duſhm. [*Seating himſelf.*] Priyamvada, is not the fever of your charming friend in ſome degree abated?

Pri. [*Smiling.*] She has juſt taken a ſalutary medicine, and will ſoon be reſtored to health. But O mighty prince, as I am favoured by you and by her, my friendſhip for Sacontala prompts

me to converſe with you for a few moments.

Duſhm. Excellent damſel, ſpeak openly; and ſuppreſs nothing.

Pri. Our lord ſhall hear.

Duſhm. I am attentive.

Pri. By diſpelling the alarms of our pious hermits, you have diſcharged the duty of a great monarch.

Duſh. O! talk a little on other ſubjects.

Pri. Then I muſt inform you that our beloved companion is enamoured of you, and has been reduced to her preſent languor by the reſiſtleſs divinity, love. You only can preſerve her ineſtimable life.

Duſhm. Sweet Priyamvada, our paſſion is reciprocal; but it is I who am honoured.

Sac. [*Smiling, with a mixture of affection and reſentment.*] Why ſhould you detain the virtuous monarch, who muſt be afflicted by ſo long an abſence from the ſecret apartments of his palace?

Duſhm. This heart of mine, oh thou who art of all things the deareſt to it, will have no object but thee, whoſe eyes enchant me with their black ſplendour, if thou wilt but ſpeak in a milder ſtrain. I, who was nearly ſlain by love's arrow, am deſtroyed by thy ſpeech.

Anu. [*Laughing.*] Princes are ſaid to have many favourite conſorts. You muſt aſſure us, therefore, that our beloved friend ſhall not be expoſed to affliction through our conduct.

Duſhm. What need is there of many words? Let there be ever ſo many women in my palace, I will have only two objects of perfect regard; the ſea-girt earth, which I govern, and your ſweet friend, whom I love.

Both. Our anxiety is diſſipated.

[Sacontala *ſtrives in vain to conceal her joy.*

Pri. [*Aſide to* Anuſuya.] See how our friend recovers her ſpirits by little and little, as the peahen, oppreſſed by the ſummer heat, is refreſhed by a ſoft gale and a gentle ſhower.

Sac. [*To the damſels.*] Forgive, I pray, my offence in having uſed unmeaning words: they were uttered only for your amuſement in return for your tender care of me.

Pri. They were the occaſion, indeed, of our ſerious advice. But it is the king who muſt forgive: who elſe is offended?

Sac. The great monarch will, I truſt, excuſe what has been ſaid either before him or in his abſence.—[*Aſide to the damſels.*] Intercede with him, I intreat you.

Duſhm. [*Smiling.*] I would cheerfully forgive any offence, lovely Sacontala, if you, who have dominion over my heart, would allow me full room to ſit by you, and recover from my fatigue, on this flowery couch preſſed by your delicate limbs.

Pri. Allow him room; it will appeaſe him, and make him happy.

Sac. [*Pretending anger, aſide to* Priyamvada.] Be quiet, thou miſchief-making girl! Doſt thou ſport with me in my preſent weak ſtate?

Anu. [*Looking behind the ſcenes.*] O! my Priyamvada, there is our favourite young antelope running wildly and turning his eyes on all ſides: he is, no doubt, ſeeking his mother, who has rambled in the wide foreſt. I muſt go and aſſiſt his ſearch.

Pri. He is very nimble; and you alone will never be able to confine him in one place. I muſt accompany you.

[*Both going out.*

Sac. Alas, I cannot conſent to your going far: I ſhall be left alone.

Both. (*Smiling.*) Alone! with the ſovereign of the world by your ſide!

(*They go out.*

Sac. How could my companions both leave me?

Duſhm. Sweet maid, give yourſelf no concern. Am not I, who humbly ſolicit your favour, preſent in the room of them?—(*Aſide.*)—I muſt declare my paſſion.———(*Aloud.*)—Why ſhould not I, like them, wave this fan of lotos leaves, to raiſe cool breezes and diſſipate your uneaſineſs? Why ſhould not I, like them, lay ſofty in my lap thoſe feet, red as water lilies, and preſs them, O my charmer, to relieve your pain?

Sac. I ſhould offend againſt myſelf, by receiving homage from a perſon entitled to reſpect. (*She riſes, and walks ſlowly through weakneſs.*

Duſhm. The noon, my love, is not yet paſſed; and your ſweet limbs are weak. Having left that couch where freſh flowers covered your boſom, you can ill ſuſtain this intenſe heat with ſo languid a frame. (*He gently draws her back.*

Sac. Leave me, oh leave me. I am not, indeed, my own miſtreſs, or ——the two damſels were only appointed to attend me. What can I do at preſent?

Duſhm. (Aſide.) Fear of diſpleaſing her makes me baſhful.

Sac. (Overbearing him.) The king cannot give offence. It is my unhappy fate only that I accuſe.

Duſhm. Why ſhould you accuſe ſo favourable a deſtiny?

Sac. How rather can I help blaming it, ſince it has permitted my heart to be affected by amiable qualities, without having left me at my own diſpoſal.

Duſhm. (Aſide.) One would imagine that the charming ſex, inſtead of being, like us, tormented with love, kept love himſelf within their hearts, to torment him with delay. *(Sacontala going out.*

Duſhm. (Aſide.) How! muſt I then fail of attaining felicity? *(Following her and catching the ſkirt of her mantle.*

Sac. (Turning back.) Son of Puru, preſerve thy reaſon: oh! preſerve it.—The hermits are buſy on all ſides of the grove.

Duſhm. My charmer, your fear of them is vain. Canna himſelf who is deeply verſed in the ſcience of law, will be no obſtacle to our union. Many daughters of the holieſt men have been married by the ceremony called Gándharva, as it is practiſed by Indra's band, and even their fathers have approved them.—*(Looking round.)*—What ſay you? are you ſtill inflexible? Alas! I muſt then depart. *(Going from her a few paces, then looking back.*

Sac. (Moving alſo a few ſteps, and then turning back her face.) Though I have refuſed compliance, and have only allowed you to converſe with me for a moment, yet, O ſon of Puru——let not Sacontala be wholly forgotten.

Duſhm. Enchanting girl, ſhould you be removed to the ends of the world, you will be fixed in this heart, as the ſhade of a lofty tree remains with it even when the day is departed.

Sac. (Going out, aſide.) Since I have heard his proteſtations, my feet move, indeed, but without advancing. I will conceal myſelf behind thoſe flowering Curuvacas, and thence I ſhall ſee the reſult of his paſſion.

(She hides herſelf behind the ſhrubs.

Duſhm. (Aſide.) Can you leave me, beloved Sacontalá; me who am all affection? Could you not have tarried a ſingle moment? Soft is your beautiful frame, and indicates a benevolent ſoul; yet your heart is obdurate: as the tender Siríſha hangs on a hard ſtalk.

Sac. (Aſide.) I really have now loſt the power of departing.

Duſhm. (Aſide.) What can I do in this retreat ſince my darling has left it?—*(Moving and looking round.)*—Ah! my departure is happily delayed.—Here lies her bracelet of flowers, exquiſitely perfumed by the root of Uſira which had been ſpread on her boſom: it has fallen from her delicate wriſt, and is become a new chain for my heart.

(Taking up the bracelet with reverence.

Sac. (Aſide, looking at her hand.) Ah me! ſuch was my languor, that the filaments of lotos ſtalks which bound my arm dropped on the ground unperceived by me.

Duſhm. (Aſide, placing it in his boſom.) Oh! How delightful to the touch!—From this ornament of your lovely arm, Oh my darling, though it be inanimate and ſenſeleſs, your unhappy lover has regained confidence—a bliſs which you refuſed to confer.

Sac. (Aſide.) I can ſtay here no longer. By this pretext I may return.

(Going ſlowly towards him.

Duſhm. (With rapture.) Ah! the empreſs of my ſoul again bleſſes theſe eyes. After all my miſery I was deſtined to be favoured by indulgent heaven.—The bird Châtac, whoſe throat was parched with thirſt, ſupplicated for a drop of water, and ſuddenly a cool ſtream poured into his bill from the bounty of a freſh cloud.

Sac. Mighty king, when I had gone half way to the cottage, I perceived that my bracelet of thin ſtalks had fallen from my wriſt; and I return becauſe my heart is almoſt convinced that you muſt have ſeen and taken it. Reſtore it, I humbly entreat, leſt you expoſe both yourſelf and me to the cenſure of the hermits.

Duſhm. Yes, on one condition I will return it.

Sac. On what condition? Speak.——

Duſhm. That I may replace it on the wriſt to which it belongs.

Sac. (Aſide.) I have no alternative.

Duſhm. But in order to replace it, we muſt both be ſeated on that ſmooth rock. (*Both ſit down.*

Duſhm. (*Taking her hand.*) O exquiſite ſoftneſs! This hand has regained its native ſtrength and beauty, like a young ſhoot of Camálatà: or it reſembles rather the god of love himſelf, when, having been conſumed by the fire of Hara's wrath, he was reſtored to life by a ſhower of nectar ſprinkled by the immortals.

Sac. (*Preſſing his hand.*) Let the ſon of my lord make haſte to tie on the bracelet.

Duſhm. (*Aſide with rapture.*) Now I am truly bleſſed.—That phraſe, the ſon of my lord, is applied only to a huſband.—(*Aloud.*)—My charmer, the claſp of this bracelet is not eaſily looſened: it muſt be made to fit you better.

Sac. (*Smiling.*) As you pleaſe.

Duſhm. (*Quitting her hand.*) Look, my darling: this is the new moon, which left the firmament in honour of ſuperiour beauty, and, having deſcended on your enchanting wriſt, has joined both its horns round it in the ſhape of a bracelet.

Sac. I really ſee nothing like a moon: the breeze, I ſuppoſe, has ſhaken ſome duſt from the lotos flower behind my ears, and that has obſcured my ſight.

Duſhm. (*Smiling.*) If you permit me, I will blow the fragrant duſt from your eye.

Sac. It would be a kindneſs; but I cannot truſt you.

Duſhm. Oh! fear not, fear not. A new ſervant never tranſgreſſes the command of his miſtreſs.

Sac. But a ſervant over-aſſiduous deſerves no confidence.

Duſhm. (*Aſide.*) I will not let ſlip this charming occaſion.——(*Attempting to raiſe her head—Sacontalá faintly repels him, but ſits ſtill.*)——O damſel with an antelope's eyes, be not apprehenſive of my indiſcretion.——(*Sacontalá looks up for a moment, and then baſhfully drops her head.—Duſhmanta, aſide, gently raiſing her head.*)——That lip, the ſoftneſs of which is imagined, not proved, ſeems to pronounce, with a delightful tremour, its permiſſion for me to allay my thirſt.

Sac. The ſon of my lord ſeems inclined to break his promiſe.

Duſhm. Beloved, I was deceived by the proximity of the lotos to that eye which equals it in brightneſs.

(*He blows gently on her eye.*

Sac. Well; now I ſee a prince who keeps his word as it becomes his imperial character. Yet I am really aſhamed that no deſert of mine entitles me to the kind ſervice of my lord's ſon.

Duſhm. What reward can I deſire, except that which I conſider as the greateſt, the fragrance of your delicious lip?

Sac. Will that content you?

Duſhm. The bee is contented with the mere odour of the water lily.

Sac. If he were not, he would get no remedy.

Duſhm. Yes, this and this——

(*Kiſſing her eagerly.*

Behind the ſcenes. Hark! the Chacraváca is calling her mate on the bank of the Málinì: the night is beginning to ſpread her ſhades.

Sac. (*Liſtening alarmed.*) O ſon of my lord, the matron Gautamì approaches to inquire after my health. Hide yourſelf, I entreat, behind yon trees.

Duſhm. I yield to neceſſity.

(*He retires.*

Gautamì enters with a waſe in her hand.

Gaut. (*Looking anxiouſly at Sacontalá.*) My child, here is holy water for thee.—What haſt thou no companion here but the inviſible gods; thou who art ſo much indiſpoſed?

Sac. Both Priyamvadá and Anuſúyá are juſt gone down to the river.

Gaut. (*Sprinkling her.*) Is thy fever, my child, a little abated?

(*Feeling her hand.*

Sac. Venerable matron, there is a change for the better.

Gaut. Then thou art in no danger. Mayſt thou live many years! The day is departing: let us both go to the cottage.

Sac. (*Aſide, riſing ſlowly.*) O my heart, no ſooner hadſt thou begun to taſte happineſs, than the occaſion ſlipped away!—(*She advances a few ſteps, and returns to the arbour.*)—O bower of twining plants, by whom my ſorrows have been diſpelled, on thee I call; ardently hoping to be once more happy under thy ſhade. (*She goes out with Gautamì.*

Duſhm. (*Returning to the bower, and ſighing.*) How, alas, have my deſires been obſtructed!—Could I do leſs than kiſs the lips of my charmer, though her modeſt cheeks were half averted; lips, whoſe ſweetneſs had enchanted me, even when they pronounced a denial?—Whither now can I go?—I will remain a while in this arbour of creepers, which my darling's preſence has illuminated.——(*Looking round.*)—Yes; this is her ſeat on the rock, ſpread with bloſſoms, which have been preſſed by her delicate limbs.—Here lies her exquiſite love letter on the leaf of a water lily; here lay her bracelet of tender filaments, which had fallen from her ſweet wriſt.—Though the bower of twining Vétaſas be now deſolate, ſince my charmer has left it, yet, while my eyes are fixed on all theſe delightful memorials of her, I am unable to depart.——(*Muſing.*)—Ah! how imperfectly has this affair been conducted by a lover, like me, who, with his darling by his ſide, has let the occaſion ſlip.—Should Sacontalá viſit once more this calm retreat, the opportunity ſhall not paſs again unimproved: the pleaſures of youth are by nature tranſitory.—Thus my foolish heart forms reſolutions, while it is diſtracted by the ſudden interruption of its happineſs. Why did it ever allow me to quit without effect the preſence of my beloved?

Behind the ſcenes. O king, while we are beginning our evening ſacrifice, the figures of blood-thirſty demons, embrowned by clouds collected at the departure of day, glide over the ſacred hearth, and ſpread conſternation around.

Duſhm. Fear not, holy men.—Your king will protect you. (*He goes out.*

POETRY.

ORIGINAL.

SEDUCTION....A POEM.

Continued from p. 417.

SWEET were the hours, oh, paſſing ſweet the days,
When ſimple childhood fram'd its little plays;
Fair was each ſcene, as opening morning fair,
Pure as her breath, and lucent as her hair;
Light was each heart, as ſchoolboy's bubble light,
To touch as tender, and as clear to ſight!
Fool that I was to graſp at higher joys,
And quit my playthings for theſe emptier toys!
Oh, loſt to truth, to innocence, to eaſe,
Repoſe to fancy 'midſt theſe tumbling ſeas!

Here muſt I pauſe, nor farther preſs the tale,
And o'er her wanderings drop a friendly veil.

Who deeply feels, in nice deſcription fails,
And breathes his ſorrows to the heedleſs gales.
The poet writes from rules of cautious art,
And feeling feigns to catch the reader's heart.
But I, alas, can feign no feeling here;
And all my art is Pity's ſimple tear.
And yet, 'twere ill the ſtory thus to cloſe,
Though friendſhip bids her ruin'd name repoſe;
For haply here, by friendlier planet bleſs'd,
Some artleſs Fair, alike by Vice careſs'd,
In happy hour her mournful fate ſhall learn,
And through the viſor ſmooth the villain's face diſcern.

Then briefly know what friendſhip fain would hide,
Nor ſpurn the wretch, though frowning prudes deride.

A time ſhe ſhone in glare of guilty ſtate,
A ſplendid offering to the pamper'd Great;

An idle toy to court curſt Faſhion's
ſmile,
And tell the town a Lordling whored
in ſtyle.,
With feign'd endearments, and with
mimick fire,
To rouſe a drivelling lecher's coarſe
deſire;
With nauſeous dalliance fill his vacant
hour,
And hang dependent on a hated power;
In ſorry ſmiles to dreſs an aching heart,
And baſely truckle in the wanton's
art;
To drudge through life a mere conven-
ient tool,
And huckſter ſin to ſerve a loathſome
fool;
This was her fordid taſk! her *wondrous*
gain
For yielded virtue and for truſted fame!
Oft tow'rds her home ſhe turn'd a wiſt-
ful eye,
And oft in ſilence heav'd a ſtolen ſigh:
But paſt thoſe ſimple ſcenes of former
days,
The morn's freſh taſk, the evening's
ſweeter plays;
Mute too the pipe ſhe lov'd ſo well to
hear,
When thought was peace, and all her
breaſt was clear:
Naught now was her's but noiſe and
empty ſhow,
The ſmooth profeſſion and the ſecret
foe,
The tedious pomp, that cumbers awk-
ward ſtate,
The midnight revel and the noiſy fête;
But what where theſe, with all their
boaſt to pleaſe,
To one calm hour beneath her village
trees?
Yet e'en this ſemblance of fictitious joy,
Theſe current mock'ries, ſtampt in baſe
alloy,
Not long indur'd the owner's homely
wear,
But gave their tinſel to the paſſing air.
For ſmiling Heaven, that lent a tran-
ſient ray
To warm this bloſſom of a ſhort-liv'd
day,
In ſudden ſtorm withdrew its ſacred
light,
And wrapt the region in portending
night:
In cold neglect awhile it droop'd its
head,
And o'er the ground the chilly raindrop
ſhed,
Till fading faſt, and 'reft of every ſweet,
It rudely periſh'd 'neath the traveller's
feet.

Does not thy breaſt with indignation
ſwell,
To hurl this Scoundrel to his native
hell,
Where kindred Fiends in penal flames
reſide,
Where wo's eternal, and where death's
deny'd?
Or has vile cuſtom ſeat'd thy ſordid
ſoul
And bow'd all manhood to its curſt
control,
That unprovok'd thou hear'ſt the ribald
boaſt
Of maiden conqueſts in his nightly
toaſt?
To rouſe thy rage, to make the ſelfiſh
feel,
Let me more cloſely to thy heart appeal:
Think on a *ſiſter*, robb'd of deareſt
fame,
Behold thy name diſgraced—and then
be tame!
On even tide my equal paſſions move,
Nor lack I aught the milk of human
love;
Yet, injured thus, by Heaven's eternal
fires!
To wide revenge I'd yield all fond
deſires,
From pole to pole I'd hunt the hollow
knave,
And ponder vengeance in the gloomy
grave.

In corner vile, where Want and An-
guiſh find
A wretched ſhelter from the wintry
wind,
At gloomy eve, when nipping froſt de-
ſcends,
And no one near the houſeleſs wretch
befriends,
Methinks I view, in wavy tatters hung,
With ſorrow, ſickneſs, and repentance
ſtung,
A lean and loathſome band—Seduc-
tion's ſpoil.
All 'reft of hope, and doom'd in ſin to
toil!

How wan their looks! how roll their rayleſs eyes!
Yet harden'd man their ſcanty prayer denies;
Man, that has led their ſliding hearts aſtray,
And meanly triumph'd o'er a helpleſs prey.
Oh, pauſe awhile, if murderers dare reflect,
The fouleſt, loweſt, deadlieſt, of the ſect;
Murderers, that ſcorn in ſingle death to deal,
And gen'ral ruin in their progreſs ſeal.
Remember yet a righteous God preſides,
And redden'd vengeance in his court abides;
Think of the crimes that throng your guilty ſouls,
And tremble, villains, when his thunder rolls.
Oh, for the power to launch the lightning's blaze,
And blaſt the remnant of their guilty days,
In ſcattering winds to hurl their crumbled earth,
And hide the traces of their timeleſs birth!
But I but rave and idly beat the air,
And impious aim the arm of Heaven to bare.
"Vengeance is His," to Him the right belongs,
And He alone ſhall judge their brutal wrongs;
On hell's dark ſcroll the crime ſuperiour ſtands,
While rival'd Furies clench their iron hands.

If injur'd love, if want with all its woes,
And all the pangs that guilty conſcience knows;
If bitter tears, that fall from Sorrow's eyes,
And keen Remorſe, which e'en *that* boon denies,
Can plead with Thee, who guid'ſt the rolling ſpheres,
And mould'ſt Event in diſtant depth of years;
Oh, ſpare theſe children of misfortune's ſchool;
Oh, veil thy judgments 'neath a Parent's rule.
Sad is our journey through this thorny way,
And drear the clouds that croſs our little day;
Life's faireſt web is wove with light and ſhade,
And narrow joys in neighb'ring ſorrows fade.
But, oh, how hard to fathom deepeſt ills,
And drain the cup that wayward Fortune fills!
Bankrupts in fame, and bare to every blaſt,
Wedded to wo, and worn with meagre faſt,
Outcaſts from heaven, and long eſtrang'd on earth,
Hopeleſs in life, and curs'd with timeleſs birth;
At death's dim hour when tyrant conſcience wakes,
And cruel Memory counts her poiſon'd ſnakes,
Oh, hear their maniack prayer, in *mercy* hear,
And o'er their wanderings drop a pardoning tear! OTTIS.

ODE.

We are not uſually very laviſh of praiſe, but to the following little piece we are willing to give it almoſt without mixture and without meaſure. We have rarely ſeen poetry and piety in ſuch intereſting and delightful alliance. ED.

The following ODE *was written by a young Lady in the North of England, who for many years had been oppreſſed with a hopeleſs conſumption.*

NOT to the roſy maid, whom former hours
Beheld me fondly covet, tune I now
The melancholy lyre; No more I ſeek
Thy aid, Hygeia! fought ſo long in vain,
But 'tis to thee, O Sickneſs! 'tis to thee
I wake the ſilent ſtrings; accept the lay.
Thou art no tyrant waving the fierce ſcourge
O'er unreſiſting victims—but a nymph
Of mild though mournful mien, upon whoſe brow
Patience ſits ſmiling, and whoſe heavy eye,

Though moiſt with tears, is always fix'd
on Heaven.
Thou wrapp'ſt the world in clouds, but
thou canſt tell
Of worlds where all is ſunſhine, and at
length
When through this vale of ſorrow thou
haſt led
Thy patient ſufferers, cheering the while
With many a ſmile of promiſe, thy pale
hand
Unlocks the bowers of everlaſting reſt;
Where Death's kind Angel waits to dry
their tears
And crown them with his amaranthine
flowers.

Yet I have known thee long, and I
have felt
All that thou haſt of ſorrow—many a
tear
Has fall'n on my cold cheek, and many
a ſigh,
Call'd forth by thee, has ſwell'd my
aching breaſt;
Yet ſtill I bleſs thee, O thou chaſtening
pow'r!
For all I bleſs thee thou haſt taught my
ſoul,
To reſt upon itſelf, to look beyond
The narrow bounds of Time and fix its
hopes
On the ſure baſis of eternity.——
Meanwhile, even in this tranſitory ſcene
Of what haſt thou deprived me? Has
thy hand
Clos'd up the book of knowledge; drawn
a veil
O'er the fair face of Nature; or deſtroy'd
The tender pleaſures of domeſtick life?
Ah no! 'tis thine to call forth in the
heart
Each better feeling; thou awakeneſt
there
That unconfin'd Philanthropy which
feels
For all the unhappy: that warm Sym-
pathy
Which caſting every ſelfiſh care aſide,
Finds its own bliſs in ſeeing others bleſt:
That Melancholy,—tender yet ſublime—
Which feeling all the nothingneſs of
earth,
Exalts the ſoul to heaven: and more
than theſe
That pure Devotion, which, even in the
hour
Of agonizing pain, can fill the eyes
With tears of extaſy—ſuch tears perhaps
As Angels love to ſhed.——
Theſe are thy gifts, O Sickneſs! theſe to
me
Thou haſt vouchſaf'd, and taught me
how to prize.
Shall my ſoul ſhrink from aught thou
haſt ordained?
Shall I e'er envy the luxurious train
Around whoſe path Proſperity has
ſtrew'd
Her gilded toys? Ah, let them ſtill pur-
ſue
The ſhining trifles; never ſhall they
know
Such pure and holy pleaſures as await,
The heart refin'd by ſufferings.—Not to
them
Does Fancy ſing her wild romantick
ſong,
'Tis not for them her glowing hand un-
draws
The ſacred veil, that hides the angelick
world.
They hear not in the muſick of the
wind
Celeſtial voices, that, in whiſpers ſweet,
Call to the flowers—the young and baſh-
ful flowers!
They ſee not at the ſhadowy hour of
eve,
Deſcending ſpirits, who on ſilver wings,
Glide thro' the air, and to their harps
divine
Sing in ſoft notes the veſper hymn of
praiſe:
Or pauſing for a moment as they turn
Their radiant eyes on this polluted
ſcene,
Drop on their golden harps a pitying
tear.

Proſperity, I court thy gifts no more,
Nor thine, O fair Hygeia! Yet to thee
I breathe one fervent prayer; attend
the ſtrain,
If for my faded brow thy hand prepare
Some future wreath, let me the gift re-
ſign.
Tranſfer the roſy garland; bid it bloom
Around the temples of that friend be-
lov'd,
On whoſe maternal boſom even now
I lay my aching head! and as I mark
The ſmile that plays upon her ſpeaking
face,
Forget that ever I have ſhed a tear,

THE BOSTON REVIEW,

FOR SEPTEMBER, 1805.

Librum tuum legi & quam diligentissime potui annotavi, quæ commutanda, quæ eximenda, arbitrarer. Nam ego dicere verum assuevi. Neque ulli patientius reprehenduntur, quam qui maxime laudari merentur.—Pliny.

ARTICLE 60.

Collections of the Massachusetts Historical Society, for the year 1794. *Vol.* 4. Printed by S. Hall, Boston. 1795.

THE Historical Society of Massachusetts deserves every praise and every encouragement. It is honourably fulfilling the design of its founders, and realizing the expectations of its friends. As the principal object is the elucidation of the antiquities and history of America, without disregarding collateral topicks of inferiour consideration, we can assure the publick that these intentions have been partly accomplished with no ordinary success during the vigorous youth of the Society, and will certainly be completed in the bursting and bony manhood of its existence. The nine volumes of Collections already published give evidence of this honest applause. We do not indeed find, and perhaps we have no right to expect, the elegant disquisitions of French antiquarians nor the laborious archœology of German academicians ; but the philosopher is always compensated by the discovery of facts, by naked truth, by real existence, by essential evidence, and these were the substantial nutriment, by which alone the mighty minds of Bacon, Newton, Euler, and the Bernouillis obtained their blooming expansion and gigantick hardihood.

The volume opens with the act of incorporation, the laws and regulations of the Society, and circular letter of the late learned Belknap on its objects and wishes. An Appendix follows of ten numbers on the articles, on which the Society want information ; pamphlets and tracts wanted ; directions for preserving animals ; Dr. Cutler's method of preserving the skins of birds ; method of preserving animals, collected by Mr. Peck from various authors ; method of preserving birds and other animals, from the Philosophical transactions ; method of collecting and preserving vegetables, by Dr. Lettsom ; Mr. Peck's method of taking impressions of vegetable leaves, by means of smoke ; method of preserving marine productions, by Dr. Lettsom ; directions for the collecting of mineral and fossil substances, by the same. The whole of this appendix is useful and ingenious, and is very properly published for general circulation in this work, for by it we best know what communications are most wanted ; and the botanist, the huntsman, and mariner are instructed how to preserve delicate foliage, the truth of nature, and all the varieties of ex-

ternal and internal appearance. Surely that knowledge is worth knowing, that teaches how to perpetuate the microscopick, rainbow radiance of the humming-bird, and which tends to illuminate the ancient and thick darkness of the mysterious mammoth.

After the appendix the series of communications begins with

A topographical description of Hopkinton, by Dr. Stimpson, which is useful to the geographer.

Topographical description of Thomaston. Lime is the staple of this town, and as such is here described in general terms for general utility.

The Proceedings of two conventions, held at Portland, to consider the expediency of a separate government in the District of Maine. This paper is very useful and very authentick. The beginnings of revolutions in small states lead sometimes to important consequences, and always throw light on their subsequent periods of history.

Observations on Wellfleet and Cape Cod Harbour, by Levi Whitman, with a bill of mortality for Wellfleet.

Account of an uncommon frost, May 17, 1794, by Rev. Nathaniel Thayer, of Lancaster. This was indeed a severe frost, and though it happened in the mild month of May, it reminded us of Dr. Johnson's winter, when the greatest luxuries are an arm chair, a blazing fire, and a smoking dinner.

Description of Marlborough, by Rev. Asa Packard.

Account of the Western Indians, by Rev. Gideon Hawley. This is in the form of a journal and is curious, minute, simple, and honest.

Answer to Queries respecting the Western Indians, by Rev. J. T. Kirkland. This is an elegant dissertation, and would not disgrace the memoirs of the Academy of Belles Lettres and Inscriptions. We present two extracts, and are sorry that we cannot diffuse the radiance of the whole.

The ſtate of induſtry among them is wretched. They ſeem to have an inſurmountable averſion to labour; and though they diſcover ſome energy in the chace, wholly want it in huſbandry and the arts of life. With reſpect to the Oneidas, their habitations conſiſt of three or four framed and boarded houſes, built principally by whites, a large number of unhewn, and a few hewn log houſes, built by themſelves, and a few wigwams, entirely conſtructed with bark. A few cribs and benches, wooden bowls, ſpoons and baſkets, of their own formation, with ſome neceſſary veſſels for cooking, purchaſed of whites, generally conſtitute their furniture. They dreſs chiefly after the Indian manner; though ſeveral can make garments in the Engliſh faſhion. In two or three inſtances they imperfectly adopt our huſbandry, poſſeſs the moſt neceſſary farming utenſils, and ſucceed in tillage. All the others in the nation get half or two thirds of their ſubſiſtence by raiſing corn, beans, and potatoes, having no implement but the hoe; and the other part by hunting and fiſhing. The labour of the tillage is chiefly performed by the women; though latterly the men afford them conſiderable aſſiſtance. In ſhort, they live in lazineſs and poverty. Though their ſoil is eaſily cultivated, and highly productive; and, on account of the immigration to their vicinity, the price of productions of the earth is almoſt equal to that of the city of New-York; they often want the neceſſaries, and always the conveniences of living; and ſuffer greatly from hunger, nakedneſs, and hardſhip.

Reflecting Indians are very much diſtreſſed with their apprehenſions reſpecting their deſtiny. They have faint hopes that civilization will be introduced; but they ſeriouſly fear that they

shall be obliged to remove from the neighbourhood of the whites; or that if they continue in their present situation, they shall be poor, despised, and dependent, gradually dwindling, till they become finally extinct. It is certain that as the whites advance towards Indians, the latter become vicious, intemperate, sickly, and dispirited, and, in general, diminish in numbers. I believe it is the opinion of those who best know and consider their history and present condition, that they are destined to utter extermination.

Letter from Dr. William Clarke to Benjamin Franklin, Esq.

Letter from Dr. William Clarke to an American gentleman in England. These letters concern provincial politicks in 1744, and 1748.

Letter to Dr. Kippis relative to an errour in his life of Captain Cook, with several testimonies in evidence, by Dr. Belknap. Kippis had charged the American Congress with having given orders to American cruisers to seize Capt. Cook, on his return from his voyages of discovery; and in this ample communication the charge is successfully repelled by unquestionable authorities. Dr. Belknap was an honour to America. His literary acquisitions were of no vulgar value. He is generally thought to have been laborious, rather than quick; to have had little of the "*ponderibus verborum*," and less of the "*acerimi ingenii*;" but his "Foresters," though formed on Swift's "John Bull," has humour and interest, which the model does not excite; and who will dare to continue the American Biography?

Letter from Dr. William Clarke to Benjamin Franklin, Esq.

Topographical description of Exeter, by Dr. Samuel Tenney. Here is valuable information; but why such an ambition of fine writing, on such a subject?

Observations on the Indians in the southern parts of the United States, by Dr. Ramsay. The Indians decrease every where, from known and unknown causes, not only in population, but in virtue, bravery, and renown. In a century they will probably be extinct on this side of the Mississippi.

Observations and conjectures on the antiquities of America, by Rev. Jacob Bailey. This paper is intended to prove, that in North America there must have existed many centuries ago nations powerful, extensive, and populous, who had made improvements in various branches of useful knowledge. This may be true, but certainly Mr. Bailey only plays about the question, and does not vigorously grapple.

Remarks on Mr. Bailey's letter, by Rev. J. T. Kirkland.

An account of the Church of Christ in Plymouth from its establishment to the present day, by John Cotton, Esq. written in 1760. The American student of divinity and the writer of American history should study this long communication.

General Lincoln's observations on the Eastern counties in the district of Maine. The counties of Cumberland and Lincoln, from a variety of causes, are equally, if not more healthy, than any part of the United States, and probably in this respect are not exceeded by any climate whatever. General Lincoln remarks the ex-

cellence of rockweed as a manure, and we shall extract the process of making a valuable salt from that marine vegetable substance, which is used in the manufacture of glass.

But this is not all the advantage that may be derived from it; a ſalt is produced with great eaſe, which is an article of export, being much uſed in all the glaſs manufactories. It is made with little expenſe, nothing more being neceſſary than cutting the weed from the rocks, carrying it upon the ſhores, and ſpreading it until it ſhall be partly dry. A pit is then to be formed, proportionate to the quantity you ſhall have to burn, lined with clay; a fire built in the bottom of it, made with light wood, and the weed put on. When it begins to burn, you may keep feeding the fire with weed, until your pit ſhall be full of the kelp aſhes, or you have exhauſted your ſtock of weed. When you have done burning the ſalt, which will be run into a body a little like potaſhes, it is to be cut out of the pit and put into caſks; when ſo done it is fit for the market. From this ſalt, by a very ſimple proceſs, two other articles of exports may be drawn, the marine alkaline ſalts and the Epſom ſalts. For the former there are great demands in Europe, and are generally, if not univerſally, obtained from Spain called in that country Barilla, which, though obtained from another marine plant, is of the ſame nature.

The observations on the climate we also insert with pleasure, and recommend the whole diſſertation to every reader, and particularly to the emigrant and trader.

Some have affected to conſider theſe lands as cold, barren, and unpleaſant. The old part of the Maſſachuſetts was ſo conſidered by ſome, in the early days of its ſettlement, and repreſentations much to its diſadvantage, were tranſmitted acroſs the Atlantick; thoſe miſrepreſentations had their ill effects, at that time, as falſe repreſentations have at this day. It is true, that the eaſtern part of the ſtate is a little farther north than Boſton; but all agree, who have experienced both, that the fall of the year in the new counties, is equally pleaſant as the fall in the old part of the ſtate. Winter hardly ever ſets in until Chriſtmas; and when it commences, there is ſuch an uniformity in the weather, that it is rendered more agreeable, and leſs injurious, than it is when it is more open and changeable. The ſnow ſeldom or ever fall ſo deep, as to prevent the people from doing buſineſs with their teams, in the woods, all the winter. It is ſaid, vegetation is not ſo forward there, in the ſpring, as it is in the old counties: It may be ſo at the beginning of May; but before the end of it, from what I ſaw the three ſeaſons I was in thoſe new counties, there is very little, if any difference, to be diſcovered; for the progreſs of vegetation is much more rapid in northern than in ſouthern climates. I believe that there has not been any year, when, upon the cleared lands, there has not been a full ſupply of graſs, for the cattle, by the twentieth of May. As ſoon as the lands ſhall become fully opened, there will not, in my opinion, be any conſiderable difference between the length of the winters, in the counties of Cumberland and Lincoln, and thoſe in the counties of Hampſhire and Worceſter.

General Lincoln's letter on the state of religion in the Eastern counties of the district of Maine.

Two letters from Charles Thompson, Esq. relative to the affair of Cook, Kippis, and Congress, mentioned before.

Dr. Bentley's letter on some French opinions, respecting the United States. As anonymous Frenchmen slandered the United States they did not deserve a reply.

Inquiry into the right of the Aboriginal Natives to the Land in America and the titles derived from them, by Rev. John Bulk-

ley. After a long moral and political disquisition he justly concludes, that the aborigines had a right only to the land, which they had subdued and improved; and that the first discoverers had an undoubted right to enter upon and impropriate all waste and unimproved lands without any consideration.

Sketch of a history of Guilford in Connecticut, by Rev. Thomas Ruggles.

Belknap's letter to Hon. Judge Minot on Fire-Engines, Fires, and Buildings in Boston.

Judge Tucker's Queries concerning slavery and emancipation of negroes in Massachusetts, and Dr. Belknap's answers. The questions are judicious and the answers are satisfactory.

References to the topographical and historical description of Boston in Vol. 3. of the Collections, &c.

Account of the Burials and Baptisms in Boston from 1771 to 1774.

Copy of a curious paper concerning the inhabitants of this government.

Letter to Mr. Provost Dunster.

Account of the first Century Lecture at Salem.

Answers of the General Court of Connecticut to certain Queries of the Lords of the Committee of Colonies. The lords inquired of the form of government, trade, military forces, &c. &c. in 1680, and the answers are official. It is curious to observe the effect of time, commerce, population, &c. on the price of labour, for in 1680 labour was dear at 2*s.* or 2*s* 6. pr. day. Beef was then 2*d*$\frac{1}{4}$. and butter 6*d*. At present, provisions and labour do not materially differ in price between Connecticut and Massachusetts.

Account of the earthquake in Port Royal, Jamaica, in 1692.

It is a ſad ſight to ſee all this harbour, one of the faireſt and goodlieſt I ever ſaw, covered with the dead bodies of people of all conditions, floating up and down without burial: For our great and famous burial-place, called the paliſadoes, was deſtroyed by the earthquake; which daſhing to pieces the tombs, whereof there were hundreds in that place, the ſea waſhed the carcaſſes of thoſe, who had been buried, out of their graves. Multitudes of rich men are utterly ruined, while many, who were poor, by watching opportunities, and ſearching the wrecked and ſunk houſes, (even almoſt whilſt the earthquake laſted, and terrour was upon all the conſiderable people) have gotten great riches.

We have had accounts from ſeveral parts of theſe iſlands, of the miſchiefs done by the earthquake. From St. Anns we hear of above 1000 acres of woodland changed into the ſea, and carrying with it whole plantations. But no place ſuffered like Port-Royal; where whole ſtreets (with the inhabitants) were ſwallowed up by the opening earth, which then ſhutting upon them, ſqueezed the people to death. And in that manner ſeveral are left buried with their heads above ground; only ſome heads the dogs have eaten: others are covered with duſt and earth, by the people who yet remain in the place, to avoid the ſtench.

Account of some effects of the great earthquake in 1755 at Holden, by Rev. John Mellen.

Topographical description of New Bedford.

Discovery and description of the Marquesas and other islands in the South Pacific Ocean.

Observations on the Islands of Juan Fernandes, Massafuero, &c. by Mr. Bernard Magee.

Captain Magee's discovery of a group of islands in the North Pacific Ocean.

After groping in the three last communications among bearings and distances, and latitudes and headlands, and W. N. W. and S½. E. till we had boxed the compass, and got beyond "Aurora and the Ganges," we are called to the pleasant land of poetry in

A brief account of the agency of the Hon. John Winthrop, Esq. in the Court of King Charles 2d, 1662, when he obtained the Charter for Connecticut; by Roger Wolcott, Esq. The author represents the King in Council, who being informed "an agent from Connecticut doth wait" desires Winthrop to be introduced, and after raising him up, he asks to be informed

By whom it was your place did firſt commence,
Your patriarchs that led your tribes from hence.

Winthrop accordingly gives his majesty the reasons of departure, an account of the voyage, the nature of the country, the Indians, their own settlement, wars, and civil history, and finally asks for a charter and regular liberties, which the king accordingly grants. In this poem are some grains of wheat among bushels of chaff; but for American poetry, between the beginning and middle of the eighteenth century, and having a Governour for its author, it is really not contemptible. The following extracts are quaint and curious.

The waters freſh and ſweet; and he that ſwims
In it, recruits and cures his ſurfeit limbs,
The fiſherman the fry with pleaſure gets,
With ſeines, pots, angles, and his tramel-nets.
In it ſwim ſalmon, ſturgeon, carp and eels;
Above, fly cranes, geeſe, ducks, herons and teals;
And ſwans, which take ſuch pleaſure as they fly,
They ſing their hymns oft long before they die.
* * * * * * * * * * * *
Within the covert of theſe ſhady bows
The loving turtle and his lovely ſpouſe,
From bough to bough in deep affection move,
And with chaſte joy reciprocate their love.
At the cool brooks, the beavers and the minks
Keep houſe, and here the hart and panther drinks.
And partridges here keep in memory,
How to their loſs they ſoared once too high.
Within theſe ſpacious foreſts, freſh and green,
No monſters of burnt Africk may be ſeen.
No hiſſing baſiliſk ſtands to affright,
Nor ſepa, nor hemorhus, with mortal bite;
The lybian lion ne'er ſet footing here,
Nor tigers of Numidia do appear.
But here the mooſe his ſpreading antlers ſways,
And bears down ſtubborn ſtandels with their ſprays.
Theſe ſport themſelves within theſe woods, and here
The fatted roe-buck and the fallow deer
Yield veniſon as good as that which won
The patriarchal benediction.

Addition to Capt. Magee's discovery of a group of islands is the next paper, and the volume closes with a note respecting burials in Boston from a private manuscript.

Thus we have concluded the review of the 4th Volume, which

as a whole is valuable and interesting. The subjects however are often of the nature of some physical substances; they positively attract the antiquarian, and positively repel the polite scholar. They have a power, like that of electrick affinity in chymistry, remarkably congenial to curious researchers and lovers of detail. It is impossible to make a review of such subjects agreeable to him, who strolls in the woods with Cowper, or who loves with Johnson *fumum, opes, strepitumque Romæ;* but necessity is above and beyond pleasure and wishes, and whatever may be our individual desires as to selection of publications for criticism and review, or for the pleasure of readers and loungers, it is our bounden duty, and therefore our highest delight, to investigate antiquities and examine monads, and molecules of doubt, conjecture, and detail.

ART. 61.

A selection of Pleadings in Civil Actions, subsequent to the Declaration, with occasional annotations on the Law of Pleading. By Joseph Story.

————Si quid novisti rectius istis,
Candidus imperti; si, non, his utere mecum.
HOR.

Salem, Macanulty. 8*vo. pp.* 697. 1805.

BEFORE the revolution the common law, acts of parliament, and statutes enacted in the colonies, constituted the law of the land, and the decisions of the English courts were read here as authorities. When the colonies became independent states, they recognized the common law and such acts of parliament, as had been adopted and practised upon in the colonies, as part of the legal system, by which they were to be governed, and the books which had been read as authorities, prior to that period, continued to enjoy their legal pre-eminence.

Decisions in the English courts since the revolution, are read in the courts of the several states, with one or two exceptions, but *not as authorities.* They are read to shew, what opinions the ablest lawyers in the world have entertained on such points, as may be in controversy among us. It must be acknowledged, that we derive the greatest assistance from these decisions. They command confidence. They elicit the highest praise. That forum will require a supernatural illumination, which can derive no light from the deep and clear intellect of Lord Mansfield, from the creative and systematick reasonings of Sir William Scott, and from the profound yet ready science of Lord Ellenborough.

However important the knowledge of the transactions of the English judiciary is to us, it is not sufficient in numerous instances to supply our wants. The nature of the English government differs so essentially from ours, and the proceedings under some statues are so peculiarly our own, that works of American professors of law are necessarily much desired. There have been many highly important decisions in our own courts, which would doubtless be considered as deciding many cases which occur, but these decisions rest only *in memory*, and it is not surprising, that

the recollections, which different gentlemen may have of them, should be not a little contradictory. Not having any reports in the form of authorities, every case must be tried with all the labour of a new investigation. Different opinions on the same point are said sometimes to be given by gentlemen, equally respectable for professional science, and each may be able to appeal to a case, on which he grounds his opinion. The pressing want of law books of our own is every where felt, but, for the best of reasons, it has not been remedied in this state; nor will it be remedied, unless by the interference of government, while the profession offers nothing of honour or profit, except in a laborious and difficult practice. Few men of talents, engaged in the profession, find leisure to become authors, and when the practice ceases to be necessary to such men, they find many things more pleasant, than to make law books. It is therefore a subject of much congratulation, that the government have thought proper to establish the office of a reporter. From the well known erudition and talents of the gentleman appointed to perform the duties of that office, the profession and the publick may expect to possess a very valuable work.

Whatever may have been the real motives, or the success of Mr. Story in the works he has published, it seems no more than candid to presume he meant to be useful, and to relieve in some degree the necessities of the profession. Of Mr. Story's "Precedents of Declarations," the profession have formed an opinion. The publication of that *form book* has saved many an indolent student or careless practitioner from the intolerable evil of thinking, and from the labour of consulting the English entries. The compilation, which now claims our notice, partakes of the same character. It is however at least questionable, whether such books as Mr. Story makes are advantageous to the publick or to the profession. To gentlemen, whose industry and talents entitle them to confidence, these books are but *Primers*. To those, who are not entitled to confidence, they are mischievously useful. They afford to professional men but a very superficial knowledge, and tend to make them copyists instead of students. But the greatest injury these books do to society is the enabling some men to get a living in the character of lawyers, whose knowledge and whose moral delicacy are far removed from being subjects of commendation.

This book contains "a series of forms of pleading, subsequent to the declaration, with annotations on the pleas, and occasional dissertations." The pleadings are on the following heads, viz. abatement, account, assumpsit, covenant, debt, real actions, bills in equity, replevin, slander, scire facias, trespass, and waste. The forms appear to be transcribed from the files of our courts, or from English books, with such alterations as Mr. S. thinks to be pertinent to our practice. He informs us, that most of the pleas, drawn by living characters, were inspected by them previous to publication. These

forms are therefore doubtless entitled to confidence. The transcriptions from English books must also be entitled to confidence; they are forms which have been in use for centuries. As to Mr. Story's alterations or amendments, it will be pardonable to doubt of their correctness, until they shall have been tested by trial. As a collectanea of pleadings, (Mr. S.'s notes, dissertations, and amendments excepted) this work is entitled to all the praise, which belongs to careful industry; and if not objectionable for reasons before suggested, will abridge the labours of the junior part of the profession. If there be errours in these forms, they are such as practical experience will detect. They are not discoverable by such an examination as is sufficient for the purposes of a review.

The notes and dissertations have increased the bulk and cost of the book, without increasing its value. So far as we have examined the notes, they contain only that common place learning, which every student, who has read Blackstone and an abridgment, in connection with the reporters, must be presumed to possess. Any man, tolerably well read in the law, might make from a dozen law books, with such notes and dissertations as Mr. Story's, nearly as many books as he could make different combinations of sound from the same number of harp strings. For what purpose are they introduced? They are either extracts from such books as every lawyer probably has in his library; or they are the opinions of the author. If merely extracts, it is inviting the profession to pay twice for the same thing. If they are Mr. Story's opinions, whom are they to instruct, and in what court are they to be read as authorities? Where shall we look for evidences of that soundness and wisdom, which will entitle that gentleman's *opinions*, in the most abstruse and difficult of sciences, to attention in a judiciary tribunal? To allow this to the author of this compilation, would be to accord to youth and inexperience *honours*, which are in England denied to men of talents and industry, who have grown grey in the forum.

As a proof of the common place learning of the "notes," we extract the following, whence a character of the whole may be deduced.

Notes on the plea of infancy.

In what manner infant ſhould ſue, and be ſued, ſee ante Abatement, and 5 Com. Dig. 2. C. 1. 2.

The general rule is, that an infant can bind himſelf only for neceſſaries ſuitable to his eſtate and degree. Jones 146. Palm. 528. 3 Com. Dig. Enfant. B. 5. And neceſſaries ſupplied to his wife are neceſſaries ſupplied him. Str. 168.

But it ſhall not be intended for neceſſaries, unleſs alleged; and therefore if Defendant pleads infancy, Plaintiff muſt reply neceſſaries, for Demurrer would be bad. 2 Cro. 560.

And if the account be for neceſſaries for horſe, the Plaintiff ſhould reply generally, that they were neceſſaries for the infant; and not for his horſe. Clowes v. Brooke. Str. 1101. Andr. 277.

In replying to a plea of infancy, the Plaintiff muſt ſhew enough in the replication to maintain every part of the declaration. And therefore, where Defendant pleaded infancy to the whole declaration, and one count was *for account ſtated*, and the Plaintiff replied neceſſaries, it was adjudged bad; *for an*

action will not lie on an account ſtated againſt an infant; and if a replication, which is entire, be bad for a part, it is bad as to the whole. Trueman v. Hurſt. 1 T. R. 40. Webber v. Tivill. 2 Saund. Rep. 124.

The Plaintiff may reply to part *full age*, and to the reſidue *for neceſſaries;* though all be ſtated on the ſame day. 1 Salk. 223.

The Defendant may rejoin, that it was not for neceſſaries *generally;* without ſaying that the money or any part thereof was not for neceſſaries. Lut. 241. Carth. 110.

And infancy may be given in evidence under the general iſſue without being pleaded. Salk. 279. Darby v. Boucher.—*p.* 95.

If we understand what the author intends by "occasional dissertations," we consider the following extract to be one, as contained in pages 97, &c. on coverture, being "notes on the plea of coverture."

Much diſcuſſion has taken place within a few years in the various courts of law upon the ſubject of the liability of femes covert. The general rule is acknowledged, that a feme covert can neither ſue nor be ſued alone; and that ſhe is liable to no action upon any contract during her coverture; but the ſame is abſolutely void.

The caſes on this ſubject divide themſelves into two claſſes, wherein exceptions have either been eſtabliſhed, or attempted to be eſtabliſhed, from the general rule.

I. The firſt claſs conſiſts of caſes, where the huſband is conſidered as civilly dead, and of courſe where the wife would be entitled to dower in the ſame way, as if he were naturally dead, ſuch as exile for life, abjuration, &c. and of modern caſes, which have extended the principle of them.

If the huſband was exiled for life, if he abjured the realm, or was profeſſed, the wife might be ſued as a feme ſole. 2 Bl. Rep. 1081. Co. Litt. 133. 1 Com. Dig. Abate. E. 6. F. 2.

In conformity with the ſame principle, in a caſe, where coverture was given in evidence under the general iſſue, it appearing in evidence, that the huſband was tranſported, and that his time was not yet expired, Juſtice Yates ruled, that the wife was liable. Sparrow v. Carruthers cited. 2 Bl. Rep. 1197. 1 T. R. 6; and Lord Mansfield in the caſe of Corbett v. Poelnitz ſaid he had decided a caſe in the ſame way. 1 T. R. 7.

And in Walford v. de Pienne, where the goods had been delivered to the wife after the departure of the huſband from the realm, *who was a foreigner*, Lord Kenyon ruled, that the wife was liable; and ſaid, "that the preſent caſe came within the principle of the old common law, where the huſband had abjured the realm.—If the huſband had been abſent for ſome months and then returned, and paid bills contracted by his wife in his abſence, and again left the kingdom, he ſhould hold the wife not liable; but here there was a deſertion of the kingdom, and an abſence of ſome years; and he was no longer domiciled here." 2 Eſp. C. N. P. *554*. And in the caſe of Franks v. De Pienne. Eſp. N. P. C. *587*, where an action was brought for goods, &c. delivered partly before and partly after the departure of the huſband, Lord Kenyon ruled, that the wife was liable for the latter, and obſerved, that the rule laid down by him in Walton v. De Pienne, *applied only where the huſband was a foreigner*. "For, in caſe of an Engliſhman, who may be ſuppoſed to have the animus revertendi, *it might be different;* but here is a complete deſertion of the country."

The caſe of De Gaillon v. L'Aigle. 1 Boſ. 357, ſeems to have been decided on the ſame ground; for it was there determined, *that if the huſband reſide abroad*, and the wife trade, and obtain credit in this country as a feme ſole, ſhe is liable for ſuch debts, even though the party knew her ſituation. And Buller ſaid, that it was like lady Belknap's caſe, where the huſband was baniſhed, but it does not appear whether for one or two years, or for life; and it was held ſufficient to make lady Belknap liable. And he ſaid, the rule had been extended to caſes of tranſportation; and "that in thoſe caſes, the huſband was ſent out

of the country for crimes; and in the principal case, he had voluntarily abandoned his, and for aught that appears, never was in England, and perhaps never may come. The wife has traded as a feme sole, has obtained credit as such, and ought to be liable for her debts." No notice is taken in the above case of the circumstance of the husband being a foreigner, nor does it appear in the pleadings; though, that such was considered a principal ingredient in the case, seems to appear in a case, (Marsh v. Hutchinson. 2 Bos. 227,) where it was stated by the council. But, quere, if the replication was not bad in De Gaillon v. L'Aigle, if *the being a foreigner* was a necessary point in the case; for no such averment is there made.

But since these cases were determined, the decisions in some of them have been considerably shaken, if not destroyed, by the great cases of Marshall v. Rutton. 8 T. R. 545. Beard v. Webb. 2 Bos. 95, and Marsh v. Hutchinson. 2 Bos. 226. The two former will be noticed hereafter.

The last (Marsh v. Hutchinson) tried in 1799, was an action for goods sold and delivered; and on plea of non assumpsit, it appeared in evidence, that the Defendant was a married woman; that her husband was *an Englishman*; that in 1783 he left this country, and had occasionally been here since that period; but, that about ten years ago, having purchased the appointment of agent for the English Packets at the Brill in Holland, he had resided there ever since; that in 1795 his employment of agent having ceased, on the eruption of the French into Holland, he sent his wife into this country, but remained in Holland himself, to look after his madder grounds there; and also with a view to recover his situation on the re-establishment of intercourse. The Defendant lived at A. and was there considered as a married woman. On the facts at the trial at N. P. the Plaintiff was non-suited, and now moved for leave to enter a verdict for himself, according to a reservation at the trial. The council for the Defendant insisted, that this case was distinguishable from De Gallion v. L'Aigle, because *there the husband was a foreigner*. But the council for the Plaintiff insisted, that the principle was the same in both cases, and that the husband being domiciled abroad, and beyond the jurisdiction of the court, was the ground of decision.

The court were of opinion, that the non-suit was right; but deferred judgment until the case of Marshall v. Rutton was determined; after which, the court at a subsequent day, declared the non-suit right, and discharged the rule.

In the above case of Marsh v. Hutchinson, Lord Eldon declared, that the question in that case, in the view of the law, might be reduced to this, "whether the Defendant's husband having been employed in Holland by the British government, he has remained there after the cessation of that employment, merely to collect, what the civilians call, summas rerum, or with any other, or further views. And *yet, if it were clear that this man never intended to return to England*, and might therefore be represented as incapable of being sued in this country, before we come to a conclusion upon the case, *there are many considerations to be weighed*." And he seemed to entertain great doubts, whether the principles of abjuration, &c. could be correctly extended to such a case; and particularly, whether even in the case of Sparrow v. Carruthers, *if the term of transportation had been ended*, the wife would have been liable. For in the case of abjuration, he considered the husband civilly dead, and the wife entitled to dower, and thus in every respect a feme sole; but temporary transportation could hardly be extended so far.

And Heath. Jus. in the same case said, that "there was a great difference between the cases of *an Englishman* residing abroad, leaving his wife in this country, and *of a foreigner*, so doing; for in the former case he might be compelled to return by the king's writ; but in the old cases of banishment and abjuration, and the modern case of transportation, the husband could not return. It would be contrary to law. *There is no case, in which the wife has been held liable, the husband being an Englishman.*"

This case was determined about the time of the case of Marshall and Rutton; and the principles contained in,

and to be collected from it, seem to borrow much authority from the weighty discussion of that case by all the Judges. If the principles therefore contained in it be correct, they go far to invalidate the authority of De Gaillon v. L'Aigle; for if being a foreigner was the only ground of that determination, there being no averment to that effect in the pleadings, (as has been before intimated,) the case seems unsupported. And indeed it does not appear, that Buller relied much on that circumstance; for he seems to state, as the reason of his opinion, that "the wife having traded, as a feme sole, had obtained credit as such, and ought to be liable for her debts." It ought also to be remembered, that Buller had, on various occasions, appeared strongly to support the case of Corbett v. Poelnitz, and had been of opinion, that a separate maintenance was (as in that case,) a sufficient reason to make a feme covert personally liable; a doctrine, which has since been overthrown by a solemn decision, to which it does not appear, that Buller subscribed.

How far, indeed, the doctrine with respect *to foreigners* would be now acquiesced in, is for the diligent student to determine. In Franks v. De Pienne, Esp. N. P. C. 587, Lord Kenyon ruled in favour of it; and he, in delivering judgment in the case of Marshall v. Rutton, said, "that no authority could be found (except cases by that decision overruled,) that a woman may be sued, as a feme sole, while the relation of marriage subsists, and she and her husband *are living in this kingdom.*" Lord Eldon's reasoning in Marsh v. Hutchinson will, perhaps, be thought to throw some doubt on the doctrine, as broadly laid down in the cases above with respect to foreigners.

II. The second class of cases alluded to, consist of cases decided upon the principle of separate maintenance, and separation of husband and wife.

The leading cases on this head, are Ringstead v. Lanesborough, Barwell v. Brooks, and Corbett v. Poelnitz. 1 T. R. 5, in which it was decided, that a feme covert living apart from her husband, and having a separate maintenance, *may contract and be sued, as a feme sole*, whether her husband be in or out of the kingdom. See replication. 3 Went. 93.

Attempts were made in subsequent cases, to extend the principle; but they were all uniformly rejected.

In Gilchrist v. Brown. 4 T. R. 766, it was determined, that a feme covert living in adultery, and separate from her husband, cannot be sued as a feme sole, if she have no separate maintenance. And though Buller in Cox v. Kitchin, doubted the doctrine, (1 Bos. 338;) yet it appears established by what fell from Lord Kenyon in Marshall v. Rutton, where he said no case had decided the woman liable; though in Govier v. Hancock, it was adjudged, that in case of the wife committing adultery, the husband was not liable even for necessaries. 6 T. R. 603. See plea and replication. 3 Went 91, 93.

In Ellah v. Leigh. 5 T. R. 679, it was decided, that a replication alleging, that alimony was allowed by the ecclesiastical court pending a suit there, and that the Defendant obtained credit, and made the promises, as a feme sole, and not on the credit of her husband, was bad.

In Clayton v. Adams. 6 T. R. 604. it was decided, that a replication to a plea of coverture, that the wife lived apart from the husband, and carried on a separate trade, that the credit was given to her, and that the promises were made by her, was bad. See replication. 3 W. 93.

The doctrine in Corbett v. Poelnitz, expressly contravened the opinion of the court in Hatchell v. Baddeley. 2 Bl. Rep. 1079; and was in turn doubted in Compton v. Collinson. 2 Bro. Ch. Cas. 377. 1 H. Bl. 334, and in Legard v. Johnson. 3 Ves. jun. 358, and Hyde v. Price. 3 Ves. 444, and in Ellah v. Leigh, (above cited;) and subsequently in Beard v. Webb. 2 Bos. 93, and was finally, after two arguments before all the Judges, solemnly overthrown, in the celebrated case of Marshall v. Rutton. And the law is now settled, that a feme covert cannot contract without her husband, and that a separate maintenance, and living apart from her husband, will not render her liable as a feme sole.

These dissertations appear to be an attempt to do what the judges in England call "bringing the cases together," and, according to our recollection, the authorities are in the above instance well recited, and the inferences fairly drawn. This is one of Mr. Story's best efforts in this work. But we cannot imagine, that even the younger part of the profession can be much instructed by this essay. Few young men would consider themselves flattered in being told, that from a perusal of the same authorities they could make reflexions and deductions as wise and as pertinent. Such book making as this is an art of little difficulty; and the exercise of it would do neither good nor hurt, if it did not encourage indolence, and induce men to part with their money without sufficient consideration.

We allow to the author of this book the merit of an industrious, and as far as we can judge, a fair compiler. In this world of ours, where the air we breathe seems to inspire sloth, and where indolence is more contagious and more fatal than the pestilence, the praise of diligence is no moderate praise. For the honour of American taste and literature, we wish, that the author had exhibited more modesty, than in applying to his work the words, which Lord Coke applies to some of his Reports. "*Illud a docto lectore peto, vel ut corrigat sicubi erratum invenerit, vel saltem ne partem aliquam reprehendat, donec totum studiosè perlegerit, unde fortè fiet, ut pauciora criminetur.*" The language of great men should be sacred to great occasions. But experience proves, that it is much more easy to adopt the language, than to rival the merit of that illustrious Judge, whose works will ever preserve to themselves that rank among lawyers, which the Iliad holds among the poets.

ART. 62.

A summary, historical, and political review of the revolution, the constitution, and government, of the United States: an oration, delivered at Sheffield, July 4, 1805, by the Hon. Barnabas Bidwell, Esq. Pittsfield, Allen. 8vo.

On the fourth of July, 1795, Barnabas Bidwell, Esq. delivered an oration at Stockbridge upon the celebration of American independence; an oration remarkable for its zealous federalism, but the object of which was to prove, that the people of these United States were the only wise, virtuous, and happy nation upon earth; and that all the rest of mankind were fools and villains, tyrants and slaves.

On the fourth of July, 1805, THE HONOURABLE BARNABAS BIDWELL, Esq. delivered at Sheffield, upon the celebration of American independence, the oration with the pompous title at the head of this article. In the course of the ten years, which elapsed between these two productions, the author's political creed has undergone considerable changes; and as Lewis XII. never avenged the injuries of the Duke of Orleans, the Honourable Barnabas Bidwell holds in utter contempt the doctrines of plain Barnabas Bidwell, Esq. This Honourable man has discovered, that, at the very period of consummate felicity when he spoke his first ora-

tion, the American people, whom he then pronounced to be surrounded by such a radiance of bliss, were in truth deep in the dungeons of darkness; governed by an administration, whose only object was to enslave them; and yet so blind, as not to see the fetters forging for them. As the nature of human discovery is generally progressive, we may reasonably hope, that the increase of brightness and glory in this gentleman's imagination will keep pace with every successive change of administration; and that, by the time he comes to be His Excellency, the joyous extacies of the present period will become as insipid to him, as are now the raptures, in which his humblest days delighted.

To those, who are fond of speculating on the nature of man and the character of governments, a comparison between these two discourses and a philosophical estimation of the sources, whence the important difference between the sentiments they respectively promulgate may be traced, will prove at once an instructive and amusing employment. With all the zeal of a convert, Mr. B. not only condemns now all that he admired in 1795, but he imputes the most invidious motives to those, who then thought like him. He passes sentence upon himself and gives up his own opinions to reprobation. We shall, in confirmation of this remark, extract a passage from the first oration, respecting democracy, and contrast it with certain passages in the second, relative to the same subject. In 1795, speaking of the French, Mr. Bidwell says,

From the rigours of unlimited monarchy it was natural for them to deviate into the *extreme of democracy*. Though they have not gone to the same extent as the ancient republicks of Greece and Rome in their democratick days, but have admitted the great modern doctrine of representation, without which indeed no community of magnitude, sufficient to be denominated a nation, can govern themselves at all; yet they have adopted the fundamental errour of a concentration of powers in a single assembly, possessing in itself or by subordinate communications, the whole national authority, legislative, executive and judicial, and in effect the sovereign prerogative of modelling their own constitution. In the exercise of such a political omnipotence, unassisted by experience, uncontroled by a *paramount constitution*, without the *needful balance* of a second branch deliberating by themselves, and equally entitled to a negative vote, and without the *check* of *a well constituted executive*, they have exhibited a succession of tragedies, at which the friends of liberty will in all countries blush, while her enemies exult in the acquisition of new arguments to support their favourite opinions, that Republicanism, however beautiful in theory, cannot stand the test of actual experiment.

We may safely challenge the whole host of anti-democracy to produce a passage in any writer where democracy is more cavalierly treated....not merely original and primary democracy, for that Mr. Bidwell will not allow to be any government at all for a nation, though practised by the republicks of Greece and Rome *in their democratick days*....no, it is *representative democracy*, without the balance of a second legislative branch and the check of a well constituted executive, upon which he pronounces his anathema and to which he attributes all the successive and disgraceful tragedies of the French revolu-

tion. What says Mr. Bidwell in 1805 ?

Two rival ſyſtems of government have long divided the attachment of the world. For the ſake of diſtinction they may be called *democratic* and *anti-democratic*. Democracy is a compound term derived from original Greek words, and ſignifying a government of the people. Such is that of the United States, and of this commonwealth. The very firſt words of the federal conſtitution "We the people of the United States" indicate its democratick character; and the conſtitution of Maſſachuſetts in expreſs terms declares that the people of this Commonwealth have the ſole and excluſive right of governing themſelves. It is not therefore, as has been pretended, a mere cant phraſe, but the plain, unequivocal language of the conſtitution, that the people govern themſelves. Our government then is a government of the people, *a Democracy* in the common and proper ſenſe of the term, the only ſenſe in which there is a democrat in the United States.

We cannot, without too much transgressing our limits, continue this extract through the pages where Mr. Bidwell considers the compound theory of three independent orders in government, as constituting the principal *anti-democratick* system of government. Now this is the identical system, for the want of which Mr. Bidwell in 1795 charged the French nation with all the horrours of their revolution. We say the identical system, because Mr. Bidwell knows full well, that the *real* speculative difference between the political parties in this country has no more relation to an *hereditary* executive or a *permanent senate of nobles*, than to original and primary democracy. The real question, he knows full well, is between supreme power in a single representative assembly, and a limited power in a compound legislative with an independent executive and a paramount written constitution. This is the system of Mr. Adams. This is the system which Mr. B. so warmly favoured in 1795, and which he now unequivocally condemns.

For a mere change of opinion, though upon the fundamental principles of government, no imputation ought to be cast upon a man's heart. A publick recantation of sentiments, publickly avowed, is far from being answerable. It is the mark of a fair and ingenuous mind. Had Mr. B. contented himself with professing at this period of his career his devotion to that very democracy which he had formerly reprobated, we should, without following him in his wanderings, have been willing to pay a just tribute to his candour; but when we see him sophistically changing the state of the question, to charge his former friends with advocating monarchy and aristocracy; when we find him whistling up all the hounds of party slander to fall upon those, with whom he so lately herded, we have no difficulty in discerning his purpose, and we justly estimate at once the extent of his mental powers and the complexion of his heart.

In describing the state of things under the federal administration.... that state of things which he once thought the consummation of bliss upon earth,....Mr. B. now dips his pen in the very gall of party malignity, and among the numerous crimes, with which he charges the federalists, is their dislike of democracy. "Democrats were reproachfully stigmatised, and democracy, the essen-

tial principle of our national and state constitutions, *was charged with all the crimes of anarchy and atheism.*" Now, gentle reader, please to read over again the extract we have given you from Mr. B.'s Stockbridge oration, and tell us, whether the lines we have there underscored were pointed specially against it or not. We have never believed, that *any one* federalist ever intended the ruin of his country or the destruction of her freedom. Yet we know not how to resist the force of Mr. Bidwell's evidence against himself. We are sorry to see him prove so much against his own intentions; but we still hope, that in this last instance he speaks rather from consciousnes, than from participation, and that what may be admitted as confession will have very little weight as testimony.

Mr. B.'s style is just such as might be expected from the author of two such orations, cold and languid; never sinking far below and never rising above the level of mediocrity. He sometimes labours for ornament, but his simplicity is too heavy to admit an alliance with the graces. The figure, in which he principally deals, is *insinuation*. He speaks of every thing as if he foresaw the possible future necessity of explaining away his meaning, and is prepared accordingly. His great aim seems to be the union of political inveteracy with the smile of candour, and the effusions of rancorous malevolence with the holiness of christian piety. Hence, after collecting and reissuing a compendium of ten years calumny against the federalists, he finally proposes to spread a broad mantle of charity "over the *petty* animosities, which have too long divided us;" and after pouring the whole sink of defamation upon the party, whence he descended, he talks of "grateful acknowledgments to the God of our fathers for past interpositions, and a humble reliance on his grace through the saviour for future blessings."

We are far however from thinking Mr. B. chargeable with inconsistency of purpose. The anti-democracy of 1795 and the democracy of 1805, may easily be traced to one uniform and undeviating principle. There is a good old song, in which a personage as pious as Mr. B. gives a history of his own political variations, where in the midst of similar and often repeated diversities, there is yet one thing of which he says,

> And This is law I will maintain
> Until my dying day, Sir.

If Mr. B. should ever republish his two orations, we think these two lines, or others from the same song, would furnish him a suitable and appropriate motto.

ART. 6S.

An oration, delivered at Biddeford on the fourth of July, 1805. *By Joseph Bartlett.* Saco, Wm. Weeks. 8*vo. pp.* 16.

Dr. Johnson somewhere remarks on certain poems, that he knows not whence they came, nor whither they are going. We have rather more knowledge of this oration, than Dr. J. had of those poems, for it certainly came from Biddeford; and we believe, that it is going with commendable rapidity to the land of forgetfulness.

The Editors of the Monthly Anthology.

GENTLEMEN,

IF "the amiable and venerable clergyman of Newburyport, who detected the errour" of Dr. Morse, had exposed it in your pages, I should gladly have been spared the thankless task of doing it myself. It appeared, and still appears, to me an *egregious blunder*, that a man, when dead, should be forced to say a great many things, which his heart, whilst living, never conceived. However, nothing was farther from my mind, than the thought of contending with Dr. M. whose celerity and force in arguing are nowise impeded by the decisions of victory. In proof whereof, I beg you to observe, after evincing himself free from any sort of *blunder* in the case of Dr. W. how aptly and modestly he begins to revive the controversy concerning the Hollisian Professorship of Divinity, in which he was so fairly vanquished. You may, Messrs. Editors, if you please, take up the gauntlet, which the Dr. has thrown. But for myself, I shall no more think of opposing Dr. M. nor attempt to rectify any of his *errours*; and if he shall publickly write or teach, that Dr. Samuel Clarke was author of what is called the Athanasian creed, and shall thence infer, that the said Dr. S. Clarke lived and died a rigid trinitarian, I will not be so *uncandid* and *impolite*, as to disprove the inference, or deny the assertion.

Sept. 5, 1805. SALVIAN.

MONTHLY CATALOGUE

OF NEW PUBLICATIONS IN THE U. STATES, FOR SEPTEMBER.

Sunt bona, sunt quædam mediocria, sunt mala plura.—Mart.

☞ *We cannot too often repeat solicitations to authors, printers, and booksellers in the different parts of the United States to send us by the earliest opportunities (post paid) notices of all books which they have lately published, or which they intend to publish. The list of new publications contained in the Anthology is the only list within our knowledge published in the United States; and consequently the only one that can be useful to the publick for purposes of general reference. If authors and publishers will therefore consent to communicate, not only notices, but a copy of all their publications, such use might be made of them as would promote, what all unite in ardently wishing, the general interest of American literature, and the more extensive circulation of books.*

NEW WORKS.

Report of the trial and acquittal of Edward Shippen, Esq. Chief Justice, Jasper Yates, and Thomas Smith, Esqrs. assistant Justices of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, on an impeachment before the Senate of the Commonwealth, Jan. 7, 1805. By W. Hamilton. Lancaster (Penn.) Price 2,50 in boards.

A Key to Mystery of Iniquity, or an address to men of candour and lovers of truth. By John West, of Fairfax county. Alexandria, Cotton and Stewart.

The Gamesters, or Ruins of Innocence; an original novel, founded in truth. By Caroline Matilda Warren. Boston, 1 dol.

A vindication of the diſtinguiſhing ſentiments of the Baptiſts, againſt the writings of Cowles, Miller, and Edwards. By Eliſha Andrews. A. M. paſtor of the Baptiſt church in Templeton. Boſton, Manning and Loring, 12mo. pp. 156.

Mode and ſubjects of Baptiſm examined, in ſeven ſermons. To which is added, a brief hiſtory of the Baptiſts. By Daniel Merrill, A. M. paſtor of the church of Chriſt in Sedgwick. Two editions. Boſton, Manning and Loring. 12mo. pp. 104.

"Open Communion with all who keep the ordinances as Chriſt delivered them to the ſaints;" eight letters on open communion, addreſſed to Rufus Anderſon, A. M. By Daniel Merrill, A. M. Paſtor of the church of Chriſt in Sedgwick. Boſton, Manning and Loring, 12mo. pp. 84. Price 40 cts. ſingle.

The advantages of Aſſociation to promote uſeful purpoſes, illuſtrated in a Diſcourſe, delivered in the ſecond Congregational Church, Newport, Auguſt 1ſt, A. D. 1805, at the requeſt of the Female Benevolent Society. By William Patten, A. M. Miniſter in ſaid Church. Publiſhed by requeſt, and for the benefit of the Society. Newport, (Rhode Iſland) printed at the office of the Newport Mercury, 1805.

Divine Breathings of a pious ſoul, publiſhed for the excluſive benefit of Miſs Welch, who is deprived of ſight. Boſton, Joſiah Ball.

Solemn Truths, ſtated and urged in a Lecture and Sermon: by the late Rev. John Springer, A. M. to which is prefixed a ſhort ſketch of the author's life, including a narrative of the exerciſes of his mind when he firſt became a profeſſor of the chriſtian religion: communicated in a letter to a gentleman in London. Price 50 cents. 'The late Mr. Springer was ſo well known in this ſtate, (Georgia) that no obſervations are neceſſary to recommend any production of his—it may ſuffice to ſay, that of the numerous diſcourſes delivered by this eminent divine, the above (it is believed) were the only two found intire among his papers after his death—theſe having been placed in the hands of the editors, they readily concluded, that their publication would be uſeful to the public, and gratifying to the numerous friends of the venerable deceaſed, by whom his character was held in the higheſt eſtimation.' Auguſta, Georgia, Hobby & Bunce.

Minutes of the Warren Aſſociation, held at the Baptiſt Meeting-houſe in Warren, Sept. 10 and 11, 1805. Boſton, Manning and Loring. 8vo. pp. 16.

A diſcourſe delivered at Amherſt, N. H. June 24, 1805, before the Benevolent Lodge of Free and accepted Maſons, at the feſtival of St. John the Baptiſt. By Jeremiah Barnard, Paſtor of the church in Amherſt. Amherſt, Joſeph Cuſhing.

A ſermon on the laſt Judgment, delivered at Poplar Creek Meeting-houſe, Wake county, North Carolina. By Leonard Prather, Paſtor of the Preſbyterian churches of Salem and Mount Hermon, Orange. Raleigh, N. C. Wm. Boylan, 8vo. pp. 16.

A ſermon, delivered Auguſt 7, 1805, at the ordination of Rev. Perez Lincoln to the charge of the firſt church of Chriſt in Glouceſter. By Peter Whitney, A. M. paſtor of the Congregational ſociety in Quincy. Boſton, E. Lincoln.

A ſermon, delivered at Sedgwick, May 15, 1805, at the ordination of the Rev. Daniel Merrill, to the paſtoral charge of the Baptiſt church of Chriſt in that place. By Thomas Baldwin, D. D. paſtor of the ſecond Baptiſt church in Boſton. Boſton, Manning and Loring. 8vo. pp. 36.

"Three unclean ſpirits" combining againſt Jehovah. A Diſcourſe, delivered at Haverhill on the 4th, and at Pelham on the 11th of April, 1805; days of publick Faſting and Prayer in Maſſachuſetts and Newhampſhire. By John Hubbard Church, Paſtor of the church in Pelham. Amherſt, Joſeph Cuſhing.

A ſermon, delivered at Hingham, Lord's day, May 5, 1805. By Henry Ware, A. M. Occaſioned by the diſſolution of his paſtoral relation to the firſt church of Chriſt in Hingham, and removed to the office of Profeſſor of divinity in the univerſity at Cambridge. Together with an addreſs from the church on the occaſion, and his anſwer. Publiſhed at the requeſt of the ſociety. Boſton, E. Lincoln. pp. 20.

The Shade of Plato: or, a defence of religion, morality, and government. A Poem, in four parts. By David Hitchcock. To which is prefixed, a ſketch of the author's life. Hudſon. H. Croſwell. 12mo. price 37 cents.

The Chriſtian Magazine, Reviewer, Religious Intelligencer, No. 2. By Elias Smith. Portſmouth.

Independence, or which do you like beſt, the peer or the farmer? a comedy in five acts, by Wm. Jeor, of St. George, Dorcheſter, South Carolina. Charleſton, S. C. G. M. Bounetheau. price 1 dollar, elegantly printed on beautiful paper.

The Dying Confeſſion of Willis Daniels, who was executed at Orangeburg, in South Carolina for horſe ſtealing, detailing a courſe of almoſt unexampled villany and wickedneſs purſued by him in South Carolina and Georgia, previouſly to his being overtaken by the Juſtice of his country, and exhibiting the importance of "*training up a child in the way he ſhould go*," that when he is old, he may not depart from the ways of virtue. Auguſta, Georgia. Hobby & Bunce.

The laſt words and dying confeſſion of Joſeph Hampton Beeler, who was executed at Edgefield for paſſing counterfeit money. Auguſta, G.

An oration, delivered at Biddeford, on the 4th of July, 1805. By Joſeph Bartlett. Saco, Maine, Wm. Weeks, 8vo. pp. 16.

An oration, pronounced July 4th, 1805, at the requeſt of the inhabitants of Bridgewater, in commemoration of the anniverſary of American Independence. By Aſa Meech. Boſton, Manning and Loring, 8vo. pp. 16.

NEW EDITIONS.

Poems from the Portugueſe of Lues De Camoens, with remarks on his life and writings, notes, &c. &c. By Lord Viſcount Strangford. 1 vol. 12mo. Philadelphia, Maxwell.

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The celebrated poem of "The Sabbath." New York, Ronalds & Loudon.

Boyer's Lectures on diſeaſes of the bones. 1 vol. 8vo. Philadelphia, James Humphreys.

A Dictionary of Merchandiſe, and Nomenclature in all languages, for the the uſe of compting-houſes. 1 vol. 8vo. Philadelphia, Humphreys.

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The Conſtitution of the Preſbyterian church in the United States of America. Containing the Confeſſion of Faith, the Catechiſms, the government and diſcipline, and the directory for the worſhip of God.

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A Geographical Chart: containing an abſtract, from the beſt authorities, of the principal States and Kingdoms in the known world; in which the productions, population, principal cities, rivers, mountains, boundaries, length, breadth, latitude, longitude, exports, imports, &c. &c. are arranged in ſo conſpicuous a manner, that the general circumſtances of a country may be perceived at a glance. To be printed, with a fair type, on two large ſheets. Price to ſubſcribers 17 cents a ſet. Amherſt, N. H. Joſeph Cuſhing.

The Chriſtian's Magazine, a periodical work. By a Society of Gentlemen. This publication will embrace the following ſubjects, viz. 1. Diſſertations on the conſtitution and hiſtory of the Chriſtian church. 2. Eſſays on church government, worſhip, and diſcipline. 3. Origin and hiſtory of the American church-

es. 4. Sacred criticiſm. 5. Biographical ſketches. 6. Reviews of theological publications. 7. Sermons and eſſays. 8. Religious intelligence. With the publication of the Magazine will be connected a plan for printing and diſtributing Religious Tracts. Each number, iſſued quarterly, to contain 120 pages, making annually an 8vo. vol. of 480 pages. Price 1,50 per vol. Albany.

WORKS IN THE PRESS.

Collections of the Maſſachuſetts Hiſtorical Society, Vol. I. for the year 1793. Second edition. Boſton, Munroe & Francis.

A periodical work, entitled, The Chriſtian Monitor. 12mo. pp. 192. boards. Price to ſubſcribers, 80 cents each quarterly number, or 1,20 annually. Boſton, Munroe & Francis.

A conciſe Introduction to Practical Arithmetick; in which all the rules that occur in common buſineſs are applied to Federal Currency. Deſigned for the uſe of ſchools in the United States. By Samuel Temple, A.M. 6th edition. Boſton, Samuel Hall. pp. 118.

Democracy unveiled, third edition, with large additions. New York, I. Riley & Co.

Cullen's Firſt Lines on Phyſiology. New York, Riley & Co.

Bullen's Niſi Prius. New York, Riley & Co.

New York Term Reports. Part 1ſt, Vol. 3d. NewYork, Riley & Co.

Fleetwood, or the New Man of Feeling, a new novel, by Godwin. New York, Riley & Co.

PREPARING FOR THE PRESS.

The Spirit of the publick Journals; being an impartial ſelection of the beſt original poetry, eſſays, &c. which have appeared in the newſpapers of the United States during the year 1805. 1 volume, cloſely printed. Baltimore.

INTELLIGENCE.

A meeting of the printers and bookſellers in the Weſtern Country will be held in the town of Lexington, on the firſt Wedneſday in October next. The object of this meeting is, to take ſuch meaſures as may be thought moſt adviſable to form an aſſociation among the printers and bookſellers, ſimilar to the *Literary Fair* in the Atlantick States, thereby to facilitate the publication and interchange of works of merit.

"Propoſals will be iſſued from this office in a few weeks for publiſhing a complete edition of all the writings of the late celebrated Rev. JONATHAN EDWARDS, many of which, we believe, have never appeared in this country. The work will be edited by a number of literary divines, one or two of which reſide in England, and will be interſperſed with many valuable notes and comments, and will be compriſed in about eight octavo volumes.

"Spy Office, Worceſter, (Ms.) Sept. 1805."

Dr. Arneman, of Hamburgh, late Profeſſor of Medicine in the Univerſity of Gottingen, and member of moſt of the Philoſophical and Medical Societies in Europe and America, has undertaken to ſuperintend the foreign department of the Medical and Phyſical Journal, vacant by the deceaſe of the late Dr. Noehden. The high conſideration in which the Medical Journal is held on the Continent, cannot fail to be increaſed by this arrangement; and it may not be improper to add, for the information of the correſpondents of this work, that of the unprecedented number of two thouſand five hundred copies, which are circulated every month, nearly one thouſand are ſent to the Continent, to the Eaſt and Weſt Indies, and to North America. The advantages of ſo large a monthly circulation is, in this work, equally felt by readers and by correſpondents.

Mr. Cottle (the author of Alfred) is engaged in writing an heroick poem on the ſubjugation of Wales by Edward I. entitled The Fall of Cambria.

Mr. Irving, author of the Lives of the Scottiſh poets, lately publiſhed in two volumes octavo, is now engaged in preparing for the preſs, Memoirs of the Life and Writings of George Buchanan.

A ſelection of all the beſt epigrams in

the Engliſh language will ſpeedily appear, under the title of the Britiſh Martial.

Mr. Beloe is printing Anecdotes of Literature, from rare books in the Britiſh Muſeum and other valuable libraries.

Mr. Roberts, author of a Treatiſe on Voluntary and Fraudulent Conveyances, is preparing a Treatiſe on the great Statute of Frauds and Perjuries; in which the influence of that ſtatute upon contracts for ſales, wills, judgments, and executions, will be the ſubject principally conſidered.

Mr. Cruiſe is preparing for the preſs the fifth and ſixth volumes of his Digeſt of the Laws of England reſpecting real Property.

Mr. John Newland, of the Inner Temple, is preparing a Treatiſe on Contracts, as far as they fall within the juriſdiction of a court of equity.

The fifth volume of the Supplement to Mr. Viner's abridgment is preparing for publication.

Mr. W. D. Evans has in the preſs A Tranſlation of Pothier's Treatiſe on Obligations; with Illuſtrations adapted to the Engliſh Law.

The travels undertaken by Meſſrs. Alexander von Humboldt and Aime Bonpland, into the interiour of America excite general intereſt. In fact there are few countries ſo worthy of the attention and inveſtigation of enlightened men, and few travellers have combined with the ſpirit of obſervation, and the numerous attainments and talents poſſeſſed by Meſſrs. von Humboldt and Bonpland, ſuch ardour for the improvement of the ſciences, ſuch courage and ſucceſs in the execution of the plan they had formed. Meſſrs. Levrault, Schöll, and Co. have publiſhed a Proſpectus of the Travels of theſe gentlemen, the publication of which has been committed to them by the authors. Travellers, ſay they, have, in general, introduced all their obſervations into the body of their works. M. von Humboldt has, however, thought proper to follow a contrary method, and to treat ſeparately of objects which are of a different nature. He is, therefore, determined firſt to give to the publick detached collections containing whatever relates more particularly to aſtronomy, geology, botany, zoology, &c. before he publiſhes what may properly be denominated his Travels, which will embrace every thing connected with general phyſicks, the origin of nations, their manners, their civilization, proſperity, antiquities, commerce, and political economy. Of this portion of his obſervations, and the Hiſtory of his Travels, he will at preſent publiſh only an abridged account, entitled Abridged Relation of Travels between the Tropicks, performed in the Interiour of the new Continent, in the years 1799, 1800, 1801, 1802, and 1803. Meſſrs. Humboldt and Bonpland, continue the publiſhers, being united by the ties of the moſt intimate friendſhip, having ſhared all the fatigues and all the dangers of this expedition, have agreed that all their publications ſhall bear their names conjointly. The preface of each work will announce to which of the two each diſtinct part belongs. This arrangement will accelerate the enjoyment of the publick, and will facilitate to a greater number the means of acquiring what will demand a leſs advance at a time. Beſides, it is not agreeable to be interrupted in the midſt of a narrative, ſometimes by the details of an aſtronomical obſervation, and at others by the deſcription of a plant or an unknown animal. He will publiſh, at the ſame time, his aſtronomical obſervations, and the tables of his barometrical and geodeſical meaſures, under the title of Collection of aſtronomical Obſervations and Meaſures executed in the New Continent; and, as in his Voyage, he confines himſelf in mentioning an altitude to the ſtatement of it, without ſaying whether it was found by the barometer or whether it was founded on geodeſical meaſures. M. Humboldt then collects into a ſeparate work all the phenomena preſented by the atmoſphere and the ſoil of the equinoctial regions. This work, the reſult of all the inveſtigations undertaken by our philoſopher during his five years travels in both hemiſpheres, is entitled, Eſſay on the Geography of Plants, or phyſical Picture of the equinoctial Regions, founded on the Obſervations and Meaſures taken between the Latitude of 10° South and 10° North, in 1799, 1800, 1801, 1802, and 1803. A large plate

represents a section passing over the summit of Chimborazo, carried from the coasts of the South Sea to the shores of Brasil. It indicates the progressive vegetation from the interiour of the soil which contains cryptogamous plants, to the perpetual snows which are the limits of all vegetation. Among these is distinguished the vegetation of palm trees, &c. that of fern-trees, quinquina, and gramineous plants. The name of each plant is written at the height at which it is found, according to the measures determined by M. von Humboldt. Fourteen scales, placed on each side of the table, relate to the chemical composition of the air, of its temperature, of its hygroscopical and cyanometrical state, of the electrical phenomena, of the horizontal refraction, of the decrease of gravitation, of the culture of the soil, of the height at which the different kinds of tropical animals live, &c. It is, without doubt, the most general physical table, of any portion of the globe, ever attempted. The same booksellers are likewise printing two other works, which belong to descriptive natural history; one on botany and the other on zoology. The herbary which these travellers brought from Mexico, the Cordilleras of the Andes, the Oronoko, Rio Negro, and the river of Amazons, is one of the richest in exotick plants that was ever conveyed to Europe. Having long resided in countries which no botanist had ever visited before them, it is easy to conceive how many new genera and species there must be among the 6300 kinds which they collected under the tropicks of the new continent. Were they to publish at once the systematick description of all these vegetables, they would employ several years in ascertaining what is really new, or they would run the risk of publishing, under new names, plants already known. It therefore appeared preferable to give, without any regular order, the designs of the new genera and species, which they have been able sufficiently to determine, and to publish at a subsequent period, a work without plates, which contain the diagnoses of all the species, systematically arranged. It is with this view that they publish the Equinoctial Plants collected in Mexico, the Island of Cuba, the Provinces of Caraccas, Cumana, and Barcelona, in the Andes of New Grenada, Quito and Peru, on the banks of Rio Negro, the Oronoko, and the River of Amazons. Messrs. Humboldt and Bonpland have been equally fortunate in making interesting discoveries in zoology and comparative anatomy. They have collected, in great numbers, descriptions of animals hitherto unknown; monkies, birds, fish, amphibious animals; for example, the axalotl of the lakes of Mexico, a problematical animal of a nature similar to the cameleon. M. von Humboldt has made drawings of numerous objects of comparative anatomy, relative to the crocodile, the sea-cow, the sloth, the lama, and the larynx of monkies and birds. He has brought over a collection of skulls of Indians, Mexicans, Peruvians, and natives of the banks of the Oronoko; and these drawings are not less interesting for the history of the different races of our species than for anatomy. These materials, among which will be found a notice on the fossile elephants' teeth found at the elevation of 2600 yards above the sea, will appear in numbers, under the title of Collection of Observations in Zoology and comparative Anatomy, made during Travels between the Tropicks. While these various works are in the course of publication, M. von Humboldt will complete the engraving of the Geological Atlas of the Cordilleras of the Andes and of Mexico, containing profiles founded on measured heights; of the Essay on geological Pasigraphy, or on the manner of representing the phenomena of the stratification of the rocks, by perfectly simple signs: and of the Geographical Atlas, which will contain a map of the river la Madelaine, in four plates; others of the Oronoko, Rio Negro and Cassiquiare, and the general map of the kingdom of New Spain: the latter will be accompanied with a statistical account of the country. All these maps were drawn by M. von Humboldt himself, from his own astronomical observations, and a great number of interesting materials which he collected. He will, at the same time, put the finishing hand to the first volume of his Travels. To the subjects already mentioned as being particularly treated of in that work

ſhould be added, obſervations on the climate relative to organiſation in general; conſiderations on the ancient ſtate of civilization of theſe regions and detailed notices on the management and produce of the mines. A folio volume of engravings will exhibit ſeveral views of the Cordilleras, and valuable deſigns of the antiquities of Mexico and Peru, ſuch as the elegant carabeſques which cover the ruins of the ancient palace, ſeveral enormous pyramids conſtructed of brick, ſtatues, and chronological monuments, which have a very ſtriking analogy to thoſe antiquities of Indoſtan with which we are acquainted. Several of theſe plates are already engraved with great care. As M. von Humboldt publiſhes theſe different works at the ſame time in German and French, both editions may be conſidered as originals. The Equinoctial Plants, by M. Bonpland, will appear only in French; a great part of the text being in Latin, it will therefore be underſtood by the literati of all Europe.

A Collection of Letters, which paſſed between Leibnitz and ſeveral of his correſpondents, and which had not hitherto been given to the world, has lately been publiſhed at Hanover.

By an Imperial Ukaſe in the Court Gazette of Peterſburg, the rights of citizenſhip have been given to the Jews throughout the whole extent of the Ruſſian dominions. The children of the Jews will, henceforth, be admitted, like the other Ruſſian ſubjects, into the ſchools, colleges, and univerſities. The Hebrews will be divided into four claſſes; viz. of farmers; artificers and workmen; merchants; and citizens. The farmers will be free, and, as well as the artificers, may purchaſe lands; and thoſe who wiſh to engage in agriculture, and have no fortune, are to have a certain portion of the crown lands. Thoſe who will eſtabliſh manufactories are to enjoy, in their commerce, all the franchiſes of Ruſſian ſubjects.

Profeſſor Kieſewetter has made a variety of obſervations on the *Deaf and Dumb*, at Berlin; and he has diſcovered, that, when taught to ſpeak, they have a great tendency to ſpeak in rhyme!

ACCOUNT
OF
THE REV. DR. PALEY.

Continued from p. 448.

THE chapters in which he diſcuſſes the duties and intereſts of thoſe who govern kingdoms are no leſs worthy of attention; and in the latter part of the volume he inveſtigates the cauſes of national proſperity, and the means by which they may be rendered moſt efficacious, with a degree of ſkill and originality which may juſtly intitle him to be ranked among the greateſt maſters of the ſcience of political economy. The political writings of Dr. Paley have been ſtudied and admired by the moſt illuſtrious ſtateſmen of the preſent times. It would be uſeleſs to enumerate the praiſes with which they have been honoured; but the laſt and perhaps the moſt enviable that were beſtowed on them, were connected with circumſtances ſo peculiar as to be deſerving of mention. In the debate on the Catholic Queſtion twelve days before his death, Mr. Fox in the Houſe of commons read two paſſages from his work which contained the leading ideas of the celebrated ſpeech delivered on that occaſion. Both of theſe Mr. Fox prefaced with very high compliments, and when ſpeaking of the firſt ſaid that the author, *though living*, ought not to be defrauded of his due praiſe, and that he therefore would not conceal his name. This expreſſion was imperfectly underſtood by moſt of the reporters, who in their accounts of the debate repreſented Mr. Fox as deſcribing him to be *not living*, and ſpread about the kingdom falſe intelligence that he was dead juſt when he was labouring under the illneſs which was the cauſe of his

death. His friends had ſcarcely enjoyed the pleaſure of contradicting it, when they heard another report which could not be doubted of. The illneſs was violent, and continued three weeks; Dr. Paley therefore probably never felt the ſatisfaction which the honours paid to him on that night muſt have communicated, had they been made known to him. For what writer, however diſtinguiſhed his talents, and however exalted his reputation, could be inſenſible to its having been pronounced by ſuch an eulogiſt as Mr. Fox, on ſuch an occaſion, and in ſuch an aſſembly, "that no man who valued genius, no man who valued learning, no man who valued moderation, could hear his opinions without deference and reſpect!" It would argue a want of merit in a work ſuch as Dr. Paley's, deciding on the queſtions which have moſt divided and agitated mankind, if it had not excited a great body of oppoſition. This proof of its merit has not been wanting; but it has now flouriſhed twenty years in the approbation of the world, a length of time in which it has outlived moſt of the treatiſes in which it was attacked, and their titles can ſcarcely be recollected. Mr. Giſborne is the moſt known opponent of Dr. Paley, but his reputation is not owing to what he has written againſt him. He has endeavoured to ſhew that Dr. Paley intended to eſtabliſh the principle of his philoſophy in entire independence of the chriſtian rules, and deduces a frightful train of conſequences from the ſuppoſition; though its application is expreſsly confined to thoſe caſes in which chriſtianity has left us without any rules to guide us, and it ſurely can never be at war with that to which it was formed to yield. That this important reſtriction, which is not only laid down in the plaineſt and moſt deciſive terms, but is interwoven throughout the introductory chapters of the work, ſhould have been overlooked by Mr. Giſborne ſhews a degree of inattention not quite excuſable in a writer who undertook to confute Dr. Paley; but that the error growing out of the overſight ſhould be inſiſted on in an edition publiſhed ten years after the firſt, is an inexplicable difficulty in the production of a man whoſe moral character is highly reſpectable and whoſe literary reputation is not contemptible. Mr. Giſborne has alſo endeavoured to terrify his readers by an enumeration of the evils which will reſult from the general adoption of the principle; but the principle is, that in order to determine which of two actions is the moſt virtuous, we ſhould conſider which will moſt contribute to the happineſs of mankind both in its immediate and general conſequences. Whenever therefore Mr. G. has ſhewn the evils which will reſult from the preference of any mode of conduct, he has given reaſons why it ſhould not be preferred. Dr. Paley's next publication was of the "Horæ Paulinæ." This is not the moſt popular of his works, though it perhaps is that which is moſt admired by his judicious readers for the originality of the deſign and the vigour of the execution. It is an expoſition and conſideration of the evidences of the truth of the chriſtian religion, which may be derived from the converſion and miniſtry of St. Paul. Not long after this work had made its appearance (in 1789) Dr. James York, the preſent Biſhop of Ely, offered him the maſterſhip of Jeſus College, Cambridge, of which he has the diſpoſal in right of his ſee. This was a ſingular inſtance of honourable and diſintereſted patronage. His lordſhip had never ſeen Dr. Paley, he had no knowledge of his friends, he was influenced ſolely and entirely by the reputation of his talents, and by a wiſh to render them ſerviceable in a high academical ſituation. His preferments in the north of England and the engagements they impoſed upon him, induced him to decline the offer after a very long heſitation, which, he has been heard to ſay, would probably have terminated otherwiſe, if he had not accidentally overlooked a ſmall field belonging to the maſter of Jeſus, and he expreſſed his gratitude to the Biſhop in a dedication of the "Evidences of Chriſtianity."

The "Evidences of Chriſtianity" was publiſhed in 1794. This is one of Dr. Paley's moſt elaborate and ſucceſsful performances. Containing a general view of the evidences of our religion, it is better adapted to the wants of the common reader than an argument, however maſterly, which is confined to a

colic, and diarrhœa have alſo occurred in ſome inſtances. Among infants, cholera infantum and patuſſis continue to prevail; the former has re-appeared in many caſes, where it had been removed in the earlier part of the ſeaſon, and in form has aſſumed the character of dyſentery.

Notwithſtanding the long bills of mortality, which have been preſented to the publick, we feel authoriſed to remark, that the diſeaſes of this ſeaſon have very rarely proved fatal, where medical aſſiſtance has been obtained in their early ſtages.

Editors' Notes.

From the author of the "Science of Sanctity" we have received an "address" to the Reviewers, intended as a reply to the review of his book in our last number, and introduced by the following alarming epistle, which is enough to make stouter hearts than ours to tremble.

"Messieurs Editors,

"You are respectfully requested to publish in your Anthology for the month of September, the following address to the Gentlemen Reviewers, by the Author of the "Science of Sanctity," in defence of that original production which they have wantonly and unmercifully handled and mangled, in your August Anthology under the pretence and name of reviewing it. Your refusal or neglect, as soon as known, will necessitate him, in compliance with the first law of nature, self defence, immediately to publish the same, with proper additional Strictures, which may eventually, though by no means his design, operate to the discredit, and detriment of your excellent work, and to the obstruction of the future utility of the particular branch of reviewing, which answers a very good purpose when conducted with candour, and skill, by men of science and critical ability.

"I am, Gentlemen, with proper consideration
"Your well wisher,
"THOS. FESSENDEN.

"Walpole, Sept. 16, 1805."

Now we think that our readers, and Mr. Fessenden himself, will acquit us of unfairness in not inserting his reply, when we assure them that its length alone would justify us in the refusal. We should not be faithful to the interests of our small publication, if we consented to fill eight pages with the clamours of an incensed author, and upon the subject of a work unknown to many and uninteresting to most of our readers. If Mr. S. should be so cruel as to publish his strictures in any form, which would bring them regularly under our cognizance, we shall be happy to pay them all proper attention; but if in any other form, we have only to recommend it to those, who may chance to read the review, or the strictures, to open for them satisfaction, and read, if they can, the "Science of Sanctity."

We must apologize to our readers for the omission of the reviews of the histories of New England, which were promised in our last. They were prepared for insertion, and actually sent to the press, but the unforeseen length of the reviews of the Historical Collections and Story's Pleadings, together with the general pressure of materials, have compelled us to postpone them to the next number. It is one of our principles never without necessity to divide any article. If what we write is ever read with pleasure, and we have vanity enough to believe that the Anthology is not always read altogether without interest, the effect is diminished when it is divided.

To the writers of the Literary Wanderer we owe our thanks for the kindness and punctuality with which they have contributed their exertions to the support of the Anthology. The failure of every preceding attempt to support a miscellany in New England has been ascribed to the number of periodical Essays, with which they were filled. The observation seems judicious, and it only remains then for us to decide between the Literary Wanderer and the Remarker. With the usual partiality, and perhaps with the usual blindness of parents, we have decided in favour of our own offspring. They will allow us therefore very gratefully to bid them farewel.

In the number for October we hope to offer a life of Dr. Bentley, reviews of Adams's, and Morse and Parish's Histories, of the Salem Sallust, of Linn's Powers of Genius, &c. &c.

It is not a new request of ours, that authors, who wish that their works should be reviewed, would send copies of them to our publishers. When this is done, we will ingly engage either to review or return them; when it is not done, especially by authors who are near Boston, we shall be governed entirely by our own convenience in the choice of the books that we review.

We cannot take leave of the Author of the Poem, the publication of which we have now closed, without giving him our thanks, and expressing our hopes that his first offering to the Anthology will not be his last. All who read "Seduction" will join with us in thinking, that it is the offspring of a man of talents and taste, who has given his days and nights to the study of the most perfect masters of the English lyre.

ERRATA.—Page 449, first column, 14th line from bottom, for "Hispalla" read "Hispula." P. 450, 2d col. 11 l. from top, for "sublimed" r. "and sublimed."

THE

MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY,

FOR

OCTOBER, 1805.

BOTANIST. No. 12.

I HAVE *always thought it possible to be a very great botanist*, says the celebrated Rosseau, *without knowing so much as one plant by name.** Yet he he exhorts his pupil to pass from his closet to the gardens and fields, to study the sacred scriptures of nature, instead of books written by men. This famous Genevan had doubtless seen persons, who bestowed all their attention on the nomenclature and classification of vegetables, and thought themselves botanists. The celebrated *J. Hunter*† knew not the names of every individual in the armies of Britain, nor the discriminating marks of each company in each and every regiment; he nevertheless knew most accurately the anatomy and physiology of every individual.

One universal language should be adopted by botanists, and it is important that it should be well understood; but it is absurd to make this the primary object. If the study of plants do not lead to a knowledge of their uses in rural economy, and their medicinal virtues, the attention to the aspect and names of plants is of very little importance to the publick. Before the Spanish Goths overran Mexico, *Montezuma* transplanted from the woods and fields into his royal garden; and it was the business of his physicians to study out and announce the medicinal virtues of his vast collection. Would it not be well, if the philosophers of the north should imitate the wise example of these more than half-civilized philosophers of the south?

The first step towards perfecting the science of Botany in New England is to transplant the vegetables from our woods, bogs, fields, and, if possible, marshes into one Garden; and then attempt the naturalization of tropical and other exoticks. We must not expect to have a garden, in which every plant of every country will prosper, or even grow. To effect this, a garden should be planted on a mountain, directly under the equator, and gradually sloping to the height of more than two miles above the level of the ocean. There every plant of every climate would grow.

While *Paris*, *Madrid*, *Upsal*, *Oxford*, *Leyden*, *Montpellier*, and *Padua* had flourishing botanical

* See J. J. Rosseau's "Letters on the Elements of Botany," translated by Martyn.
† Surgeon-General of the British army.

gardens, *London*, so celebrated in the annals of science, had within it no publick one to boast of, until about 1780; and even then it was began and conducted by a private individual, without any property to carry it on, excepting what arose from his daily practice in physick and surgery, and even this practice was finally sacrificed to his ruling passion, botany. The person of whom we speak is WILLIAM CURTIS, author of the *Flora Londinensis*, and *Botanick Magazine*. As the writer of these essays was, during several years, a witness of the unwearied exertions of his friend and teacher, he conceives it may be serviceable and agreeable at this period to give some account of the founder of the botanical garden near London, together with a description of it.

Soon after Mr. Curtis* became enamoured with botany, a large share of lucrative practice devolved upon him by the death of an old preceptor and partner. He then began to publish a description of all the plants in and about London, in large folio, elegantly designed, and coloured after nature. Not merely the expense of this great work, but the attention it demanded, alarmed the friends of Curtis. Even the sagacious and benevolent Fothergill, "*the friend of mankind and of merit*," checked the flowings of his accustomed bounty, lest he should be accessary to the ruin of his young friend, already too much disposed to quit the practice of physick to follow inchanting FLORA. Fothergill had a great regard for Curtis, and, being of the same religious persuasion, would have left nothing undone for advancing, what he conceived, his true interest, which he believed to be, that of following with undivided attention the practice of physick. Often, on receiving the splendid numbers of the *Flora Londinensis*, has the BOTANIST heard the venerable Fothergill exclaim, "these plates I view with more pain than pleasure. They will ruin the author, by diverting him from his lucrative practice, and plunging him into expense, beyond what any but a man of independent fortune can sustain. The load is too heavy for this young man, and it will break his back." But Fothergill, though possessed of the "*perspicax oculus*" in a preeminent degree, did not then see, that the mild and silent Curtis was indued with the persevering spirit of Linnæus. He little thought, that this meek and quiet man would finally effect all that he meditated; and that to the *Flora Londinensis* he would add the *Monthly Botanick Magazine*, and to both a *botanical garden!* Deep enthusiasm is seldom accompanied with great ardour of expression. Under a mild and playful disposition William Curtis was animated with a persevering spirit, that, in a different walk of life, might have wearied out the patience of a Xenophon, and discouraged Hannibal himself. It has been said, that Curtis composed his Botanical Magazine, as Dr. Johnson did his Ramblers; the one to support him under the arduous work of his *Dictionary*, and the other of his *Flora*.

* Mr. Curtis was a practitioner of physick and surgery, but never had a medical degree; of course not the title of Doctor;—a distinction rigidly adhered to in London.

The King, Queen, and most of the Nobility were subscribers to the *Flora Londinensis*; it is however remarkable, that when Curtis began his *Botanick Garden*, altho' he was presented with many scarce and valuable plants from the royal gardens at Kew, as well as from those of the Earl of Bute at Sutton, the Dutchess of Portland at Bulstrade, from Dr. Fothergill's at Upton, and from Dr. Pitcairn's at Islington, yet he never received any pecuniary assistance towards carrying on his botanick garden. In 1783 the number of subscribers to this institution did not amount to more than forty. When Curtis died (in July, 1799) a general regret, it is said, was felt from the throne to the bookseller's shop, that the author of the *Flora Londinensis* and the founder of the *London Botanick Garden* had never experienced royal patronage, nor national bounty.

His first essay towards a botanick garden was at Lambeth Marsh, near the Magdalen Hospital, St. George's Fields; but he found the situation of the spot he had chosen inconvenient; for although from its position it appeared peculiarly favourable for the growth of aquatick and bog plants, yet this was accompanied by many disadvantages, for which this fortunate peculiarity did not present an adequate compensation. He therefore determined to move; and here follow the reasons as detailed by himself:

"I had long observed, with the most pointed regret, that I had an enemy to contend with in Lambeth Marsh, which neither time nor ingenuity, nor industry could vanquish; and that was the smoke of London; which, except when the wind blew from the south, constantly enveloped my plants, and shedding its baneful influence over them, destroyed many; and, in a greater or less degree, proved injurious to most of them, especially the Alpine ones. In addition to this grand obstacle, I had to contend with many smaller ones, which became formidable when combined, such as the obscurity of the situation, the badness of the roads leading to it, with the effluvia of surrounding ditches, at times highly offensive.

"Nevertheless, when I reflected on the sums I had expended, when I surveyed the trees, the shrubs, and the hedges which I had planted, now become ornamental in themselves, and affording shelter to my plants, such of those inconveniences, as I could not have remedied I should have borne with patience, and continued my garden under all its inconveniences, had not my landlord exacted terms for the renewal of my lease, too extravagant to be complied with.

"Disappointed, but not disheartened, I resolved to attempt its re-establishment elsewhere: I looked over the list of those who had patronised my former attempts, and finding that the majority of my subscribers resided to the westward of the city, I fixed on a spot at Brompton, with the advantage at least of some experience in the cultivation of plants; and here I have witnessed a pleasure I had long wished for—that of seeing plants grow in perfect health and vigour.

"That I have good grounds also to expect that my labours will be crowned with success, the list of those persons, who have honoured my garden with their subscriptions the first year of its formation, affords me the most pleasing proof. Indeed, while vegetables shall constitute a part of our food, and there is a necessity to distinguish wholesome from poisonous ones—while medicines for the cure of our diseases shall be drawn from the vegetable kingdom—while agriculture, the grand source of the wealth and strength of all nations, shall be capable of being improved by a closer attention to our native plants—while botany shall be studied as an instructive science, or as an object of rational amusement; or, while the beauties of nature shall have power to charm, so long a garden, on the plan of the one I am endeavouring to establish, will, I humbly presume, meet with the support of the publick."

Nor was Mr. Curtis mistaken. His plants acquired fresh health and vigour from a more congenial position; the number of his subscribers increased every year, while his own reputation, which had been augmented by his lectures and his publications, extended not only to the remotest parts of his native island, but throughout many parts of Europe. In this enviable situation, with a fair prospect of wealth and fame opening before him, this excellent botanist was suddenly snatched from his family, his friends, and the publick, on the 11th of July, 1799.

On this melancholy occasion, the establishment devolved solely on Mr. William Salisbury, first his assistant, and afterwards his partner. Possessing youth, ardour, and activity, he has added to the bounds of the botanical garden, increased the library, multiplied the specimens of plants, built a house for his own residence on the spot, and seems anxious to adapt the establishment for the use and accommodation both of publick societies and private individuals.

The botanick garden is situate at Queen's Elm, in the road to Fulham, exactly one mile and a half from Hyde Park Corner, and about three quarters of a mile from Brompton. The site must be allowed to have been well chosen, for the grounds lie open to the south and west, except where the plantations are intended to exclude the sun, while the north east wind, by being impregnated with the *ignited* air of the capital, loses much of its sharpness, and becomes far less pernicious, than it would otherwise be to such plants as require a bland and genial climate. The extent is about three acres and a half, including the ground occupied by the hot-house, green-houses, and library; and seven acres more, immediately adjoining, and now in the occupation of the proprietor, can at any time be included.

The arrangement is strictly Linnæan; and every tree, shrub, and plant, is labelled so as to afford the advantage of an easy reference to the correspondent numbers in the catalogue.

On approaching, from the Fulham road, the stranger perceives a door, situate nearly in the middle of the plantation; and, on

ringing a bell, will be immediately admitted. A broad walk, extending across the garden, presents a parterre, on each side, in which all the different varieties and beautiful hues of Flora are exhibited, in regular gradation, according to the season :

"Along these blushing borders, bright with hue,
Fair-handed Spring unbosoms every grace."

No. 1. contains all those plants that are considered useful in agriculture. Persons skilled in this art, have an opportunity of seeing, distinctly arranged, with their proper names of species, every tree, grass, and shrub, that is cultivated as food for man, the horse, cow, and all other subordinate animals.—This is a most important branch of natural economy.

No. 2. is the medicinal quarter, in which the student will find the plants of the London and Edinburgh Dispensatories; and whether he himself is destined to prescribe, or to make up the prescriptions of others, will here have an opportunity of becoming acquainted with the characters of those herbs, which form a part of the *Materia Medica*.*

Among the curious ones will be found the *Assafœtida*; while the poisonous tribe,† only thirteen of which will thrive in the open air in Britain, are arranged so as to be hereafter detected by simple inspection alone.‡

3. The Foreign Grass quarter contains the Lygeum, Spartum, the Melica Ciliata, the Triticum æstivum, the Juncus niveus, &c.

4. The British Grass quarter. Here the agriculturist will, at one view, behold and distinguish those *gramina*, which constitute the real wealth and fertility of a country. These include every species serving food for the horse, the cow, the ass, the sheep, and the goat.

In this interesting collection is to be found the Meadow Fox-tail (the *Alopecurus Pratensis* of Linnæus), which is the most fattening of this tribe, and also the *Anthoxanthum Odoratum*, or the sweet-scented vernal meadow grass, that confers a fine aromatick flavour on our hay, together with a complete collection of all the British species of gramina may be seen in great perfection, in this quarter.

No. 5. contains the British plants of large growth.

No. 6. The British wood.

No. 7. Is dedicated to British rock plants, and aquaticks.

No. 8. The Hot house and Green house. Here I found the *Dionæa Muscipula*, a fine specimen of which was lately presented to the President of the Linnæan Society, for the purpose of elucidating his lectures at the Royal Institute. I also saw the *Strelitzia Reginæ*, so called out of compliment to the Queen; the *Portlandia*, the *Plumieria*, the *Vanilla*, the *Catesbea Spinosa*, the *Ipomæa bona nox*, the *Amaryllis reticulata*, together with the *Crinum erubescens*, all in fine bloom.

In the Green-house is to be met with the *double Camella Japonica*, the *Phormium tenax*, with a very excellent collection of plants from the Cape of Good Hope and New Holland.

* Who ought, as Dr. Gregory has so emphatically advised, to make himself thoroughly acquainted with these plants.

† The Aconitum Napellus, Actæa spicata, Cicuta Virosa, &c.

‡ A class of plants, with which all ranks of society ought to be acquainted; for "On the day thou eatest thereof, thou shalt surely die."

No. 9, the Library. This is an oblong building, with a lattice work towards the south, through which it is intended that the ornithologist should be recreated with the view of British birds, and enabled to study their habits and manners while alive.

The collection consists of useful works, either on, or immediately connected with, the science of botany, such as Curtis's *Flora Londinensis*, and all the other productions of this celebrated naturalist; the *Flora Austriaca*, *Danica*, *Britannica*, &c.; Linnæus's *Genera & Species Plantarum*, *Systema Naturæ Opera Clusii*; *Matthioli in Dioscoridem*; the *Hortus Eystettensis*; together with the English Herbals of Gerrard, Parkinson, Johnson, &c. in all about 500 volumes, including the most celebrated agricultural works of Young, Marshall, Dickson, &c.

No. 10, a Green-house, entirely dedicated to Heaths, chiefly from the coast of Africa, of which there are 150 different species.

No. 11. is appropriated to bulbs and flower-roots.

No. 12. Foreign annual plants.

No. 13. This quarter contains upwards of 1000 different species of foreign hardy herbaceous plants.

No. 14. Foreign Alpine plants.

No. 15. American plants, and foreign wood quarter.

No. 16. Is a double border of foreign trees and shrubs, extending all round the boundaries of the garden on each side of the walk.

The above is intended as a popular, rather than a scientifick, description of a spot, where either the student or the adept may satisfy his curiosity, by means of an arrangement executed in strict conformity to the system of the great Swedish naturalist. Those also, who delight in the contemplation of nature, are recreated at a very trifling expence; and flowers, plants, and trees, at every season of the year, present an almost endless variety of interesting objects.

Mr. Salisbury is often honoured with the presence, not only of some of the first botanists of England and other countries, but also with many of the British nobility; and he has often beheld, with grateful satisfaction, different branches of the royal family, who have honoured it with their patronage, walking along the paths, appearing delighted with the arrangement.§

Such is, at present, the Botanick Garden at Queen's Elms; in the further improving of which no pains or labour are spared to render it still more useful to the publick. It remains for a nation, not only fond of science, but ever considered as its munificent patron and generous protector, to enable the proprietor to complete his plans, extend his views in favour of genius; and finally, to form an establishment equally worthy of science, and of the noted liberality of Great Britain.*

§ Europ. Mag.

* The Botanist has just received an account of a recently established botanical garden, in one of the richest and most flourishing towns in Great Britain, founded almost wholly by merchants; which garden bids fair to become a grand emporium of exoticks. With the history and description came a copy of an elegant oration, delivered by the celebrated William Roscoe, author of "the Life of Lorenzo de Medici." Extracts from this oration may be expected to enliven some future number.

ORIGINAL LETTERS. No. 3.

We regret, that we cannot continue, at present, the easy and elegant letters of Smelfungus. History and learned criticism on all the schools of painting, which are now assembled in the long gallery of the Louvre, and which we had intended to present to the publick in this No. of the Anthology, is not now to be found in our portfolio. We fear, that it is irretrievably lost; but should it be discovered, it shall certainly adorn our publication for November; and we can assure our readers, that we have yet in reserve one or two more letters from that favourite of Painting and Poetry. We hope now to indemnify by the insertion of a short but authentick sketch of the present state of the University of Cambridge, the mother of Newton and Gray, illustrious in the Parliament of England by her representative, Pitt, and equally renowned through Professor Porson in the republick of letters. The view is drawn by a young gentleman, whom we and others personally know, whose manners are agreeable, whose disposition is most friendly, and whose talents deserve no common honours. May he receive every reward, which the University can give; let him be Senior Wrangler, or chief among the Optimes.

Leeds, July 22d, 1805.

DEAR FRIEND,

I MUST now endeavour to comply with your request and answer some of your inquiries. Of the university of Cambridge I can first affirm certainly, that *pre-eminent* merit, in any line of study, is sure of academical reward. Mathematicks are the study of the place, and are the most general road to honours. Fellowships are by most of the foundations appropriated to particular counties, i. e. there can seldom be more than one or two men of the same county at the same time fellows of the same college—which is an excellent means of preventing cabal and favoritism. Our discipline is in most cases strict and well conferred. No degree can be taken without some pains, and no honour or rank in degree without serious application; the first men, or "wranglers," are always deep reading men.—Of Oxford I know but little, but believe that, as you were informed, discipline is very much revived. The strictures of Gibbon and Knox will no longer apply, but I doubt not have produced an excellent effect in making the universities more attentive and strict.—Porson's conversation is most entertaining and various. He quotes with equal ease from Lycophron or a street ballad—no one else can talk, but few desire whilst he is present; he must have full scope, and is not always nice in his language or ideas. With his abilities and application he might have been one of the greatest men living—he is only one of the most learned. Being an under-graduate, I have yet had no opportunity of being in his company.—Of our Literature there is nothing of importance going on at Cambridge. There is very generally in England a combined effort of

the Calvinists to diffuse their doctrines, and enforce their prevalency by securing to their party small livings, and educating young men of this persuasion for the Church. Much controversy has arisen and consequently much declamation. Herbert Marsh, whom you already admire as a politician, has opposed them most forcibly, in four sermons, preached before the university of Cambridge. He is acknowledged to be one of the most learned biblical scholars in the kingdom, and his sermons, which will shortly be published, are a body of true logical argument, and deep, learned quotations to prove the absurdity and danger of these doctrines. We think these great matters; you are free from all church government and may disregard them.—The Stereotype printing goes on with great success. The new copy of the Bible will soon be out, and there is great talk of a complete edition of the Classicks. It will be a happy thing if books could, by any means, be made cheaper. The evil increases past all endurance.—I have seen Roscoe's long expected Life of Leo 10th. 4 vols. Quarto. six guineas. I have not had opportunity to read them, but I see nearly one half of each volume is filled up with old Italian letters and Latin verses, for which nobody cares a farthing. It is said he got 5000*l.* for the copy-right, and the publication, in it present form, is a shameful booksellers' job. CANTAB.

SILVA. No. 8.

Jocemur, querimur, irascimur, describimus aliquid, modo precisius, modo elatius, atque ipsa varietate tentamus efficere, ut alia aliis, quadam fortasse omnibus placeant.—PLINY.

MAN WITHOUT THE CHRISTIAN RELIGION.

SUPPOSE man to be deprived of the divine truths of revelation and abandoned to his reflections; he is surrounded by "darkness visible." He does not know what constitutes his dignity and preeminence, from whence he came, nor whither he shall go. He is unacquainted with the causes of the evils, which afflict him, and the principle of those astonishing contrarieties, which he experiences in himself....of that internal war of feelings against reason....of those emotions, which elevate him to heaven, and of those impulses and attractions, which bring him back to earth. The objects, which surround him, seduce him....self love blinds him....pleasure corrupts him....strength renders him presumptuous.....prosperity intoxicates....adversity discourages him. Does he rely on his own reflections and turn them within himself, he finds nothing but sources of weakness and trouble. In vain does he attempt to procure a situation fixed and tranquil. His projects, his desires, his opinions, like the billows of the perturbed ocean, constantly agitate and toss him. Does he attempt to seek from his fellow travellers a repose, which he has not found in his own bosom....does he give to his imagination wings and fly to the uttermost corners of the earth, like

Noah's dove, that was sent from the ark, he will be compelled to return without the peaceful olive.

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OPINION AND EXAMPLE.

MAN is attracted by example, and he is controled by his opinion. He sees, and he imitates; he hears, and is persuaded. Do as other people do, cries aloud the voice of example. Think with the majority of the world, is the tyrannick exaction of opinion. Thus the power of opinion is in theory, that which example is in practice. In the former there is some rationality, the latter is more allied to instinct and is more mechanical. Example, in fine, makes men monkies, and opinion forms them images of monkies.

—

LOVE.

SHAKESPEARE, in the comedy of *As you like it*, puts into the mouth of his shepherd Sylvius the following delightful description of Love, of the sweetness and delicacy of which I should hold it little less than prophanity to attempt to express my admiration.

"It is to be made all of sighs and tears,
It is to be made all of faith and service,
It is to be all made of fantasy,
All made of passion, and all made of wishes,
All adoration, duty, and observance;
All humbleness, all patience and impatience,
All purity, all trial, all observance."——

True love is indeed a passion tender and sublime, let the cold-blooded cynicks say what they please to the contrary. It is something very opposite to that which assumes the name in fashionable society, where you frequently hear those disgraceful, unnatural, venal connexions....formed not from any congeniality of mind, not from any ardent, sincere, virtuous affection, but originating in ambition, pride, or vanity, sometimes even in a dereliction of all modesty and all moral principle.... honoured with the appellation of Love; but this is not the way Shakespeare instructs us to love. *True love* can only be excited and exist in a virtuous mind. It is always timid, modest, and respectful. It has its hopes and its fears; but it conceals them. "It looks not with the eyes, but with the mind." It is even favourable to ideas, consoling and sublime, such as the existence of a supreme being, the spirituality of the soul...its immortality. A lover with his affections fixed, his heart pure, his feelings ardent, will believe her to be possessed of every charm and every grace, which can ennoble in his "*mind's eye*" the object of his love. In the heroick ages he would have regarded his mistress as the daughter of Jupiter....as uniting the perfections of Venus and Minerva. At this period he will wish to see her the most perfect work of her Creator....the image the most resembling, if I dared thus to express myself, the almighty Being, who unites all perfections. His love will be grounded on the graces of her mind, and in his firm belief that it is destined for immortality. If he could persuade himself for a moment, that she, who is now the delight of his eyes and the sweetener of his life, was but a fortuitous concourse of atoms, or produced from necessity with as much indifference as the organization of a fly....that she must die and be forgotten....that she must lie in cold oblivion and moulder

away....from that moment, I say, he could feel nothing like love, and the ardour of his affections would be extinguished in the frightful idea of annihilation. An English author had some reason for the declaration, that, in a country of atheists, love would prove the existence of a God.

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THE ABBE PRIVAT DES MOLIERES.

ARCHIMEDES, profoundly occupied in solving a geometrical problem, had no suspicion of the assault of the city of Syracuse, until a soldier approached him to demolish his house. This fact is well known. I wish to call the attention of my readers to one more recent, more authentick, and not less curious. About the middle of the last century the Abbe Privat des Molieres, a great partizan for the system of Descartes, was one day sitting alone in a retired part of his house, so intensely occupied in mathematical calculations that he was not disturbed by a robber, who had forcibly broken into his house. When the robber entered his room, and, pointing a pistol at his breast, demanded of him his money, the learned Abbe, without being in the least disturbed, pointed the robber to the drawer, which he supposed contained the money; but the *honest gentleman* that was robbing the house not finding any, and opening other drawers and discomposing the papers, "For God's sake," exclaimed the Abbe, "don't touch those papers, the derangement of which will cause me much trouble, without being the least useful to you. Seek in the drawer which is just over it, and you will find the money." The robber, better instructed, seized the money and ran away, leaving the philosopher to finish his calculations.

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GLOVER.

WE have another singular instance of mental abstraction in the life of Glover, the author of Leonidas, who was on a visit at Stowe when he wrote his celebrated ballad of Admiral Hosier's Ghost, perhaps the most spirited of all his productions. The idea occurred to him during the night; he rose early and went into the garden to compose. In the heat of composition he got into the tulip bed; unfortunately he had a stick in his hand, and with a true poetical frenzy thrashed down the tulips. Lady Temple was particularly fond of tulips, and some of the company, who had seen Glover beating them down, suspecting how his mind was occupied, asked him at breakfast how he could so heedlessly destroy Lady Temple's favourite flowers? The poet, perfectly unconscious of what he had been doing, pleaded not guilty. There were however witnesses enough to convict him. He acknowledged that he had been composing in the garden, and excused himself by repeating the ballad.

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CIVICK CROWN.

THE highest reward among the Romans was the *civick crown*, given to him, who had saved the life of a citizen. This political institution may suggest some reflections. It has been said, that the ancients believed that the first

men fed on the acorn. Was this the reason, which suggested to the Romans the idea of forming the civick crowns, the highest reward which could be conferred on a citizen, simply of the leaves of the oak? Did the legislator by these means wish to instruct his people, that a citizen who had preserved the life of another had most assimilated himself to nature? A golden crown was presented to him, who first mounted the rampart or entered the camp of the enemy, to him who first scaled a city in an assault or boarded the ship of an enemy, but to him who, by his exertions, had saved the life of a citizen was presented the *civick crown*, formed simply of the branches of the oak. The naval, mural, and triumphal crowns recompensed military merit, but the *civick crown* proved, that he who had deserved it was above all recompense. There was something sublime in the ceremony of presenting the civick crown. By the appointment of the general it was presented by the person whose life had been saved, who placed it on the head of his benefactor, whom he afterwards loved and respected as a parent.

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THE PASTORAL POET.

PASTORAL poesy is the description of nature, in all her simplicity. In indicating its object we prove the antiquity of its origin. The first writers were poets....the first poets were shepherds....the first poems were idyls....and the first instrument of musick was the pipe. In those happy times, which have been denominated the age of gold, man's inclinations were mild, his desires moderate, his soul

"Calm and unruffled as a summer's sea,
When not a breath of wind flies o'er its surface,"

pure as the dew-drop, which the sun kisses from the opening rosebud. His numerous flock constituted his highest pride, the birth of a lamb his greatest joy, the death of an ewe his keenest sorrow. If the first of all poems were a pastoral, we may imagine that the subject was love....its illusions, its pleasures, and its phantasies. In chanting the praises of his mistress the pastoral poet attempted to describe her attractions, and, as he abounded more in sentiment than in reflection, as he was more fruitful in images than in reasoning, he had recourse to comparisons to make himself comprehended, and he drew them from the objects the most agreeable to his eyes,... the dearest to his heart. The whiteness of the fleece....the freshness and fragrance of the blooming rose....the agility of the hind, which bounded over the rocks....the innocence and vivacity of the lamb, which skipped and played in the field....sometimes even the brilliancy of the morning, and the burning heat of the meridian sun, constituted so many objects of comparison to give some idea of the object which he adored.

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SOLOMON'S SONGS.

THE ancients were fond of conveying their precepts in the pastoral language, thinking it to be the language of nature. Under this allegory Solomon gives us the purest instruction in the songs to his beloved, delighting us "by his lofty theme and by a strain of poetry, as sublime in its

self as it is simple in its similitudes." There are indeed tender expressions in nature and art, that native sentiment exclusively enjoys. Some will contemplate a fly, as he is pruning his winglets and polishing his forehead in the sunside of the parlour window-seat, and an artist once told me, with an eye all suffusion, that the sleeping Cupid of Paul Veronese was a dreaming in its toes. Is this picking mites, as it were with the bill of a wren; or admiring the miracles of nature and her resemblances? The following beautiful version of a portion of the eighth chapter of Solomon's Songs, given to me by a friend, who I wish could be persuaded frequently to grace the pages of the Anthology with the delicate effusions of his own mind, unites such harmony of verse with so much delicacy of sentiment, that I should accuse myself of selfishness in the extreme, if I withheld it from my readers, confident as I am, it will afford them high gratification.

Oh that thou wert like him who drew
Life from the same maternal breast,
No crimson should my cheek imbue,
When I thy lips in secret prest.

Home I'd persuade thee to return
With me domestick bliss to prove,
Where from my mother I would learn
To keep thee, all the lore of love.

Thy lip should rich delicious wine
My own pomgranate vintage taste;
On thy left hand my head recline,
And thy right arm enfold my waist.

When such a heaven of bliss we share
Should sleep exhausted nature seize,
Maids of Jerusalem, forbear
To wake my love until he please.

PROEM TO THOUGHTS ON TACITUS.

Magnum, inquit Secundus, et dignam tractatu quæstionem movisti: sed quis eam justius explicaverit, quàm tu? Et Messala, operiam, inquit, cogitationes meas.
Tacit. dial. de orat. cap. 16.

MESSRS. EDITORS,

In one of the pleasant evening parties of the last summer, when we were musing or talking upon the welfare of the Anthology, I remember that a sincere wish was expressed that a certain illustrious political writer would furnish our publication with Discourses on Tacitus. The idea was to me remarkably pleasant, as it brought to my recollection "years that are past," when I had the presumption to write an introductory essay on the same subject, and had prepared mottos and matter for succeeding dissertations. But we all thought, that the statesman was either too indolent for laborious political research, or too much occupied by the pressing duties or pleasant recreations of his farm to compose even short and easy disquisitions. We acknowledged his peculiar powers of fancy and investigation. Even the simple thought was delightful, that our collection might possibly be decorated with a monthly ἀνθος from a man, who in the easy intercourse of social life can charm and enrapture all hearts with analysis, history, tropes, and reflection on the French revolution; or who, in the Congress of the representatives of his nation

amid senators and counsellors, under the united pressure of sickness of body and anxiety for his country's honour, could in the debate on the British treaty pour forth such an etherial efflux of rhetorical power, that some imagined themselves in St. Stephen's chapel, listening to the exaggerating fancy of Burke; and classical readers, like Priestley, were reminded of the practical wisdom of Demosthenes and the towering amplifications of Tully.

I wish it were possible to persuade that gentleman to write. Our Anthology would then glow with every variety of "colorifick radiance." Instead of the meagre essays of Gordon, politicians might be charmed with a new Machiavel; with dissertations on the Annals of Tacitus, not inferiour to the discourses on the decade of Livy, by the secretary of the Florentine commonwealth. You may however recollect, that we soon abandoned with regret our conversation on the delightful illusion. Yet, though we talked with apparent spirit on other enterprises of greater facility, I believe that the former project had completely fascinated our minds, for the fruit, the claret, and the evening were gone, before we had brought the simplest scheme to maturity.

Since then I have often reflected on the occurrences of that night; and if you please I am now disposed, with feeble means and feeble hopes, to attempt the execution of another plan, not totally different from that of our former discussion. "*Pigliate adunque questo in quel modo che si pigliano tutte le cose degli amici, dove si considera piu sempre l'intenzione di chi manda, che la qualità della cosa che è mandata.*" The idea, suggested by one of our literary circle, I cannot adopt. He wished for political discourses. I can furnish *Thoughts on Tacitus* only, for regular dissertations would demand the speculative knowledge and practical experience of a statesman; and would require more time, than I can allot from necessary duties, and a larger library for reference or quotation, than I at present possess. But for short political essays I shall be able to find leisure; I know not that I can find the talents. I can say, in the words of Machiavelli to Buondelmonti and Rucellai, "*in quello io ho espresso quanto io so,*" "I have here told all that I know;" but I am not grey headed, and therefore I cannot say with him, "*e quanto io ho imparato per una lunga pratica e continua lezione delle cose del mundo;*" "and all, that I have learnt by long practice and continued perusal of the affairs of the world." But the politicks shall never be local. Party allusions and party wranglings I utterly disclaim; and I hope that you will exercise the duty of a literary licenser, and burn every paper, which I may offer, where such names and topicks are introduced, as existing factions, follies, and cabals.

But, gentlemen, politicks and government are far from being the sole objects, to which I shall direct the "Thoughts." Tacitus every where mixes moral remarks with his professed subject, which may furnish themes for moral discussion. His *Dialogus de Oratoribus* is full of literature,

which may supply an inexhaustible fund for correspondent reflection. The antiquarian, geographer, and historian resort to the *De situ moribus et populis Germaniæ libellus*, as the astronomer to the Principia of Newton, and the jurist to the Fœdera of Rymer. I intend to be perfectly at liberty as to my subjects and the modes of treating them. As I wish to impose no obligation upon readers, so I shall fasten no fetters on myself, but be entirely unrestrained as to matter and manner. The *thoughts on Tacitus* will therefore be a head under which, with a motto from that writer, I may range reflections or extracts, either critical, historical, literary, political, or moral; but I would not wish to be censured, if I begin with a syllogism and end with the praises of *sweet pennyroyal*.

Perhaps it is useless to number the papers, because they will be very irregular in their appearance. It seems indeed rather absurd to give by Nos. an air of order to a work, which it cannot assume, and expressly disclaims. Besides, I know not how long I may continue to write such disquisitions. A thousand evils may discourage me, or a thousand accidents may prevent my exertions. The mere business of composition, every author knows, is not mechanical; it is often entirely fortuitous; it depends on a variety of circumstances; it is influenced by an infinity of modifications, too minute to be noticed and too evanescent to be described. It resembles a class of inflammatory disorders. The fever fit is neither quotidian, nor every other day, nor tertian, nor quartan; the disease is in its nature intermittent; the symptoms are fallacious, there is no diagnostick.

I have chosen Tacitus for reflections, because he abounds in them. On every page is stamped deep thought. He sparkles with mind; he corruscates with incessant shootings of intellect. In every age he has been honoured and admired by princes and politicians. The emperour Tacitus was proud to mark the historian in the line of his ancestors. Leo the 10th, the great and the illustrious, purchased a manuscript, containing part of his works, at a high price, and offered the finder dignities, rewards, and religious indulgences. Queen Christina of Sweden devoted days and nights to this profound writer. The reading of Greek literature was her amusement, but the study of Tacitus she called "*ses lectures serieuses.*" Commentators have overwhelmed him with explanation, and discourses have enlarged his primal matter into bulky volumes of discordant opinions, little utility, and tedious elaboration, as the Armenian merchant increases his little box of musk by the frequent addition of apparently similar materials; or as the chemist, by the operation of calorick, volatilizes a few cubick inches of water into a wide atmosphere of artificial gases. They can offer no other apology, than that Tacitus deserved perpetual commentary and could easily furnish matter for discourse. This is unquestionably true. In his writings there is more terseness, more condensation, more vigour, than in Tully. In the former the reader is stopped by

the sense; in the latter he is often detained by the beauty of the sentence. The first is brief, pointed, and profound; the second is magnificent, elaborate, and learned. Tacitus is like an Ethiopian sun, which darts direct light and burning heat; Tully sometimes resembles the sun of our latitude, where the rays and solar fire are mellowed by atmospherical reflection, and lessened by physical obliquity. The short and single sentences of Tacitus are like the meteorous irradiations of Aurora Borealis in Norway, shooting from the horizon to the zenith. The rhetorical combinations of Tully resemble wide-spread conflagrations of whole forests on the African coast, which redden the blackness of night, and give radiance to the splendour of day.

It is time, Messrs. Editors, to relieve you. I have only to add, that I shall probably be greatly indebted to various writers in the progress of my work, as it will not be wholly original. Therefore to disarm that kind of criticism, which is no sister to candour, but is the distorted offspring of *mordax malignitas*, I now boldly and honestly confess, that I shall borrow from Brotier, Montesquieu, Johnson, Bayle, or other authorities, whatever materials I may find necessary for ornament or construction, without minutely noting *quantity*, *where*, *when*, or any other of the entertaining categories of the pleasant Aristotle.

QUINTILIAN.

THE REMARKER. *No.* 2.

——at sibi quivis
Speret idem, sudet multum frustraque laboret
Ausus idem. HOR.

THOUGH there is no subject, on which persons more confidently speak, or more widely differ, than on the merits of eminent writers, yet not every one, who censures, or admires, is always able to give a reason for his censure, or admiration. Numbers judge from prejudice and passion, and pass the most extravagant encomiums on one author, and declaim violently against another, who are utterly incapable of pointing out their excellencies and defects. They admire they know not why, and condemn they know not wherefore. They like *because* they like, not considering that the great point is, to know *how* to like, and to discover what is *worth* liking. Till they attain to this, which distinguishes the man of discriminating taste from the idle declaimer, their admiration will be blind and senseless, and their censures, cavils, not criticisms.

We live in a country, which abounds in criticks of this kind, who, by the mere force of natural genius, without the aid of learning, will decide peremptorily on the merits of anthors, and often in direct opposition to the united suffrage of ages. With these gentlemen, correct elegance passes for dulness, and bombast for genius.

Some are exclusively attached to nervous writers, fascinated with the boldness of their senti-

ments, or the imposing splendour of their language. Dazzled with excellencies, real or imaginary, they are blind to their defects. Thus they can distinguish no stiffness and pedantry in Johnson, no gallicisms in Gibbon, no turgid obscurities in Burke. Among the poets, they can find no nonsense in Shakespeare, and no quaintness in Milton; and rank Juvenal, Dryden, and Churchill, far above Horace, Boileau, and Pope. Struck with the size and sinews of the Farnese Hercules, they have no taste for the finished elegance of the Belvidere Apollo.

Others again are great admirers of simplicity, and have no relish for dignified and ornamental writing. They are startled at a metaphor, and disgusted with an epithet. They would strip the best authors of their most admired decorations, and leave them as bare as the fashionable belles of the day.

Now the man of taste will not condemn or approve by wholesale, but will weigh in his critical balance the distinguishing beauties and defects of every author, and assign a satisfactory reason for his censure or his approbation. He will acknowledge, that Shakespeare exhibits beauties superiour to those of the best authors, and at the same time possesses faults, which would disgrace the worst, that he perpetually mixes farce with tragedy, that he is forever hunting after quibbles, which, when found, do not always repay the labour of search, that though many of his scenes are perfect, yet he has not perhaps a complete play.

In Johnson he will admire a stupendous reach of understanding, profoundness of thought, general justness of criticism, and magnificence of language. But he will be occasionally disgusted with the too artificial construction of his elaborate periods, with the repeated recurrence of his driads, triads, and quaternions, as they are styled by the author of Lexiphanes. He will give all due credit to the Rambler for its fine moral reflexions, and the deep knowledge it exhibits of the human heart; but he will not allow it, as a work of taste, an equal rank with the Spectator. He will not discover in it that lightness, that airiness, that gentlemanly ease and humour, that natural unaffected elegance, those inimitable unstudied graces, which charm us in the pages of Addison. He will observe the morbid melancholy of Johnson pervading almost every paper, nor will he think him happy in the adoption or invention of his proper names, such as Turgoro, Orgilio, Papilius, Tetrica, &c.

In his lives of the poets, he will acknowledge his great critical acumen, and the vast powers of his mighty mind employed in the investigation of poetical merit. But he will confine his admiration of him to his criticisms on *intellectual* poetry. Of that species of poetry, which depends on feeling and sensibility, he will not regard him as a decisive judge. Hence he will not unite with him in his censures of Gray, and will probably think, that his panegyrick of Dryden's ode on Mrs. Killigrew greatly exceeds its merits.

In Gibbon the man of taste will admire the extent of his learning, the strength of his imagination, and the brilliance of his style. But, whatever may be his religious opinions, he will consider the manner of the historian's attack on christianity unfair and disingenuous, his idiom often foreign, his sentences tedious from their uniformity, and sometimes obscure from their construction.

In Burke, he will be astonished at the richness and fertility of his imagination, the depth of his political knowledge, and the fire of his genius unquenched by age or misfortunes. But he will think him often obscure, and often extravagant. He will observe him ransacking art and nature for metaphors, and not very solicitous where he finds them; so that he will conclude on the whole, that his works resemble the image in Nebuchadnezzar's dream, which, though it contained a considerable portion of silver and fine gold, yet was disgraced, at the same time, with the meaner materials of iron, brass, and clay.

The three great writers last mentioned possess various and original excellencies. But they are dangerous models, as an imitator would probably only attain their defects. Their style and manner are easily copied, as is also the imposing splendour of their language. But their beauties, wholly distinct from these mechanical peculiarities, are not within the grasp of ordinary minds. To imitate the ease and freedom of Addison is a safer, though perhaps a still more arduous task. But though native elegancies cannot be attained, yet much may be acquired from the attempt. 'Whoever wishes (says Johnson) to attain an English style, familiar and not coarse, and elegant but not ostentatious, must give his days and nights to the volumes of Addison.'

Such a style is, on the whole, the most useful, perhaps the most elegant, if it be true, as the criticks assert, that a fine style does not consist in fine words, but in the most natural, which will always be the most expressive collocation of those used in genteel and literary conversation.

The man of taste will consider this style as the best and most classical, though at the same time he will give due praise to the excellencies of the more gorgeous writers. He will not confine his admiration to any one class of authors, but will discover and relish the distinguishing perfections of each. 'He will (in the language of Addison) be pleased with Livy for his manner of telling a story, with Sallust for entering into those internal principles of action, which arise from characters and manners of the person he describes, or with Tacitus for displaying those outward motives of safety and interest, which gave birth to the whole series of transactions which he relates.'* A.

* Spectator No. 409.

SACONTALA: OR, THE FATAL RING.

Continued from p. 472.

ACT IV.

SCENE—*A lawn before the cottage. The two damsels are discovered gathering flowers.*

ANUSUYA.

O MY Priyamvada, though our sweet friend has been happily married according to the rites of Gandharvas, to a bridegroom equal in rank and accomplishments, yet my affectionate heart is not wholly free from care; and one doubt gives me particular uneasiness.

Pri. What doubt my Anusúyá?

Anu. This morning the pious prince was dismissed with gratitude by our hermits, who had then completed their mystick rites: he is now gone to his capital, Hastinápura, where, surrounded by a hundred women in the recesses of his palace, it may be doubted whether he will remember his charming bride.

Pri. In that respect you may be quite easy. Men, so well informed and well educated as he, can never be utterly destitute of honour.—We have another thing to consider. When our father Canna shall return from his pilgrimage, and shall hear what has passed, I cannot tell how he may receive the intelligence.

Anu. If you ask my opinion, he will, I think, approve of the marriage.

Pri. Why do you think so?

Anu. Because he could desire nothing better, than that a husband so accomplished and so exalted should take Sacontala by the hand. It was, you know, the declared object of his heart, that she might be suitably married; and since heaven has done for him what he most wished to do, how can he be possibly dissatisfied?

Pri. You reason well; but—[*Looking at her basket*]—My friend, we have plucked a sufficient store of flowers to scatter over the place of sacrifice.

Anu. Let us gather more to decorate the temples of the goddesses who have procured for Sacontala so much good fortune [*They both gather more flowers.*]

Behind the scenes. It is I——Hola!

Anu. [*Listening.*] I hear the voice, as it seems, of a guest arrived in the hermitage.

Pri. Let us hasten thither. Sacontala is now reposing; but though we may, when she wakes, enjoy her presence, yet her mind will all day be absent with her departed lord.

Anu. Be it so; but we have occasion, you know, for all these flowers.

[*They advance.*

Again behind the scenes. How? Dost thou show no attention to a guest? Then hear my imprecations——"He "on whom thou art meditating, on "whom alone thy heart is now fixed, "while thou neglectest a pure gem of "devotion who demands hospitality, "shall forget thee, when thou seest him "next, as a man restored to sobriety "forgets the words which he uttered "in a state of intoxication."

[*Both damsels look at each other with affliction.*

Pri. Wo is me! Dreadful calamity! Our beloved friend has, through mere absence of mind, provoked by her neglect, some holy man who expected reverence.

Anu. [*Looking.*] It must be so; for the cholerick Durvásas is going hastily back.

Pri. Who else has power to consume, like raging fire, whatever offends him? Go, my Anusuya; fall at his feet, and persuade him, if possible, to return: in the mean time I will prepare water and refreshments for him.

Anu. I go with eagerness.

[*She goes out.*

Pri. [*Advancing hastily her foot slips.*] Ah! through my eager haste I have let the basket fall; and my religious duties must not be postponed. [*She gathers fresh flowers.*

Anusuya re-enters.

Anu. His wrath, my beloved, passes all bounds.—Who living could now appease him by the humblest prostrations or intreaties? yet at last he a little relented.

Pri. That little is a great deal for him.—But inform me how you soothed him in any degree.

Anu. When he positively refuſed to come back, I threw myſelf at his feet, and thus addreſſed him: "Holy ſage, forgive, I intreat, the offence of an amiable girl, who has the higheſt veneration for you, but was ignorant, through diſtraction of mind, how exalted a perſonage was calling to her."

Pri. What then? What ſaid he?

Anu. He anſwered thus: "My word muſt not be recalled; but the ſpell which it has raiſed ſhall be wholly removed when her lord ſhall ſee his ring." Saying this he diſappeared.

Pri. We may now have confidence; for before the monarch departed, he fixed with his own hand on the finger of Sacontala the ring, on which we ſaw the name of Duſhmanta engraved, and which we will inſtantly recognize. On him therefore alone, will depend the remedy for our misfortune.

Anu. Come, let us now proceed to the ſhrines of the goddeſſes, and implore their ſuccour. [*Both advance.*

Pri. [*Looking.*] See, my Anuſuya, where our beloved friend ſits, motionleſs as a picture, ſupporting her languid head with her left hand. With a mind ſo intent on one object, ſhe can pay no attention to herſelf, much leſs to a ſtranger.

Anu. Let the horrid imprecation, Priyamvada, remain a ſecret between us two: we muſt ſpare the feelings of our beloved, who is naturally ſuſceptible of quick emotions.

Pri. Who would pour boiling water on the bloſſom of a tender Mallicà?

[*Both go out.*

A Pupil of Canna enters.

Pup. I am ordered by the venerable Canna, who is returned from the place of his pilgrimage to obſerve the time of the night, and am, therefore, come forth to ſee how much remains of it.—[*Walking round, and obſerving the heavens.*] On one ſide, the moon, who kindles the flowers of the Oſhadhi, has nearly ſunk in his weſtern bed; and, on the other, the ſun, ſeated behind his charioteer Arun, is beginning his courſe: the luſtre of them both is conſpicuous, when they riſe and when they ſet; and by their example ſhould men be equally firm in proſperous and in adverſe fortune.—The moon has now diſappeared, and the night flower pleaſes no more: it leaves only a remembrance of its odour, and languiſhes like a tender bride whoſe pain is intolerable in the abſence of her beloved.—The ruddy morn impurples the dew drops on the branches of yonder Vadari; the peacock, ſhaking off ſleep, haſtens from the cottages of hermits interwoven with holy graſs; and yonder antelope, ſpringing haſtily from the place of ſacrifice, which is marked, with his hoofs, raiſes himſelf on high, and ſtretches his graceful limbs.—How is the moon fallen from the ſky with diminiſhed beams! the moon who had ſet his foot on the head of Sumeru, king of mountains, and had climbed, ſcattering the rear of darkneſs, even to the central palace of Viſhnu!—Thus do the great men of this world aſcend with extreme labour to the ſummit of ambition, but eaſily and quickly deſcend from it.

Anuſuya enters meditating.

Anu. [*aſide.*] Such has been the affection of Sacontala, though ſhe was bred in auſtere devotion, averſe from ſenſual enjoyments!—How unkind was the king to leave her!

Pup. [*aſide.*] The proper time is come for performing the hóma: I muſt appriſe our preceptor of it. [*He goes out.*

Anu. The ſhades of night are diſperſed; and I am hardly awake; but were I ever ſo perfectly in my ſenſes, what could I now do? My hands move not readily to the uſual occupations of the morning.—Let the blame be caſt on love, on love only, by whom our friend has been reduced to her preſent condition, through a monarch who has broken his word. Or does the imprecation of Durvàſas already prevail? How elſe could a virtuous king, who made ſo ſolemn an engagement, have ſuffered ſo long a time to elapſe without ſending even a meſſage?—Shall we convey the fatal ring to him?—Or what expedient can be ſuggeſted for the relief of this incomparable girl, who mourns without ceaſing?—Yet what fault has ſhe committed?—With all my zeal for her happineſs, I cannot ſummon courage enough to inform our father Canna that ſhe is pregnant.—What then, oh! what ſtep can I take to relieve her anxiety?

Priyamvada enters.

Pri. Come, Anuſuya, come quickly.

They are making ſuitable preparations for conducting Sacontala to her huſband's palace.

Anu. [*With ſurpriſe.*] What ſay you, my friend?

Pri. Hear me. I went juſt now to Sacontala, meaning only to aſk if ſhe had ſlept well.

Anu. What then? oh what then?

Pri. She was ſitting with her head bent on her knee, when our father Canna, entering her apartment, embraced and congratulated her.—"My ſweet child," ſaid he, "there has been a happy omen: the young Brahmen who officiated in our morning ſacrifice, though his ſight was impeded by clouds of ſmoke, dropped the clarified butter into the very centre of the adorable flame.—Now ſince the pious act of my pupil has proſpered, my feſter child muſt not be ſuffered any longer to languiſh in ſorrow; and this day I am determined to ſend thee from the cottage of the old hermit who bred thee up, to the palace of the monarch who has taken thee by the hand!"

Anu. My friend, who told Canna what paſſed in his abſence?

Pri. When he entered the place where the holy fire was blazing, he heard a voice from heaven pronouncing divine meaſures.—

Anu. [*Amazed.*] Ah! you aſtoniſh me.

Pri. Hear the celeſtial verſe:—"Know that thy adopted daughter, O pious Brahmen, has received from Duſhmanta a ray of glory deſtined to rule the world; as the wood Samí becomes pregnant with myſterious fire."

Anu. [*Embracing Priyamvada.*] I am delighted, my beloved; I am tranſported with joy. But—ſince they mean to deprive us of our friend ſo ſoon as to day, I feel that my delight is at leaſt equalled by my ſorrow.

Pri. Oh! we muſt ſubmit patiently to the anguiſh of parting. Our beloved friend will now be happy; and that ſhould conſole us.

Anu. Let us now make haſte to dreſs her in bridal array. I have already, for that purpoſe, filled the ſhell of a cocoa nut, which you ſee fixed on an Amra tree, with the fragrant duſt of Nágacéſaras: take it down, and keep it in a freſh lotos leaf, whilſt I collect ſome Górachana from the forehead of a ſacred cow, ſome earth from conſecrated ground, and ſome freſh Cuſa graſs, of which I will make a paſte to enſure good fortune.

Pri. By all means. [*She takes down the perfume.—Anuſuya goes out.*]

Behind the ſcenes. O Gautami bid the two Miſras, Saraṅgarava and Saradwata, make ready to accompany my child Sacontala.

Pri. [*Liſtening.*] Loſe no time, Anuſuya, loſe no time. Our father Canna is giving orders for the intended journey to Haſtinápura.

Anuſuya re-enters with the ingredients of her Charm.

Anu. I am here: let us go, my Priyamvada. [*They both advance.*]

Pri. [*Looking.*] There ſtands our Sacontala, after her bath at ſunriſe, while many holy women, who are congratulating her, carry baſkets of hallowed grain.—Let us haſten to greet her.

Enter Sacontala, Gautami, and female Hermits.

Sac. I proſtrate myſelf before the goddeſs.

Gaut. My child, thou canſt not pronounce too often the word goddeſs: thus wilt thou procure great felicity for thy lord.

Herm. Mayſt thou, O royal bride, be delivered of a hero! [*The Hermits go out.*]

Both Damſels. [*Approaching Sacontala.*] Beloved friend, was your bath pleaſant?

Sac. O! my friends, you are welcome: let us ſit a while together. [*They ſeat themſelves.*]

Anu. Now you muſt be patient, whilſt I bind on a charm to ſecure your happineſs.

Sac. That is kind.—Much has been decided this day: and the pleaſure of being thus attended by my ſweet friends will not ſoon return. [*Wiping off her tears.*]

Pri. Beloved, it is unbecoming to weep at a time when you are going to be ſo happy.—[*Both damſels burſt into tears as they dreſs her.*] Your elegant perſon deſerves richer apparel: it is now decorated with ſuch rude flowers as we could procure in this foreſt.

Canna's Pupil enters with rich clothes.

Pup. Here is a complete dreſs. Let the queen wear it auſpiciouſly; and may her life be long! [*The women look with aſtoniſhment.*]

Gaut. My ſon, Harita whence came this apparel?

Pup. From the devotion of our father Canna.

Gaut. What doſt thou mean?

Pup. Be attentive. The venerable ſage gave this order: "Bring freſh flowers for Sacontala from the moſt beautiful trees;" and ſuddenly the wood-nymphs appeared, raiſing their hands, which rivalled new leaves in beauty and ſoftneſs. Some of them wove a lower mantle bright as the moon, the preſage of her felicity; another preſſed the juice of Láchà to ſtain her feet exquiſitely red; the reſt were buſied in forming the gayeſt ornaments; and they eagerly ſhowered their gifts on us.

Pri. [*Looking at Sacontala.*] Thus it is, that even the bee, whoſe neſt is within the hollow trunk, does homage to the honey of the lotos flower.

Gaut. The nymphs muſt have been commiſſioned by the goddeſs of the king's fortune, to predict the acceſſion of brighter ornaments in his palace. [*Sacontala looks modeſt.*]

Pup. I muſt haſten to Canna, who is gone to bathe in the Malina, and let him know the ſignal kindneſs of the wood-nymphs. [*He goes out.*

Anu. My ſweet friend, I little expected ſo ſplendid a dreſs:—how ſhall I adjuſt it properly?—[*Conſidering.*]—Oh! my ſkill in painting will ſupply me with ſome hints; and I will diſpoſe the drapery according to art.

Sac. I well know your affection for him.

Canna enters meditating.

Can. [*Aſide.*] This day muſt Sacontala depart: that is reſolved; yet my ſoul is ſmitten with anguiſh.—My ſpeech is interrupted by a torrent of tears, which my reaſon ſuppreſſes and turns inward: my very ſight is dimmed.—Strange that the affliction of a foreſter, retired from the haunts of men, ſhould be ſo exceſſive!—Oh! with what pangs muſt they who are fathers of families be afflicted on the departure of a daughter! [*He walks round muſing.*

Pri. Now, my Sacontala, you are becomingly decorated: put on this lower veſt the gift of ſylvan goddeſſes. [*Sacontala riſes and puts on the mantle.*

Gaut. My child, thy ſpiritual father, whoſe eyes overflow with tears of joy, ſtands deſiring to embrace thee. Haſten, therefore, to do him reverence.

[*Sacontala modeſtly bows to him.*

Can. Mayſt thou be cheriſhed by thy huſband, as Sarmiſhtha was cheriſhed by Yayati! Mayſt thou bring forth a ſovereign of the world, as ſhe brought forth Puru!

Gaut. This, my child, is not a mere benediction; it is a boon actually conferred.

Can. My beſt beloved, come and walk with me round the ſacrificial fire.—*They all advance.*)—May theſe fires preſerve thee! Fires which ſpring to their appointed ſtations on the holy hearth, and conſume the conſecrated wood, while the freſh blades of myſterious Cuſa lie ſcattered around them!—Sacramental fires, which deſtroy ſin with the riſing fumes of clarified butter!—(*Sacontala walks with ſolemnity round the hearth.*)—Now ſet out, my darling, on thy auſpicious journey.—(*Looking round.*) Where are the attendants, the two Miſras?

Enter Sárngarava and Sáradwata.

Both. Holy ſage, we are here.

Can. My ſon, Sarngarava, ſhow thy ſiſter her way.

Sarn. Come, damſel. (*They all advance.*

Can. Hear, all ye trees of this hallowed foreſt; ye trees, in which the ſylvan goddeſſes have their abode; hear, and proclaim, that Sacontala is going to the palace of her wedded lord; ſhe who drank not, though thirſty, before you were watered; ſhe, who cropped not, through affection for you, one of your freſh leaves, though ſhe would have been pleaſed with ſuch an ornament for her locks; ſhe whoſe chief delight was in the ſeaſon, when your branches are ſpangled with flowers!

CHORUS *of inviſible Woodnymphs.*

May her way be attended with proſperity! May propitious breezes ſprinkle, for her delight, the odoriferous duſt of rich bloſſoms! May pools of clear water, green with the leaves of the lotos, refreſh her as ſhe walks! and may ſhady branches be her defence from the ſcorching ſun beams!

[*All liſten with admiration.*

Sarn. Was that the voice of the Cócila wiſhing a happy journey to Sacontala?—Or did the nymphs, who are allied to the pious inhabitants of theſe woods, repeat the warbling of the mu-

ſical bird, and make its greeting their own?

Gaut. Daughter, the ſylvan goddeſſes, who love their kindred hermits, have wiſhed you proſperity, and are entitled to humble thanks. [*Sacontala walks round, bowing to the Nymphs.*

Sac. [*aſide to Priyamvada.*] Delighted as I am, O Priyamvada, with the thought of ſeeing again the ſon of my lord, yet, on leaving this grove, my early aſylum, I am ſcarce able to walk.

Pri. You lament not alone.—Mark the affliction of the foreſt itſelf when the time of your departure approaches!——The female antelope browſes no more on the collected Cuſa graſs; and the peahen ceaſes to dance on the lawn: the very plants of the grove, whoſe pale leaves fall on the ground, loſe their ſtrength and their beauty.

Sac. Venerable father, ſuffer me to addreſs this Madhaví creeper, whoſe red bloſſoms inflame the grove.

Can. My child, I know thy affection for it.

Sac. [*Embracing the plant.*] O moſt radiant of twining plants, receive my embraces, and return them with thy flexible arms: from this day, though removed to a fatal diſtance, I ſhall forever be thine.—O beloved father, conſider this creeper as myſelf.

Can. My darling, thy amiable qualities have gained thee a huſband equal to thyſelf: ſuch an event has been long, for thy ſake, the chief object of my heart; and now, ſince my ſolicitude for thy marriage is at an end, I will marry thy favourite plant to the bridegroom Amra, who ſheds fragrance near her.—Proceed, my child, on thy journey.

Sac. [*Approaching the two damſels.*] Sweet friends, let this Mádhaví creeper be a precious depoſit in your hands.

Anu. and Pri. Alas! in whoſe care ſhall we be left? [*They both weep.*

Can. Tears are vain, Anuſuya: our Sacontala ought rather to be ſupported by your firmneſs, than weakened by your weeping. [*All advance.*

Sac. Father! when you female antelope, who now moves ſlowly from the weight of the young ones with which ſhe is pregnant, ſhall be delivered of them, ſend me, I beg, a kind meſſage with tidings of her ſafety.—Do not forget,

Can. My beloved, I will not forget it.

Sac. [*Advancing, then ſtopping.*] Ah! what is it that clings to the ſkirts of my robe, and detains me.

[*She turns round and looks.*

Can. It is thy adopted child, the little fawn, whoſe mouth, when the ſharp points of Cuſa graſs had wounded it, has been ſo often ſmeared by thy hand with the healing oil of Ingudí; who has been ſo often fed by thee with an handful of Syamaka grains, and now will not leave the footſteps of his protectreſs.

Sac. Why doſt thou weep, tender fawn, for me, who muſt leave our common dwelling place?—As thou waſt reared by me when thou hadſt loſt thy mother, who died ſoon after thy birth, ſo will my foſter-father attend thee, when we are ſeparated, with anxious care.—Return, poor thing, return—we muſt part. [*She burſts into tears.*

Can. Thy tears, my child, ill ſuit the occaſion: we ſhall all meet again: be firm: ſee the direct road before thee, and follow it.—When the big tear lurks beneath thy beautiful eye-laſhes, let thy reſolution check its firſt efforts to diſengage itſelf.—In thy paſſage over this earth, where the paths are now high, now low, and the true path ſeldom diſtinguiſhed, the traces of thy feet muſt needs be unequal; but virtue will preſs thee right onward.

Sarn. It is a ſacred rule, holy ſage, that a benevolent man ſhould accompany a traveller till he meet with abundance of water; and that rule you have carefully obſerved: we are now near the brink of a large pool. Give us, therefore, your commands, and return.

Can. Let us reſt awhile under the ſhade of this Vata tree—(*They all go to the ſhade.*)—What meſſage can I ſend with propriety to the noble Duſhmanta?

(*He meditates.*

Anu. (*Aſide to Sacontala.*) My beloved friend, every heart in our aſylum is fixed on you alone, and all are afflicted by your departure.—Look; the bird Chacraváca, called by his mate, who is almoſt hidden by water lilies, gives her no anſwer; but having dropped from his bill the fibres of lotos ſtalks, which he had plucked, gazes at you with inexpreſſible tenderneſs.

Can. My ſon Sárngarava, remember, when thou ſhalt preſent Sacontala to the king, to addreſs him thus, in my name: "Conſidering us hermits as virtuous, indeed, but rich only in devotion, and conſidering alſo thy own exalted birth, retain thy love for this girl, which aroſe in thy boſom without any interference of her kindred; and look on her among thy wives with the ſame kindneſs which they experience: more than that cannot be demanded; ſince particular affection muſt depend on the will of heaven."

Sarn. Your meſſage, venerable man, is deeply rooted in my remembrance.

Can. (*Looking tenderly at Sacontala.*) Now, my darling, thou too muſt be gently admoniſhed.—We, who are humble foreſters, are yet acquainted with the world, which we have forſaken.

Sarn. Nothing can be unknown to the wiſe.

Can. Hear, my daughter——When thou art ſettled in the manſion of thy huſband, ſhow due reverence to him, and to thoſe whom he reveres: though he have other wives, be rather an affectionate handmaid to them, than a rival.—Should he diſpleaſe thee, let not thy reſentment lead thee to diſobedience.—In thy conduct to thy domeſticks be rigidly juſt and impartial; and ſeek not eagerly thy own gratifications.—By ſuch behaviour young women become reſpectable; but perverſe wives are the bane of a family.——What thinks Gautamí of this leſſon?

Gaut. It is incomparable:——My child, be ſure to remember it.

Can. Come, my beloved girl, give a parting embrace to me and to thy tender companions.

Sac. Muſt Anuſuya and Priyamvada return to the hermitage?

Can. They too, my child, muſt be ſuitably married; and it would not be proper for them yet to viſit the city; but Gautamí will accompany thee.

Sac. (*Embracing him.*) Removed from the boſom of my father, like a young ſandal tree, rent from the hills of Malaya, how ſhall I exiſt in a ſtrange ſoil?

Can. Be not ſo anxious. When thou ſhalt be miſtreſs of a family, and conſort of a king, thou mayſt, indeed, be occaſionally perplexed by the intricate affairs, which ariſe from the exuberance of wealth, but wilt then think lightly of this tranſient affliction, eſpecially when thou ſhalt have a ſon (and a ſon thou wilt have) bright as the riſing day-ſtar.——Know alſo with certainty, that the body muſt neceſſarily, at the appointed moment, be ſeparated from the ſoul: who, then, can be immoderately afflicted, when the weaker bounds of extrinſick relations are looſened, or even broken?

Sac. (*Falling at his feet.*) My father, I thus humbly declare my veneration for you.

Can. Excellent girl, may my effort for thy happineſs prove ſucceſsful.

Sac. (*Approaching her two companions.*) Come then, my beloved friends, embrace me together. [*They embrace her.*

Anu. My friend, if the virtuous monarch ſhould not at once recollect you, only ſhow him the ring on which his own name is engraved.

Sac. (*Starting.*) My heart flutters at the bare apprehenſion which you have raiſed.

Pri. Fear not, ſweet Sacontala: love always raiſes ideas of miſery, which are ſeldom or never realized.

Sarn. Holy ſage, the ſun has riſen to a conſiderable height: let the queen haſten her departure.

Sac. (*Again embracing Canna.*) When, my father, oh! when again ſhall I behold this aſylum of virtue?

Can. Daughter, when thou ſhalt long have been wedded, like this fruitful earth, to the pious monarch, and ſhalt have borne him a ſon, whoſe car ſhall be matchleſs in battle, thy lord ſhall transfer to him the burden of empire, and thou, with thy Duſhmanta, ſhall again ſeek tranquillity, before thy final departure, in this loved and conſecrated grove.

Gaut. My child, the proper time for our journey paſſes away rapidly: ſuffer thy father to return.—Go, venerable man, go back to thy manſion, from which ſhe is doomed to be ſo long abſent.

Can. Sweet child, this delay interrupts my religious duties.

Sac. You, my father, will perform them long without ſorrow; but I, alas! am deſtined to bear affliction.

Can. O! my daughter compel me not to neglect my daily devotions.—(*Sighing.*)—No, my ſorrow will not be diminiſhed.—Can it ceaſe, my beloved, when the plants which riſe luxuriantly

from the hallowed grains which thy hand has ſtrown before my cottage are continually in my ſight?—Go, may thy journey proſper. (*Sacontala goes out with Gautami and the two Miſres.*

Both Damſels. (*Looking after Sacontala with anguiſh.*) Alas! alas! our beloved is hidden by the thick trees.

Can. My children, ſince your friend is at length departed, check your immoderate grief, and follow me.

(*They all turn back.*

Both. Holy father, the grove will be a perfect vacuity without Sacontala.

Can. Your affection will certainly give it that appearance.—(*He walks round, meditating.*)—Ah me!—yes; at laſt my weak mind has attained its due firmneſs after the departure of my Sacontala.—In truth a daughter muſt ſooner or later be the property of another; and, having now ſent her to her lord, I find my ſoul clear and undiſturbed, like that of a man who has reſtored to its owner an ineſtimable depoſit which he long had kept with ſolicitude.

(*They go out*

POETRY.

ORIGINAL.

THE GARDEN, MORALIZED.

"Reſemblance is the foundation of figurative language. Yet reſemblance muſt not be taken in too ſtrict a ſenſe for actual ſimilitude, or likeneſs of appearance. Two objects may raiſe a train of concordant ideas in the mind, though they reſemble each other, ſtrictly ſpeaking, in nothing."—Dr. Blair.

THE *Garden*, faireſt ſpot in nature's bed,
Delights no more ſince Eden's charms are fled.
For here no flower expands with fadeleſs bloom,
No tree, life-giving, ſheds its rich perfume,
No living verdure decorates the ſod,
Nor angels viſit man's forlorn abode.

Since then the garden's ſpicy ſweets afford
No real pleaſure to its wealthy lord;
Since all the countleſs tribes of flowers that bloom,
But lure the traveller onward to his tomb;
Come, let us moraliſe on all we can,
And for improvement call each flower a man.

Arranged with taſte, within the green parterre
What various men in various dreſs appear;
The gay pert nymph, too conſcious of her charms,
The maid too modeſt, ever in alarms;
The ſelf-taught ſage, whoſe life is ſquared by rule,
The ignorant witling, and the learned fool;
The infant, dying on its mother's breaſt,
The aged, gently ſinking down to reſt;
Each different character in life, I ween,
May in the garden's motley group be ſeen.

O'er heaven's high arch, when ſtormy clouds fly faſt,
And milder ſkies proclaim the winter paſt,
Fair ſnowdrop riſes from her chilly bed,
Opes her pale eyes, and lifts her languid head;
Too ſoft her frame to endure the roughning air,
Too weak her nerves the heat of noon to bear,
One ſhort-lived day oppreſſive pain ſhe feels,
Till night's cold breath the fount of life congeals.

Next, modeſt daffodil* attracts our view,
Whoſe charms tho' oft beheld are ever new,

....

* *The Daffodil is a ſpecies of the Narciſſa, of a yellowiſh colour, and blows much earlier than the real white Narciſſa.*

Some grace unſeen, ſome worth unknown before,
At each attempt we happily explore,
Beneath her home-ſpun veſt we're ſure to find,
An honeſt, innocent, and generous mind.

With port majeſtick, raiſed above his peers
A high crown'd emperour* his head uprears,
O'er all the wide extended realm his ſway,
And diſtant nations liſten and obey.
Three pendant bells, high o'er his palace gate
The heralds of their mighty ſovereign wait.
So Tartar's Cham † with trumpet's piercing ſound
Proclaim'd to all the neighbouring nations round,
When from repaſt he'd crown'd the ſparkling wine,
That kings might know their proper hour to dine.

Next in the group ſtands Tulip,‡ pert and gay,
The gaudy daughter of young, blooming May.
With nimble foot ſhe trips it o'er the green,
And cares for nothing, if ſhe's only ſeen.
Her beauteous dreſs, ſhe thinks, may well ſuffice
To ſteal the admirer's heart, as well as eyes.
Perhaps ſhe's right; but lay her dreſs aſide,
And who on earth would take her for a bride.
'Fair to no purpoſe, artful to no end,
'Young without lovers, old without a friend;
'A fop her paſſion, and her prize a ſot,
'Alive ridiculous, and dead forgot.'

Fly, gentle zephyrs, haſte on nimble wing,
And all Arabia's richeſt treaſures bring;
Narciſſa* comes in all the pride of youth,
The glow of beauty, and the charm of truth.
Subdued her paſſions, and her ſoul refined,
Pure, as her milk-white veſture, is her mind;
Her locks with richeſt odours all perfumed,
Her brow with virtue's brighteſt beams illumed;
No *gorgeous* robe her *graceful form* conceals,
Too much ſhe hides not, nor too much reveals;
Worth, wealth, and honour to *her ſhrine* repair,
And hail Narciſſa, faireſt of the fair.
Bleſt with reflection's temperate, cloudleſs ray,
'She makes to-morrow cheerful as to day,'
The ſame obſequious, ever lovely wife,
Confers the roſe, and plucks the thorns of life.

When the young hours their roſy children lead,
O'er the green mountain, and the lilied mead,
His Honour comes in purple velvet ſpruce,
A 'ſquire of high renown, called Fleur de luce.§
His looks, his acts, his modeſty and zeal,
Beſpeak a labourer for the publick weal;

....

* *The Crown Imperial has three bell-like flowers, hanging from the top of the ſtalk, where a kind of belfry is conſtructed of a thick mat of leaves.*

† *See Millot's Hiſtory.*

‡ *The Tulip may juſtly be called a modern lady of faſhion, tipt off with the gew-gaws of vanity, and a corrupt taſte; ſhe dazzles without pleaſing, and ſhines without being noticed, except by the pain ſhe gives to the* virtuous few, *whoſe eyes are not* quite *ſtrong enough to look upon her without* offence.

* Fair *to the ſight*, grateful *to the ſmell, it is a beautiful and apt emblem of every thing graceful and delicate in the perſon, and excellent in the mind of an amiable woman!* (Me judice.)

§ *The reſemblance* here, *it muſt be confeſſed, is* almoſt altogether imaginary. *There is a gravity in the colour, and dignity in the appearance of this flower, which may bear ſome reſemblance of the character alluded to.*

To him the fair diſcloſes every plan,
For ſure, ſays ſhe, the 'ſquire's an honeſt man.

High from his ſeat next Snow-ball* blithe appears,
A man of faſhion in the vale of years,
New varniſhed daily with the *ball* and *puff*,
He makes a graceful bow, and that's enough!

Lo, from the weſt the ſoldier, Piony, comes,
Loud roar the cannon, and quick beat the drums;
In daſhy red from head to foot he burns,
And talks of *war*, and *wounds*, and *love* by turns;
Till at the fatal gun's tremendous ſound,
He falls a breathleſs corps upon the ground.

"Sophaed on ſilk" amid her velvet bowers,
The lounger, Poppy, ſleeps away her hours.
No anxious fear diſturbs her peaceful breaſt,
No rival's charms her thoughtleſs hours moleſt.
She loves to dwell in cavern's dull retreat,
Where Lethean dews her grateful ſenſes greet.
'Yet Chloe ſure was formed without a ſpot;
'Nature in her then erred not, but forgot.'

Sweet, lovely Roſe, the maid, whom all admire,
The youth enamoured, and the doting ſire;
Thy texture fine, and violet-mingled hues,
Thy looks ſo charming ſtoicks can't refuſe,
Thy countleſs charms, conceived, but ne'er defined,
Beſpeak thy *imbecility* of mind.

* *This flower, it ſeems, was made only to be ſeen.*

Ill fated girl! thy tears this truth confeſs,
More had thy days been, had thy *charms* been *leſs*.

Thus youthful Anna 'mid her ſociates ſhone,
The faireſt flower, and the earlieſt blown;
And but for this, had long remain'd the fame
Unrivalled beauty with *unſullied fame*.
'But pale the lips, where ſoft careſſes hung,
'Wan the fluſh cheek, and mute the tender tongue,'
Cold reſts the heart, to grief awhile a prey,
And the loved eyes no more behold the day.

Hail, ſweet *Columbine*,* youth of modeſt mien,
'Unknown to fortune, born to bluſh unſeen,'
We call thee, ſtranger, from thy murky fen,
And bid thee welcome to the haunts of men.
Thy ſmiles are pleaſure, and thy words impart
"The oil of gladneſs" to the ſorrowing heart.
Ceaſe every joy; let earth-born comforts die;
Thy cornucopia, virtue, ſhall ſupply
The needy traveller on his home-ward road,
Till welcome to his long-ſought, laſt abode.

(To be continued.)

* "*The petals of this flower terminate in a long tube, called by botaniſts a cornucopia, or horn of plenty, at the end of which the honey is ſecreted. Many inſects are provided with a long proboſcis for the purpoſe of acquiring this grateful food. But this tube is ſo long, that little, if any of the honey can be extracted by them.*" The virtuous man has a treaſure, which the inſects of vice can never totally deſtroy. They may injure him by detraction, gore him by the ſtings of envy and malice, yea, they may kill the body; but have not power to kill the ſoul.

For the Anthology.

On reading the following Idyl, in the "Esprit du Journaux," I was much delighted with its natural simplicity, and sometime ago gave it an English dress. It is now at your disposal.—Publish it, if you think its perusal will give your readers pleasure; or if it meets your disapprobation, light your segars with it, an office to which it would have been assigned by myself, but for the recollection of your miscellany. Z.

ALOÈ: AN IDYL.

I no longer hear the sweet notes of the * Fauvette, which so lately lodged amid the foliage of the tufted chesnut tree. How do I regret her loss! In the absence of Mertil, her company was the charm of my heart. At the first smile of Aurora, she was wont to celebrate the mild benefit of the light, which banishes sleep and widely diffuses joy. She sang, and the birds with emulation raised the plausive strain to hail the nascent day. When her sweet melody was heard in the woods, she concealed herself, like Palemon when he has alleviated the miseries of our indigent villagers. Sometimes she called on the Nightingale and the summons was instantly obeyed. With what delight have I listened to their converse! They mingled their voices like the accents of Mertil and me, when love is our theme!

On approach of evening, when other birds had sought repose, she was still heard by turns to sigh, and coo, and warble. I love also to listen at the village festivals, while Mertil plays on his hautboy, after the concert of the shepherds has ceased.

What has become of my gentle Fauvette? why is thy warbling suspended? Is thy spouse tired of thee? If Mertil were to abandon me, my pipe should sound no more. Has the unexpected cold, which yesterday saddened the face of nature, affected thy delicate bosom? Come, I will give thee the honey, which I reserve for Mertil. Or has some cruel hand despoiled thee of life or of liberty? Surely in this vicinity there dwells no such barbarian.

The Fauvette, at these words of Aloè, hopped from a projecting branch. She flies an instant, but soon flutters near a rich field of corn, stops short, and alights on a ripe ear,—it bends, she pecks and shakes it, the grains fall,—she takes them in her beak and flies away. Ere she has reached home her young ones express their joy at her return by their chirping and their movements. The shepherdess perceives them as they raise their heads from the nest.

Thou art a mother, charming Fauvette? cried she, then thou art happy. Thy nestlings afford thee delight, they receive thy cares and thy love. Thou dost not yet sing to them, they are too young, but thou holdest sweet converse with them and thy spouse, who no longer wanders from thee. Sweet bird, who so oft hast soothed my soul in its languor, I have not forgotten the pleasures thou hast created for me. Afford me that also of aiding thee in the nourishment of thy tender offspring. I will pluck the caterpillars from the loveliest flowers, I will gather the ripe grains, and each morn will come, to deposit them at the foot of the chesnut tree..... What, thou disdainest my proffered services? Ah, I comprehend the reason. Thy family would no longer be so dear to thee, if another had a share in protecting it. *Aloè* will perhaps be one day a mother, her children will then be every thing to her, she will be every thing to her children. Her pipe will resound only for their amusement, the fountains of her milk will flow for their nourishment, and should these sources ever be exhausted, how much will it cost her to receive the succour of a stranger..... Adieu, tender and fortunate mother! Aloè has been taught by thy example, what is the will of nature: she knows how to fulfil it.

From the French of M. le Compte d'Albon.

* "*Fauvette. A sort of small fallow bird, which sings sweetly.*"

THE BOSTON REVIEW,

For OCTOBER, 1805.

Librum totum legi & quam diligentissime potui annotavi, quæ commutanda, quæ eximenda, arbitrarer. Nam ego dicere verum assuevi. Neque ulli patientius reprehenduntur, quam qui maxime laudari merentur.—Pliny.

ARTICLE 64.

The Powers of Genius, a poem, in three parts. By John Blair Linn, A. M. co-pastor of the first Presbyterian church in the city of Philadelphia. Second edition, corrected and enlarged. Philadelphia, Conrad & Co. 1802.

NATURE is beauty; and her most peculiar feature, variety. The character of man is as various, as his species is numerous, and, since the creation of waters, the form of a wave was never repeated. Though we hourly discover parallels amongst our associates, there is an exquisite distinction in the very exactness of likeness; a certain inexpressible something eminently our own; a happiness derivative, as it were, from heaven. Colleges may impair, what learning cannot compensate!

Should the frequent failures of modern poesy, be attributed to the neglect of this peculiar characteristick of our nature, we beg not to be considered by the erudite as irretrievably gothick. It is difficult to conjecture wherefore, but it has latterly become the vogue to imitate any thing but nature; to filter through the pericranium the fancies of other people, in preference to cultivating our own. If, now a days, you take up a communication from a correspondent, you are either enveloped in the voluminous curl of the Johnsonian peruke, or pierced through the sensorium by the tart laconism of Lavater. "Seneca cannot be too heavy, nor Plautus too light: for the law of writ these are the only men." It is not our inclination to cavil at the singularities of established writers, but we wish it always recollected, that those, who follow, can necessarily never come up; and that the peculiarities, which are interesting with their originator, may be preposterous in his imitator. The oaten stop of rural poesy is surely soothing; but because Rogers, for instance, has written prettily on a ring-dove, is it indispensably necessary, that our masters and misses should be descriptively ridiculous for a century to come.

The superiority of the ancients in painting, architecture, and sculpture, might possibly persuade us to conjecture, with Milton, a degeneracy in human nature. But, beside the defender of so whimsical a position, the recenter dates of Cowper and of Southey, leave us little to question the capability of the period. Inferiority to antiquity, that scarecrow of moderns, like others of the brotherhood of frightful de-

meanour, is a mere imposition of stubble and straw ; and it will be discovered, when children have courage for reflection, that it is rather erected to frighten praise from our neighbours, than facilitate by caution the advancement of mind. Yet nothing now, too, is admired by many, but the *hoary ;* and the mouldiness of manuscript, like the wall-flowers and mosses of ruins, affords sentiment by barrenness and material from decay. One is hag-ridden, as it were,

> Over hill, over dale,
> Through bush, through briar,
> Over park, over pale,
> Through flood, through fire,

with nothing but the classicks, the classicks, the classicks ! A smooth gentleman, from Alma mater, tutors you, forsooth, that this performance is classical, and that is not classical ; that this metaphor is disjointed, or that metaphor articulates, and so on to the conclusion of the chapter : when, probably, the sphere of your acquirements is no otherwise expanded, than by the interesting disclosure, that to write classically, is to write accurately.

> There's not a villain dwelling in all Denmark
> But he's an arrant knave.

Had the classicks squandered themselves on the manufacture of fac simile, the conclusion of their lives, like those of their copyists, had been the period of their fame : but nature was the fountain, from which they drank of immortality ; nature, pure and unadulterated by the frosty infusions of literary empiricks. Their bodies are with the Capulets, but genius is eternal. Numerous are the flowers that bloom on the slopes of Parnassus, various of complexion, and shifting in perfume, like the proffers of Ophelia. There are daisies, fennel, and columbines ; there are rosemaries, pansies, and rue. " There's some for you, and here's some for me." But our posies are all senseless ; forced exoticks nourished by foreign fire, painted leaves of tiffany wound on formal wire. When, oh when, shall the winter of criticism be passed and the spring-tide of passion return ! when shall the library be deserted for the fields, and poetry ruminate in the shades, she loves to depicture ! when, oh when, shall the idolatry of learning be superseded by the worship of truth ! We are surfeited with the repetition of repetitions, and want opportunity for reflection ; for thought is as necessary to the soul, as exercise to the body ; and the intellect incessantly in arms is rickety for life.

Furthermore ; in essaying to imitate the chastity of the ancients we have unaccountably neglected their vigour. Singularity of sentiment and audacity of figure, though sometimes perhaps more violent than fortunate, are the gifted characteristicks of the bard. The listlessness of human nature is better gratified with even the eccentricity of hyperbole, than the frigidity of correctness. We must be awakened, before we are persuaded to feel. It is a hard portion for the delicate palate of connoisseurship, yet compounded by experience and observation, belles-lettres, to be interesting, must be popular. Poetry and painting were not intended merely for the retirement of the student. They are universal ap-

pellants to the sentiments and passions of mankind, and you may calculate with tolerable accuracy upon their deserts by the extensiveness of their circulation. Yet, in our day of refinement, very little is directed to the fancy or heart; for, from some cogency or other, it is unfashionable to be moved. Should an author, in the interest of his subject, unfortunately be animated to an ebullition of the moment, his introduction of the costume of his grandsire's (square-toes, bag-sleeves, buckram, and so on) could not more completely expose him for the purposes of ridicule. Style must be equable and level, as water at rest (the only superficies in nature, mechanically straight); smooth & tonsored as the forehead of a friar; no pleasing sallies of cadence, or thought, must occur, but members of sentences be intermarried with members, tediously constituting, like the links in a chain, a series of polished monotonies. But, in so doing, our copyists of antiquity, as it generally happens with imitation, have not only departed from truth, but omitted the spirit of their original. Variety, that miracle of nature and genius, is endlessly exemplified in the father of epick. His verse, like some of the rivers of our country, accomplishes its journey over the abruptness of precipices, as well as through the tranquillity of vallies; along the cultivated confines of population, or through the solitudes of the wilderness. We alternately climb with him to the sublime, or condescend to the simple; struggle with the irregular, or relapse on the proportional; the imagination is sometimes permitted to subside, that it may endure to be agitated; entertained with the plaintive, to be contrasted by the tremendous.

But the times of inspiration are departed; and nature, the only muse of the poet, is unfeelingly forgotten. We have substituted rhetorick in her room, and degenerated to a race of manufacturers. We have striven to be faultless, and neglected to be natural; criticism is satisfied, but sensibility frozen. The passions, that hung on the lyres of old, are long since buried with their masters, or prostituted on the vulgar intercourses of a day. Establishment has crowded out sentiment; luxury and refinement have enervated virility. But posterity will do justice to nature and genius; and thousands will daily devour Skakespeare, for one that reads Pope; thousands shall prefer playing with a dried leaf and a switch, in the simple retirements of Weston and Cowper, for one that sits primly with Addison and propriety, on a visit of ceremony, in the parlour of the muses. Truth to nature will be the test, by which poetry is tried; and as she approaches or retires in her analogies, her merits to consideration or neglect will be eventually determined. The various character of her theme indulges a multiplicity of styles; but style, without character appropriate, will perish with its mannerist. Sir Joshua Reynolds supposes, that the perfection of his art originates at the point of its concealment; or, in other words, when the painter and his tools are forgotten in the truth of effect. With

so high an authority to support our position, permit us farther to quote the pertinent assertion, "that deformity commences with the dancing-master." But little evidence is necessary where the fact is perspicuous. The superiority of nature over art, is the superiority of the works of heaven over those of man; and he, who neglects the performances of the former, for the second hand imitations of the latter, does certainly little credit to his heart, and still less to his fancy. Nature is brimful of character; and, to genuine taste and philosophy, the untutored gestures of children are more exquisite, than the accomplished ceremony of courts. In the adjustment of their little etiquettes of first meeting, there is sweeter food for contemplation than my lord Chesterfield or yourself would imagine. Nay, there is an interesting character about my great grandmother, smoking in the chimney corner, or even in the playsomeness of kittens through the broken straw-bottoms of the old family furniture. We are environed with articles of delicacy and daintiness, yet murmur at the narrowness of materials; we starve upon copying in the centre of originals!

> To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
> One native charm, than all the gloss of art.

The foregoing observations are not enforced as expressly applicable to the performance in review. Mr. Linn, though innocent of the charges of originality, and considerably infected with the epidemick in question, is sufficiently respectable to escape the acrimony of stricture. The truth is, a counter-train has been forming beneath the *miners of literature*, of which fraternity Mr. Linn was unfortunately a member; what mischief he has sustained by their explosion may be particularly ascertained from the examination that follows.

The contents of the volume before us stand thus:

Powers of Genius, Part 1.
.....Part 2.
.....Part 3.
Appendix, containing illustrations of Genius.
Midnight Hymn to Deity.
Address to my Taper.
Address to Hope.
Picture of Morning.
Farewel Song of Ossian.
Epistle to a Friend, with the poem on the Powers of Genius.

The first of these performances is the principal; the remainders are the little fashionable poetick expletives, usually tagged to the conclusion of lean manuscripts, to distend them to the *necessary dimensions* for publication. Mr. Linn, in his preface, appears sufficiently apprized of the requisites for didactick poesy; and with that heroism indispensable to authorship, honestly intimates his impressions of adequateness. He mentions with familiarity the authors of didactick poetry, from Hesiod and Lucretius to Akenside and Armstrong; and, after venturing to invoke the same muse who has rewarded their toils, requests to indulge the expectation, that the publick will hear him. The confessions of self-confidence are generally more honest, than politick, and the gentleman, on this occasion, is rather commendable for ingenuousness, than remarkable for prudence.

The ancients, we believe, esteemed it inauspicious to stumble on the threshold; and, were the society equally superstitious with a late erudite doctor, the occurrence of the following blunder, at the commencement of this performance, might be considered, perhaps, as rather ominous of perplexities in sequel.

"Genius we know by HER impetuous force."

Though we usually acquiesce in every compliment to the females, we are very sorry that we cannot, in this particular, second the gallantry of Mr. Linn, by admitting Genius to be a lady. That every bard has been ransacked from Ferdusi to Bloomfield, to palliate the violence of the incongruity, the ladies and Mr. Linn will do us the justice to believe. But it is to no effect! We do, indeed, discover that the Muses certainly were females, but, though it is very rude of the poets, they all persist, to a man, in representing Genius as a gentleman. There's Doctor Johnson too (who, though his rudeness to the softer portion of creation may make him a suspicious authority, is decidedly unanswerable), there's the Doctor himself too, unquestionably opposed, in this instance, to politeness and Mr. Linn. For the anecdotal Bozzi has recorded his unkindness to the dutchess of Devonshire, whom he would not permit a respectful bard to represent as the Genius of Britain. "Sir," said he, (rolling, we'll suppose, ladies, his uncouthness about, like an ice-island in a tempest) "Sir," said he to the gentleman of elogy, "here is an errour, you have made Genius feminine."—"Palpable, sir; (cried the enthusiast) I know it. But (in a lower tone) it was to pay a compliment to the dutchess of Devonshire, with which her grace was pleased. She is walking across Coxheath, in the military uniform, and I suppose her the Genius of Britain." Johnson—"Sir, you are giving a reason for it, but that will not render it right. You may have a reason why two and two should make five; they will still make but four."

The detection of plagiarism is a delicate branch of criticism; for analagous passages are frequently original, and distant resemblances may be palpable thefts. Whether we have fancied analogies to brother bards, in Mr. Linn, or they do in reality exist, our readers shall determine for themselves.

"When knowledge first unrols her endless page,
Rich with the records of preceding age."

But knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of time did ne'er unrol.
GRAY.

"Moves like a giant just refresh'd with wine."

A line, parallel to a quotation almost distinct in our remembrance, though we are unable, at the moment, to decide on the author.

"Genius finds speech in trees; the running brook
To HER speaks language, like a favourite book."

Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing.
SHAKESPEARE.

Mr. Linn appears anxious to repay Poetry for the loan of her lines, by exemplifying the correctness of her sentiments; for, after reaching fruit from the lofty branches of Shakespeare, he evinces the "good" that there is "in every thing," by plucking a

low weed of the earth, seemingly little worth the stooping for.

"Hush! every sound...let not a zephyr move."

"Hush! every breeze, let nothing move,
My Delia sings, and sings of love."

These are the effusions of some ballad-monger, or the packthreads of poesy, tacked together for a musick-book, and better fitted apparently, for sound than adapted to sense..."I am *ill* at these numbers."

"To arms, she cries, and grasps the quivering spear."

To arms! cried Mortimer, and couch'd his quiv'ring lance. GRAY.

Our author, too, professes to direct his course amidst regions hitherto unexplored; but, considering the approved assistants he employs, his undertaking is not so hazardous. Doctor Beattie's Minstrel evidently appears to direct him on numerous occasions, and the associates of young Edwin are the friends of "Genius." *She* sets out with "Memory," "Judgment," and "Sympathy," and very opportunely concludes with "Education." Of Edwin, it is related,

And oft the craggy cliff he lov'd to climb,
When all in mist the world below was lost.
What dreadful pleasure! BEATTIE'S MINSTREL.

Genius, too,

"Disdains the paths that common footsteps tread,
And breathes the spirit of the mountain head"—
"Among the rocks" SHE "learns to hear the roar
Of billows chafing on the founding shore."

The defect of most poetry, profusion of epithet, is palpable in the "Powers of Genius." Meaning is too often extended by such means into feeble procerity, resembling a flaccid, overgrown stripling. Verse should be compact in structure like little, short, muscular men. Pope's compression of sense, which Swift admired, is perhaps his strongest hold.

"When Pope can in one couplet fix
More sense than I can do in six."

Epithets, are the spice and seasoning of poetry, and when administered by a skilful hand, surprisingly delicious. But Mr. L. to condescend to a pun, may be considered *all spice*.

"Though Genius mostly loves some daring theme
Yet SHE can warble with the tinkling stream;
Tho' her bold hand strikes the hoarse thundering strings,
Yet not the nightingale more sweetly sings."

Now, to use a rustick phrase, a man may make lines like these "till the cows come home." Mr. Linn, too, is frequently adjectively vulgar.

"She leads BOLD Cæsar o'er the ROLLING flood,"
"The heart that owns not Mandel's ANGEL fay."

Though notes are as useful in didactick, as in any species of poetry, a little frugality is necessary in their application. They should certainly be german to the text; and as concise as the nature of explanation permits. But, on this subject, we are fearful, that we have been much oftener detained, than instructed. With Mr. Linn it is but to

"See Johnson seated on his critick throne."
"See copious Richardson's consummate art."
"See pensive Gray awake the Theban lyre."
"See Genlis come and wave in air her hand."
"See Burney move with her creative wand."
"See bolder Radcliffe take her boundless flight;"

or see any body, or any thing else, and then follows a long, boring, biographical note, as long (as Cowper would say) as "from here to Eartham." Mr. Linn, too, in his extraordinary faculty of vision, has very frequently reminded us of the apparition in "Tom Thumb," and, with regard to the length of a note, we were often induced to cry out with Polonius

in the play, "this is too long," and with Hamlet, "it shall to the barber's, with your beard." If there was any novelty in these marginal preachments, they might be tolerably supportable, but they are old, literary anecdotes, obsolete as the cakes of roses and musty seeds of Romeo's apothecary.

Lest we should be considered as contemplating separately the melancholy features of our performance, we are gratified by encountering the following opportunities for approbation. It is easier to criticise, than compose; and he who censures when the majority applaud, should be suspected as a friend and abandoned as a critick. Mr. Linn's descriptions of the lady of Prospective is neat, delicate, and sprightly.

"Bid Hope stand tiptoe with her torch on fire."

And the circumstance attending the production of Genius is strongly imagined and decidedly given.

"Only an age can give a giant birth,
Then more than earthquakes shake the solid earth."

There are unpremeditated lines that appear to be thrown off by an elasticity of intellect, "and these are of them," that remind us of the vigorous simplicity of antiquity and her prophets. The portraiture of the old bard of Greece has a considerable freedom and firmness of touch about it.

"When Homer wrote, no critick's laws confin'd
The outstretch'd genius of his soaring mind;
He look'd on Nature, Nature's voice obey'd,
And snatch'd that glory, which can never fade;
The subtle fingerite then weav'd his rules,
And form'd a race of imitating fools."

The last couplet is not, perhaps, surpassed by every page of the most immediate of poets. Ferdusi, also, the Homer of the east, is feelingly and vividly delineated. Had Mr. Linn written always thus, the thankless business of censure had been obviated by praise. Mr. Linn looks to the future glory of America with the enthusiasm of a poet and the affection of a patriot. "Beneath our skies, fancy neither sickens nor dies. The fire of poetry is kindled by our storms. Amid our plains, on the banks of our waters, and on our mountains, dwells the spirit of inventive enthusiasm. These regions were not formed only to echo to the voice of Europe; but from them shall yet sound a lyre, which shall be the admiration of the world."

The arguments of the "Three Parts" of "The Powers of Genius" are as follows.

ARGUMENT. FIRST.

Genius described.—Invention, the criterion of Genius.—The alliance of Genius with Fancy.—Memory, Judgment, and Sympathy.—Progress of Genius.—The characteristicks of the Mind.—Taste and Genius distinguished.—Shakespeare's effect, and his neglect of rules.—Alonzo d'Ercilla.—Genius produced without cultivation.—Ossian.—Ariosto.—Burns.—The influence of climate and the face of nature on the mind.—Geographical illustrations.—Picture of the savage.—Invocation.

ARGUMENT. SECOND.

Education necessary to give Genius its full power and usefulness.—Beattie's Edwin described.—Milton.—Johnson.—Sir William Jones.—Subjects of Genius.—Satire.—Genius, though daring, excels also in subjects of the most soft and pleasing kind.—Virgil's Eclogues.—Petrarch.—Gray.—Cowper.—The force of Fiction.—Rousseau.—Richardson.—Fielding.—Genlis.—Burney.—Radcliffe. Female Genius.—The varied directions of Genius.

ARGUMENT THIRD.

The execution of Genius.—Ferdusi.—Bacon.—Newton.—Excitements of Genius.—Great political causes.—Emulation.—The passion of Love, an exciting cause of Genius.—The pleasures of Genius.—The pains of Genius.—The rise of Genius in Egypt—Greece—Rome—Gothick darkness.—The revival of literature in Florence.—Its cultivation in England.—The descent of Genius.—Her address to America.

To give a favourable specimen of our author's manner, we subjoin the following quotations from the respective divisions of this performance.

"Allied with Genius see bright Fancy move,
The queen alike of Terror and of Love;
She gives the wings on which Invention soars
And untried regions of the world explores.
With ease she varies her enchanting forms,
Now roves thro' peaceful meads, now flies with storms."

"Thou murmuring breeze! O bear upon thy wing
That strain, which flows from Petrarch's mournful string.
O speak those charms which Petrarch's Laura wears!
O breathe that passion, which he mourn'd in tears!
Thou stream of Time! bear in thy course, along,
The early lustre of Italian song!
To lone Vaucluse let all the loves repair!
And tell their sorrows to her listening air;
There oft, when Cynthia threw her midnight beam
Along the banks, and o'er the silver stream,
Unhappy Petrarch wandered through the vale,
Wept with the dews, and murmur'd with the gale!"

"What bard is that, whose beard all hoary white
Waves to the breeze which fans the brow of night?
What bard is that, who from his soul of fire
Rolls the loud thunder of his epick lyre?
Son of the East! what bard is that, declare,
Whose eye rolls wildly in the gloom of care?
—Ferdusi, hail! and hail thy wond'rous strain
Which tells the history of thy native plain.
Hail to thy spirit, which through lengthening time
Preferv'd its vigour, and its song sublime,
Which rous'd and animated with its breath
Scenes which lay buried in the caves of death;
Which form'd, and finish'd its stupendous plan,
Fame says the greatest ever form'd by man."

This Poem is printed with a pure type on a fine paper, and is among the many neat specimens of Philadelphia publication; the only blemishes perceivable in the impression are the *raised-work* of the stamps, and the feebleness and caricature of Mr. Barzalet's designs. A. Lawson's engraving is respectable; but, C. Tiebout excepted, we flourish feebly on copper.

The ideas principally excited by the perusal of this poem are, that its author has read much poetry; and that in belles-lettres, as in morals, our character is determined by the society we keep. Whether it is preferable to draw from the resources of nature, or to study the performances of masters, is a question in literature at present undetermined. To which side of the controversy we are inclined, it is unnecessary, perhaps, any further to declare. It is sufficient for pronouncing on the deserts of Mr. Linn, that we have decided in favour of nature. What the gentleman might have effected, had his lucubrations been reversed, we have neither opportunity nor inclination to inquire. Though "The Powers of Genius" has done nothing in support, it has done nothing in opposition to our theory; and if we have gathered trivial matter for triumph, the advocates of imitation and art are proportionately unfortunate. Mr. Linn reposes at about mediocrity; and if he does little to delight, he does little to offend. If he takes you to few elevations, he disturbs you by fewer descents. His verses are rather musical, than thoughtful, and rather monotonous, than musical. They have less energy than beauty; and less beauty, than art. By the equability of his lyre the passions are kept aloof. He never congeals you with hate, or melts you with love; he never kindles you with rage,

or moistens you with mercy. In fine, he might touch every fibre of the heart; but they are mute to a vibration: "and there is much musick, excellent voice, in" that "little organ; yet cannot" he "make it speak." On "The Powers of Genius" every passion should have leaned: with the didactick should have been mingled the sentimental. But this emporium, as it were, of poetry has been transformed to a school room. We now quit the presence of Mr. Linn, as we quit the presence of thousands. Farther than reviewers we have felt no interest in this interview. We feel that we retire with little that we are anxious to treasure, and with much, very much, that we are willing to forget. We feel that we have extracted nothing of those little delicacies of mind, that one loves to remember at evening, by the door-sill, in the musings of a cigar. "He cometh," not "with a tale; forsooth, he cometh" not "with a tale, that holdeth children from play, and old men from the chimney-corner."

ART. 65.

An abridgement of the history of Newengland for the use of young persons. By Hannah Adams. Printed for the author, and for sale by B. & J. Homans, and J. West. Newell, print. Boston. July, 1805. 12*mo*. *pp*. 185.

It is probable, that individuals of all nations think favourably and even fondly of their native country. Certain it is, that as Americans, and especially as children of Newengland, we cherish a high reverence and a tender partiality for this land of our fathers. We regard it as the theatre of scenes, which are extremely interesting, instructive, and honorary to human nature. We revert to the period, when our ancestors first touched its sands and rocks, with the feelings of enthusiasm and the pride of patriots. To meditate on the circumstances which drove them hither, on their toils, disasters, and miseries, on the designs they formed and the works they achieved, and on the glory and consequences of their emigration, even now inspires a lively concern. We participate in all the troubles and dangers of their enterprize. In imagination we go over with them the broad field of their labour; we grieve for their misfortunes, triumph in their victories, and suffer a painful solicitude concerning their destiny.

So peculiar were the causes of the primitive settlement in this country, and so important a relation did it hold with the civil and religious liberties of mankind, that, until within a few years, a history of Newengland was much to be desired by the present generation. Purchas, Morton, Callender, and others had furnished many and rich materials for such a design; but these materials were so complicated with facts and details, valuable indeed to the historiographer and chronologist, yet unentertaining to the generality of readers, that there was wanting a work on the subject, which should be at once correct, comprehensive, and popular.

Such a work, six years ago, was given to the publick, by Miss Adams, author of the abridgement before us, entitled "A Sum-

mary history of Newengland from the first settlement at Plymouth, to the acceptance of the federal constitution; comprehending a general sketch of the American war." That history, divided into forty chapters, was published in an octave form, of about five hundred pages. As far as we have learned, it was well received both in Europe* and America. The work commenced very properly with an account of Columbus' discovery of America. It glanced at the political and ecclesiastical state of G. Britain immediately subsequent to the reformation; at the persecution of nonconformists under the reigns of Elizabeth and James; and at the motives which impelled Mr. Robinson and his band of adherents first to Leyden, and a part of them afterwards to Plymouth: It described the character of the Plymouth settlers, their sufferings, government, manners, and religion: It treated of the theological tenets in which the continually multiplying adventurers were, and in which they were not agreed; of their ambition to be governed by biblical laws; of their love of liberty in England, and of their growing intolerance in America; of their disputes among themselves, and with the quakers and baptists; and of the pernicious effects of pertinacious endeavours to enforce uniformity of religious opinion: In due order and with due honours it celebrated the worth of men, who diligently wrought in the vineyard of Christ, and immortalized the names of Wilson, Cotton, Hooker, Stone, Moody, and Davenport: It gave a history of the origin, progress, and horrible termination of the supposed witchcrafts in Massachusetts: It gave outlines of the aborigines of our country, of their unaccommodating hardihood of character; of their alternate alliances and ruptures with the Newengland planters, and of the labours of the pious Eliot for their conversion to christianity: It was conversant with the founding of churches, the convoking of synods, the incorporating of towns, the multiplying of schools, and the instituting of colleges: It sketched the rise and incorporation of the several states which compose Newengland; touched upon the politieal questions, which occasionally exasperated parties, and convulsed the community; upon the oppressions of unjust, and the salutary measures of righteous rulers; upon wars waged and treaties concluded; and upon the various successes of the English and American arms against the forces of France: In that book the germ of the American revolution, heretofore disclosed, was examined anew: notice was there taken of the various oppressive acts of the British govern-

* One of the most respectable of the English Journals thus speaks of this publication—"Miss Hannah Adams has published A summary History of Newengland, from the first settlement at Plymouth to the acceptance of the federal constitution. This work is professedly a mere summary, a compilation from other authors and from fugitive political publications, the contents of which might many of them be lost, but for so respectable a repository as the present. The author of the present work, in not arrogating to herself the honours of an original historian, has exonerated herself from a large share of responsibility, and at the same time has earned considerable merit by the judicious use which she has made of the labour of others, in expanding or abridging their accounts, as occasion demanded, and in mingling with them the sagacious and liberal reflections, which her own strong understanding suggested."—Month. Mag. Vol. 9. p. 644.

ment; of the measures which Parliament adopted to tax the colonies, and of the necessity which obliged it to repeal them: justice was there done to the high and unconquerable love of liberty, which always glows, and sometimes blazes in the breasts of Americans: It contained a succinct account of the American war, recording instances of the wisdom, bravery, and patience of the glorious Washington, and his compatriot heroes: it brought to view the difficulties that happened soon after the peace; the consequent rebellion in this commonwealth; and the general inefficiency of the old confederation: Finally; Miss A. closed her Summary History with surveying the condition and prospects of Newengland literature, and with reviewing the most important passages in the history of our country.

Such were the subjects and events discussed in Miss A.'s Summary History, and such is the character of that valuable work, of which the one under review is professedly and justly an abridgement. Whoever therefore has attentively read the first, has already a general view of the last. The most important parts of the summary she has retained. In twenty chapters she has comprised the substance of her first performance. Long accounts of polemick divinity, which are not read by the young, nor understood by the old, she has wholly omitted, and greatly abbreviated the story of the American war. She has indeed improved her work by means of later writers, and particularly by Marshall's life of Washington.

The paragraphs are numbered, and the form and size of the book are exactly suited to the use of shools.

We know no work of the kind deserving of equal praise. Miss A. in our opinion, possesses uncommon acuteness in discovering the repositories of knowledge adapted to her purpose, and a happy facility in using it. We cannot but wish that the good sense of the publick may induce a wide circulation of the work we recommend, and thus remunerate the labours of a woman, who is as remarkable for her piety, filial tenderness, and general benevolence, as she is for her judgment and fidelity as a historian.

As a specimen of her style, which is uniformly easy and perspicuous, we offer to our readers the conclusion of her work.

In reviewing the history of New-England, and the late American revolution, we find the wonders of divine providence rising conspicuous in every scene. At first we behold a small number of people, who, when oppressed by cruel persecution, preferred the sacred rights of conscience to all earthly enjoyments, and exchanged their native country for a dreary wilderness, inhabited by savages. After struggling with complicated hardships they obtained secure settlements, and the wilderness at length was made to blossom like a rose by the hand of persevering industry; and though their prosperity was sometimes clouded, yet their misfortunes, and even their prejudices were overruled for good. Those who were driven from Massachusetts by the persecution of their brethren formed new settlements. The colonies increased, and rose in wealth, and the interposing hand of heaven protected them under every difficulty.

When the colonies were involved in the distressing war with Philip, they were enabled to subdue their savage

enemies; when they were deprived of their charters the ſudden revolution in England, relieved them from the oppreſſion of arbitrary power; when the united efforts of the French and their Indian allies were levelled againſt them, the conquering arms of Britain and her colonies fruſtrated their attempts.

When the important era, at length arrived, in which Britain exerted her utmoſt ſtrength to deprive her colonies of their dearly purchaſed privileges; and a new country, under great diſadvantages, was obliged to contend with that potent nation, which had recently conquered the united powers of France and Spain; inſpired by the ſacred flame of liberty, the colonies triumphed over the well diſciplined forces of the parent ſtate. The ſtriking divine interpoſitions, in favour of America, during the conteſt, afford an intereſting ſubject of contemplation to pious minds; while amidſt the apparently uncertain chances of war, they perceive with grateful admiration the controling hand of providence rendering every event ſubſervient to the liberty and independence of the United States.

After independence was obtained by the ſword, and acknowledged by the European nations, when a ſpirit of anarchy threatened the ſubverſion of our recently acquired liberty, the interpoſition of providence was viſible in cauſing theſe tumults to terminate in the eſtabliſhment of the federal conſtitution, which placed the privileges of the United States on a permanent foundation.

Exalted from a feeble ſtate to opulence and independence, the federal Americans are now recognized as a nation throughout the globe. This highly favoured people ought to raiſe their minds in fervent aſpirations, that their fair proſpects may never be reverſed by a temper of diſunion, or a ſpirit of anarchy prevailing among the people, but that genuine liberty, united with order and good government, may diffuſe their bleſſings through the widely extended union.

The inhabitants of New-England, in particular, whoſe anceſtors were eminent for induſtry, love of order, attention to the promotion of learning, and a ſupreme regard for religion, ought to be aſſiduouſly careful to cultivate and improve thoſe virtues, for which the firſt ſettlers of their country were ſo highly diſtinguiſhed.

ART. 66.

A compendious hiſtory of Newengland, deſigned for ſchools and private families. By Jedidiah Morſe, D. D. and Rev. Elijah Pariſh, A. M. Ornamented with a neat map. 12*mo.* 388 *pp.* Charlestown. Etheridge.

NEITHER of our reverend compilers, probably, ever attentively conſidered the following caution of ſacred writ. "And further, my ſon, be admoniſhed, of making many books there is no end." Happy had it been, if not for authors, yet certainly for the publick, if other parents, as well as Solomon, had given this advice with effect. Not that we think that the fields of ſcience are fully reaped, or that there are no new tracts to explore in the empire of learning. But we are heartily weary of ſeeing the ſame paths perpetually trodden; of drinking from wells ſo far exhauſted that the water is muddy; and of eating, not merely at the ſame table, and of the ſame diſhes, but of the very ſame food, ſo frequently cooked, that our appetite nauſeates its taſte. A good ſtory well told inſtructs, exhilirates, and refines the heart; but it may be repeated ſo often, as to give diſguſt. [Because there is ſomething peculiar in the hiſtory of Newengland, it is not neceſſary that every Newenglandman, who is capable of putting ſentences and paragraphs together, ſhould become the hiſtorian of his coun-

try. In the act therefore of opening the book before us, we adventure to pronounce, that it was not needed, and to predict that it will not be generally read.

Let us however listen to the reasons which our authors assign, for giving to the world their Compendious History. They say in their preface,

> The materials for the hiſtory of this favoured portion of the world, though abundant, have hitherto been ſcattered in many volumes, too expenſive and too diſjointed, to be rendered uſeful to the riſing generation. To reduce them to a form, order, and ſize adapted to the uſe of the higher claſſes in ſchools, and to families, has been our aim in compiling this ſmall work.

When Miss Hannah Adams began her Summary History, she *indeed* found the materials of her work scattered in many large volumes, musty records, and almost illegible manuscripts. At that time Mather's Magnalia, and Neal's History of Newengland, which extended little beyond its first settlement, were the only histories of Newengland, which the country afforded. *Then* the Summary History, of which we have taken notice in the foregoing article, was a desideratum, and its appearance satisfied the general expectation. Do Messrs. Morse and Parish mean to include Miss A.'s Summary History among the volumes, "too expensive and too disjointed to be useful"? Ill arranged and deficient as they may deem her History, it is manifest that they have condescended to avail themselves of important information contained in that work, which they were unable, we believe, elsewhere easily to obtain. We here particularly allude to their account of the settlement of Providence and Rhodeisland, which they have borrowed from Miss Adams, and which, we have understood, was procured from old newspapers and mouldering rolls, at the injurious expense of her eyesight and health. The authors call their History a "small work." Small it certainly is compared with many works, but not in point of bulk, *considered simply as a history of Newengland*, when compared with the abovementioned Summary. That book contained a sketch of the American war, occupying nearly half the number of its pages; this dispatches the subject in a single chapter. The "Compendious" is therefore larger than the "Summary" History of Newengland. These remarks cannot appear more trivial to some of our readers, than they are unpleasant to us. They should not escape us, did we not discern, unwillingly, a design to supplant Miss A. in abridging her Summary; and an inclination to withhold the tribute, which ought to be paid to her assiduity and merits. For instance: the following character of the fathers of Newengland was written by President Adams, and him they have acknowledged as the author; yet, if we mistake not, without giving a particle of credit to Miss A. they have extracted it entire from her Summary History, when perhaps, but for her labour, this literary scrap had forever slept in the neglected pages of the Boston Gazette.

> Religious, to ſome degree of enthuſiaſm, it may be admitted they were,

but this can be no peculiar derogation from their character, becauſe it was at that time almoſt the univerſal character, not only of England, but of Chriſtendom; had this, however, been otherwiſe, their enthuſiaſm, conſidering the principles on which it was founded, and the ends to which it was directed, far from being a reproach, was greatly to their honour. For I believe it will be found univerſally true, *that no great enterpriſe for the honour or happineſs of mankind was ever achieved, without a large mixture of that noble infirmity.* Whatever imperfections may be juſtly aſcribed to them, which, however, are as few as any mortals have diſcovered, their judgment in forming their policy was founded on wiſe and benevolent principles; it was founded on revelation and reaſon too; it was conſiſtent with the beſt, greateſt, and wiſeſt, legiſlators of antiquity.

Invidious and irksome is the employment of finding fault. We had much rather indicate the excellencies and beauties of a work, and recommend it to notice. But we must be blind not to observe in the compilation before our eyes an inequality of manner, a defective arrangement, want of uniformity in design, and sometimes dullness and sometimes carelessness in the mode of execution. One blemish is palpable. The book smells strongly of sect. Certainly there is obliquity of judgment in saying so much as is said about puritanism and orthodoxy, since the work is professedly intended for the use of schools and private families. In p. 165, for example, an account is begun of a theological dispute, notorious in the age in which it happened, and preserved with sufficient care in the historical archives of Massachusetts, in the following terms.

Unhappy religious diſſenſions ſtill prevailed in Maſſachuſetts; and from a zeal for the purity of the faith, governour Winthrop ſtrove to exterminate the opinions which he diſapproved. For this purpoſe, on the 30th of Auguſt, 1637, a ſynod was convened at Newtown (now Cambridge) to whom eighty erroneous opinions were preſented; theſe were debated and unanimouſly condemned. At a court holden at the ſame place, the following October, Wheelwright, Mrs. Hutchinſon, and Underhill, the leading characters who had embraced theſe errours, were baniſhed, and ſeveral others were cenſured for ſeditious conduct.

What special benefit the knowledge of this controversial divinity will bring to the rising generation we cannot foretel. As though however what our authors had said upon this subject was insufficient for the purpose of edification, or because one of them distrusted the power of narration in the other, he begins to relate, one hundred pages forward, the same transaction.

The firſt ſynod of New England was held in Newtown, (now Cambridge) 1637. Never were any communities in more alarming danger, &c. &c.

The style, as might naturally be expected in a work composed by more than one person, is extremely various, sometimes hastily flowing from the pen of the geographer, but for the most part abrupt and stiff in the language of his more exact coadjutor, who, we presume, had the principal toil in this literary effort. Describing the sufferings of the Puritans about the time of their settlement in Holland, our history says,

But to return to the people on ſhore. The men eſcaped, excepting thoſe who

voluntarily stayed to assist the women and children. Here was a moving scene of distress; husbands fled, husbands and fathers carried to a foreign country; children crying with fear and shivering with cold, what could sustain the mother's breaking heart? Charity and humanity would have cheered the weeping throng; but these heavenly spirits were not here. Persecution raised her voice terrible as death; she hurried them from one place to another, from one officer to another, till all were tired of their victory. To imprison so many innocent women and children would have excited publick odium; homes they had none, for they had disposed of them, they were glad to be rid of them on any terms. From these sufferings they received advantage. Their meekness and christian deportment made a favourable and deep impression on the hearts of many spectators, which produced considerable accessions to their number. But by courage and perseverance they all finally crossed the sea, and united with their friends, according to the desire of their hearts, in grateful praises to God.

This is a simpering sort of style, which derogates from the dignity of sober history, and is unfavourable to a manly and graceful elocution. It is rather suited to the tones of a canting fanatick, than to the voices which please us in the school and parlour.

But enough of censure. The work before us, with all its errours and soporiferous qualities, contains much interesting matter. It opens with a neat and pretty correct map of the country which it professes to describe, and has a table of contents, though no index, which last circumstance is a defect. It is divided into twenty-eight chapters, which are conversant with subjects, necessarily similar to those, which are mentioned in the preceding article, and which ought to be found in a book of this nature. It comprizes many valuable descriptions of scenes, places, times, and characters, none of which are utterly new, some of which have found a better repository, and other of which, hitherto floating on the surface of tradition, are here rescued from the gulph of forgetfulness.

Were we to compare the Abridgement of Miss Adams with the History under review, we should say, that is the more proper for schools, this for the private student. This will be better liked by the polemick divine, that by the historian. This best reveals the treachery of the savage; that displays most fortunately the character and improvements of civilized man. Individual character is here developed; there the national. One is tinctured with the spirit of bigotry; the other is a clear and unbiassed narration of facts. The judicious and impartial author of the Abridgement conceals herself; in the Compendious History the men are visible in their work: a reader may generally satisfy himself concerning the question, Who speaks, on what occasion, and for what purpose? That work commands our respect; this is too considerable to be contemned.

The following lines in the character of the celebrated Standish are boldly though coarsely drawn, and he must be something more or less than man, who can view the contour without diverse and strong emotions.

In 1656, at a very advanced age, died Capt. Standish, the military commander, the WASHINGTON of Ply-

mouth colony. A man ſo conſpicuous and celebrated in his life, ought not to be forgotten when dead. It is impoſſible to have any adequate view of the eſtabliſhment and riſe of Plymouth colony, without entering familiarly into the character of this hero of that little band of pilgrims. He deſcended from a family of diſtinction, and was heir apparent to a great eſtate; unjuſtly detained from him, which compelled him to depend on himſelf for ſupport. He was ſmall in ſtature, but of an active ſpirit, a ſanguine temper, and ſtrong conſtitution. Theſe qualities led him to the profeſſion of arms. Having been in the ſervice of Queen Elizabeth, in aid of the Dutch, after the truce, he ſettled with Mr. Robinſon's people in Leyden. He was in the firſt company, who came over in 1620; he commanded the firſt detachment for making diſcoveries after their arrival; he was choſen military commander on the firſt ſettlement of their military concerns. Generally, in the ſubſequent excurſions and interviews with the natives, he was the firſt to meet them, accompanied by a ſmall number of his own chooſing. During the terrible ſickneſs of the firſt winter, when two or three died in a day, and the living were ſcarcely able to bury the dead, captain Standiſh retained his health, and kindly nurſed the ſick. On the 29th of January he was called to ſee his beloved wife expire.

When *Corbitant*, one of the petty ſachems of Maſſaſoit, meditated a revolt, captain Standiſh, with 14 men, ſurrounded his houſe in Swanzey, but he being abſent, they informed his people, they ſhould deſtroy him, if he perſiſted in his rebellion. This ſo alarmed the chief, that he intreated the mediation of Maſſaſoit, and accordingly was admitted, with eight other chiefs, to ſubſcribe his ſubmiſſion to the Engliſh.

In 1622, when he had fortified Plymouth, he divided his men into four "ſquadrons," appointing every individual his poſt. In caſe of fire, a ſelect company mounted guard with their backs to the fire, to watch for approaching enemies. Being ſent on a trading voyage to Matachieſt, between Barnſtable and Yarmouth, in February, 1623, a ſevere ſtorm compelled him to leave his veſſel, and ſleep in a hut of the Indians; being impreſſed with an idea of their deſign to kill him, he made his people keep guard all night, by which he eſcaped the ſnare they had laid for him. In the morning it was found that goods had been ſtolen in the night from the ſhallop; he, with his party, ſurrounded the houſe of the ſachem, and the things were reſtored.

Often was the providence of God conſpicuous in his preſervation. The next month, at Manomet, a creek in Sandwich, where he went for corn, he was not received with their uſual cordiality; two Indians from Maſſachuſetts were there, one had an iron dagger, and derided the Europeans becauſe he had ſeen them, when dying, "cry and make four faces like children." An Indian of the place who had formerly been his friend, appearing now very friendly, invited the captain to ſleep with *him*, becauſe the weather was cold. Standiſh accepted his hoſpitality, and paſſed the night by his fire; but ſleep had departed from his eyes; he was reſtleſs, and in motion all night, though his hoſt ſeemed ſolicitous for his comfort, and "earneſtly preſſed him to take his reſt." It was afterward diſcovered that this Indian intended to kill him if he had fallen aſleep.

Weſton's people, who ſettled at Weſſaguſſet, lived without religion or law, or, in modern ſtyle, enjoyed *liberty* and *equality*. This rendered them contemptible in the view of ſavages, who ſoon began to inſult and abuſe them. The company pretended to ſatisfy the Indians for a theft, not by puniſhing the thief, but by hanging a decrepit old man, who had become burdenſome to them. This ſettlement was compoſed of a ſet of needy adventurers. But before this company knew their own danger, the governour of Plymouth had learned from Maſſaſoit, the plot of the natives for their deſtruction, and ſent captain Standiſh to their relief. He had made choice of eight men, refuſing to take more. Arriving at Weſſaguſſet, now Weymouth, he found the people ſcattered, and in imminent danger, yet ſtupidly inſenſible to the deſtruction ready to burſt upon them. Standiſh was careful not to excite the jealouſy of the natives till he could aſſemble the people of the plantation. An Indian

will gratify our friends with a portion of its very elegant extracts, which enrich the Appendix of the 'Compendious History.'

"So diſpoſed is the human mind to be excluſively occupied with paſſing ſcenes, and to bury in oblivion tranſactions obſcured by the mantle of time, that every nation has practically acknowledged the utility of commemorative inſtitutions. Thus among the multitude of Grecian games we find the Carpean pantomime, repreſenting the early occupations and perils of their fathers. The huſbandman, at the plough with his arms by his ſide, alternately proſecuting his rural labours, and repelling the attacks of lawleſs plunderers. Thus, at the joyful feaſt of tabernacles, did the children of Iſrael dwell in booths made of olive branches, palm branches, and willows of the brook, a ſtriking memorial of the manner in which their fathers abode in the wilderneſs, when brought out of the land of Egypt. And thus is it your laudable practice, to celebrate this pleaſing anniverſary, devoted to contemplation and diſcourſe on the lives and actions of your memorable anceſtors; uniting in innocent feſtivals, and ſelecting from your abundance, as the moſt agreeable ornament of your tables, that food, on which they were compelled to ſubſiſt; not hiding from your children, what has been told you by your fathers, but by ſeaſonable inſtruction and apt memorials leading them to the times that are paſt, and impreſſing on their tender minds ſalutary and indelible leſſons of magnanimity and virtue. Let it be a day, devoted to the chaſte pleaſures of cheerfulneſs, tempered with reflection.

"We aſſemble in remembrance of men, whoſe lives were indeed laborious and marked with ſuffering, beyond the common lot of humanity. but we muſt not indulge the idea that they were miſerable. They had joys to mere men of the world unknown. Theirs was the happineſs of pure and upright hearts, of generous ſympathy with the diſtreſſed, of a warm and undiſſembled affection for each other, being, as they expreſs themſelves, "knit together in a body in a moſt ſtrict and ſacred bond and covenant in the Lord." Theirs was the ſatisfaction reſulting from a firm and conſoling belief, that they were deſtined by the Almighty to be inſtruments of great good to mankind. Theirs in fine was the happineſs of purſuing the nobleſt ends by the moſt honourable means, like our departed WASHINGTON, conſtantly intent upon an important object, little moved by the viciſſitudes and impediments in the way that led to it, and like him, beholding the bleſſed and complete accompliſhment of their ſublime purpoſes.

"Amidſt the complaints of modern degeneracy, it is gratifying to obſerve an increaſing attachment to the wiſe inſtitutions of our anceſtors among men of intelligence and reflection, and on this intereſting day, in the metropolis of our ſtate, a numerous and reſpectable aſſociation participate in your ſentiments, and indulge in emotions congenial with thoſe by which you are animated. May the ſalutary diſpoſition prevail, until it matures into principle, and by recurring to the original maxims of our ſtate, in *ſeeking and aſking for the old paths*, may we find the *good way, and walk therein.*

"The bold and preſumptuous devices of thoſe who "ſpeak ſwelling words of vanity," and while they "promiſe us liberty, are themſelves the ſervants of corruption," ſhall thus be repelled, as the ſands of the ſea reſtrain the boiſterous ocean; or, if they ſhould be, for a time, predominant by thoſe ancient and wholeſome fountains, you will be preſerved from the vile contagion; you will be animated with undaunted reſolution in the cauſe of truth, of virtue, and of genuine liberty; you will contend valiantly on the ramparts erected by your fathers; and the fair inheritance which they have left, will never be ſurrendered.

"Favoured inhabitants of venerable ground, we viſit your abodes with pleaſure. We tread the turf, which your fathers have often trod, but we ſearch for their tombs in vain. Perhaps it ſhould not be regretted; they may be hidden from your view, leſt reverence for your anceſtors, ſhould degenerate to uſeleſs or debaſing ſuperſtition. Having few viſible memorials of men, ſo illuſtrious, in the indulgence

of your grateful emotions, you are prompted to a ſtudy of their characters, and from that ſtudy you cannot fail of inſtruction; of ſtrong and operative incitements to every manly purſuit, every generous and elevated purpoſe.

——————"Their aſhes reſt——
No marble tells us where."

But they live in their writings; they live in their inſtitutions and your affection; let them alſo live in your imitation."

ART. 67.

C. Criſpi Salluſtii Belli Catilinarii & Jugurthini Hiſtoriæ.—Editio emendatior juxta edd. opt. diligentissime inter se collatas; illustrata notis selectis: cum indice copioso. Salem Massachusettensium: Excudebat Josua Cushing, impensis T. C. Cushing & J. S. Appleton. 1805. 12*mo.* *pp.* 276.

Ecce monstrum! From an American press in the commercial town of Salem issues an "editio emendatior" of Sallust, "juxta editiones optimas diligentissime inter se collatas"! We record it as a memorable fact in the annals of our literature, that in the year of our Lord 1805 appeared the first* edition of an ancient classick ever published in the United States, which was not a professed reimpression of some former and foreign edition. We presume that Sallust was chosen for this hazardous experiment, not only on account of its moderate size, but because the sale of the impression would probably be secured by a late regulation of the University, requiring a knowledge of this author previously to admission. With similar modesty and prudence, though with more splendid auspices, the earliest of the editions in usum Delphini was the Quarto Sallust, 1674, and the first classick published in the Russian empire was Nepos, at Moscow, 1762.

The scholar will no doubt be solicitous to know what is promised and what is performed by the present editor. We shall quote the preface and subjoin a few remarks.

Lectori S. Quod in hac Salluſtii editione præſtitimus, benevole lector, nunc breviter exponendum eſt.

Textus, quem, ni fallimur, emendatiſſimum habes, ex tribus illis editionibus, *Havercampianâ*, *Hunterianâ*, et *Parisianâ ſtereotypâ* (ut loquuntur) conſtitutus eſt; non omiſsâ autem *Maittairiana* ceterarumque editionum meliorum frequentiſſimâ et diligentiſſimâ collatione.

Here Hunter's and the stereotype editions are mentioned as if they contained different texts, and were independent sources of various readings; but in truth they both follow Cortius with scarcely a literal variation. Far be it from us to discourage that rare species of industry, which is employed in the comparison of editions and the selection of readings; but we are by no means certain that the text of this Sallust would not have been upon the whole more correct, if, as in the immaculate Edinburgh edition, and the later ones of Henry Homer, Hunter, and Didot, the text of Cortius had been scrupulously copied. The peculiar character of his text is a careful conciseness, which brings

* We have taken ſome pains to aſcertain this fact. If we are wrong we ſhould be glad to be corrected. Who can tell how much time, ink and paper may be ſaved by this notice to ſome future Fabricius, Harwood, or Maittaire?

it nearer than any other to the style of Sallust, that *subtilissimus brevitatis artifex*. On this subject however we feel ourselves scarcely competent to decide; yet while we acknowledge the judgment with which the text of the Delphini edition is here often corrected, we must express our regret that so many valuable readings, supported by sufficient authority, are mentioned only in the notes.

Notæ, maximâ ex parte, ex editione *in usum Delphini* descriptæ; pars autem non parva istius molis præcisa, ut doctissimorum virorum, Gruteri, Gronovii, Sanctii, Perizonii, aliorumque multorum annotationes locum haberent. In hâc parte, quæ fortè copiosior quàm quod doctis placeat, juvenum utilitati consulere præcipuè voluimus. *Sallustii* "brevitas & abruptum sermonis genus," locutionum etiam antiquarum frequentia, pueris nostris, qui in *Ciceronis* scriptis maxime versantur, insolentiora (ita saltem putavimus) hoc postulârunt. Nec fructus ex Grammaticorum veterum scriptis nos effugit: Igitur ex Prisciani, Probi cæterorumque libris (apud nostrates proh pudor! rariſſimis) hinc inde sententiolam aliquam parvulam decerpsimus ut apud juvenes linguæ Romanæ studiosos incitamentum esset ad eorum scripta perlegenda; quæ, ut diligentissimè pervolvant, hortamur, rogamus. Ut apud doctiores hæc nostra editio aliquantum pretii haberet, VARIAS LECTIONES maxime notabiles inter Notas hinc inde sparsimus; non equidem è Codicibus MSS. (quorum apud nos non extat aliquis) sed ex editione Sallustii splendidâ Havercampianâ excerptas.

The notes taken from the Dauphin edition are sufficiently numerous, and the additional ones from Havercamp and the antient grammarians are always valuable. Sallust, though upon the whole an easy author, has many peculiarities of phrase, of which boys readily comprehend the meaning, while they are heedless of the singularity. To a learner, versed only in the writings of Cicero or Virgil, he will in many instances appear ungrammatical; and even the critick will acknowledge that he abounds in unusual figures of speech, of which it is often doubtful whether they are to be called blemishes or beauties. If instead of many of the superfluous explanations of Crispin the Dauphin editor, whose notes on Ovid Gibbon said were below criticism, we had been presented with a greater number of grammatical and critical remarks, the utility, we think, of this edition would have been considerably enhanced. Minellius, we observe, has furnished several notes of this description for some of the first chapters. He might have been quoted oftener with advantage. We do not however insist much on these defects, for they will appear greater or less according to the previous proficiency of the reader. In a work intended like this both for the learners and the learned, it is impossible to please the taste and accommodate the wants of each. Where a Heyne or a Havercamp would feast and fatten, a boy of the fifth form would starve and be flogged.

Quod ad orthographiam attinet, non constans invenietur: Nam inutile non videbatur pueros, vel suo marte, vel præceptore duce, in hâc varietate versari; *optimus* igitur æquè, ac *optumus*, quod magis ad antiquum, dicimus. Tamen *omnis* in casu quarto, et similia, (ita autem voluimus) constanter legimus. Et, maxime ex parte, antiquæ recentiorem orthographiam posthaberi curavimus.

We do not understand the advantage of this inconstancy. It

is impossible perhaps to determine to what extent the ancient orthography should be adopted in an edition of Sallust; but in those words, where it is once admitted, we think it should be invariably preserved. Thus we see no reason why the accusative plurals of certain nouns should be carefully written in *is*, and at the same time the uniformity of the orthography be violated by the indiscriminate use of *optimus* and *optumus*, *adversus* and *advorsus*, *faciendi* and *faciundi*, *die* and *diei* in the genitive.

Denique exemplorum prelo subjectorum caſtigatione multum ſudavimus. ob haſce omnes cauſas editio noſtra, ni fallimur, multo emendatior, multo magis æſtimanda prodit.

To the correctness with which the text is printed we bear our willing testimony; and we know not how to give a surer proof of our good will than by collecting in a note* the few errata which have occurred to us in a rapid perusal. This edition we doubt not will reach a second impression, as it is in every respect preferable to the Dauphin Sallust, which is now in use. We have only to recommend what we before hinted that the text should be improved by a few omissions and admissions, which are now mentioned only in the notes; and since the trouble of writing more grammatical and critical observations may perhaps be thought too great, that there should be annexed an Index Sallustianæ Latinitatis, which might be easily collected from the Indices subjoined to Cortius and Havercamp, and which would add much to the value of a work, already not unworthy of the classical learning of the reputed editor.

.....

* Page 2, for *mortali* read *mortalis*. P. 11, read *urbis*. acc. pl. P. 12, f. *quaram* r. *quarum*. P. 13, *artis*, acc. pl. P. 25, f. *veſtra* r. *veſtra*. P. 84. *fortis*, acc. pl. P. 175, *hoſtis fugientis*, and ſo perhaps in other inſtances which we have not obſerved. The punctuation has been carefully attended to, and is at leaſt as judicious as that of any edition we have ſeen. Perhaps there is too free uſe of colons and ſemicolons. P. 140, full ſtop after *deſereret*.

ART. 69.

"*The union of all honest men.*" *An oration, delivered at Rowley, west parish, July* 4, 1805. *By Isaac Braman, A. M.*

United we stand, divided we fall. WASH.

Newburyport. Allen. *fift.* 19.

THE performance of this reverend author is in no wise remarkable, except for the frequent, irreverent use of Scripture language. This is an offence against good taste and propriety. The sublime style of inspiration should be reserved for solemn periods. Its introduction on common occasions, tends to weaken in our mind that veneration, which we should by every sacred art cultivate, both for its sentiments and for its Author.

ART. 65.

An Oration pronounced July 4th, 1805, *at the request of the inhabitants of the town of Bridgewater, in commemoration of the anniversary of American independence. By Asa Meech.*

"Tell ye your children of it, and let your children tell their children, and their children another generation."

Boston. Manning & Loring. *fift.* 16.

THE style of this oration is plain and free from impurities.

In the first part, the author pays a respectful tribute to the virtues of our ancestors. We wish however that he had inherited so much of their spirit, as to have avowed his political creed. We praise no political writer, whose opinions are not clearly exhibited, and who does not breathe the sentiments of those sages, who formed the federal compact, and to whom we are indebted for every existing relick of national glory.

MONTHLY CATALOGUE

Of New Publications in the United States for October.

Sunt bona, sunt quædam mediocria, sunt mala plura.—Mart.

☞ *We cannot too often repeat solicitations to authors, printers, and booksellers in the different parts of the United States to send us by the earliest opportunities (post paid) notices of all books which they have lately published, or which they intend to publish. The list of new publications contained in the Anthology is the only list within our knowledge published in the United States; and consequently the only one that can be useful to the publick for purposes of general reference. If authors and publishers will therefore consent to communicate, not only notices, but a copy of all their publications, such use might be made of them as would promote, what all unite in ardently wishing, the general interest of American literature, and the more extensive circulation of books.*

NEW WORKS.

One God in one person only: and Jesus Christ a being distinct from God, dependent upon him for his existence and his various powers; maintained and defended. By John Sherman, pastor of the first church in Mansfield, Connecticut. Worcester. I. Thomas, jun. 1805. 8vo. pp. 198.

American Annals; or a chronological history of America from its discovery in 1492 to 1806, in two volumes. By Abiel Holmes, D.D. A.A.S. minister of the first church in Cambridge. Vol. I. comprising a period of two hundred years. Cambridge. Hilliard. 8vo.

Bonaparte and Moreau. A comparison of their political and military lives. To which is added Moreau's speech on the day of his trial at Paris; with some curious particulars relating to that event. Philadelphia, printed at the Polyglott Office for the author.

An examination of the representations and reasonings contained in seven sermons lately published by Rev. Daniel Merrill, on the modes and subjects of baptism; in several letters addressed to the author; in which it is attempted to shew that those representations and reasonings were not founded in truth. By Samuel Austin, A.M.

Journal of the last session of the legislature of Georgia. Savannah.

The complete Fifer's Museum; or a collection of Marches, of all kinds, now in use in the military line. Also a number of occasional tunes, for the actual service and the militia: with rudiments and lessons complete for the work. By James Hulbert, jun. Philo Musico. Northampton, Mass. Andrew Wright. Price 25 cents.

The Columbian Harmony, or Maine Collection of Church Musick; being a selection from thirty-six authors, and part original. The whole compiled for the use of schools, singing-societies, and worshipping assemblies. By Charles Robbins. Portland. Price 1 dollar.

A new collection of psalm tunes, by D. Read, author of the American Singing Book. Dedham, H. Mann.

The First Church Collection of Sacred Musick: for the use of religious societies. Boston. J. T. Buckingham.

An addreſs to the members of the Merrimack Humane Society at their anniverſary meeting in Newburyport, Sept. 3, 1805. By Daniel Appleton White. Third Edition. E. M. Blunt.

A diſcourſe delivered in the Preſbyterian church, in the city of Albany; before the Ladies' Society for the relief of diſtreſſed women and children, March 18, 1804. By Eliphalet Nott, A. M. paſtor of ſaid church. Albany. Charles R. & J. Webſter.

Two diſcourſes on prayer, particularly on family worſhip. Preached in Wiſcaſſet, Feb. 12, 1804. By Hezekiah Packard, A.M. miniſter of Wiſcaſſet. Babcock & Ruſt.

An abridgement of two diſcourſes, preached at Rindge, at the annual faſt, April 11, 1805. By Seth Payſon, A.M. paſtor of the church in Rindge. Publiſhed at the requeſt of the hearers. Keene, N.H. John Prentiſs. 8vo. pp.24.

Chriſtianity the friend of man. Philadelphia. W. P. Farrand & Co. Price 62½ cents.

A dialogue in verſe, between a living chriſtian and one who has left his firſt love; written by a friend to new teſtament religion. Publiſhed for the benefit of the friends and enemies of the new teſtament religion, by Elias Smith. Portſmouth, N. H.

The Care of the Soul; or an anſwer to the great queſtion, What ſhall I do to be ſaved? By Andrew Fuller. Boſton. Manning & Loring.

The Medical Repoſitory, and Review of American publications on Medicine and Surgery, and the auxiliary branches of Science; conducted by Drs. Mitchell and Miller of New York. No. 33, for May, June, and July, 1805.

An oration delivered at Savannah on the 4th of July, 1805, by T. U. P. Carlton, Eſq. Savannah, Georgia.

Intereſting detail of the operations in the Mediterranean. Communicated in a letter from W. E. Eſq. to his friend in the county of Hampſhire. Springfield, Maſſ. Bliſs & Brewer. 8vo. pp. 23.

NEW EDITIONS.

The Edinburgh New Diſpenſatory, containing 1.° The Elements of Pharmaceutical Chemiſtry. 2. The Materia Medica; or the natural pharmaceutical and medical hiſtory of the different ſubſtances employed in medicine. 3. The pharmaceutical preparations and compoſitions. Including complete and accurate tranſlations of the 8vo edition of the London Pharmacopœia, publiſhed in 1791, Dublin Pharmacopœia, publiſhed in 1794, and of the new edition of the Edinburgh Pharmacopœia, publiſhed in 1783. Illuſtrated and explained in the language and according to the principles of Modern Chemiſtry. With many new and uſeful tables, and ſeveral copperplates, explaining the new ſyſtem of Chemical characters, and repreſenting the moſt uſeful pharmaceutical apparatus. This new improved edition is edited by Andrew Duncan, jun. M. D. Fellow of the Royal College of Phyſicians, and Royal Society of Edinburgh, and aſſociate of the Linnæan Society in London. Boſton. Thomas & Andrews.

A ſyſtem of Surgery, by Benjamin Bell, member of the Royal College of Surgeons of Edinburgh, &c. Second American from the ſeventh Edinburgh edition, which was corrected and much enlarged. This edition contains 150 copperplates. Price 14 dollars. Boſton, Thomas and Andrews.

A new ſyſtem of Mercantile Arithmetick, adapted to the commerce of the United States, in its domeſtick and foreign relations; with forms of accounts and other writings uſually occurring in trade. By Michael Walſh, A.M. Newburyport. Edmund M. Blunt.

Knox's Lucubrations, or Winter Evenings. New-York. Ronalds and Loudon.

A new and much improved edition of Morſe's Univerſal Geography; or a view of the preſent ſtate of all the empires, kingdoms, ſtates, and republicks in the known world, and of the United States of America in particular. In 2 parts. The whole comprehending a complete and improved ſyſtem of modern geography, calculated for Americans. Illuſtrated with 6 maps, and accompanied by a new and elegant General Atlas of the World, containing (in a ſeparate quarto volume) 63 maps, and comprifing all the new diſcoveries to the preſent time. Fifth edition, corrected and improved. Boſton. Thomas & Andrews. Price 12 dols. 50 cts. Without the atlas 6,50.

The Ancient History of the Egyptians, Carthaginians, Assyrians, Babylonians, Medes and Persians, Macedonians and Grecians. By Charles Rollin, late principal of the university of Paris, professor of eloquence in the Royal College, and member of the Royal Academy of Inscriptions and Belles Lettres. Illustrated with plates. 8 vols. 12mo. Boston, Munroe & Francis.

Kett's Elements of General Knowledge, introductory to useful books in the principal branches of Literature and Science. Designed chiefly for the junior students in the universities, and the higher classes in schools. By Henry Kett, B.D. Fellow and Tutor of Trinity College, Oxford. Boston. C. Bingham. 2 vols. 12mo. Price 2,25.

PROPOSED TO BE PUBLISHED BY SUBSCRIPTION.

The Family Expositor, or a Paraphrase and Version of the New-Testament; with critical notes, and a practical improvement of each section, containing the history of our Lord Jesus Christ, as recorded by the four Evangelists; disposed in the order of an harmony. By P. Doddridge, D. D. From the eighth London edition. To which is prefixed a life of the Author, by Andrew Kippis, D. D. &c. Charlestown, Etheridge.

The history of the Bible and of the Jews till the final destruction of the temple of Jerusalem: with which are connected in a chronological order the most remarkable events of profane history; interspersed with answers to objections, illustrations of difficulties, and practical reflections. The first American from the 14th European edition. Price to subscribers bound 87½ cents. Hallowell (Maine.) Ezekiel Goodale.

Memoirs of C. M. Talleyrand de Perigord, one of Bonaparte's principal secretaries of state, his grand chamberlain, and grand officer of the legion of honour, ex-bishop of Autun, ex-abbé of Celles and St. Dennis, &c. Containing the particulars of his private and publick life, of his intrigues in Boudoirs as well as cabinets. By the author of the Revolutionary Plutarch. 1 vol. 8vo. pp. between 3 and 400. Price to subscribers 1,50 in boards. Boston, David Carlisle.

IN THE PRESS.

The Elements of Chess; a treatise, combining Theory with Practice, and comprising the whole of Philidor's Games, and explanatory notes, new modelled and arranged upon an original plan. Boston. W. Pelham. 8vo. Fine wove paper.

Mrs. Warren's History of the rise, progress, and termination of the American Revolutionary War. Boston. Manning & Loring.

Complete Letter Writer. Charlestown. Etheridge. 12mo.

INTELLIGENCE.

Thinking that the following notice of Southey's "Madoc" will be gratifying to our readers, we hasten to select it from the last appendix to the Monthly Magazine, without pledging ourselves in the least for the correctness of the remarks, not having had any opportunity of reading the poem.

"*Madoc.*" A Poem, by Robert Southey.

The heroick epopea justly passes for the most difficult achievement of poetick art: the classical works of this kind are still rare, not in our language only, but even in the collective mass of literary production.

The fable of Madoc has much peculiarity. It is the conquest of Mexico by Cortes, antedated. It has two parts. In the former, Madoc narrates to his brother, the Welsh King, both the motives and consequences of his voyage of discovery, and collects a fresh supply of colonists to settle the country he had found. His departure from Wales terminates this division of the poem, which has eighteen books. The finest of them are entitled Cadwallon, Llewellyn, Llaian, Rodri. The story of the blind Cynetha, the interview with the

rightful heir of Wales, the discovery of Hoel's child, and the farewell of Rodri, are among the most pathetick scenes in the whole compass of epick poetry. The fault of this part consists in its dwelling too little on the voyage, which is the proper business of the poem; and too much on the internal feuds of Wales, the result of which are not to occupy the reader's attention. There is also an improbable resemblance between the several female characters introduced.

In the second part, Madoc and his new associates arrive in Aztlan, but find the natives no longer in a friendly and hospitable temper. Their superstitious prejudices have been alarmed, and they are confederating to expel the christian intruders. A war begins. Madoc is taken prisoner, and on the point of being sacrificed to idols. The courage and skill of the few Welsh at length triumph over the savage hordes, who agree to evacuate a province in favour of Madoc and his companions. This division of the poem has twenty-seven books; those might have been much condensed, which are subsequent to the rescue of Madoc; for the event is from that time decided, and the interest decays. The Snake-God, the Battle, the Victory, are good cantos; and the episode of Coatel and Lincoya is affecting. The characters of the savages are well drawn; they are more discriminate and various than those of the Europeans.

The total absence of mythology, the consonance with chronicle and tradition, and the antiquarian fidelity of costume, with which the manners both of the Welsh and of the Indian nations are depicted, give to this poem an impression of reality attained in no other similar work. The degree of illusion approaches that produced by the historick plays of Shakespeare: it bears to those epick poems, in which supernatural machinery is employed, the relation which a tragedy bears to an opera. Aristotle defines the epopea to be tragedy in recital; this definition applies closely to Madoc.

With the exception of marvellous interposition, this poem has many resemblances with the Odyssey, the Æneid, and the Lusiad; and will, we think, eventually be ranked by criticism between the first and last of these poems. It has the advantage over them all in the character and majesty of the chief personage. With Gama one hardly becomes acquainted; he is no more of a hero than the name of his ship. Æneas never interests but on his way to hell: his civility to Palinurus (except the *ipse subibo humeris,*) is the only trait of heart in his character. The rapacity, the selfish unfeeling, the low cunning of Odysseus degrade him from that moral rank, which is essential to sympathy. Sophocles felt this deficiency of Homer; and in a fine scene of his Philoctetes, has contrasted the sincere and generous Neoptolemos with the insidious and crafty Odysseus. Madoc is such a Neoptolemos in middle age: he interests at once and all alone, by his affections, his resources, his difficulties, and his virtues.

The style is equal, as in Leonidas; not various, as in Thalaba: it is correct, not daring: it is most successful in the descriptive passages, which are every where vivid and picturesque: the metaphors are few; the epithets are inlaid with novel aptness. The language is rather trailing like that of Spenser, than condensed like that of Milton: it is somewhat deficient in rapidity, vigour, and splendour, and would gain by the insertion of more imitations, similies, and bursts of diction. The oratory too should be fuller of thought, argument, and maxim. The poet has pursued to excess the praise of invention and originality; he has disdained transplantations from the works of his predecessors, though Tasso wrought so beautiful a patch-work with shreds. It is in literature as in the world, he ranks highest who spends most; no matter whether he borrows, or owns, what he bestows. Plagiarism is even a source of reputation; for the well read critick has in all ages taken pleasure to indicate the *vehence* of stolen passages, and therefor edit and annotate most willingly the purloiner.

Had Mr. Southey got this poem done into Welsh by Mr. Owen, or some other zealot of Myvyrian Archaiology; had he so published it with a Latin interpretation, and then given us the original as a mere version from some old bard; envy would have been cheated and curiosity aroused, and Madoc would soon

have ſurpaſſed in Europeanity of reputation the pretended works of Oſſian. In its preſent ſincere form it will win a leſs eaſy way of fame; but it will not have to make a returning ſtep.

It is eaſier to blame than to praiſe; canker like to nibble at the laurel-leaf, than to water its varniſh into higher luſtre: but our limits forbid the detailing of thoſe ſcattered paſſages in which we wiſhed for abbreviation. As a whole, the cenſure of Madoc is difficult; one muſt make a grievance of the levelneſs of manner, of the extent of narration, and of the abſence of the wonderful, in order to provide the hoſtile converſer with topicks of invective. Againſt ſuch cavils, the philoſophick criticiſm of Hobbes has ſuggeſted an appropriate reply. "There are ſome (ſays he) who are not pleaſed with fiction unleſs it be bold; not only to exceed the work, but alſo the poſſibility of nature. They would have impenetrable armours, inchanted caſtles, invulnerable bodies, iron men, flying horſes, and a thouſand other ſuch things, which are eaſily feigned by them that dare. I diſſent from thoſe who think that the beauty of a poem conſiſteth in the exorbitancy of the fiction. For as truth is the bound of hiſtorical, ſo the reſemblance of truth is the utmoſt limit of poetical liberty. In old time, among the heathens, ſuch ſtrange fictions and metamorphoſes were not ſo remote from the articles of their faith, as they are now from ours, and were therefore not ſo unpleaſant. Beyond the actual works of nature a poet may now go; but beyond the conceived poſſibility of nature never."

To all the other epopeas conſtructed on this principle, ſuch as the Henriad, the Araucana, the Pharſalia, Mr. Southey's is far ſuperiour. Since the appearance of Milton's Paradiſe Loſt, no poem has quitted the Engliſh preſs equal in merit to Madoc. It is a great and a durable acceſſion to our literature, a fit object of national pride, and of European gratulation.

Mr. Palmer, of Hackney, who has a large collection of the late Mr. Job Orton's Letters, in his original ſhort hand, is preparing a ſelect number of them for the preſs, under the title of "Letters to Diſſenting Miniſters and Students for the Miniſtry," which will be printed in a manner uniform with his Letters to a Young Clergyman, publiſhed by Mr. Stedman. A very valuable addition will be made to the collection by a ſeries of Letters written to the late Mr. Clark, of Birmingham, from the year 1758 to 1762, which have been communicated by a friend into whoſe hands they fell upon Mr. Clark's deceaſe. Memoirs of Mr. Orton will be prefixed by Mr. Palmer.

Mr. Salmon, author of Stemmata Latinitatis, propoſes to publiſh Inveſtigations on the Origin of French Particles, ſimilar in plan to the Diverſions of Purley.

Mr. P. Homer has circulated a Letter on the ſubject of ſome editions of the Latin Claſſicks that were publiſhed by his late brother Henry, Fellow of Emanuel College, Cambridge. In his life-time he had edited ſeveral, and at his deceaſe he left ſeveral others unfiniſhed. The moſt expenſive and voluminous of theſe were an edition of Livy in 8 volumes large octavo, and one of Tacitus in four. His brother had printed off a ſmall portion of the text of Livy, and the whole of that of Tacitus, and had juſt begun a new Index to the latter, when he died of a decline, which was certainly haſtened, if not occaſioned, by too cloſe an attention to his literary purſuits. His father, who ſurvived him but a few weeks, continued the works, which were then in the preſs, as long as he lived; and at his deceaſe, his brother Dr. Homer, himſelf, and ſome others of the family, completed the editions that were left unfiniſhed. "They have (ſays Mr. Homer) now been publiſhed for more than twelve years, and the ſale of them has been ſo unequal to our expectations, that we have hitherto loſt by them more than three thouſand pounds. From reſpect to his memory, and from the natural wiſh to prevent the total loſs of what he had

already done, we were induced to finiſh the plan which he had laid out; and with great fatigue to ourſelves we compoſed a thick octavo volume of Index to the Works of Tacitus, and completed an edition of Livy, which he had but juſt begun."

Birch & Small, of Philadelphia, have announced to the publick, that they are preparing for the preſs The Hiſtory of Great Britain from the Revolution in 1668 to the Treaty of Amiens in 1800, by W. Belſham, Eſq. The proſpectus with conditions will ſhortly be publiſhed.

Lexington, Auguſt 20.

AS I am about paſſing into Louiſiana, and will probably be abſent from this ſtate ſome time, I think it neceſſary to inform that portion of the publick which has kindly expreſſed a ſolicitude for the appearance of my HISTORY *of the* INDIAN WARS, that the work is far from being relinquiſhed. It compoſes a part of the AMERICAN HISTORY, too important to remain unwritten, at a period when it may be completed with advantage to the community, and when time has left untouched the principal ſources of correct information. The work will be ſuſpended till the author's return to this ſtate. But the country to which he is about to travel, will conſtitute a point, from whence the moſt valuable obſervations, on the preſent ſocial condition of the ſavage tribes can be made. As ſoon as the object of his miſſion is accompliſhed, he will contemplate in perſon, the genius of a people, with whoſe actions we have become acquainted by feeling their barbarous effects, but of whoſe national character, we have very little ſatisfactory intelligence. By this means, the moſt lively impreſſions will be made upon the mind of the hiſtorian, and he will be better enabled to give to his narrative the ſtamp of original obſervation, than if it was ſimply compiled from the cold details of ancient or cotemporary authors.

As it is the intention of the author to paſs from the Apeluſas country, by the route of St. Louis, through the North-weſtern tribes, he will have ſome opportunity of acquiring the *Indian account* of many of thoſe events, with which the firſt ſettlers here were familiar. Theſe accounts will of courſe be rendered more authentick, by obtaining the ſeparate details of the parties engaged in hoſtilities.

The documents already procured, for the work in queſtion, are numerous, of the firſt authority, and highly elucidative of many important events, which were rapidly paſſing away from the notice of the preſent generation. Many remain yet to be acquired, both in the philoſophical and military departments of the hiſtory. Thoſe already in the poſſeſſion of the author, embrace a great variety of matter appropriate to the ſubject in view. They relate to the genius, manners, and ſocial condition of the Indians in different parts of the continent of America, and in the Iſlands of the Southern and Pacific Oceans. They explain the general principles of that policy, which from time to time was adopted by the Cabinets of France and England, in relation to Indian affairs in America. They detail a conſiderable part of thoſe early events which gave riſe to the connections between the French and Indians of Canada, to render more formidable their oppoſition to the Britiſh Colonies; an oppoſition which generally grew out of trans-atlantic politicks. They deſcribe the means and the motives from which the French extended their ſettlements along the Northern Lakes, and on the ſhores of the Miſſiſſippi. Many of thoſe documents alſo, give very curious and particular details of the Cherokee and Muſkogee operations, againſt the colonies to the ſouth, of the wars to the northward, from the year 1750, to the American revolution; and of thoſe bloody hoſtilities which enſued during the efforts of the Americans to ſettle the Weſtern country.

With the materials now on hand, and with ſome others, which a little diligence will enable him to procure, the author preſumes, that he will poſſeſs the means of ultimately preſenting to the world a ſubject, in ſome meaſure, worthy the contemplation of thoſe ſtateſmen, who are in the habit of calculating the future deſtiny of nations through the medium of events that have paſſed away.

ALLAN B. MAGRUDER.

William P. Farrand & Co. of Philadelphia, in connexion with the Rev. E. Williams, Rotherham, and E. Parsons, Leeds, England, are publishing by subscription, in ten volumes, royal octavo, the whole works of Philip Doddridge, D.D. with Orton's life and elegant portrait of the author. Several of the first volumes of this work are now ready to be delivered to subscribers, and those remaining will probably be received in the course of the season. They are executed in a style highly elegant, on new type, and paper of a superiour quality. The price in boards is three dollars a volume on fine paper; and two dollars and fifty cents a volume, for those copies which are not hot-pressed.

Deaths in Boston, from Sept. 26 to Oct. 24, as reported to the Board of Health.

	Male.	Fem.	Chil.
Anacarce		1	
Canker		1	3
Cholera infantum			29
Colic, bilious	1		
Consumption	5	18	7
Cramp	1		
Diarrhœa			2
Drowned	1		
Dropsy	1	2	1
Dysentery			6
Fever, bilious	2	7	
——— nervous		2	
——— pulmonick	1		
——— slow		1	1
——— typhus	4	2	
Gout	1		
Hooping cough			2
Infantile complaints			12
Lues venerea		1	
Marasmus			1
Old age	1	2	
Peripneumony			1
Pneumonia	1		
Quinsy			1
Spina bifida			1
Scurvy and obstr.	1		
Suicide	1		
Typhus icterodes		1	
Worms			1
Wound	1		
	22	38	68
Total			128

Medical Report.

Statement of Diseases in Boston for October.

The diseases of children have generally given place to those of adults. Little is now seen of cholera, dysentery, or hooping cough; but during the month there have been some fatal terminations of protracted cases of these disorders.

Typhus mitior has been exceedingly prevalent among adults, and it has been often marked by an uncommon regularity in the accession of the paroxysms; rarely has it proved fatal. Typhus gravior continues to show itself. Some cases of slight pneumonick affections have been remarked near the end of the month.

On the whole, the season has become much more healthy, than in the preceding months.

Editors' Notes.

After some thought we have concluded not to publish the communication signed "A Christian," although it is entitled to respect, both because its principles are just and because we presume it was written by one to whom we are already highly indebted. But we confess we are fatigued with our contest. There are some men who are formidable from their perseverance, though their strength may not alarm us, men whose power consists not in the vigour of their muscles, but in the pertinacity of their grasp; who are never conquered, because they are never wearied.

The political speculation with which we have been honoured came too late for the present number; we need not say how readily it will be inserted in the next.

We have likewise very gratefully received a letter from Sicily, which, with the observations of Historicus, are necessarily postponed till the number for November.

In the notes to the last Anthology we mentioned, that we had in our possession a life of Bentley. We are induced to defer it for the present, because our files are so rich in more original matter. We shall not be displeased to have our designs often interrupted in this way.

THE

MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY,

FOR

NOVEMBER, 1805.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF ARTHUR BROWNE,

of Newport, Rhodeisland, late senior Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin, Doctor of Laws, King's Professor of Greek, Prime Sergeant at Law, Vicar General of the diocese of Kildare, and Member of Parliament for the University of Dublin, &c.

DR. ARTHUR BROWNE, who died a few months since in Ireland, was the son of the Reverend Marmaduke Browne, rector of Trinity Church, Newport, Rhodeisland, and grandson of the episcopal clergyman of the same name at Portsmouth, Newhampshire. Arthur Browne distinguished himself while at school* by his talents, industry, and strong desire of improving his education in some European university. To gratify this laudable ambition his father obtained leave of his church to go over to Ireland, the country of his ancestors, in order to make some provision for entering his son at Trinity College, Dublin. This he completely effected; and then embarked in a small vessel to return to his anxious flock and family. Mr. Browne, not being so well acquainted with men in the sordid walks of life, as with characters in higher stations, allowed the skipper of the vessel to put in the needful stores, without ever examining their quantity. This man laid in scarcely half enough for a short passage. Unfortunately the barque was more than three months on the ocean; and the mariners, with their passenger, reduced for several weeks to a short allowance of their only remaining articles of sustenance, salt-beef and water; so that, when this worthy clergyman arrived at Rhodeisland, his nearest connexions hardly knew him. The distressing voyage

* This was an excellent grammar school, founded by Dean Berkeley, afterward Bishop of Cloyne, but not wholly confined to children of Episcopalians; it was kept, for a series of years, by a German gentleman, learned and severe, named Knotchel. Arthur Browne, Gilbert Stewart, the painter, F—— B——, and the author of this sketch, were of the same standing, and all of them inspired with the same ardent desire of visiting Europe; three of them attained their wishes; and two of them, Browne and Stewart, acquired celebrity.

"Ah! who can tell how hard it is to climb
The steep, where Fame's proud temple stands afar!
Ah! who can tell how many a soul sublime
Has felt the influence of malignant star!
And waged with Fortune an eternal war!
Check'd by the scoff of pride, by envy's frown,
And poverty's unconquerable bar,
In life's low vale remote have pined alone," &c.
Beattie's Minstrel.

had reduced an athletick, ruddy man, to very little more than skin and bones. He was so nearly starved, and so overcome by fatigue and anxiety that he died a short time after he reached home. There is a handsome marble monument erected to his memory in Trinity Church, Newport, by his son, with a truly classical inscription ; it closes with these lines :

Heu
Quanto minus est,
Cum aliis versari
Quam tui meminisse !

This melancholy event frustrated the high hopes of young Browne, who despairing of the advantage of an European education, entered Harvard College in 1771. The author of this imperfect sketch has lately been told by a learned divine, who entered the same class, that Browne astonished his examiners by his acquirements.

He remained but a short time at Cambridge ; for some influential gentlemen at Trinity College, hearing the sad fate of the father, joined with others at Rhodeisland in patronising the son ; while *the society for the propagation of the gospel in foreign parts*, granted young Browne fifty pounds sterling. With these bounties he embarked for Ireland ; and entered Trinity College, Dublin, with great applause.

Lest the partiality of a townsman, a friend, and a school-mate should be suspected, we here subjoin an account of Dr. Browne, as it appeared in a Dublin newspaper, and reprinted in the London Morning Chronicle :—

'DR. BROWNE, OF DUBLIN COLLEGE. We are sorry to announce the death of this once celebrated political character. He expired at an early hour on Saturday morning, of a severe, tho' not a tedious illness. His complaint is said to have been of a dropsical nature, and the tone of the solids became so very laxative, that no remedy could be found to restore a naturally delicate constitution to the portion of vigour which it originally possessed.

'Dr. Browne was gifted with powerful mental talents, which he improved by almost incessant study, and an intercourse with the most virtuous and most able patriot scholars and patriot politicians of his day ; from every field, where information or improvement might be had, he reaped a noble portion ; and as he reaped as much for the advantage of others as himself, a number of the Irish youths are this moment in possession of a considerable share of his vast industry. For many years no person in the University was more beloved than Dr. Browne—he was the idol of the students—they loved him with the affection of fond children, for he strove to retain their affections by a suavity of temper peculiarly his own. They gave him in return, their best and most honourable gift—they appointed him their representative in the national legislature, and the Irish house of commons for many years listened with surprise and admiration to his virtuous and adorned language. *Virtutis amor* seemed to be his leading star, and at one period of his life, whoever denied this would appear absurd and heretical in the eyes of his applauding constituents.

'On questions of great national importance, Dr. Browne could

speak with surprising effect; with little subjects he seldom interfered. When attachments were "the order of the day," he brought all his talents into action, and used the most vigorous intellectual efforts to protect the liberty of the subjects against the encroachments of power and oppression. We shall not readily forget the zeal with which he protected the freedom of the press, that grand bulwark to our liberties —his mind appeared bent on accomplishing every thing that might tend to support that essential privilege, and his efforts were not always unsuccessful. On the place and pension bills, catholick emancipation, and the suspension of the habeas corpus, he exerted himself to the astonishment of all who heard him.

'With the opposition it was either the desire or chance of Dr. Browne to associate—he supported their leading measure—he shared his advocacy with theirs in behalf of parliamentary reform, and in the whig club, those sentiments he proclaimed as a legislator, he repeated as a freeman. He was a professed enemy to the abuse of power, and always stood forward, the champion of the people, when measures were proposed in the house of commons which he conceived injurious to their rights or prejudicial to their interests. He detested bigotry—it was a monster incompatible with civil or religious liberty, and he despised all who worshipped it.

'Shortly after the Union, Dr. Browne was appointed Prime Sergeant, and is supposed, had he survived much longer, he would have obtained a situation on the Bench.

'He was one of the Senior Fellows and Senior Proctor of Trinity College, a Doctor of Civil Laws, King's Professor of Greek, &c. &c. For a length of time he held the Vicar Generalship of the diocese of Kildare, and also practised in the Courts as an eminent, though not a leading Barrister.

'He was unanimously elected to the command of the College corps when it was formed in 1797, and appeared about a month ago on parade, for the last time.

'Dr. Browne was a native of America, which country he left at an early age, and it is reasonable to imagine, from his situations in the College, and his exertions as a lawyer, that he died possessed of considerable property.'

Of the works of Dr. Browne that have come to our knowledge, we may enumerate, 1st. *A compendious view of the Civil Law, being the substance of a course of lectures, read in the University of Dublin, by Arthur Browne, Esq. Senior Fellow of Trinity College, and Professor of Civil Law in that University, and Representative in Parliament for the same; together with a sketch of the practice of the Ecclesiastical Courts, with some cases determined therein in Ireland, and some useful directions for the Clergy.*

2d. *Hussen O'Dil*, or *Beauty and the Heart; an allegorical poem, translated from the Persian language.* This appears to have been an exercise in the hours of relaxation from severer studies. From Dr. Browne's remarks on Sir Wm. Jones's Persian grammar, he appears to have paid no small attention to this oriental language.

3d. *Miscellaneous Sketches, in*

2 *volumes*, 8*vo*. These are written after the manner of Montaigne, and are modestly called *Hints for Essays*. Of these we shall hereafter select one for the gratification of the readers of the Anthology, without any apology for the solemnity of the subject. W.

To the Editors of the Anthology.

GENTLEMEN,

MAY the dust from an *antiquarian's* study be mingled with your gold dust? If so, I would suggest the following things, hoping to gain information from your stores of knowledge.

1st. Josselyn arrived in Boston July 1638. He says he presented to Governour Winthrop and Mr. Cotton, from the poet *Quarles*, the version of psalm 16. 25. 51. 88. 113. 137. Query. Are these to be found? Have the manuscripts been preserved in any branches of these families? Are these psalms in the collection of Quarles' poems? There was a new edition some years ago. In his works are some strokes of genius, though the world thought him a dunce, because Pope said he was, who was a good judge, but had his prejudices, and hated all who offended him.

2d. Mr. Cotton, in a *written copy of the Keys*, maintained that, in the government of the church, *authority* is peculiar to the Elders only; and he answers all the arguments of the Brownists to the contrary.—*Vid. Keys and Way of the Churches.*

He was called a Pelagian, because he supposed, that God had not absolutely decreed from eternity, that certain of the human race should be damned, without any kind of reference to what they can do.

3d. There were some of the *First Church*, who were against *synods*, wisely considering, that liberty of conscience was infringed. Had they not reason? They took not power from the civil magistrate, like the papists; but they gave power, as *having the keys* to judge of *heresies*, and their advice to punish them. Heresies, meaning by these, opinions, ought not to be punished by the civil magistrate.

4th. It has been common with English writers to call the fathers of Newengland by the name of *Brownists*. In Marshal's Life of Washington the author thus speaks....' An obscure sect, which had acquired the appellation of Brownists from the name of its founder, and which had rendered itself peculiarly obnoxious by the democracy of its tenets respecting church government, had been driven by persecution to take refuge in Leyden, where its members formed a distinct society under the care of their pastor, Mr. John Robinson,' &c.

This is not correct. And though excuseable in such a writer as Oldmixon in *A general view of the British empire in America*, or in the authors of *The modern part of the Universal History*, where they give a superficial view of events from *hearsay*, rather than from *written* documents; yet ought not to be seriously mentioned in a book, which a child of this country takes up with an ex-

pectation of receiving the most accurate information.

The fact is this, that so far from being *Brownists*, they were in opposition to that sect; and as Governour Winthrop says, who must know and would relate the truth, the *Brownists* at Amsterdam, where there were many, would hardly hold communion with this church at Leyden. The separatists from the Church of England were of two sects....the rigid Separatists, or Brownists, and the Semi-Separatists, or Independents, or Robinsonians, as they were sometimes called. The Independents allowed the lawfulness of communicating with the Church of England in word and prayer, though not in discipline. This was contrary to the *Brownists*; and therefore Mr. Robinson was said to do them more injury, than they could receive from the members of the Episcopal Church. —*Vid. Hornius de Historica Eccl. & Political. Winslow's Journal. Prince's Annals.*

A writer of this country, in the 7th volume of the Historical Collections, printed in 1800, says expressly...'It is very wrong to class the Congregational churches with the *Brownists*. Though individuals had been connected with Brown, and, supposing him honest and zealous in the cause of truth, had not been sensible enough of the consequences, where there is such a latitude of opinion and imprudence of conduct; yet the churches in general disclaimed that church anarchy, which it was his design to introduce, nor were they guilty of the like extravagances.'

When Judge Marshal may print another edition of his work, it is hoped he will attend to this mistake in his introductory volume and speak more favourably of the fathers of Newengland.

It is also hoped, that all who give the character of Mr. Robinson, and represent that he was, in the former part of his life, too favourable to the *democracy* of *churches*, will also mention, that he himself was sensible of this errour; and that, in the latter part of his life, he was firm in opposition to bigots, fanaticks, and separatists, *those lay exhorters* who have met with success in some places, from being mere *cymbals* of the *mob*, and enemies to all human learning and rational religion.

FOR THE ANTHOLOGY.

IT has been said that every man may be flattered. A fine understanding may make its possessor shrewd to detect the flatterer's art, and great experience in the world may place suspicion as a sentinel at one's door. All this may increase the difficulty of finding access to a man's vanity, but still it is not inaccessible. There are opinions, which every man wishes every other man to entertain of his merit, temper, or capacity, and he is sure to be pleased when he discovers, or thinks he discovers, that his skilful flatterer really entertains them. He indulges a complacency and kindness towards him, who puts him at peace and in good humour with himself. But to flatter the ignorant and inex-

perienced requires no skill, it scarcely requires any thing more than a disposition to flatter; for with that class of people the very disposition is accepted as an evidence of kindness. It is still easier to make flattery grateful to a multitude, and especially an assembled multitude of such men. No arts are too gross, no topicks of praise disgusting. Popular vanity comes hungry to an election ground, and claims flattery as its proper food. In democracies the people are the depositaries of political power. It is impossible they should exercise it themselves. In such states therefore it is a thing inevitable, that the people should be beset by unworthy flatterers and intoxicated with their philtres. Sudden, blind, and violent in all their impulses, they cannot heap power enough on their favourites, nor make their vengeance as prompt and terrible as their wrath against those, whom genius and virtue have qualified to be their friends and unfitted to be their flatterers. The most skilful sort of flattery is that, which exalts a man in his own estimation by ascribing to his character those qualities, which he is most solicitous to be thought to possess. He mellows into complacency when he finds that his pretensions are rightly understood and cheerfully admitted. As nothing so conspicuously lifts one man above every other man in society as power, of course it is of all topicks of praise the most fascinating and irresistible. When therefore a demagogue invites the ignorant multitude to dwell on the contemplation of their sovereignty, to consider princes as their equals, their own magistrates as their servants and their flatterers, however otherwise distinguished in the world as their slaves, is it to be supposed that aristocratick good sense will be permitted to disturb their feast or to dishonour their triumph? Accordingly we know from history, and we might know if we would from a scrutiny into the human heart, that every democracy, in the very infancy of its vicious and troubled life, is delivered bound hand and foot into the keeping of ambitious demagogues. Their ambition will soon make them rivals, and their bloody discords will surely make one of them a tyrant.

But the fate of democracies, which every man of sense will deem irreversibly fixed, is not so much the object of these remarks as the complexion of popular opinions while they last.

They will all be such as the multitude have an interest, or which is the same thing a pleasure, in believing. Of these, one of the dearest and most delusive is, that the power of the people is their liberty. Yet they can have no liberty without many strong and obnoxious restraints upon their power.

To break down these restraints, to remove these courts and judges, these senates and constitutions, which are insolently as well as artfully raised above the people's heads to keep them out of their reach, will always be the interested counsel of demagogues and the welcome labour of the multitude. The actual state of popular opinion will be ever hostile to the real and efficient securities of the publick liberty. The spirit of '76 is yet invoked by the demo-

crats, because they, erroneously enough, understand it as a spirit to subvert an old government, and not to preserve old rights. Of all flattery, the grossest (gross indeed to blasphemy) is, that the voice of the people is the voice of God; that the opinion of a majority like that of the Pope, is infallible. Hence it is, that the publick tranquillity has, and the democrats say ought to have, no more stable basis than popular caprice; hence compacts and constitutions are deemed binding only so long as they are liked by a majority. The temple of the publick liberty has no better foundation, than the shifting sands of the desert. It is apparent then that pleasing delusions must become popular creeds. After habit has made praise one of the wants of vanity, it cannot be expected that reproof will be sought or endured, a stomach spoiled by sweets will loathe its medicines. Prudence and duty will be silent.

An individual rarely passes unpunished, who forms and prosecutes his plan of life under a great mistake of his own qualifications and character. And shall a democracy, which is sure to overstretch its rights, to despise its duties, to entrust its traitors and persecute its patriots, to demolish its own bulwarks and invite the host of its assailants to come in, shall such a system last long, or enjoy any degree of tranquillity while it lasts? It is impossible.

Nevertheless, it is assumed as a position of uncontested authority, that the discontents of the people never ripen into resistance and revolution, unless from the oppression and vices of their government. The people are alleged to be always innocent when they refuse evidence, the government is almost always culpable when it exacts it. It may be admitted that no ordinary pressure of grievances would impel a people to rise against government, when that goverment is possessed of great strength, and is administered with vigour. It cannot be supposed that men conscious of their weakness will attack a superiour power. Yet oppression may at length make a whole nation mad, and when it is perceived that the physical strength is all on one side the political authority will inspire no terror.

But surely there is no analogy between such a government and a democracy. As the force of this latter depends on opinion, and that opinion shifts with every current of caprice, it will not be pretended that the propensity to change is produced only by the vices of the magistrates or the rigour of the laws, that the people can do no wrong when they respect no right, and that the authority af their doings, whether they act for good cause or no cause at all but their own arbitrary pleasure, is a new foundation of right, the more sacred for being new.

To guard against this experienced and always fatal propensity of republicks to change and destroy, our sages in the great Convention devised the best distribution of power into separate departments, that circumstances permitted them to select. They intended our government should be a *republick*, which differs more widely from a democracy than a

democracy from a despotism. The rigours of a despotism often, perhaps most frequently, oppress only a few, but it is of the very essence and nature of a democracy, for a faction claiming to be a majority to oppress a minority, and that minority the chief owners of the property and the truest lovers of their country. Already the views of the framers of the Constitution are disappointed. The Judiciary is prostrate. Amendments are familiarly resorted to for the purpose of an election, or to wreak the vengeance of an angry demagogue upon the senate. We are sliding down into the mire of a democracy, which pollutes the morals of the citizens before it swallows up their liberties. Our vanity is the parent of our errors, and these, now grown vices, will be the artificers of our fate.

THE FAMILY PHYSICIAN. No. 2.

THE three months past have been the season of disease, and if during that time the family physician has been wanting to the publick, he has a sufficient apology in his private engagements. In such seasons he and his brethren are impelled, both by their own interest and by motives generally esteemed much more honourable, to be watchful in their business, and not to be looking after vain things. Many observations and many reflections, which I have had occasion to make during this season, I should be happy to offer to the publick, could I render them as interesting to others, as they have been to myself.

The physician is not only admitted into the private chamber; the inmost recesses of the heart are laid open to him; and he has many opportunities to see the workings of the human mind, when under the influence of its most powerful feelings. Thus he sometimes sees exposed the deformity of human nature, and is disgusted by exhibitions of cruelty and ingratitude. For my own part, however, it gives me pleasure to say, that the exhibition of friendly and kind feelings is much more common, than the reverse; and this even where no connexion leads to them, but that which the Samaritan recognized. It is just to add that these Christian feelings are most frequently discovered by females. The victims of disease, who have had no means of support, and who have been relieved by female charity and attentions, will bear witness that I am not guilty of flattery.

Great assistance and relief to the first does the physician see afforded by those, who are blessed with the good things of this world, and with the feelings which fit them for another. Perhaps in no city are private charities more readily bestowed on deserving objects, than in this metropolis. But notwithstanding such charities, it happens here as in other large towns, that many industrious, labouring people, oftentimes in their very entrance into life, are embarrassed and rendered despondent by the expenses of sickness. They sometimes lose their lives

apparently in consequence of this despondency ; but what is worse, they sometimes lose their good habits. Unwilling to yield, they continue to labour during sickness, until disease has fastened upon them ; and they then fall victims to an honest zeal, or are subjected to the most cruel apprehensions during a slow convalescence.

There is another class of people, among whom we frequently see distress and want of sufficient comforts in sickness, and that too where this would not be expected. This class is that of domestick servants. The causes of their suffering may not be obvious, but will readily be conceived when stated. Servants who devote to us their whole time are entitled to a full support, and when sick, they have unquestionably a claim to care from their masters or employers. They receive their food and lodging, and certain pecuniary compensation to supply themselves with cloathing, &c. Although this compensation is at the present day somewhat extravagant when compared with former times, yet it is not sufficient to support them in sickness. It ought therefore to be understood as a general law, that they are entitled to support from their masters when casually sick. Exactly how far their claim may extend will depend on circumstances.

But although masters should acknowledge the obligations, which this law imposes, yet it is oftentimes impossible to fulfil them. There are some persons of small property, who are obliged to employ assistants in their families, but who are unable to support the expenses of these when sick. Such is our prosperity, however, that this may not be a common case at present. But when a master has sufficient property, and sufficient benevolence, he is often unable to provide in a proper manner for his servant labouring under disease. The derangement of his family, from the very circumstance of the servant's sickness, renders him thus impotent without extra assistance, and this is very difficult to procure in season on a sudden emergency. How many housekeepers will remember that such has been their situation. How often is the physician prevented, under such circumstances, from advising a proper mode of treatment because he sees that it cannot be pursued.

Is not the charity of the town, if properly directed, equal to the relief of the sufferers of both classes, which have been described ? I presume that it is abundantly sufficient, and that no new tax need be imposed on the publick for this purpose. It would probably require that so much only, as is now bestowed in private, should be collected and systematically appropriated, to answer this purpose. Certainly the additional tax would bear no proportion to the additional benefit, which might be obtained.

The plan, which it would be necessary to adopt, is simply this : to collect those who are sick, and who cannot have proper care and assistance elsewhere, into one house, where they should be supplied with every thing necessary to their comfort, and be

attended by proper physicians, surgeons, and nurses. It would be necessary to give a name to such a house, which would not render it obnoxious to the poor and proud. It might very properly be called an Infirmary or Hospital. But if prejudices are entertained against these names, its purposes would not be defeated, though it should be called a hotel or boarding-house for the sick.

Let it suffice for the present that I have suggested the establishment of such a house. It is not a new scheme in my own mind, but it is one which I did not think of proposing to the publick, when I commenced this series of papers. The events of the last three months, events of the same kind as occur every year, have excited my attention more than usual, and have induced me to come forward on this subject. If a plan of this sort is agreeable to others, I shall be happy to receive communications respecting it. They may be left in the Anthology box, from which I will attend to procure them.

November, 1805.

LETTER FROM SICILY.

Messrs. Editors,

If it is your wish to preserve in your excellent miscellany original letters, you will not, I am sure, reject the following epistle, with which I was lately honoured by a literary friend, because it describes one of the most beautiful spots in the terraqueous globe. Yours, &c.
Sept. 8, 1805. E.W.

Palermo, *May* 17, 1805.

DEAR SIR,

I WITH pleasure avail myself of this first opportunity to comply with your very flattering request.

Next to the pleasures of Palermo was our passage to it. During the thirty-five days which it formed we were so fortunate as to have but one head wind, which left us in twenty-four hours. We passed through a quantity of ice, floating off the Banks of Newfoundland, but with no injury to our vessel.

How shall I speak to you of Sicily! there is no bay more delightful, than that in which we are at anchor; and I never before inhaled an atmosphere so serene.

——"Neque Medorum sylvæ ditissima terra,
Nec pulcher Ganges atque auro turbidus Hermus
Laudibus Siciliæ certunt."——

You would much admire the harmonious semi-circle, which this bay forms; the splendour of the city and its lofty towers; the busy Corso thronged with carriages, and the distant mountains diversified with vegetation. Villas, gardens, and vineyards, are every where scattered in gay profusion. There is no part of this scenery poor enough to be described with pen and ink; there is no spot to which the eye can turn, which does not excite admiration by its charms, or which has not been immortalised by ancient history.

The city, which is built upon a cape which unites the western mountain with the promontory of Pelignino, and which extending itself easterly to that of Zaffarara forming the bay, you have been already introduced to by Mr. Brydone. Pellignino is the highest land near Palermo. From its head in clear weather you can observe the distant coasts of Si-

cily, the Lipari Isles, the hills of Syracuse, the birth place of Archimedes and Theocritus, and above all the towering smoke of Mount Ætna. I could no more describe the prospect from this situation, than I could increase its fame. You must see it or you never can know it.

The houses and palaces here are worthy of the place. The solemn grandeur of ancient architecture is however much obscured by modern adventitious incumbrances. There is an excellent custom throughout the city of having balconies before the windows; by these means those who are not disposed to take the evening air upon the Corso may enjoy it by a walk in this place.

I would say much to you respecting Sicily and the pleasure it has afforded me; but, should I begin, where should I end? I will then reserve it till I shall again have the pleasure of meeting you; and only add, that I have derived much health and more satisfaction from this favourable voyage.

With respect and affection,
I am, &c.

THE REMARKER. *No. 3.*

Multa dies variusque labor mutabilis ævi
Rettulit in melius.—— VIRG.

THERE once lived in my neighbourhood a merry old toper, who was in the habit of singing a song, of which this was the chorus,

Let's love God and mankind,
And take a good drink.

Though I feel no inclination to defend the practice or the poetry of this adherent to Bacchus, yet I have sometimes preferred his philosophy to certain Heraclitiof the age, who uniformly decry what is new and extol what is old; who see no evil in the past and no good in the future; and who are everlastingly whining and weeping over the existing ignorance, follies, and infelicities of mankind. I take this indiscriminate railing against the depravity of the times to be the language of weakness and petulance. It may sometimes proceed from a heart steeped in the sorrows of life, but, I suspect, is oftener the offspring of a feeble judgment, little knowledge, and much timidity. Whatever may have caused the general complaint, it ever has been fashionable to magnify present evils, and bewail the inferiority of modern to ancient privileges. Homer, the father of poetry, lamented, in his time, the degeneracy of men, and ascribed to one of his characters, who had lived in a preceding age, the power of performing as much as ten ordinary men of his own generation. Virgil, a thousand years posterior to the Grecian bard, going on the same supposition of the continual deterioration of our species, however inconsistent with the sentiment of my motto, gives to the king of the Rutuli the strength of twelve such men, as the earth in his days produced; and from the time of this prince of the poets to the present hour, the increasing depravity of th

world has been the mournful theme of every muse, and the subject of satire with every moralist.

The fact seems to be this. It is natural for man more bitterly to deplore his present than his past sufferings. The iron tooth of time, which devours every thing, wears away the sense of calamities which are no longer oppressive. The physical and moral ills which afflicted our ancestors are indeed the record of history, but few of us only have the power, the will, and the leisure to consult its pages; whereas all have eyes to see and passions to feel the inconveniences and disasters, the crimes and miseries which now surround them. In the elder ages of the world our race must have been terrified and afflicted by the same cold blasts, the same scorching heats, the same convulsions and ravages of the elements, as are the terrour and affliction of us; but our means of mitigating the severity of these natural evils were not in their possession. What we deem the necessary arts were then scarcely and clumsily practised, and the elegant accommodations of life were wholly unknown. In consequence of the limited knowledge and commerce of the early ages, people of every country were exposed often to scarcity, and at times to famine; for the herbs, fruits, and animals of one region were rarely exchanged for the superfluities of another. It is therefore credible, that the selfishness, cruelties, and distress attending on want, were experienced after a sort, of which modern times can furnish no example.

The last eighteen hundred years of the world's existence forms an era, on which we look, to be sure, with mixed emotions of horrour and delight; yet no anteriour period of equal length can be reviewed with equal satisfaction. The introduction of christianity on the earth gradually meliorated the condition of its inhabitants. Compare the discoveries of science and the improvements of art, which have been made by christians, with the discoveries and improvements of the eighteen centuries immediately preceding the birth of Jesus, and what is the result? In morals compare the doctrines of Socrates, of Plato, of Epictetus, of Epicurus, and of Seneca with those of the gospel, and look at the comparison! Generally speaking, in proportion as christianity has been disseminated, a spirit of inquiry and enterprize, of humanity, toleration, and refinement has succeeded to the glooms of ignorance, rudeness, and superstition. It has softened the rigour of arbitrary governments; mitigated the ferociousness of war; bettered the condition of slaves; has instituted, and is continually instituting, methods of abolishing slavery itself; and promises a general extension of rational freedom.

In forming this conclusion in favour of modern times, I mean to offer no incense to modern vanity. Hundreds and thousands of our age are polluted by sensuality, disgraced by affectation, poisoned by ill principles, deformed by pride, and destroyed by ambition. In our day we have seen the prostitution of the finest talents, and the perversion of the

best things to the worst purposes. We often observe the publick taste corrupted through the medium of skeptical and libidinous books. Profane wits have indeed been the mushroom growth of every age; but never perhaps to that degree, as within the last half century, were mankind insulted from the press with irreligion, ribaldry, and nonsense.

Nevertheless, the state of society, on the whole, is, probably, improving. Whilst we mourn the misfortunes of our merchants, the mistakes of our politicians, and the atheism of our philosophers, let us not forget to honour the myriads of our fellowmen now associated, or associating, for the diffusion of useful knowledge, and the diminution of human wo. In all parts of the civilized world we annually observe charity schools of various orders established, hospitals founded and endowed, the grandest inventions disclosed for controling the force of diverse diseases, and plans projected for rendering these inventions generally efficacious. So that notwithstanding the eye of posterity will behold a stigma on the age, on account of several foolish and baneful innovations, it will yet forever be distinguished by many real and valuable accessions to commerce, science, liberty, and religion.

N.

DESCRIPTION OF BONAPARTE.

The following letter from a friend in London was written soon after his return from a visit to Paris. It contains a few lively touches of all that can be seen of Bonaparte; and though what was seen is set down with all the ease and pleasantness of table-talk, it will be acknowledged by every traveller to be a faithful sketch of that "man who is now become a god."

London, Aug. 16, 1805.

SINCE I wrote so plentifully by the Anacreon you need not expect much more very soon, though while the subject is fresh, why should I not tell you about the wonder of the age, le grand Napoleon....ou Napoleon le grand? I will set down just what trifles I observed.

The first time I saw him was at a review, which is usually on Sunday. I was stationed in a balcony, and with my opera glass determined to watch the movement of every muscle. The troops, all cavalry without the yard of the palace, were drawn up in several lines in the Place Carrousel. Within the iron railing, or court, were the consular, now imperial foot guards. I could not help observing that the cavalry was much better mounted and equipped than I expected. They were in all about 5000. They kept no order in the lines till the trumpets announced that his little majesty, that was to be in a few days, was mounted on his white Arabian. At that instant, I looked towards the court, and saw a little fellow galloping in full speed through the lines, attended by a Mameluke and half a dozen officers covered with lace and plumes, who with much difficulty kept pace with him. He now sallied forth into the square, and was soon stopped by a crowd of women and men who were waiting to present their petitions. I

was a little surprized to see him so willing to expose himself. He was within a few paces of me. He immediately dropped his reins, and took the petitions, which were thrust upon him with very little ceremony. Some he instantly handed over to his officers, and others he read with much apparent interest, frequently conversing with the petitioners, and looking with an eye which is not easily described, nor to be observed indeed without some dread. He sat on his horse in the posture of a man who was absorbed in a thousand reflections, and with a *hollow stomach*, as children call it, as if he had not eaten for a month. He was dressed in a blue coat with broad white facing and little buttons, and buttoned close up to his chin without showing any linen; a pair of white breeches, and black boots; and above all, a small cocked hat, no trimmings, but with a little sneaking cockade (the last fragment of the revolution) on the top edge. He has a face rather handsome, that is, the features are so; the lower jaw and chin somewhat large and full. His teeth are fine. His complexion is neither sallow nor unhealthy, as has been said: it is of that fairness which Mr. ***** has. His hair is black, and cut all away from the ears, without whiskers. His eyes shew much of the white; the pupil being large, and the iris very small, they have a very bright, darting, and fierce look. All around they are literally black and blue, as if he had not slept, but thought and studied night and day. There is on the whole, a look of great energy, and none of any amiable quality: less of the sun-burnt warrior, than of the student of "genie." After resting an hour in reading petitions, he suddenly snatched up his reins, regardless of what was about or before him, and dashed on in full gallop. He rides very badly, with short stirrups, which throw him continually on the back of his saddle. Every motion is so quick, so *militaire*, that there is neither grace nor dignity in his deportment; nothing but his face is imperial, and that will rank very well with the Cæsars; there is much of the Roman in it.

***

Now you shall have him in another light, at the theatre, where he is always much exposed, though, as he sits low in the box, if he were a little taller he would be much more so. When he enters, he is so quick that he is always seated before any one is aware of his august presence. A faint applause is attempted, and he half rises which puts an end to it. During the performance he looks continually towards the stage, now and then catching a glance at his chained tigers in the pit, turning his eyes in a sly way without moving his head. He continually picks his nose like an irritable man....takes snuff, and then, Frenchman like, blows his trumpet. He has a fine high forehead, that is, it is rather narrow, but the distance is great between his eye brows and the hair, which grows far from the face. His hair is totally neglected, cut rather short. I have frequently been at the theatre, when in the old plays of Racine and Corneille there have been very severe ap

lusions to his situation, to his usurpation, &c. which probably the audience applauded, in *old times*; but they are sure now to receive them with instantaneous and loud applause. He however only runs his *forefinger under the end of his nose*: "kick if you will, but I have ye fast enough." A new play, however, called Henri VIII. came out, which he attended, as he often does a first representation; it contained a continual invective against him, and he instantly ordered the piece suppressed. You may ask, how they dared bring it forth? Why he might with more safety imprison every man in Paris, than encroach upon the liberty of the stage; it is a Frenchman's birth right, I may say. It is the school in which they receive all their principles; and where TWENTY-EIGHT are opened every night, you may imagine it to be the substitute both for school and church.

To continue my subject: when Bonaparte rises to quit the theatre, he turns to the audience, shows a fine row of teeth, (what a tiger's grin!) makes several quick bows and disappears. A few voices immediately, as ordered, sound forth the "vive l'Empereur!" and a few clap their hands; but I never yet have witnessed any thing but a cold indifference in any audience. The French are very quick and unanimous; and could he once excite them to applaud him, it would pervade the whole audience, and there would be no end to their enthusiasm.

As to the empress, she looks, from knowing a little of the old court, somewhat as becomes imperial majesty. There is an appearance of great anxiety, of that kind of disturbed feelings, which a person has who is mounted on a high place, or in danger of being overturned in a carriage; a look which all her guards and splendour cannot banish from her countenance. She is generally very well painted, well dressed, & seems to be about fifty. She is or pretends to be very religious. I saw on her toilette at St. Cloud, several religious works and a splendid bible! It is said she is much troubled by the predictions of a fortune-teller when young. She was told that she would marry a nobleman, Count Beauharnois; that he would die an unnatural death; that afterwards she would pass a miserable and perilous life; would finally be a queen, and greater than a queen, but "gare la chute!" was the sentence: "Beware of the fall!" All this would naturally be invented, but I was told it by Frenchmen who were in the habit of meeting her during Bonaparte's absence in Egypt.

She seldom is seen in publick, which I can account for only from her aversion to meet the eyes of some former gallants, who would proudly proclaim their intimacy.

I should like to describe to you the wonderful magnificence of the apartments of St. Cloud, to which I had access in company with madame Lauriston. Among other things, I could not help observing in the hall of the throne, fitted up or begun *before* he was proclaimed emperor; that the cornice was ornamented by a Cock (France) on the back of a crouching Lion! (England.) The gentlemen pointed at it very significantly. In four compartments

of the ceiling were the imperial arms, executed *before* the people willed so kindly that he should be urged to do them the favour to accept the empire!

The apartments of the Empress are the most beautiful. The window curtains are principally of the first muslin and silk, thrown over a rod or arrow, and drawn aside; silk on one and muslin the other side of the window.

Her bathing room is a curiosity. It is about eight feet square, and composed entirely of mirrors. On two opposite sides are narrow pilasters, which are so regularly and so many times reflected, that one is obliged to feel of the walls not to believe that it is a gallery 300 feet long. The trough for the Imperial Venus to wallow in is of white marble.

I could not avoid observing at Malmaison, that in Bonaparte's library every thing relates to Egypt; books, maps, and models. And at the annual exhibition, the painting which was crowned with laurel, represented him in the famous hospital at Jaffa, among the pestiferous soldiers, touching the virulent sore of one. I could mention other things showing not only his penchant to Egypt, but that he is proud and flattered by his bloody and abominable achievements there. Frenchmen are kept ignorant of, and many will not believe what Sir R. Wilson wrote.

I often asked at Paris, whether *he* governed, or Talleyrand, or some others, and was always assured that he originates and conducts every thing. Talleyrand may be ordered to draw up such a document; Cambaceres such a law; Marbois or Lebrun such a scheme of finance: but he is prime mover.

Upon the whole, instead of despising and detesting Bonaparte, I was compelled rather to applaud and admire him *as the Chief of a nation*. Who would prefer being governed by an ignorant, wilful, wicked mob, or democratick people, to being subject to the skilful, deliberate, and protecting will of an individual? *I* want no mercy in justice, nor a regard to popular *feelings* in a government.

Bonaparte governs with an energy truly admirable; and although we hear of "deeds of darkness" and all that, much exaggerated, the people of Paris, from the excellency of the police, enjoy all the benefits which result from perfect order; benefits, which I wish were to be enjoyed as surely in Boston; or even in this city of free thinking and too free acting!

SILVA. *No.* 9.

"*Sparget agrestes tibi silva frondes.*"

DR. JOHNSON. EDMUND BURKE.

THE characteristick power of the mind of Dr. Johnson seems to have been that of viewing every object to which it was directed steadily, clearly, and in all its relations. Before his mental eye the colouring spread by imagination, and the glare circumfused by passion faded away, and the elements of things lay naked and bare to his inspection. It is hence that he always explains fully and decides distinctly. Too wise

as well as too honest, he never perplexes with sophistry, nor ever confuses with what is general and undefined. We are instructed, and convinced, and trust ourselves confidently to his guidance. From the rectitude of his reason and from the rectitude of his moral principles he may claim, perhaps in an higher degree than any other man, the praise, to which he aspired, the praise (I quote language beautiful enough to be once more repeated) of having "given ardour to virtue, and confidence to truth."

The talents of Edmund Burke were of a different order. He saw indeed much, but always rapidly and often indistinctly. Yet from the wonderful variety of ideas spread before his imagination (the prevailing power of his mind) if he could not always explain, he could always illustrate; to every object he could produce parallels and on every subject, analogies. As an author therefore he seldom leads us directly forward with an eye steadily fixed on the object of research; his path winds among blossoms and fruits and flowers,

> by nature boon
> Pour'd forth profuse,

through luxuriant and wild vegetation, where to us bewildered amid variety of beauty, our leader sometimes seems forgetful of his purpose and direction. Obscure it is true, he sometimes is, "luxuriâ foliorum exuberat umbra." But it seems to be his general character, that where he does not instruct he delights, that where he does not convince he persuades; and if our reason be sometimes reluctant to join him, all our better feelings desert at once in his favour.

Edmund Burke has been compared to Cicero. For myself I can trace little resemblance between them, except that each was an orator of the highest rank, and except too that the author of the "Reflections on the French Revolution" may claim, perhaps with as much justice as the Roman Consul, the title of "saviour of his country." The language of Cicero is far less coloured and metaphorical, than that of Burke. As an orator he keeps his subject steadily in view, and every idea introduced joins the general current and contributes to increase its force. Even his * egotism is made subsidiary to his eloquence. As an orator therefore he is superiour to Burke, in imagination perhaps not his equal. More resemblance it seems to me may be traced between the philosopher of Tusculum and the author of the Rambler; and I do not discern either in ancient or modern times any other parallel, I had almost said any other equal, of Dr. Johnson.

O MAISON D'ARISTIPPE! O JARDIN D'EPICURE!

THE art of pleasure, (that of happiness is a different thing) is perhaps little more, than the art of laughing at vexation and trifling with life; the art to forget what has happened, and to be careless what may. The present moment is jealous of her power,

* For examples of this among many others, see his Oration for M. Marcellus, his Oration de accusatione in C. Verrem constituendo, the exordium of the 4th Oration against Catalin more particularly the exordium of the 3 Epic; Quoniam meo fato, &c.

and will seldom suffer us to be at ease, if we presume to recal the past or anticipate the future.

—

CANDIDE....RASSELAS.

Voltaire in his "Candide" with merry mischief destroys the fragile hopes of life and gives us nothing better to supply their place.

"Travaillons sans raisonner," dit Martin, "c'est le seul moyen de rendre la vie supportable."

It is not thus with the author of Rasselas.

"To me," said the princess, "the choice of life has become less important; I hope hereafter to think only on the choice of eternity."

I am afraid, that he, who labours without reflection and consequently without hope, will find life not very tolerable. But he whose labours are influenced by a regard to the choice of eternity may enjoy even here something of cheerfulness. With much to suffer he will have much to expect; for that religion, of which Johnson was the disciple and Voltaire the foe, will afford him an humble assurance, that after toiling through this night of dreams, he shall waken in the light of the morning.

—

CATULLUS.

Though to the poems of Catullus no modest man will give general praise, yet not a few of them appear 'bright through the rubbish,' by which they are surrounded. The original of the following lines (his address *ad Sirmionem peninsulam*) has by some been considered exquisitely beautiful. The home of the Latin poet seems to have been one of those "retreats from care," which Goldsmith with plaintive hopelessness delighted in describing.

TRANSLATION.

(From the Sirmio of Catullus.)

Sweet Sirmio, little isle most dear
Of all, which mid our lakes appear,
Or in the ocean's boundless waves;
Of all, that either Neptune laves,
Full gladly I return to thee;
Scarce yet believing I am free
From Thynia and the Euxine shore,
And safely see my home once more.
How heavenly to be loosed from care,
To drop the load so hard to bear,
And tired with all our wanderings past,
To come to our own house at last,
And every foreign trouble fled
To rest on our accustomed bed.
'Tis this succeeding calm alone,
Which for such labours can atone,
All hail, my Sirmio! lovely isle
Receive thy master with a smile;
Ye waters of the Lydian lake
Of all our common joy partake;
Wild laughter, too, that lov'st the place,
Now welcome me with merry face.

—

TRANSLATION FROM THE CLASSICKS.

Of all the arguments against the study of the classical languages the weakest seems to be (if one may venture to settle such a doubtful point of precedency) "that we may procure translations." It discovers taste and knowledge, and comprehension not unlike those of the celebrated conqueror of Corinth, who, when the finished labours of Grecian art were to be transported from that city to Rome, declared (as every body knows) that it should be at the peril of the persons, who conveyed them; and that if any of the articles were damaged or lost, they must take care to provide similar ones equally valuable.

—

RICHARDSON.

I am not much pleased with the character of Sir Charles Gran-

dison, as delineated by Richardson. It is drawn, as Queen Elizabeth would have her portrait, without shades; I do not mean without defects, but without the retreating and softer virtues, the virtues not of action, but of suffering. Some I know have supposed it unnatural, because too nearly approaching perfection. Unnatural indeed it is, but not for this reason, but because all his endeavours are successful and all his virtues triumphant; and it is thus uninteresting too, because we can feel no concern for a man, who we are sure is always to come off as an hero. It does not seem to me, that the effect produced in a character by the contrast of dissimilar virtues is sufficiently attended to by those, who have the forming of fictitious models of excellence. There is nothing with which I am more pleased in the Brutus of Shakespeare, the stoical philosopher, the man patient of suffering and careless of life, than a little incident of kindness to his boy, who is sleeping.

I will not do thee so much harm to wake thee.
If thou dost nod thou'lt break thy instrument,
I'll take it from thee.

The Emily of Mrs. Ratcliffe is perhaps not very distant from a perfect character; for to no common strength and rectitude of principle she unites all the delicacy, tenderness, and generosity, and all the lighter graces of a woman. But to return for a moment to Richardson, from whom in talking of Mrs. Ratcliffe, we have wandered not a little way; some of his scenes of passion seem to be calculated to produce an effect as ludicrous or rather as disgusting, as those designs in painting, which are sometimes met with, where whatever violent emotions it is intended to express, all the figures introduced are placed in attitudes, the most genteel imaginable.

—

SANNIZARIUS.

THE following description of night is from the poem of Sannizarius, de partu Virginis. One might easily mistake it for an extract from Virgil.

Tempus erat, quo nox tardis invecta quadrigis
Nondum stelliferi mediam pervenit Olympi
Ad metam, et tacit scintillant sydera motu.
Cum sylvæ, urbesque silent, cum fessa labore
Accipiunt placidos mortalia pectora somnos;
Non fera, non volucris, non picto corpore serpens
Dat sonitum. Jamque in cineres conciderat Ignis ultimus.——

There is another short description of night in one of his piscatory eclogues, which may please from its consonance to the marine character of these poems.

Aspice, cuncta silent, Orcas et maxima cete
Somnus habet, tacitos recubant per litora phocæ,
Non Zephyri strepit aura, sopor suus humida mulcet
Æquora, sopito connivent sydera cœlo.

In the third eclogue, there is a simile too, which is prettily appropriate.

Qualis tranquillo quæ labitur æquore cymba,
Cum Zephyris summæ crispantur leniter undæ,
Tuta volat, luditque hilaris per transtra juventus,
Talis vita mihi dum me Chloris amabat.

There is a line of Lord Strangford,

"His course was pleasure's placid wave,"

in which the simile of Sannizarius is exhibited in miniature.

SACONTALA: OR, THE FATAL RING.

Continued from p. 526.

ACT V.

SCENE.—*The Palace. An old Chamberlain fighing.*

Chamberlain. ALAS! what a decrepit old age have I attained!—This wand, which I firſt held for the diſcharge of my cuſtomary duties in the ſecret apartments of my prince, is now my ſupport, whilſt I walk feebly through the multitude of years which I have paſſed.—I muſt now mention to the king, as he goes through the palace, an event which concerns himſelf: it muſt not be delayed.—[*Advancing ſlowly.*]—What is it?—Oh! I recollect: the devout pupils of Canna deſire an audience.—How ſtrange a thing is human life!—The intellects of an old man ſeem at one time luminous, and then on a ſudden are involved in darkneſs, like the flame of a lamp at the point of extinction.——[*He walks round and looks.*]—There is Duſhmanta: he has been attending to his people, as to his own family; and now with a tranquil heart ſeeks a ſolitary chamber; as an elephant the chief of his herd, having grazed the whole morning, and being heated by the meridian ſun, repairs to a cool ſtation during the oppreſſive heats. ——Since the king is juſt riſen from his tribunal, and muſt be fatigued, I am almoſt afraid to inform him at preſent that Canna's pupils are arrived: yet how ſhould they who ſupport nations enjoy reſt?—The ſun yokes his bright ſteeds for the labour of many hours; the gale breathes by night and by day; the prince of ſerpents continually ſuſtains the weight of this earth; and equally inceſſant is the toil of that man, whoſe revenue ariſes from a ſixth part of his people's income. [*He walks about.*

Enter Duſhmanta, Madhavya, and Attendants.

Duſhm. Every petitioner having attained juſtice, is departed happy; but kings who perform their duties conſcientiouſly are afflicted without end.—The anxiety of acquiring dominion gives extreme pain; and, when it is firmly eſtabliſhed, the cares of ſupporting the nation inceſſantly haraſs the ſovereign; as a large umbrella, of which a man carries the ſtaff in his own hand, fatigues while it ſhades him.

Behind the ſcenes. May the king be victorious!

Two Bards repeat ſtanzas.

Firſt Bard. Thou ſeekeſt not thy own pleaſure: no; it is for the people that thou art haraſſed from day to day. Such, when thou waſt created, was the diſpoſition implanted in thy ſoul! Thus a branchy tree bears on his head the ſcorching ſunbeams, while his broad ſhade allays the fever of thoſe who ſeek ſhelter under him.

Second Bard. When thou wieldeſt the rod of juſtice, thou bringeſt to order all thoſe who have deviated from the path of virtue: thou biddeſt contention ceaſe: thou waſt formed for the preſervation of thy people: thy kindred poſſeſs, indeed, conſiderable wealth; but ſo boundleſs is thy affection, that all thy ſubjects are conſidered by thee as thy kinſmen.

Duſhm. [*Liſtening.*] That ſweet poetry refreſhes me after the toil of giving judgments and publick orders.

Madh. Yes; as a tired bull is refreſhed when the people ſay, "There goes the lord of cattle."

Duſhm. [*Smiling.*] Oh! art thou here, my friend: let us take our ſeats together. [*The king and Madhavya ſit down.—Muſick behind the ſcenes.*

Madh. Liſten, my royal friend. I hear a well-tuned Vinà ſounding, as if it were in concert with the lutes of the gods, from yonder apartment.—The queen Hanſamati is preparing, I imagine, to greet you with a new ſong.

Duſhm. Be ſilent, that I may liſten.

Cham. [*Aſide.*] The king's mind ſeems intent upon ſome other buſineſs. I muſt wait his leiſure. [*Retiring on one ſide.*

SONG [*behind the ſcenes.*]

"Sweet bee, who, deſirous of extracting freſh honey, waſt wont to kiſs the ſoft border of the new-blown Amra flower, how canſt thou now be ſatisfied with the water lily, and forget the firſt object of thy love?"

Duſhm. The ditty breathes a tender paſſion.

Madh. Does the king know its meaning? It is too deep for me.

Duſhm. [*Smiling.*] I was once in love with Hanſamati, and am now reproved for continuing ſo long abſent from her.—Friend Mádhavya, inform the queen in my name, that I feel the reproof.

Madh. As the king commands; but—[*Riſing ſlowly*]—My friend, you are going to ſeize a ſharp lance with another man's hand. I cannot reliſh your commiſſion to an enraged woman.—A hermit cannot be happy till he has taken leave of all paſſions whatever.

Duſhm. Go, my kind friend, the urbanity of thy diſcourſe will appeaſe her.

Madh. What an errand! [*He goes out.*

Duſhm. [*Aſide.*] Ah! what makes me ſo melancholy on hearing a mere ſong on abſence, when I am not in fact ſeparated from no real object of my affection?—Perhaps the ſadneſs of men, otherwiſe happy, on ſeeing beautiful forms and liſtening to ſweet melody, ariſes from ſome faint remembrance of paſt joys, and the traces of connections in a former ſtate of exiſtence.

Cham. [*Advancing humbly.*] May our ſovereign be victorious!—Two religious men, with ſome women, are come from their abode in a foreſt near the Snowy Mountains, and bring a meſſage from Canna.—The king will command.

Duſhm. [*Surpriſed.*] What! are pious hermits arrived in the company of women?

Cham. It is even ſo.

Duſhm. Order the prieſt Sómaratá, in my name, to ſhew them due reverence in the form appointed by the Véda; and bid him attend me. I ſhall wait for my holy gueſts in a place fit for their reception.

Cham. I obey. [*He goes out.*

Duſhm. Wardour, point the way to the hearth of the conſecrated fire.

Cham. This, O king, this is the way,—[*He walks before*]—Here is the entrance of the hallowed encloſure; and there ſtands the venerable cow to be milked for the ſacrifice, looking bright from the recent ſprinkling of myſtick water.—Let the king aſcend. [*Duſhmanta is raiſed to the place of ſacrifice on the ſhoulders of his wardours.*

Duſhm. What meſſage can the pious Canna have ſent me?—Has the devotion of his pupils been impeded by evil ſpirits—or by what other calamity?—Or has any harm, alas! befallen the poor herds who graze in the hallowed foreſt?—Or have the ſins of the king tainted the flowers and fruits of the creepers planted by female hermits?—My mind is entangled in a labyrinth of confuſed apprehenſions.

Ward. What our ſovereign imagines, cannot poſſibly have happened; ſince the hermitage has been rendered ſecure from evil by the mere ſound of his bowſtring. The pious men, whom the king's benevolence has made happy, are come, I preſume, to do him homage,

Enter Sangarava, Saradwata, and Gautami, leading Sacontala by the hand; and before them the old Chamberlain, and the Prieſt.

Cham. This way, reſpectable ſtrangers; come this way.

Sarn. My friend Saradwata, there ſits the king of men, who has felicity at command, yet ſhows equal reſpect to all: here no ſubject, even of the loweſt claſs, is received with contempt. Nevertheleſs, my ſoul having ever been free from attachment to worldly things, I conſider this hearth, although a crowd now ſurround it, as the ſtation merely of conſecrated fire.

Sarad. I was not leſs confounded than yourſelf on entering the populous city; but now I look on it, as a man juſt bathed in pure water, on a man ſmeared with oil and duſt, as the pure on the impure, as the waking on the ſleeping, as the freeman on the captive, as the independent on the ſlave.

Prieſt. Thence it is, that men, like you two, are ſo elevated above other mortals.

Sac. [*Perceiving a bad omen.*] Venerable mother, I feel my right eye throb! What means this involuntary motion?

Gaut. Heaven avert the omen, my ſweet child! May every delight attend thee! [*They all advance.*

Prieſt. [*Shewing the king to them.*] There, holy men, is the protector of the people; who has taken his ſeat, and expects you.

Sarn. This is what we wiſhed; yet we have no private intereſt in the buſineſs. It is ever thus: trees are ber

by the abundance of their fruit; clouds are brought low when they teem with ſalubrious rain; and the real benefactors of mankind are not elated by riches.

Ward. O king, the holy gueſts appear before you with placid looks, indicating their affection.

Duſhm. [*Gazing at Sacontala.*] Ah! what damſel is that whoſe mantle conceals the far greater part of her beautiful form?—She looks, among the hermits, like a freſh green bud among faded and yellow leaves.

Ward. This at leaſt, O king, is apparent; that ſhe has a form which deſerves to be ſeen more diſtinctly.

Duſhm. Let her ſtill be covered; ſhe ſeems pregnant, and the wife of another muſt not be ſeen even by me.

Sac. [*Aſide with her hand to her boſom.*] O my heart, why doſt thou palpitate?—Remember the beginning of thy lord's affection, and be tranquil.

Prieſt. May the king proſper! The reſpectable gueſts have been honoured as the law ordains; and they have now a meſſage to deliver from their ſpiritual guide: let the king deign to hear it.

Duſhm. [*With reverence.*] I am attentive.

Both Miſras. [*Extending their hands.*] Victory attend thy banners!

Duſhm. I reſpectfully greet you both.

Both. Bleſſings on our ſovereign!

Duſhm. Has your devotion been uninterrupted?

Sarn. How ſhould our rights be diſturbed, when thou art the preſerver of all creatures? How, when the bright ſun blazes, ſhould darkneſs cover the world?

Duſhm. [*Aſide.*] The name of royalty produces, I ſuppoſe, all worldly advantages!—[*Aloud.*]—Does the holy Canna then proſper?

Sarn. O king, they who gather the fruits of devotion may command proſperity. He firſt inquires affectionately whether thy arms are ſucceſsful, and then addreſſes thee in theſe words:—

Duſhm. What are his orders?

Sarn. "The contract of marriage, reciprocally made between thee and this girl, my daughter, I confirm with tender regard; ſince thou art celebrated as the moſt honourable of men, and my Sacontala is Virtue herſelf in a human form, no blaſphemous complaint will henceforth be made againſt Brahma for ſuffering diſcordant matches: he has now united a bride and bridegroom with qualities equally tranſcendant.—Since therefore ſhe is pregnant by thee, receive her in thy palace, that ſhe may perform, in conjunction with thee, the duties preſcribed by religion.

Gaut. Great king, thou haſt a mild aſpect; and I wiſh to addreſs thee in few words.

Duſhm. [*Smiling.*] Speak venerable matron.

Gaut. She waited not the return of her ſpiritual father; nor were thy kindred conſulted by thee. You two only were preſent, when your nuptials were ſolemnized: now therefore converſe freely together in the abſence of all others.

Sac. [*Aſide.*] What will my lord ſay?

Duſhm. [*Aſide, perplexed.*] How ſtrange an adventure!

Sac. [*Aſide.*] Ah me! how diſdainfully he ſeems to receive the meſſage!

Sarn. [*Aſide.*] What means that phraſe which I overheard, "How ſtrange an adventure!"—[*Aloud.*]—Monarch, thou knoweſt the hearts of men. Let a wife behave ever ſo diſcreetly, the world will think ill of her, if ſhe live only with her paternal kinſman; and a lawful wife now requeſts, as her kindred alſo humbly entreat, that whether ſhe be loved or not, ſhe may paſs her days in the manſion of her huſband.

Duſhm. What ſayeſt thou!—Am I the lady's huſband?

Sac. [*Aſide, with anguiſh.*] O my heart, thy fears have proved juſt.

Sarn. Does it become a magnificent prince to depart from the rules of religion and honour, merely becauſe he repents of his engagements?

Duſhm. With what hope of ſucceſs could this groundleſs fable have been invented?

Sarn. [*Angrily.*] The minds of thoſe whom power intoxicates are perpetually changing.

Duſhm. I am reproved with too great ſeverity.

Gaut. [*To Sacontala.*] Be not aſhamed, my ſweet child: let me take off thy mantle, that the king may recollect thee.

(*She unveils her.*

Duſhm. (*Aſide, looking at Sacontala.*) While I am doubtful whether this un-

blemiſhed beauty which is diſplayed before me has not been poſſeſſed by another, I reſemble a bee fluttering at the cloſe of night over a bloſſom filled with dew: and in this ſtate of mind, I neither can enjoy nor forſake her.

Ward. *(Aſide to Duſhmanta.)* The king beſt knows his rights and his duties: but who would heſitate when a woman, bright as a gem, brings luſtre to the apartments of his palace?

Sarn. What, O king, does thy ſtrange ſilence import?

Duſhm. Holy man, I have been meditating again and again, but have no recollection of my marriage with this lady. How then can I lay aſide all conſideration of my military tribe, and admit into my palace a young woman who is pregnant by another huſband?

Sac. *(Aſide.)* Ah! wo is me.—Can there be a doubt even of our nuptials?—The tree of my hope, which had riſen ſo luxuriantly, is at once broken down.

Sarn. Beware, leſt the godlike ſage, who would have beſtowed on thee, as a free gift, his ineſtimable treaſure, which thou hadſt taken, like a baſe robber, ſhould now ceaſe to think of thee, who art lawfully married to his daughter, and ſhould confine all his thoughts to her whom thy perfidy diſgraces.

Sarad. Reſt a while, my Sarngarava; and thou, Sacontala, take thy turn to ſpeak; ſince thy lord has declared his forgetfulneſs.

Sac. *(Aſide.)* If his affection has ceaſed, of what uſe will it be to recal his remembrance of me?—Yet, if my ſoul muſt endure torment, be it ſo: I will ſpeak to him.——*(Aloud to Duſhmanta.)*—O my huſband!——*(Pauſing.)*—Or (if the juſt application of that ſacred word be ſtill doubted by thee) O ſon of Puru, is it becoming, that having been once enamoured of me in the conſecrated foreſt, and having ſhown the exceſs of thy paſſion, thou ſhouldſt this day deny me with bitter expreſſions?

Duſhm. *(Covering his ears.)* Be the crime removed from my ſoul!—Thou haſt been inſtructed for ſome baſe purpoſe to vilify me, and make me fall from the dignity which I have hitherto ſupported; as a river which has burſt its banks and altered its placid current, overthrows the trees that had riſen aloft on them.

Sac. If thou ſayſt this merely from want of recollection, I will reſtore thy memory by producing thy own ring, with thy name engraved on it!

Duſhm. A capital invention!

Sac. *(Looking at her finger.)* Ah me! I have no ring.

(She fixes her eyes with anguiſh on Gautami.*)*

Gaut. The fatal ring muſt have dropped, my child, from thy hand, when thou tookeſt up water to pour on thy head in the pool of Sachitirt'ha, near the ſtation of Sacravatara.

Duſhm. *(Smiling).* So ſkilful are women in finding ready excuſes!

Sac. The power of Brama muſt prevail: I will yet mention one circumſtance.

Duſhm. I muſt ſubmit to hear the tale.

Sac. One day, in a grove of Vetaſas, thou tookeſt water in thy hand from its natural vaſe of lotos leaves——

Duſhm. What followed?

Sac. At that inſtant a little fawn, which I had reared as my own child, approached thee; and thou ſaidſt with benevolence: "Drink thou firſt, gentle fawn." He would not drink from the hand of a ſtranger, but received water eagerly from mine; when thou ſaidſt, with increaſing affection: "Thus every creature loves its companions; you are both foreſters alike, and both alike amiable."

Duſhm. By ſuch intereſted and honied falſehoods are the ſouls of voluptuaries enſnared!

Gaut. Forbear, illuſtrious prince, to ſpeak harſhly. She was bred in a ſacred grove where ſhe learned no guile.

Duſhm. Pious matron, the dexterity of females, even when they are untaught, appears in thoſe of a ſpecies different from our own.—What would it be if they were duly inſtructed!—The female Cocilas, before they fly towards the firmament, leave their eggs to be hatched, and their young fed, by birds who have no relation to them.

Sac. *(With anger.)* Oh! void of honour, thou meaſureſt all the world by thy own bad heart. What prince ever reſembled, or ever will reſemble, thee, who weareſt the garb of religion and virtue, but in truth art a baſe deceiver;

like a deep well whoſe mouth is covered with ſmiling plants!

Duſhm. (*Aſide.*) The ruſticity of her education makes her ſpeak thus angrily and inconſiſtently with female decorum.—She looks indignant; her eye glows; and her ſpeech, formed of harſh terms, faulters as ſhe utters them. Her lip, ruddy as the Bimba fruit, quivers as if it were nipped with froſt; and her eyebrows, naturally ſmooth and equal, are at once irregularly contracted.—Thus having failed in circumventing me by the apparent luſtre of ſimplicity, ſhe has recourſe to wrath, and ſnaps in two the bow of Cama, which, if ſhe had not belonged to another, might have wounded me.—(*Aloud.*)—The heart of Duſhmanta, young woman, is known to all; and thine is betrayed by thy preſent demeanour.

Sac. (*Ironically.*) You kings are in all caſes to be credited implicitly: you perfectly know the reſpect which is due to virtue and to mankind; while females, however modeſt, however virtuous, know nothing, and ſpeak nothing truly.—In a happy hour I came hither to ſeek the object of my affection: in a happy moment I received the hand of a prince deſcended from Puru; a prince who had won my confidence by the honey of his words, whilſt his heart concealed the weapon that was to pierce mine. (*She hides her face and weeps.*

Sarn. This inſufferable mutability of the king's temper kindles my wrath. Henceforth let all be circumſpect before they form ſecret connections: a friendſhip haſtily contracted, when both hearts are not perfectly known, muſt ere long become enmity.

Duſhm. Wouldſt thou force me then to commit an enormous crime, relying ſolely on her ſmooth ſpeeches?

Sarn. (*Scornfully.*) Thou haſt heard an anſwer.—The words of an incomparable girl, who never learned what iniquity was, are here to receive no credit; while they, whoſe learning conſiſts in accuſing others, and inquiring into crimes, are the only perſons who ſpeak truth!

Duſhm. O man of unimpeached veracity, I certainly am what thou deſcribeſt; but what would be gained by accuſing thy female aſſociate?

Sarn. Eternal miſery.

Duſhm. No; miſery will never be the portion of Puru's deſcendants.

Sarn. What avails our altercation?—O king, we have obeyed the commands of our preceptor, and now return. Sacontala is by law thy wife, whether thou deſert or acknowledge her; and the dominion of a huſband is abſolute.—Go before us, Gautami. [*The two Miſras and Gautami returning.*

Sac. I have been deceived by this perfidious man; but will you, my friends, will you alſo forſake me? (*Following them.*

Gaut. My ſon, Sacontala follows us with affectionate ſupplications. What can ſhe do here with a faithleſs huſband: ſhe who is all tenderneſs?

Sarn. (*Angrily to Sacontala.*) O wife, who ſeeſt the faults of thy lord, doſt thou deſire independence?

Sarad. Let the queen hear. If thou beeſt what the king proclaims thee, what right haſt thou to complain? But if thou knoweſt the purity of thy own ſoul, it will become thee to wait as a handmaid in the manſion of thy lord. Stay, then, where thou art: we muſt return to Canna.

Duſhm. Deceive her not, holy men, with vain expectations. The moon opens the night flower; and the ſun makes the water lily bloſſom: each is confined to its own object: and thus a virtuous man abſtains from any connection with the wife of another.

Sarn. Yet thou, O king, who feareſt to offend religion and virtue, art not afraid to deſert thy wedded wife; pretending that the variety of thy publick affairs has made thee forget thy private contract.

Duſhm. (*To his Prieſt.*) I really have no remembrance of any ſuch engagement; and I aſk thee, my ſpiritual counſellor, whether of the two offences be the greater, to forſake my own wife, or to have an intercourſe with the wife of another?

Prieſt. (*After ſome deliberation.*) We may adopt an expedient between both.

Duſhm. Let my venerable guide command.

Prieſt. The young woman may dwell till her delivery in my houſe.

Duſhm. For what purpoſe?

Prieſt. Wiſe aſtrologers have aſſured the king, that he will be the father of an illuſtrious prince, whoſe dominion

will be bounded by the weſtern and eaſtern ſeas: now, if the holy man's daughter ſhall bring forth a ſon whoſe hands and feet bear the marks of extenſive ſovereignty, I will do homage to her as my queen, and conduct her to the royal apartments; if not, ſhe ſhall return in due time to her father.

Duſhm. Be it as you judge proper.

Prieſt. [*To Sacontala.*] This way, my daughter, follow me.

Sac. O earth! mild goddeſs, give me a place within thy boſom!

[*She goes out weeping with the Prieſt; while the two Miſras go out by different way with Gautami.—— Duſhmanta ſtands meditating on the beauty of Sacontala; but the imprecation ſtill clouds his memory.*

Behind the ſcenes. Oh! miraculous event!

Duſhm. (*Liſtening.*) What can have happened!

The Prieſt re-enters.

Prieſt. Hear, O king, the ſtupendous event. When Canna's pupils had departed, Sacontala, bewailing her adverſe fortune, extended her arms and wept; when——

Duſhm. What then?

Prieſt. A body of light, in a female ſhape, deſcended near Apſaraſtirt'ha, where the nymphs of heaven are worſhipped; and having caught her haſtily in her boſom, diſappeared.

[*All expreſs aſtoniſhment.*

Duſhm. I ſuſpected from the beginning ſome work of ſorcery.—The buſineſs is over; and it is needleſs to reaſon more on it.—Let thy mind, Somarata, be at reſt.

Prieſt. May the king be victorious.

[*He goes out.*

Duſhm. Chamberlain, I have been greatly haraſſed; and thou, Wardour, go before me to a place of repoſe.

Ward. This way; let the king come this way.

Duſhm. [*Advancing, aſide.*] I cannot with all my efforts recollect my nuptials with the daughter of the hermit; yet ſo agitated is my heart, that it almoſt induces me to believe her ſtory.

[*All go out.*

POETRY.

ORIGINAL.

THE GARDEN, MORALIZED.

(Concluded from page 528.)

"ERE the bright ſtar, which leads the morning ſky,
Hangs o'er the blackning eaſt his diamond eye,
The chaſte Naſtertion* leaves her ſecret bed,
And ſaintlike glory trembles round her head."

So from her couch, ere yet Aurora glows,
The induſtrious houſewife quits her ſweet repoſe;
Soft, pleaſing cares her early thoughts employ,
The infant pledges of domeſtick joy;
Content and peace to her abode repair,
And virtue finds a ſweet aſylum there;
Taſte, order, neatneſs all her worth diſplay,
And gladlier ſeems life's evening, than its day,

....

* "Miſs E. C. Linnæus firſt obſerved the Tropœolum, or garden Naſtertion, to emit ſparks, or flaſhes, in the mornings before ſunriſe, during the month of June, or July, and in the twilight of the evening. Theſe ſingular ſcintillations were ſhown to her father and other philoſophers. Mr. Wilcke, a celebrated electrician, believed them to be electrick. This may be owing to a phoſphorescent quality. In this plant perhaps it may be a mode of defence, by which it haraſſes and deſtroys the night-flying inſects, which infeſt it. Probably it may emit the ſame ſparks during the day-time; if it does, they are then inviſible." It is generally acknowledged, I believe, that the virtues of women ſhine with the moſt alluring luſtre in the adverſe ſcenes of domeſtick life.

For love's phoſphorick with a lambent light
Shines ever brighteſt in the darkeſt night;
As glow-flies lend the ſtars their glimmering hues,
But to the ſun their feeble aid refuſe.

With accents ſoft, as ſighing zephyrs breathe,
And love's kind looks, as mild as ſummer's eve,
White Lily§ coyly woos her lover's arms,
And all the mother brightens into charms,
From night's dark fiends and epidemick air
She keeps her tender charge with anxious care;
"Soft plays affection round her boſom's throne,
And guards his life, forgetful of her own."
So ſad Louiſa,† torn by barbarous hand
From home and huſband, friends and native land,
Forced with the tender pledges of her love
Among the natives of the wood to rove,
Denied herſelf the *morſel* heaven had lent,
Till nature fail'd, with toil and grief o'erſpent;
Purſued her pathleſs way through deſerts wild,
And claſped with fond embrace her ſtarving child,
With bread his mouth, his heart with tranſport fill'd,
And *joy extatick in her boſom* thrill'd.

"With vain deſires the monſtrous Alceus ‡ burns,"
The *rake* and *honeſt man* aſſumes by turns;

Well ſtored with faſhion's phraſes, learned by rote,
Juſt as the parrot ſings her mimick note;
So ſweet an air, ſuch pretty tales he tells,
That every female heart with rapture ſwells.
This *truth's confeſt, tho' moraliſts may gaze,*
That *faſhion*, more than *merit*, woman ſways;
For truſt me, ladies, would you look *within*,
You'd find a *monkey* in a *leopard's* ſkin!

Again ſhould we compare an uncouth thing
To any daughter of accompliſhed ſpring,
The Marigold ‖ alone in livelieſt ſhade
Would repreſent a ſnuff-dyed, odd old maid,
Who, though *all charmleſs*, when in *youthful* prime,
Still courts *admirers*, e'en in *life's decline*;
"Aſhamed to own ſhe gave delight before,
Reduced to feign it, now ſhe gives no more."

But time would fail us, in each flower to find,
Each nice reſemblance to ſome human mind;
The thin-faced miſer, eaten up with care,
Whoſe looks are madneſs, and whoſe words deſpair,
The dull *monoptale*, whoſe miſanthrope life
With cats and dogs is led without a wife;
The murderer, lion-like, for prey who creeps,
Wakes in the night, and in the day time ſleeps,

† See the hiſtory of Mrs. Howe's captivity, 1755.

‡ "The dou'le Hollyhock is called by botaniſts a vegetable monſter. In ſome the petals are multiplied three or four times, without excluding the ſtamina, in others they are entirely excluded." Dr. Young has called all 'men of pleaſure' Centaurs, or monſters; and this appellation will peculiarly apply to the 'faſhionable young men' of the preſent day.

‖ The particular reſemblances I leave to the reader's imagination to form; obſerving only, that the Marigold retains her "tawny charms" the latest in the fall of any flower, and even till "dread winter comes, and ſhuts the ſcene."

These and a thousand others well demand
Darwin's bold pencil, and botanick hand.

The roses fade, the garden's pride is fled,
And Flora's children sleep among the dead;
The Muses, sick'ning, long the scene to change,
Wide ope the garden gate, and let them range.
Delightful scenes, which late I wrapt surveyed,
As robin fifed, and patridge drummer played;
Farewel! When gladsome spring returns to cheer
The sad survivors of the mournful year,
Then will I meet you at the early dawn,
And print with lighter steps your dewy lawn.
Lo, winter comes in dread, terrifick form,
Her steeds the winds, her chariot the storm,
A cloud her vesture, *icicle* her crown,
Her hair in snowy curls hangs loosely down;
Perched on her forehead, raven-like, sets night,
Frost in her left hand, *hail-stones* in her right,
With shoe of *ice* she treads out *life* and *heat*,
And smiles at dying nature's *last defeat*.
So death will soon *this bounded* prospect close,
And hush life's turmoils to a calm repose,
Unveil new scenes; in truth's clear mirrour show
The moral portrait, that each drew below;
Which, fix'd in fadeless tints, shall ever stand,
Approved, or *censured*, by the Master's hand.
For earth's frail flowers, let earth-born spirits sigh;
But man, the noblest flower, shall never die.
Though earth and stars their lessening course shall run,
And in dread ruin mingle with the sun;
The sun himself behind his clouds shall keep,
Nor wake with tuneful voice the morning's sleep,
This bud of time, reared on an earthly sod,
Shall bloom immortal, as its Parent God.

OCCASIONAL PROLOGUE TO CATO'S TRAGEDY.

Written for an exhibition at Michilimackinac on the 22d February, 1805;—being the anniversary of the birth of Washington.

While, in the east, fierce discord sounds alarms,
And mad Bellona wakes the world to arms;
While Asia mourns, amid her ravag'd plains,
And morning lowers on Africk's dark domains;
While Europe, 'mid her scantier region vies
In wealth and power, in arts and arms to rise;
Here through our realms, from want and slav'ry driven,
Columbia smiles, the favourite child of heaven!

Let Gallia groan, beneath Napoleon's chain,
And mourn expiring liberty in vain;
Or, meanly cringing, kiss the tyrant's rod,
Adore her despot, and disown her God;
Let fair Britannia long her dread be seen,
The nurse of wisdom, and of arts the queen;
Let patriot hosts long thunder on her strand,
And Neptune's trident grace a Nelson's hand:
But let Columbia's boast forever be,
A people virtuous and a nation free;
A clime where plenty, peace, and wealth are given,
And all the blessings of indulgent heaven.

Freedom! bright goddess of celestial truth,
Long sought, in vain, a residence on earth,

Till Rome's wide walls a kind asylum gave,
Where all were patriots, and where all were brave:
There stood her temples, there her bless'd abode,
There God-like fires in human bosoms glow'd;
There BRUTUS rose, the lustful tyrant's dread,
And Tarquin trembled, though Lucretia bled:
There Scipio triumph'd, once his country's pride,
And there the "*self-devoted Decii dy'd*;"
There long her brilliant banners wav'd unfurl'd,
Till Rome's proud sceptre sway'd the vanquish'd world!——
But when *self-love* o'er publick virtue rul'd,
When Roman fires in Roman bosoms cool'd;
When wealth and avarice spread their syren charms,
And "*Rome became a prey to Roman arms*;"
Then curst ambition mounted freedom's throne,
And claim'd unbounded empire, as her own;
Then Cæsar's triumph quench'd the patriot's pride,
And freedom slumber'd, when great CATO dy'd!

When our forefathers dar'd th' Atlantick wave
In quest of rights, which God and nature gave;
Though long by vexing storms and tempests toss'd,
Though long by fate, and foes, and fortune cross'd,
At length the pilgrims found the promis'd land,
And freedom's altars blaz'd along the strand;
The grateful incense Heaven's high favour won,
And CATO liv'd again——in WASHINGTON.
Thou hero, once Columbia's proudest boast,
In peace our counsel, and in war our host!
As erst when Pharoah 'neath his tyrant hand,
Relentless crush'd the chosen *patriarch* band,
MOSES with pious care the people led,
And pour'd destruction on the guilty head;
Guided them dauntless thro' the wat'ry waste,
And the bold path through trackless deserts trac'd,
Reviv'd desponding hopes, and calm'd their fears,
While all Mount Sinai thunder'd in their ears,
Till the poor pilgrim *Tribes*, each danger past,
Saw the bright *land of promise* rise at last:
So STOODST THOU ONCE, our *shelt'ring cloud* by day,
Our *fiery pillar* in the midnight way;
Led'st through oppression's pathless wilds along
Thy fainting bands, and sooth'd the murmuring throng;
Cheer'd with thy smiles, and with thy bounty fed,
Turn'd rocks to water and the dew to bread,
The hopeless pilgrim cheer'd with prospect sweet,
And crush'd the serpent lurking at thy feet;
Till freedom rose, with beams of splendour bright,
And ALL CANAAN GLADDEN'D ON THE SIGHT!

Long may our breasts enkindle at thy name,
With grateful ardour and a patriot flame;
No sordid passions e'er possess the soul,
But *publick spirit* animate the whole:—
Then shall Columbia see no tyrant rise,
No *Cæsar* triumph——tho' our *Cato dies!*

This night, kind friends, accept a tribute due,
To virtue, freedom, WASHINGTON, and YOU—
We boast no knowledge of the *scenick art*,
Yet hope to rouse and warm the patriot heart;
'Tis nobly done but to endeavour well.....
We'll try our best, though hopeless to excel.

THE BOSTON REVIEW,

For NOVEMBER, 1805.

Librum tuum legi & quam diligentissime potui annotavi, quæ commutanda, quæ eximenda, arbitrarer. Nam ego dicere verum assuevi. Neque ulli patientius reprehenduntur, quam qui maxime laudari merentur.——Pliny.

ARTICLE 71.

Nature displayed, in her mode of teaching language to man; or a new and infallible method of acquiring a language in the shortest time possible, deduced from the analysis of the human mind, and consequently suited to every capacity. Adapted to the French. By N. G. Dufief, of Philadelphia. 8vo. 2 *vols. pp.* 900. Philadelphia, T. L. Plowman and T. S. Manning.

We owe an apology to our readers perhaps for having so long delayed our remarks upon this work; and we hope to find a sufficient excuse in the abstruseness of the subject, as well as in the bulk of the volumes. The careful perusal of *a grammar* of such an extent, is no small task; it requires a degree of attention, which we have rarely been obliged to bestow upon the original publications that have come under our notice: And as the work before us appeared as *a new system*, we felt bound to give it the most deliberate consideration. We now proceed with our review of it; presenting our readers, in the first place, with an outline of the author's plan, and then with such remarks as the examination of it has suggested.

The work is announced as a treatise on *universal grammar*; but the general principles investigated by the author are applied only to the *French* language; so that it may properly be considered as a grammar of that language alone. Without further remarks we lay before our readers the following account of it, from the author's *preliminary discourse*, which is written with great correctness, and, if entirely of Mr. Dufief's composition, is one of the best proofs he could have given us of the efficacy of *his* method of learning languages.

The work is compriſed in *two volumes*: the *firſt*, which is practical, is by far the more important to the learner, as it will enable him to acquire a competent knowledge of the French language.

It contains three *vocabularies*, and a collection of *familiar and idiomatical phraſes*. The *firſt* vocabulary is that of the names of objects, which occur moſt frequently in converſation; the gender is carefully affixed to each of them: to every word is adapted a *familiar phraſe*, ſuch as I could remember to have been often uſed with the word. This familiar phraſe renders the fundamental words in each vocabulary more ſtriking, in the ſame manner as an elegant frame renders the picture it contains more conſpicuous. Some verbs, with appropriate phraſes following particular nouns, are deſigned to deſcribe the actions which thoſe nouns might naturally bring to the mind, on being pronounced, and, on that account, they become a valuable addition to the vocabulary.——In the diſtribution of this

vocabulary, we have not claſſed the terms in an arbitrary manner; we have, on the contrary followed, as near as poſſible, *the order pointed out by the ſcale of our wants*, as the members of a civilized nation.———The advantages ariſing from ſuch a claſſification, muſt be obvious to every one, as the moſt uſeful words are the firſt offered to the memory; and the learner, judging of the utility of the *French* words by that of the correſponding *Engliſh*, and impelled by the voice of intereſt and a conviction that we are leading him aright, will inſenſibly have his attention more and more fixed on the object of his purſuit. If I may be permitted to ſpeak in favour of this vocabulary, which has coſt me no inconſiderable labour and attention, I will venture to aſſert that *it contains no uſeleſs, improper, or obſolete words*, while it is thought but few neceſſary terms have been omitted.

The *ſecond* vocabulary compriſes the various kinds of numbers, the principal adjectives, and a ſufficient collection of abſtract nouns. The numbers are placed at the head of this vocabulary.—The adjectives have been ſo diſpoſed as to enable the ſcholar eaſily and promptly to acquire as perfect a knowledge of the feminine gender of French adjectives *as a Frenchman himſelf can poſſeſs*.—The abſtract nouns have been ranged in alphabetical order.

The *third* vocabulary is a ſeries of very important words, which are called words forming the link, or completion of ſenſe, between the other parts of ſpeech, and are known in grammar by the denomination of *pronouns, prepoſitions, adverbs, conjunctives*, and *interjections*.

"The collection of familiar and idiomatical phrases, already mentioned, will cloſe the firſt part;" and to obtain this collection, the author informs us, he has "perused above *five hundred* different plays;" and in addition to that, "had recourſe afterwards to *every* publication of note on the ſubject of French idioms."

In order that our readers may be fully poſſeſſed of the deſign of this volume, we here inſert a few examples from the vocabularies described above.

I. Vocabulary, *relating to food, clothing, habitation of man, &c. the town, country, and the univerſe.*

Loaf.	*Buy me a three pound* loaf.
Pain. m.	Achetez-moi un *pain* de trois livres.
Coat.	*Your* coat *is too ſhort.*
Habit. m.	Votre *habit* eſt trop court.
Houſe.	*Is this* houſe *to be let?*
Maiſon. f.	Cette *maiſon* eſt elle à louer?
Town.	*He lives in the heart of the* town.
Ville. f.	Il demeure au cœur de la *ville.*
Country.	The country *is very pleaſant at this ſeaſon.*
Campagne. f.	La *campagne* eſt très agréable dans cette ſaiſon.
American	*I thought he was an* American.
Americain. m. (e) f.	Je croyais qu'il etoit *Americain.*

II. Vocabulary—*numbers, adjectives, and abſtract nouns.*

Seventy four.	*It is a ſhip of* ſeventy four *guns.*
Soixante-quatorze.	C'eſt un vaiſſeau de *ſoixante-quatorze* canons.
Fickle.	*The French are ſaid to be* fickle.
Volage.	On accuſe les François d'être *volages.*
Atheiſm.	Atheiſm *is a monſtrous error of the human mind.*
Athéiſme. m.	*L'athéiſme* eſt une erreur monſtrueuſe de l'eſprit humain.
Beauty.	Beauty *ſoon fades.*
Beauté. f.	La *beauté* paſſe bien vîte.

III. Vocabulary—*pronouns, articles, &c.*

I alone.	I alone *have done it.*
Moi ſeul.	*Moi ſeul* je l'ai fait. &c. &c.

The ſecond volume is divided into two ſections. The firſt exclusively comes under our conſideration: It contains a philoſophical, though not a learned hiſtory of the formation of language, in an analyſis of the various kinds of words of which it is compoſed. The ſubject is intro-

duced in the familiar form of conversation, which renders it more lively and intelligible, and relieves the scholar from a continual series of long and prolix reasoning.

Though the main ſcope of this ſection be rather to eſtabliſh *the fundamental principles of language*, than thoſe of any particular one; yet I have by no means, neglected to inform the pupil on many points eſſential and peculiar to the *French* language.—The conjugation of French verbs will, I truſt, be found ſufficiently exemplified. I ſhall not here attempt to expatiate on the ſyſtem of the celebrated Beauzée and Sicard concerning the tenſes of verbs: *I have adopted the ſame*, and have, I hope, in treating on the verb, fully demonſtrated its truth and ſimplicity; but that, which will recommend it more than all the arguments that can be advanced in its favour, is the facility of retaining it, and its eaſy application not only to the *mother tongue* but to every other language which the learner may wiſh to acquire.

The author next proceeds to give an account of *the method of using his work:*

The firſt volume and firſt ſection of the ſecond, are to be blended in ſuch a manner, that the ſcholar muſt direct his application to both at the ſame time. He is invited ſtrictly to adhere to the following mode of ſtudy, which is here earneſtly recommended to his attention. He will become maſter of the *firſt volume* of this work by learning every day a certain portion of the words and phraſes of each vocabulary, and a few of the familiar and idiomatical phraſes towards the end of it. In the *ſecond* volume he ſhould alſo daily get a new leſſon, committing to memory that which is indiſpenſably neceſſary for him to be acquainted with; ſuch as the definitions of the parts of ſpeech; but chiefly the conjugations of verbs.

The author concludes this part of his preliminary diſcourse with aſſuring us, in pretty ſtrong terms, that "no longer able to reſiſt the powerful voice of reaſon and experience, he ventures to ſay, this is the moſt ſimple, expeditious, philoſophical, and infallible method that can poſſibly be made uſe of." He alſo informs us, that by the like method he acquired "a tolerable knowledge of the Engliſh language as it is written and expreſſed, *without the aſſiſtance of a teacher* in the ſhort ſpace of four months." He obſerves too, that the method uſed by the Abbé Condillac in teaching the languages to his royal pupil, the Duke of Parma, reſembled this; and he thinks "this work, in a great degree precludes the neceſſity of going to France to acquire the [French] language."

For pronunciation, the author recommends the only method which we believe will ever be found effectual—that is, to learn it from a living inſtructor, "or any perſon who has a good French pronunciation."

We ſubjoin one more extract, to exhibit a ſpecimen of the ſecond volume of the work.

CONVERSATION VIII.

Of the Verb.

Scholar. What is a verb?

Maſter. It is an eſſential and indiſpenſable word which expreſſes the coexiſtence of an attribute (that is to ſay, of a quality, colour, form, &c.) with any ſubject or object whatever.

Scholar. How many kinds of verbs are there?

Maſter. From this definition of a verb, you may readily conclude that we acknowledge but one; for exiſtence being *ſimple* and *indiviſible*, one verb alone is ſufficient to define it.

Scholar. What is that verb?

Maſter. In all languages, the verb *to be*, which is called the *abſtract verb*, as it is

ſeparated from all quality, and thus conſidered in itſelf as a ſubſtance; it is ſometimes termed the *ſubſtantive verb*.

Scholar. What then is meant by an *adjective verb*; a mode of expreſſion often uſed in grammars?

Maſter. They generally underſtand thereby ſuch words as, *to love*, aimer; *to ſpeak*, parler, &c. which are denominated *verbs* becauſe the verb *to be* is interwoven with their very exiſtence, and intimately connected with the word denoting the *quality*, from which they take the appellation of *adjective verbs*: We cannot always by the eye perceive the connection, but analyſis, and ſometimes etymology will evince that in all languages ſuch expreſſions as, *to love*, *to ſpeak*, &c. are, by an ellipſis, equivalent to the phraſes, *to be loving*, *to be ſpeaking*, &c.

Such are the outlines of the "new and infallible method" of teaching language.

The reader will perceive from this view of the work, that even "the ſhortest time poſſible," which the acquiſition of a language demands, is no very inconſiderable portion; or rather, that a good deal of labour muſt be beſtowed upon a language, whatever method we follow, in order to attain to perfection. And this is an opinion we have ever entertained, not only in reſpect to languages, but all departments of knowledge. We have no faith in the quackiſh expedients of Abridgments, Dictionaries, &c. &c. which have been one of the diſtinguiſhing characteriſticks of modern literature: ſolid knowledge muſt be obtained now, as it was in former times, by long and hard ſtudy. But we return to our ſubject.

Mr. Dufief's ſyſtem appears to have for its baſis the leading principle of modern ſcience.... that the knowledge of *facts* precedes the knowledge of *rules*, or, as they are called in ſome of the ſciences, *laws*. He conſiders, if we rightly apprehend him, the words of a language and their relations, as ſo many individual *facts*, which, like facts in any ſcience, muſt be known and well fixed in the memory, before a thorough knowledge of *rules* can be obtained. We have no diſpoſition to queſtion the ſoundneſs of this doctrine; but we muſt be allowed to remark, that Mr. Dufief ſeems to carry the principle farther than practical utility would warrant. To ſpeak in general terms: Although an acquaintance with every individual fact would undoubtedly be the moſt complete kind of knowledge, yet it is ſufficient (and indeed all that is practicable) for the purpoſes of ſcience, to be acquainted with the claſſifications of thoſe facts, which have been made with great labour by the maſters of the ſciences; and, to apply the general remark to our ſubject, the laws or rules of grammar, which have been the reſult of the inveſtigation of ages, like the laws of natural philoſophy or any other ſcience, do unqueſtionably facilitate the ſtudy of language. We therefore think the author's zeal for a favourite ſyſtem has carried him a little too far, or that there is danger of his leaving a wrong impreſſion, when he ſays "that as *rules* do not impart the knowledge of a language (that thing which one is aiming at) they are *abſolutely uſeleſs to be learned for that purpoſe*." And we find ſome difficulty in wholly reconciling his doctrine with his practice; for a conſiderable part of his work conſiſts *of the rules of*

grammar. But from Mr. D's general correctness, we fear, in this case, we may have misapprehended him.

We should now, according to our original intention, go into a particular examination of some of the principles of grammar, which Mr. Dufief discusses, and in which we do not fully agree with him; but this article is already extended to such a length, and the subject is of so little interest to most readers, that we shall close with a few general remarks.

As a speculation on language, the work discovers considerable ingenuity; but the author, with that pardonable degree of vanity and ardour so natural to a young man, lays greater claim to originality, than we think he would be able to support, and exercises more of a reformer's severity towards old methods, than is warranted by the pre-eminence of his own. He has evidently studied with attention the works of the most eminent writers on this subject: among whom the Abbè Sicard, the instructor of the deaf and dumb at Paris, has been almost literally copied by him.

As a *practical* work, we think the *design* excellent: but we cannot help wishing that the *rules* had been less abstract, and metaphysical: Few pupils (of the age at which French is usually learned) would comprehend many of them.

In respect to the distribution of the matter, the author has followed the fashionable method of placing the more important notes just where the reader would not think of looking for them: they are put at the end of each chapter, or "*conversation*": We think they would have been better at the bottom of the page, or (to allow the utmost indulgence) at the end of the volume.

On the whole, we consider this work, not only as a valuable acquisition to the student of the French language, but as a performance, which reflects credit on the literature of our country.

ART. 72.

Journal of a Tour into the territory northwest of the Alleghany mountains; made in the spring of the year 1803, *with a Geographical and Historical account of the State of Ohio, illustrated with original maps and views— by Thaddeus Mason Harris, A. M. &c.* Boston. Manning & Loring. *pp.* 271.

THE United States have been singularly distinguished by that class of travellers, who publish, for the benefit of those who remain at home, what they have discovered wonderful abroad. Sometimes the curiosity of the world has been gravely excited by the dignity of descriptions in quarto; at others, slyly enticed by the bewitching prettiness of sketches in duodecimo. One traveller has told us, that such a lady has bad teeth, that such a selectman disliked French cooking, but knew how to make most excellent punch; another has discovered Solons and Lycurguses amid obscure democrats—"born to blush unseen;" a third, after visiting our metropolis, found the only thing remarkable were some of the houses in State-Street that had railings on the roofs for the purpose of drying clothes, which

gave them "a curious appearance." Talleyrand told the institute, as the result of his inquiries, that avarice was our only passion. Volney has endeavoured to correct our orthography in a manner too barbarous for transcription; and that nothing might be wanting, our countryman, *Doctor* Graham, has told the world who owns the best house in every village in Vermont. Yet, after so many foreign and domestick efforts, we must consider a faithful description of our country, physical and moral, among the desiderata in this branch of literature.

Mr. Harris's work is dedicated with propriety to General Rufus Putnam; and the dedication is followed by an introduction, terminated by a sort of monumental inscription; we regret the author had not retrenched it, because, though it undoubtedly resulted from good feelings, it wears the appearance of a puerile vanity, and quackery of sentiment, which can only be relished by the admirers of the German school. The work itself is divided into two parts; the first a daily journal, and the second a geographical account of the State of Ohio; to which is added, an appendix of sixty pages, containing the constitution of the State, various acts of Congress, Indian treaties, &c. The journal commences with his arrival at Strasburgh, at the base of the Alleghany mountains. On the sixth day he passed the *Laurel Hill*, and thus closes the remarks on that day's ride, "as the woods were on fire all around us, and the smoke filled the air, we seemed to have ridden all day in a chimney, and to sleep all night in an oven"—p. 22. On the next day his remarks on the destruction of the forests in the mountains, ought to excite the attention of the government.

Our road, which at best must be rugged and dreary, was now much obstructed by the trees which had fallen across it; and our journey rendered hazardous by those on each side which trembled to their fall. We remarked, with regret and indignation, the wanton destruction of these noble forests. For more than fifty miles, to the west and north, the mountains were burning. This is done by the hunters, who set fire to the dry leaves and decayed fallen timber in the vallies, in order to thin the under growth, that they may traverse the woods with more ease in pursuit of game. But they defeat their own object; for the fires drive the moose, deer, and wild animals into the more northerly and westerly parts, and destroy the turkies, patridges, and quails, at this season on their nests, or just leading out their broods. An incalculable injury, too, is done to the woods, by preventing entirely the growth of the trees, many of which being on the acclivities and rocky sides of the mountains, leave only the most dreary and irrecoverable barrenness in their place.

This destruction of the mountain forests will hereafter be felt when the country on either side shall be cleared of its trees, and brought into cultivation, not only from the want of timber; but in the want of moisture for the plains. These forests will serve to condense the clouds, and overshadow the sources of water on the mountains that nourish the vegetation on the plains below. Should the mountains ever become bare, the rivers that now flow from them, will at a future day be destructive torrents, overwhelming their banks in the spring, and presenting only beds, rocks, and sand the rest of the year. By

many able reports to the French government, it has been proved that the great destruction of the forests, since the revolution, and the increasing nakedness of the mountains, more particularly in the south of France, were gradually destroying the fertility of the soil, by depriving it of the necessary moisture; and would eventually reduce those fruitful provinces to arid deserts.

We select, as specimens of the author's talent in description, the following paragraphs :—

Now that we have croſſed all the mountains, the gradual and eaſy ſlope of the ground indicates to us that we are approaching thoſe vaſt ſavannas through which flow "the Weſtern waters." The plain expands on all ſides. The country aſſumes a different aſpect; and even its decorations are changed. The woods are thick, lofty, and extremely beautiful, and prove a rich ſoil. A refreſhing verdure clothes the open meadows. The banks of the brooks and river are enamelled with flowers of various forms and hues. The air, which before was cold and raw, is now mild and warm. Every breeze wafts a thouſand perfumes, and ſwells with the gay warblings of feathered choriſters.

——"Variæ, circumque ſupraque,
Aſſuetæ ripis volucres et fluminis alveo,
Æthera mulcebant cantu, lucroque volabant."

The painted birds that haunt the golden tide,
And flutter round the banks on every ſide,
Along the groves in pleaſing triumph play,
And with ſoft muſick hail the vernal day.

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The paſſage down the river (the Ohio) was extremely entertaining, exhibiting at every bend a change of ſcenery. Sometimes we were in the vicinity of dark foreſts, which threw a ſolemn ſhade over us as we glided by; ſometimes we paſſed along overhanging banks, decorated with blooming ſhrubs, which timidly bent their light boughs to ſweep the paſſing ſtream; and ſometimes around the ſhore of an iſland, which tinged the water with a reflected landſcape. The lively carols of the birds, which "ſung among the branches," entertained us exceedingly, and gave life and pleaſure to the woodland ſcene. The flocks of wild geeſe and ducks, which ſwam upon the ſtream, the vaſt number of turkies, patridges, and quails we ſaw upon the ſhore, and the herds of deer or ſome other animals of the foreſt darting through the thickets, afforded us conſtant amuſement.

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We roſe early in the morning, and purſued our journey. For ſeveral miles we had an excellent road on the top of Dry Ridge. The ſky was clear. The ſtars ſhone brightly. All was ſolemn and ſtill, as if "nature felt a pauſe." For ſome time we but dimly diſcerned our way; but, as the twilight became brighter, the proſpect opened before us. The increaſing light of dawning day extended the ſtretch of picturеſque ſcenery. The horizon aſſumed a hue of tawny red, which gradually heightened into ruddy tints, and formed a glowing tiara to encircle the ſplendours of the riſing ſun. The orb of day roſe with uncommon grandeur among clouds of purple, red, and gold, which mingling with the ſerene azure of the upper ſky, compoſed a richneſs and harmony of colouring, which we never ſaw ſurpaſſed. The vapours of the night reſted in the vallies below, and ſeemed to the view one vaſt ocean, through which the projecting peaks and ſummits of mountains looked like cluſters of iſlands. The whole ſcene was novel and intereſting in the higheſt degree. But we ſoon had to deſcend, and were immerſed in fog and vapour, and ſhut out from the pleaſant light of the ſun for nearly half the day. The next mountain, however, raiſed us above theſe low clouds, and preſented us with a view of the clear and unveiled ſky.

The author obſerved near Pittsburg, ſeveral people afflicted with tumours in the throats, which they attributed to the neighbourhood of the mountains. The people of a particular diſtrict in the Alps, are ſubject to the ſame evil, which has been attributed to drinking ſnow water; but as the

effect is not produced in all mountains, it is probably owing to some local cause not yet discovered.

The future destiny of those immense regions beyond the Alleghany mountains, will depend on the wisdom of those who legislate for the infant settlements. Two pictures are presented to their view. Kentucky on the east side of the river, a colony of Virginia; Ohio on the west side of the river, a colony of Newengland.

The induſtrious habits and neat improvements of the people on the weſt ſide of the river, are ſtrikingly contraſted with thoſe on the eaſt. *Here*, in Ohio, they are intelligent, induſtrious, and thriving; *there*, on the back ſkirts of Virginia, ignorant, lazy, and poor. *Here* the buildings are neat, though ſmall, and furniſhed in many inſtances with brick chimnies and glaſs windows; *there* the habitations are miſerable cabins. *Here* the grounds are laid out in a regular manner, and incloſed by ſtrong poſts and rails; *there* the fields are ſurrouuded by a rough zigzag log fence. *Here* are thrifty young apple orchards; *there* the only fruit that is raiſed is the peach, *from which a good brandy is diſtilled.*

I had often heard a degrading character of the *back ſettlers*; and had now an opportunity of ſeeing it exhibited. The abundance of wild game allures them to be huntſmen. They not only find ſport in this purſuit, but ſupply of proviſions, together with conſiderable profit from the peltry. They neglect, of courſe, the cultivation of the land. They acquire rough and ſavage manners. Sloth and independence are prominent traits in their character; to indulge the former is their principal enjoyment, and to protect the latter their chief ambition.

Another cauſe of the difference may be that, in the back counties of Virginia, every planter depends upon his *negroes* for the cultivation of his lands; but in the ſtate of Ohio, *where ſlavery is not allowed*, every farmer tills his ground *himſelf*. To all this may be added, that moſt of the "Back-wood's men," as they are called, are emigrants from foreign countries, but the ſtate of Ohio was ſettled by people from *New-England, the region of induſtry, economy, and ſteady habits.*

In the author's account of the state of Ohio, under the head of "*Antiquities*," he gives a description of some of the numerous mounds and ramparts of earth, which are scattered over the country. These have excited much curiosity, and have been attributed by different writers to very different nations. Mr. Noah Webster, in his letter to Dr. Stiles, published in the American Museum, attributes them to Ferdinand de Soto, who made a voyage into Florida, in 1539, and passed three or four years in that province, and in various excursions from it, which he made in search of gold. Various reasons might be opposed to this opinion, but one fact completely destroys it, the trees now growing on these works are one or two centuries older than the expedition of de Soto. His conjecture that they might have been the work of Madoc, the Welch prince, and his followers, is still less admissible. Bishop Madison, of Virginia, in a letter to Dr. Barton, inserted in the 6th volume of the American philosophical transactions, denies that they were intended for works of defence, but were only meant as deposits for the dead. He produces no new facts in support of his opinion, and the inferences he draws from those already known, are frequently unfounded.

Mr. Harris advances the opinion that they were the works of wandering hordes from Asia; who, after remaining here awhile,

were driven away by northern savages, the descendants of emigrants from the north of Europe, to the shores of Labrador. Several circumstances are adduced in favour of this opinion, that makes it more probable than any other, which has been offered. If they were driven away it is natural they should follow the currents of the river, and travel southwardly. But there are several difficulties to be obviated. If these numerous works were constructed by Asiatick wanderers, why should they have abandoned a fine country, which must have produced, in great abundance, every thing they wanted? The hordes must have been numerous, and not wholly destitute of skill; from the vast quantity of bones contained in the tumuli they were probably masters of the country for a long period; can it be supposed, that the wretched wanderers from the coasts of Labrador were sufficiently powerful to drive them from their possessions? The subject is a very interesting one; and will no doubt, when thoroughly investigated, prove that the aboriginal inhabitants of America, originated like the rest of mankind, from Asia. We have neither the room nor the materials to examine the question. We think it extraordinary that these venerable works have not been more thoroughly explored. If trenches were dug in several directions, and the different mounds fully examined, pieces of armour, utensils, or remnants of either domestick or warlike instruments might be found that would decide by what race of people they were constructed. Till some remains of this kind are discovered, the most learned disquisitions can be at best only ingenious conjectures.

"*Buffaloe beats, saltlicks, pigeon roosts*, and *prairies*," are among the curiosities of this territory; and are certainly worthy of admiration. The vast quantity of feathers, which the author found in the hollow trunk of a prostrate sycamore, he is probably right in supposing to have belonged to swallows, since these birds have been frequently found, to have taken their winter quarters in hollow trees.

In the Appendix is an account of the destruction of the Moravian Indians, by the English and Americans. It forms another instance that innocence is no protection against the injustice of belligerent nations.

The maps and plans at the end of the volume are decently executed; but the plate called *A bird's eye view of the ancient works on the banks of the Muskingum*, is the most execrable production of the graphic art we have yet seen, and had it been published without an inscription, we should have presumed it a representation of an "ark floating down the Ohio."

ART. 73.

Odes of Anacreon, translated into English verse, with notes. By Thomas Moore, Esq. of the Middle Temple. Philadelphia. H. Maxwell. 8vo. pp. 304.

THE want of a publick library in this town, has been often lamented, and never more severely felt by us, than on the present occasion. We were desirous of comparing the version of Moore

with former translations, that we might ascertain, how far he had improved on the labours of his predecessors. But we have been unsuccessful in our researches, with the single exception of Fawkes's Anacreon, which contrary to our expectation, we found in that contemptible book-case in Franklin-Place, ridiculously dignified with the title of the BOSTON LIBRARY; a repository of literature well adapted to the improvement of boarding-school misses, chamber-maids, and apprentices.

Fawkes was a translator by trade, and if he rendered the sense of his original with tolerable accuracy, he was not solicitous for the transfusion and display of its beauties. Mr. Moore therefore would not be flattered by a comparison with Fawkes.

In this dilemma, we had only the original Greek to resort to, as it appears in the correct text of Fischer, and the splendid type of Forster. We were surprised to find Mr. Moore ignorant of Fischer, the second edition of whose Anacreon was published at Leipsic in 1776, and which contains, besides his own remarks, the best notes of Baxter, Barnes, Henry Stephens, and Tanaquil Taber.

After a careful comparison of this translation with the original, we are compelled to affirm, that whatever other merits it may possess, it is not distinguished by its fidelity, nor can the English reader conceive the fire, simplicity, and natural grace of Anacreon from the paraphrastical though refined version of Moore.

In Ode 2d he has dilated the original, which consists of eight lines, into twenty, concluding with the two commencing couplets, in which he is not authorized by the Greek. The 6th Ode Mr. Moore begins in the following manner.

As late I fought the ſpangled bowers
To cull a wreath of matin flowers,
Where many an early roſe was weeping,
I found the urchin Cupid ſleeping.

Anacreon merely says,

Στέφος πλέκων ποθ' ευρ᾽ον
Ἐν τοῖς ῥόδοις Ἔρωτα.

which, literally translated is, *when I was weaving a chaplet, I found Cupid among the roses.*

In the 8th Ode is this line,

Be mine the odours, richly ſighing.

Quere, what are *ſighing odours?* This is one of those affectations, into which modern poets are prone to degenerate, in their intemperate purſuit of originality. Mr. Moore, however, is in general remarkably free from this fault, and uses the language, in which he writes, with great purity and elegance.

In the 15th Ode are the following weak and prosaick lines, to which the translator can find no parallel in the original.

Ah! that eye has maddened many,
But the poet more than any.

This is downright doggrel, and to which there was no temptation, as the Greek contains not any sentiment of a similar nature.

Far away, my ſoul, thou art,
But I've thy beauties all by heart.

These lines in the 16th Ode are also the exclusive property of Mr. Moore.

And give them all that liquid fire,
That Venus' *languid* eyes respire.

The translator seems here to employ the epithet *languid* in the sense of languishing, in which we believe he is wholly unauthorized by eminent writers. The purity of a language depends on the appropriate use of words and phrases, when we employ the former in the sense established by standard authorities, and use the latter, as already received, avoiding new and foreign combinations, ill suited to the genius of our tongue. Barbarisms are continually creeping into a language, which it is the province of criticism to detect and expose, and none but dunces will deride the verbal critick, when employed in his legitimate office. It is the correct use of language, which distinguishes a fine writer from one of an ordinary class, and has raised the Augustan authors of Rome, France, and England above their predecessors, or successors, more perhaps than any superiority of genius, which they might possess. Thus Terence, though a mere translator, ranks far higher than Plautus or Seneca; Virgil and Horace are preferred to Lucretius and Claudian, * Racine and Boileau have no equals in France, and Pope and Addison are the distinguished favourites of Great Britain.

Ode 17.

Let his hair in *lapses* bright
Fall like streaming rays of light.

Lapse of hair is an awkward phrase, into which the translator was doubtless betrayed by an affectation of novelty. We say lapse of time, and Milton has *liquid lapse of murmuring streams*, but we never say, lapse of hair. If this expression raises any image in the mind, it is that of the *frizeur* with his formidable steel disencumbering the head of its superfluous honours. Superiour poets to Mr. Moore would not disdained to have written

Let his hair in ringlets bright, &c.

Ode 21.

Τι μοι μαχεσθ' ἑταιροι
Κ'αυτω θελοντι πινειν;

why, my friends, do you remonstrate against my attachment to the bottle? Mr. Moore translates these lines in the following manner.

Then, hence with all your sober thinking!
Since nature's holy law is drinking,
I'll make the laws of nature mine,
And pledge the universe in wine.

These are good lines, and we must acknowledge, much in the spirit of Anacreon, but they are no translation.

Ode 23 we shall quote at large, and then give a literal translation, preserving the metre of Anacreon, by which the English Reader will be enabled to judge, how little Mr. Moore is entitled to the praise of fidelity and resemblance to his original.

Ode 23.

I often wish this languid lyre,
This warbler of my soul's desire,
Could raise the breath of song sublime,
To men of fame in former time.
But when the soaring theme I try,
Along the chords my numbers die,

* Perhaps Voltaire may be an exception, though we believe, that Racine is still considered by literary Frenchmen, as their most finished dramatist.

And whiſper with diſſolving tone,
'Our ſighs are given to love alone.'
Indignant at the feeble lay,
I tore the panting chords away,
Attuned them to a nobler ſwell,
And ſtruck again the breathing ſhell.
In all the glow of epick fire,
To Hercules I wake the lyre!
But ſtill its fainting ſighs repeat,
'The tale of love alone is ſweet.'
Then fare thee well, ſeductive dream,
That mad'ſt me follow glory's theme;
For thou my lyre, and thou my heart,
Shall never more in ſpirit part,
And thou the flame ſhall feel as well
As thou the flame ſhalt ſweetly tell.

Literal translation of the same ode, in the exact metre of Anacreon.

I wish to ſing the Atrides,
I wiſh to ſing of Cadmus,
But lo! my harp the praiſes
Reſounds alone of Cupid:
The ſtrings I changed but lately,
And the whole lyre I altered,
And then to ſing attempted
The labours of Alcides.
But yet my lyre reſounded
Still Venus fair and Cupid.
Farewel, for me, ye heroes,
My lyre ſounds nought but Venus.

Anacreon employs but two kinds of metre, the iambick and trochian: the former consisting of three iambicks with a remaining syllable, the latter of four trochees. The trochaick measure is admirably adapted to English poetry, and we are surprised that Mr. Moore did not employ it, both from the above consideration, and as we have some popular ballads written in this very metre. For example,

Near to Porto Bello lying.
Ceaſe, rude Boreas, bluſt'ring railer.

The manner of Anacreon would at least be better preserved by adopting this metre, which seems were suited to amatory and Bacchanalian subjects. Though we are no poets, were we to imitate the Teian bard, it should be somewhat in this style.

Bumpers bumpers quick purſuing,
Lo! I court the jocund muſes,
Jolly Bacchus! thee ſtill wooing,
For thy bowl new bliſs infuſes.
See my temples crowned with roſes,
Fragrant children of the ſeaſon,
Age on me no weight impoſes,
To laugh and quaff alone is reaſon.

On the whole, we consider Mr. Moore as a gentleman of good taste, who writes pretty verses on trifling subjects, but we cannot allow him much ability as a translator. If a version of Anacreon, in opposition to the severer laws of morality, should be deemed necessary, it will still remain a desideratum of literature, notwithstanding the exertions of Mr. Moore. We shall subjoin the 15th Ode as the best specimen of the translator's talents, together with Dr. Johnson's version of the same, that the reader may compare them.

15th Ode of Moore.

Tell me, why, my ſweeteſt dove,
Thus your humid pinions move,
Shedding through the air in ſhowers
Eſſence of the balmieſt flowers?
Tell me whither, whence you rove,
Tell me all, my ſweeteſt dove.
Curious ſtranger! I belong
To the bard of Teian ſong;
With his mandate now I fly
To the nymph of azure eye;
Ah! that eye has madden'd many,
And the poet more than any!
Venus, for a hymn of love,
Warbled in her votive grove,
('Twas in ſooth a gentle lay,)
Gave me to the bard away.
See me now his faithful minion,
Thus with ſoftly-gliding pinion,

To his lovely girl I bear
Songs of paſſion through the air.
Oft he blandly whiſpers me,
"Soon, my bird, I'll ſet you free."
But in vain he 'll bid me fly,
I ſhall ſerve him till I die.
Never could my plumes ſuſtain
Ruffling winds and chilling rain,
O'er the plains, or in the dell,
On the mountain's ſavage ſwell;
Seeking in the deſert wood
Gloomy ſhelter, ruſtick food.
Now I lead a life of eaſe,
Far from ſuch retreats as theſe;
From Anacreon's hand I eat
Food delicious, viands ſweet;
Flutter o'er his goblet's brim,
Sip the foamy wine with him.
Then I dance and wanton round
To the lyre's beguiling ſound;
Or with gently-fanning wings
Shade the minſtrel while he ſings:
On his harp then ſink in ſlumbers,
Dreaming ſtill of dulcet numbers!
This is all—away—away—
You have made me waſte the day.
How I've chatter'd! prating crow
Never yet did chatter ſo.

Johnson's translation.

Lovely courier of the ſky,
Whence and whither doſt thou fly?
Scatt'ring, as thy pinions play,
Liquid fragrance all the way:
Is it buſineſs? is it love?
Tell me, tell me, gentle dove.
Soft Anacreon's vows I bear,
Vows to Myrtale the fair;
Grac'd with all that charms the heart,
Bluſhing nature, ſmiling art.
Venus, courted by an ode,
On the bard her dove beſtow'd:
Veſted with a maſter's right,
Now Anacreon rules my flight;
His the letters that you ſee,
Weighty charge conſign'd to me:
Think not yet my ſervice hard,
Joyleſs taſk without reward;
Smiling at my maſter's gates,
Freedom my return awaits;
But the liberal grant in vain
Tempts me to be wild again.
Can a prudent dove decline
Bliſsful bondage ſuch as mine?
Over hills and fields to roam,
Fortune's gueſt without a home;
Under leaves to hide one's head,
Slightly ſhelter'd, coarſely fed:
Now my better lot beſtows
Sweet repaſt and ſoft repoſe;
Now the generous bowl I ſip
As it leaves Anacreon's lip:
Void of care, and free from dread,
From his fingers ſnatch his bread;
Then with luſcious plenty gay,
Round his chamber dance and play;
Or from wine as courage ſprings,
O'er his face extend my wings;
And when feaſt and frolick tire,
Drop aſleep upon his lyre.
This is all, be quick and go;
More than all thou canſt not know;
Let me now my pinions ply;
I have chatter'd like a pye.

The volume is handsomely printed, and little inferiour to the London edition, ornamented with two engravings, the one of the translator, the other of Anacreon.

ART. 74.

A sermon, delivered August 7, 1805, at the ordination of Rev. Perez Lincoln to the charge of the first church of Christ in Gloucester. By Peter Whitney, A. M. pastor of the Congregational society in Quincy. Boston, E. Lincoln.

Ordination sermons are more numerous and cheap, than any other pamphlets emitted from the presses of Newengland. Some are very good; some very bad; and concerning many we may say, as one of the authors of Cato's Letters observes, when he speaks of Bishop Blacklock's sermons, "I have read more than three hundred of them, and can find nothing exceptionable, nor a single thing worthy remembrance or remark." Mr. Whitney's discourse, however, is the com-

position of a good writer. It is such a discourse, as will afford entertainment to others beside the people of Gloucester; and contains instruction for those in the ministry, as well as such as are candidates. The text is, *Be thou faithful unto death and I will give thee a crown of life.* In the language of scripture a crown of life comprises every thing to which the most laudable ambition can aspire.

The method of the discourse is this. Fidelity in a minister of Christ *implies* vigilant endeavours to acquire just conceptions of religion. Secondly—Firmness and perseverance in preaching the gospel. Thirdly—Such acquaintance with the evidences of the truth and origin of the gospel as shall enable him to defend it with success against the attacks of the sceptical. Fourthly—An exhibition of christian purity and excellence in the life, a conversation corresponding to the sacred office. The usual addresses upon these occasions close the discourse.

ART. 75.

A complete treatise on the mensuration of timber, containing, besides all the rules usually given on the subject, some new and interesting improvements; particularly the new, expeditious, and very accurate method of calculating the contents of square and round timber: with the description of the sliding rule and Gunter's scale, so far as they relate to this art. The whole being illustrated with examples at full length, and is well adapted to the practical timber-measurer. By James Thompson. Troy, (N. Y.) Wright, Goodenow, & Stockwell, 1805. pp. 87.

THIS work is exclusively designed for the use of those artists, who are concerned in the mensuration of timber. It is founded on mathematical principles, but, to be understood, it does not require much mathematical science. The author, to use his own language, "commences by treating 1stly, of board measure; 2dly, of reducing scantling to board measure; 3dly, of square timber; 4thly and lastly, of round timber. In all the cases in each problem, there is at least one example wrought according to all the approved and common rules; and the operations are inserted at full length, in order that it may conspicuously appear, which is the shortest, plainest, and most accurate. The customary, or false method, is particularly pointed out; and on comparing it with the true method, it will be found to give the contents above the truth on rectangular square timber, whose breadth is greater than its thickness; and under the truth on tapering square timber; and above one fourth under the truth on round timber. There are also other examples, with their answers according to the true and false methods." On an examination, we find this work founded on true principles, and well calculated for use, and therefore we recommend it to the attention of artists, and to merchants who deal in the article of timber.

The author has incorporated into his work two miserable versifications of the rules for extracting the square and cube root.

In justice to this author, we would observe, that should the publick estimate his treatise by the merit of its poetical contents, they would do great injustice to its mathematical worth.

ART. 76.

A Sermon, delivered at Hingham, Lord's-day, May 5, 1805. *By Henry Ware, A.M. Occasioned by the dissolution of his pastoral relation to the first church of Christ in Hingham, and removal to the office of Professor of divinity in the university at Cambridge. Together with an address from the church on the occasion, and his answer. Published at the request of the society.* Boston, E. Lincoln.

Mr. Ware is well known, as a divine of high literary character, an excellent preacher, and a man very amiable in private life. No wonder therefore that a moving scene presented, when he took his leave of a people, who knew his worth, and with whom he had been connected more than twenty years. The sermon is exactly suited to the occasion, on which it was delivered. There is no attempt at an exhibition of shining talents, and nothing very interesting to persons, who do not put themselves in the situation of those, who at the delivery were affected with tender emotions, whose hearts vibrated in unison with the preacher's, or were tuned to the soft strains which then flowed from his lips. We conceive, therefore, that it was printed for the satisfaction of the religious society at Hingham, and that it is calculated not only to soothe their minds, when they recollect the friendship, virtues, and gifts of their beloved pastor, but to strengthen them with good advice and fresh instruction, as often as they give it a perusal.

The following extract proves our observation to be well founded :—

When a minister is removed to a distance from a flock, with which he has been long connected in a pastoral relation, to which he feels a strong attachment, and in whose welfare he has a lively interest, what can be more grateful or satisfactory to him than to hear, that they adhere firmly to those doctrines and principles he has been employed in inculcating among them; that they continue to attend, and to profit by those institutions, in which he has it no longer in his power to join them; that a spirit of piety and zeal for pure christianity prevails among them, and that numbers are frequently added to those, who are not ashamed of the gospel, who name the name of Christ, and walk worthy of the vocation wherewith they are called.

Whether he has it in his power to visit them occasionally in person, or else is absent from them, it will not fail to be one of the grateful circumstances of his life to hear of their affairs; that they stand fast in one spirit and with one mind, striving together for the faith of the gospel; and to know that "their conversation is in all these respects as it becometh the gospel of Christ."

At the end of the sermon are the letters, which passed from the committee, in behalf of the church, and Mr. Ware; which are expressive of cordial esteem and mutual affection—and highly honourable to the people who, tho' unwilling to part with their minister, yet sacrificed their inclinations to the publick good, and consented that Mr. W. should accept the office, to which he was introduced by the wishes of the judicious and wise, and in which we

trust he will be eminently useful to future generations.

ART. 77.

"*The value of life and charitable institutions.*" *A discourse, delivered before the Humane Society of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, at their semi-annual meeting, June 11th,* 1805.

God did send me before you to preserve life. Genesis.

By Thomas Gray, minister of the church of Christ, on Jamaica Plain, Roxbury. Boston. H. Sprague. 8vo. pp. 46.

We have delayed, much too long, to notice this very respectable tract; which, escaping the proverbial dulness of charitable discourses, selects with judgment, and enforces with animation and pathos, topicks which are well suited to the occasion. We consider the Humane Society as one of the most useful institutions in the state, and recommend the arguments in its favour, which are contained in this discourse, to the attention of our readers. An extract will give a favourable exhibition of the style and manner of the advocate.

Whilst thus we commend the spirit of all these institutions, our encomiums, surely, are not less due to a society, which, for the benevolence of its designs, and the respectability of its members, for the usefulness of its operation, and the extent of its objects, must hold the first rank among all charitable association. To preserve that life, so dear to all, to open again the eyes that were about to close forever on this beautiful world, and this cheering sun, and to unlock the lips, that were almost sealed up in everlasting silence, to unstop the ears, that were deaf to the voice of friendship, or to the cries of grief, to cause the blood to flow again through the heart, that had now ceased to beat, to strengthen the bonds of nature, which death had almost broken, and to change the house of mourning into an house of joy and rapture; these—these are the objects, at which this institution aims. "The value of life, then, is the criterion of its importance;" and what makes its continuation desirable for its own sake, for our friends, for our country, or religion, "is the triumphant boast of the resuscitative art." To behold these objects realized, and by our personal aid to assist in the benevolent work; to restore to society a useful member, to a family an indulgent parent, and to humanity a friend; or by charitable contribution, to minister to the comfort of the shipwrecked mariner, when the storms have arisen and dashed his vessel on the shore; there to furnish shelter and protection in retreats erected by the hand of humanity, and to have the blessing of him, who was ready to perish, thus coming upon you, must furnish a luxury more exquisite, than the epicure can boast, more refined, than language can express, more divine, than imagination can conceive. It is a joy, which the heart alone can feel, and which the stranger to humanity intermeddles not with.

Go on, then, in your Godlike design, nor be weary in well doing. You are following the footsteps of him, who came not to destroy men's lives, but to save them; not to be ministered unto, but to minister to others, and to give his life a ransom for many. You are ensuring to yourselves the reciprocation of those kind offices, which you, in your turn, may possibly one day require. You are offering unto God an acceptable acknowledgment of his mercies towards you. You are obeying the command of our blessed Saviour while here upon earth, and putting on the badge, which he himself hath instituted of your relationship to him. You are honouring his gospel, to whose influence alone we are indebted for the first, and for every other charitable establishment, that has ever been formed; for till his appearance upon earth, not one solitary association of this kind had ever existed. And though you seek no earthly recompense, yet he who remembers a cup of cold water given in his name,

will not forget this labour of love. How faded will one day appear the garlands of the conqueror, when compared with thoſe, which ſhall then be placed upon his brow, who hath conquered miſery! How dim will grow the monarch's diadem, when beheld in competition with that, which applauding angels ſhall, one day, fix upon the head of benevolence! But you come not here to receive the applauſe of mortals. You enter not this ſacred temple for the purpoſe of oſtentation. Pure in its origin, your benevolence courts no compliment in its progreſs; and no ſelfiſhneſs mixes along with it. But you aſſembled, to day, to ſtimulate others to thoſe tender charities, which your hearts already feel; and, pointing to your motto, you ſay to them: go and do likewiſe.

Suitable notice is taken of the death, during the last year, of several of the most eminent members of the society, viz. President Willard, Drs. Howard and Parker, Messrs. Coffin, Brimmer, and Davis, and an appendix is given, containing the directions of the society for the recovery of drowned persons, and some very interesting narratives of resuscitation.

ART. 78.

An Address to the members of the Merrimack Humane Society, at their anniverſary meeting in Newburyport, Sept. 3, 1805. *By Daniel Appleton White. Third edition.* Newburyport, E. M. Blunt. 1805. *pp.* 29.

THIS address is substantial. It is full of truth, and abstract remark, and excellent sentiment, yet without grace, ornament, and airiness. It is an entertainment of the solid kind, which is unquestionably good; but such a feast too much resembles what a Frenchman calls an English dinner, roast beef and plumb pudding, and plumb pudding and roast beef. Now a little of each is best, and then finish with raisins, wine, crack'd walnuts, and golden pippins.

ART. 79.

The advantages of association to promote useful purposes, illustrated in a discourse, delivered in the second congregational church, Newport, aug. 1, 1805, *at the request of the Female Benevolent Society. By William Patten, A. M. minister in said church. Published by request, and for the benefit, of the Society.* Newport, R.I. Printed at the office of the Newport Mercury. 1805.

WE have noticed with pleasure the late political reformation of this most apostate town of Newengland; and it is with similar emotion that we become acquainted with a society, so respectable as that, before whom this discourse was delivered. All charities serve to meliorate the intercourses of mankind, and to throw into circulation the better qualities of the mind; but those whose purpose is the protection of the children of indigence and misfortune, are too elevated for our elogy, and too disinterested to desire it. With good morals, good patrons, and good politicks, we have nothing to apprehend! Mr. Patten's discourse may be classed under the head of *tidy*. It is neither languid nor animated, neither frigid nor affectionate, neither copious nor contracted, neither laboured nor inelegant: it impresses you...if the term be not too positive...as the unaffect-

ed performance of a christian and a scholar. Recommending the aggregate importance of contributions individually trivial, and their liberal approbation to the assistance of the unfortunate, he artlessly observes—"The bank, which is a barrier against the waves of the sea, is composed of sands: the shower, which waters the fields, the stream, at which the flock drinks, are composed of drops of water." "Let us, by giving, render more wide and deep the stream, at which the lambs drink. Let us enlarge, and render warmer the shelter, by which they are defended from the storm. Let us, by giving, express our gratitude to that Being, on whose goodness and mercy all depend."

MONTHLY CATALOGUE

Of New Publications in the U. States for November.

Sunt bona, sunt quædam mediocria, sunt mala plura.—Mart.

☞ *We cannot too often repeat solicitations to authors, printers, and booksellers in the different parts of the United States to send us by the earliest opportunities (post paid) notices of all books which they have lately published, or which they intend to publish. The list of new publications contained in the Anthology is the only list within our knowledge published in the United States; and consequently the only one that can be useful to the publick for purposes of general reference. If authors and publishers will therefore consent to communicate, not only notices, but a copy of all their publications, such use might be made of them as would promote, what all unite in ardently wishing, the general interest of American literature, and the more extensive circulation of books.*

NEW WORKS.

Reports of Cases, argued and determined in the Supreme Judicial Court of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, from Sept. 1804, to June 1805, both inclusive. Vol. I. By Ephraim Williams, Esq. Northampton, S. & E. Butler. 8vo. pp. 572. Fine vellum paper. Pomroy, printer. Price 5 dols.

Constitution and Laws of the State of New Hampshire; together with the Constitution of the United States. Published pursuant to a resolution of the Legislature passed the 3d December, 1804. 8vo. pp. 552. Dover, Samuel Bragg. Price 2,50.

Digest of the Laws of Kentucky. By Judge Tolman. Lexington, Kentucky. Price 5 dols.

A Geographical Dictionary of the United States of North America: containing a general description of each state; and of the population, number of acres, soil, productions, natural curiosities, various climates, &c. Also, a description of the rivers, lakes, mineral springs, mountains, manufactures, trade and commerce. With a succinct account of Indiana, and Upper and Lower Louisiana Territories. Likewise, the population of each county, township, and those towns in the union, the population of which has been ascertained by the census of eighteen hundred. To which is added, a description of more than one thousand places, not noticed in any former geographical work. Embellished with a handsome map of the United States. By Joseph Scott, author of the United States Gazetteer, the Modern Geographical Dictionary, in 4 volumes, 8vo. &c. &c. The whole containing six hundred pages 8vo. Price neatly bound, two dollars twenty-five cents. Wilmington, Del.

The history of North and South America, from its discovery to the death of General Washington, by Richard

Snowden, Esq. in two volumes, 12mo. Philadelphia, Jacob Johnson. 1805. 1st vol. 196 pp. 2d vol. 168.

The new universal, biographical Dictionary, and American Remembrancer of departed merit; containing complete and impartial accounts of the lives and writings of the most eminent persons in every station, but more particularly those, who have signalized themselves in America. In four vols. 8vo. embellished with a number of portraits of the most distinguished characters, engraved from original drawings, by James Hardie, A. M. New-York, for Thomas Kirk, 1805. 1st vol. pp. 504; 2d vol 504; 3d vol. 472; 4th vol. 501. Price bound 10 dollars.

Letters from Europe, written during a tour through Switzerland and Italy, in the years 1801 and 1802, by a native of Pennsylvania, in two volumes, 8vo. Price 5 dolls. in boards; 6 dolls. 50 cts. elegantly bound in calf. Philadelphia, Thomas Dobson.

The Elements of Chess, a treatise, combining theory with practice, and comprising the whole of Philidor's games and explanatory notes, new modelled and arranged upon an original plan. Boston. William Pelham. 8vo. pp. 200. Boards 1,50. Bound 1,75.

The Doctrine of Justification considered; in letters to a friend. By John P. Campbell. Danville, Ken. Ogilsby & Demaree.

A reply to the arguments advanced by the Rev. Thomas Cleland, author of the familiar Dialogues between Calvin and Arminius. To which is added, a comprehensive view of that system of divinity, which Mr. Cleland so warmly opposes. By Jesse Head. Danville, Ken. Ogilsby & Demaree.

A Defence against the personalities contained in Jesse Head's Pamphlet. By Thomas Cleland. Danville, Ken. Ogilsby & Demaree.

The Triumph of Faith, or Anti Christian policy detected in the field of high places; being displayed in the form of a dialogue between Christian and Calvin. In which twelve doctrinal heads are contended for. By Park Woodward. Norwich, Con.

Sampson against the Philistines, or the Reformation of Law Suits. A new and improved edition. Philadelphia.

Strictures on two Letters, published by Barton W. Stone, entitled Atonement, by John P. Campbell. Lexington, Ken.

A reply to John P. Campbell's Strictures on Atonement. By Barton W. Stone. Lexington, Kentucky, Joseph Charless.

A Discourse delivered at Hagerstown, Maryland, on the anniversary of St. John the Baptist, June 24th, 1805, to the Brethren of Mount Moriah Lodge, No. 38. By Rev. George Bower. Fredericktown, J. P. Thompson.

Two Discourses on the perpetuity and provision of God's gracious covenant with Abraham and his seed. By Samuel Worcester, A. M. pastor of the Tabernacle Church in Salem. Salem, (Mass.)

A sermon, delivered at the ordination of Rev. Thomas Cochran, at Camden, (Maine.) By Rev. Hezekiah Packard of Wiscasset. Together with the charge by Rev. Mr. Winship of Woolwich, and the right hand of fellowship by Rev. Mr. Blood of Buckstown. Buckstown, Maine, Wm. W. Clapp.

A Discourse, delivered before the members of the Boston Female Asylum, September 20, 1805, being their fifth anniversary. By William Emerson, minister of the First Church in Boston. Boston. Russell & Cutler.

The Doctrine of the Prince of Peace and his servants, concerning the end of the wicked, contrasted with the doctrines of the prince of this world, and his servants, upon the same subject: proving that the doctrines of the Universalists and Calvinists are not the doctrine of Jesus Christ and the apostles. Also, the foundation of Calvinism and priestcraft shaken. By Elias Smith. Boston.

Tables of advance: in which shillings and pence of British sterling are reduced to the currency of New England and Virginia, and to dollars and cents, with advance thereon from five to fifty per cent. To which are added tables of the weight and value of gold coins, and many other calculations, equally necessary in the counting room. By R. Webb. Boston, Josiah Loring.

The Delights of Harmony: or Norfolk Compiler. Being a new collection of psalm-tunes, hymns, and anthems,

with a variety of ſet pieces; from the moſt approved American and European authors. The whole particularly deſigned for the uſe of ſinging ſchools and muſical ſocieties. By Stephen Jenks, of Connecticut. Dedham, Herman Mann.

The Monthly Regiſter, and Review of the United States, No. 3, for March, 1805. Charleſton, S. C. Carpenter.

The Literary Miſcellany for Auguſt, September, and October. Cambridge, Hilliard.

NEW EDITIONS.

The Pleaſures and Pains of Memory. Portland, D. Johnſon.

Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progreſs, with Notes, by Rev. Thomas Scott. This edition has four copperplate engravings, and contains a biographical ſketch of the author, and a comprehenſive Index to the whole work. Boſton, Manning & Loring. 12mo. pp. 400.

Two Sermons on the atrocity of Suicide, and on the cauſes which lead to it. Preached at Suffield, on Lord's Day, Feb. 24, 1805. On occaſion of a melancholy inſtance of ſuicide, which had recently occurred in that town. By Joſeph Lathrop, D. D. paſtor of the firſt church in Weſt-Springfield. Second edition, with additions and corrections. Springfield, Maſſ. Henry Brewer. 8vo. pp. 36. Price 17 cents.

Divine Songs for the uſe of children. By Dr. Watts. To which are added, the Alphabet, firſt Leſſons in Spelling, Union Hymn, and Chriſtian's Hiding-Place. Portland, Daniel Johnſon.

IN THE PRESS.

The Lay of the Laſt Minſtrel, a poem, by Walter Scott, Eſq. Philadelphia. Hugh Maxwell.

An Eſſay on the divine authority of the New-Teſtament, by Rev. Daniel Bogue, an eminent miniſter in England. This work was written at the deſire of the Miſſionary Society in London, to convince the Deiſts of Europe of the divine authority of the Holy Scriptures. Hartford. Hudſon & Goodwin.

A Northern Summer, or travels round the Baltick, through Denmark, Sweden, Ruſſia, Pruſſia, and part of Germany, in the year 1804. By John Carr, Eſq. author of the Stranger in France, &c. &c. In a beautiful octavo vol. Philadelphia, Samuel F. Bradford.

Mercantile Directory, No. 4, for 1806. Boſton.

PROPOSED TO BE PUBLISHED BY SUBSCRIPTION.

A new Abridgement of the Law, by Matthew Bacon, of the Middle Temple, Eſq. From the 8th London edition corrected, with conſiderable additions, including the lateſt articles. By Henry Gwillim, of the Middle Temple, Eſq. attorney at law. In 7 vols. Royal Octavo. Superfine Royal vellum paper. Each volume containing about 800 pages. Price to ſubſcribers 8 dolls. 50 cts. in boards, or 4 dolls. bound. Charleſtown, W. Greenough and C. Stebbins.

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Catalogus eorum, qui adhuc in Univerſitate Harvardiana ab 1642, alicujus gradus laurea donati ſunt, nominibus ex literarum ordine collocatis. Price to ſubſcribers 37½ cents. Salem, Cuſhing & Appleton.

The Practical Expoſitor: or, an Expoſition of the New Teſtament, in the form of a paraphraſe; with occaſional notes in their proper places, for further explication, and ſerious recollections at the cloſe of every chapter. To which is added, an alphabetical table of the principal things contained in the paraphraſe, eſpecially in the notes. For the uſe of the family and cloſet. By

John Guyſe, D. D. 6 vols. 8vo. Price to ſubſcribers 1 doll. 75 cts. bound, 1 doll. 50 cts. in boards. Providence, F. Allen.

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INTELLIGENCE.

The Univerſity and Royal Academy of Sciences of Gottingen.

(Tranſlated from a late number of the Spectateur du Nord for the Monthly Anthology.)

The univerſity of Gottingen has been known for a long time in the learned world, as a literary inſtitution having the higheſt claims to celebrity and general attention, uniting among its profeſſors the moſt rare talents in all the branches of ſcience, and ornamented with many magnificent eſtabliſhments. It poſſeſſes an obſervatory, provided with a teleſcope of Herſchel; a fine botanick garden; a lying-in hoſpital, which ſeems rather like a palace; a muſeum, enriched with every thing moſt curious from all quarters of the globe; an immenſe library rich in the moſt valuable books (except perhaps in old editions and manuſcripts, the latter of which are generally ſuperfluities) ſuperiour even to the much boaſted ancient library of Alexandria, and inferiour perhaps only to the imperial library of Paris. This library is alſo eſtabliſhed on the moſt liberal principles, ſince every one, who is in the leaſt known, may on his ſimple ſignature tranſport any of the books to the place moſt commodious for their peruſal. Every day, at the hours when this ſuperb collection is opened, we may ſee at the portico two uninterrupted lines of thoſe who enter and of thoſe who come out, either to return or to bring away books, or to make reſearches. This intereſting picture does not badly reſemble a ſwarm of bees, who throng the mouth of a hive. In the interiour every thing is executed with a propriety, politeneſs, and aſſiduity, highly honourable to the learned gentlemen, who fill the offices of librarian and ſecretary. The catalogue of this library fills four hundred volumes in folio. Profeſſor Reuſs, who ſeems to have been made for the direction of ſuch an eſtabliſhment, retains in his memory almoſt the whole ſubſtance of theſe four hundred volumes.

The object of an univerſity is to cultivate the ſciences in the ſtate of advancement, to which they have arrived; to teach and diffuſe them:—That of an academy, and of every learned ſociety, is to enrich the world with new diſcoveries; to extend their influence; and to perfect the cultivation of them. In capital cities, where a union of learned men may be eaſily formed, the eſtabliſhment of ſuch ſocieties is almoſt a matter of courſe. Gottingen early availed itſelf of the number of learned profeſſors, whoſe official duties in inſtructing the youth left them much leiſure for the advancement of the ſciences. A Mr. Bünau firſt ſuggeſted the eſtabliſhment of the royal academy of Gottingen. The Hanoverian miniſter of Munichauſen, founder of the univerſity, ſeconded his exertions. The king of England, George II. patronized it,

and the society was established the 23d February, 1751. The celebrated Haller, who drew up the regulations of the society, was the first president.

It would be sufficient only to mention the names of the gentlemen, who have been members of this literary society, to judge of its importance. Princes and nobles, who have honoured themselves by being members, do not constitute the principal ornament;—the names of Michaelis, Roederer, Lacaille, Franklin, Forster, Pallas, Bonnet, Euler, have rendered themselves otherwise illustrious, they having extended the empire of human knowledge. Among the actual members we distinguish the names of Kaestner, Heyne (perpetual secretary), Beckman, Lichtenberg, Meiners, Gmelin, Blumenbach, Heeren;—among its foreign or corresponding members Schoter, Lalande, Niebuhr, Dionis, Banks, Herschel, Monti, Bossuet, Spallanzani, Villoison, Fontana, Sommering, Bruce. It would be difficult to collect in all Europe a more illustrious catalogue, without naming an infinite number of other distinguished learned men, whom for the sake of brevity I shall decline mentioning.

The royal society is divided into three classes; first, into that of the physical sciences, which comprehends besides physicks properly so called, anatomy, chemistry, botany, and natural history; secondly, that of the mathematicks, including mechanicks and astronomy; thirdly, into that of history and philology. Their publick meetings are holden on the first Saturday of every month, at which time communications are read from the members present, and those, which are transmitted from the members absent. These memoirs are collected and published under the title of *Commentationes Societatis Regiæ scientiarum Goettingensis*, to which are added a preliminary notice of the labours of the society, eulogies on deceased members, &c.

Three prizes are annually distributed by the Royal Society. The first of fifty ducats alternately among the three classes, on the first year appropriated to the solution of a physical, on the second of a mathematical, and on the third of a historical, disquisition. The two other prizes, of twelve ducats each, are always reserved for economical inquiries.

Mr. James Hardie of New-York, compiler of the new universal Biographical Dictionary and American Remembrancer, has announced to the publick that he has in his possession a large number of manuscripts, which he contemplates publishing in a short time, of Mrs. Margaretta V. Faugeres, a lady of distinguished literary accomplishments, daughter of John L. Bleecker, Esq. of New-York, and the celebrated Ann Eliza Bleecker, who also was an authoress, and a part of whose writings were collected and published in the year 1793, by Messrs T. & J. Swords of New-York, under the title of the "posthumous works of Ann Eliza Bleecker, in prose and verse," to which is prefixed memoirs of her life written by her daughter above mentioned.

Smyth's Map of Upper Canada.

American geography has received another addition from the map of Upper Canada, compiled by David William Smyth, Esq. the Surveyor-General of that province. This performance was executed at the request of Major-General John G. Simcoe, the first Lieutenant-Governour, and published at London by Faden in 1800. Its size is thirty-four inches by twenty-two: it includes the country as far as known between 41 and 48 deg. N. and between 71 and 85 deg. W. and its price is half a guinea. It is handsomely engraved, and embraces all the new settlements, townships, and discoveries in Canada, with the countries adjacent, especially the State of New-York, from Quebec to lake Huron. This instructive map is accompanied with a topographical description. On this sheet the Ottawa river, from its sources in the wilderness north of lake Huron to its junction with the St. Lawrence at Montreal, is delineated; as is also the water-course by rivers and lakes between the bay of Quinte on lake Ontario, and Gloucester-bay in lake Huron, along Trent, Talbot, and Severn rivers, and through Rice, Shallow, and Simcoe lakes; and the Thames, which, running from N.E. to S.W. empties into lake St. Clair. The

ſituation and names of the numerous towns lying on the north-weſt, north, and weſt ſide of the St. Lawrence, Ontario, and Erie, are particularly marked, from their commencement below, near the lake St. Francis, up to the neighbourhood of Detroit and lake St. Clair. Theſe extenſive Britiſh ſettlements are contiguous to New-York, or are only ſeparated by the intervening waters, the whole extent from the 45th degree of latitude to lake Erie. The remaining part of the diſtance they border on the States of Pennſylvania and Ohio, and the territory of Michigan. The reſervation of the ſix nations of Indians is on the river Ouſe, which runs from the N. W. into lake Erie. The townſhips are comprehended in three diſtricts, called the *Home*, *Midland*, and *Eaſtern* diſtricts; and theſe are divided into counties. In no part do the ſettlements extend very far from the lakes; but their number and population rendered it neceſſary for Congreſs to eſtabliſh collection diſtricts, to gather duties, and prevent ſmuggling on this whole northern frontier. Much information of the progreſs of the Britiſh ſettlements, and their contiguity to the dominions of the United States, is contained in this map of Upper Canada. To the northward of theſe ſettlements and of lake Huron, and all around lake Nippiſſing, lie the vaſt tracts of wilderneſs forming the hunting country of the Chippèwas.—*Med. Rep.*

....

Vanderlyn's Prints of the Falls of Niagara.

Two fine large prints of this cataract in the river, which ſeparates the State of New-York from the Province of Upper Canada, have been publiſhed in London. They are executed from original drawings of them done by Mr. Vanderlyn, a native of Kingſton, in Ulſter county, and one of the moſt excellent artiſts, which his country has produced. The promiſing genius of this young painter manifeſted itſelf in ſeveral fine productions of his pencil, and beſides gaining him a good ſhare of celebrity, procured him the active friendſhip of Aaron Burr, Eſq. Mr. Vanderlyn was afterwards encouraged to viſit the ſchools of Europe, under the auſpices of the Academy of the Fine Arts, eſtabliſhed in the city of New-York: and in remembrance of this he has inſcribed to that body this pair of engravings. One of them is executed by Merigot, and the other by Lewis.

The firſt repreſents a diſtant proſpect of the river Niagara, as it falls over the precipice on both ſides of the intermediate iſland, from a point conſiderably below, called "the Indian Ladder." It is a ſublime view, embracing the picturesque ſcenery of the adjacent ſhores. The ſecond preſents to the eye the appearance of the weſtern diviſion of the river, or that branch which deſcends on the Canada ſide of the iſland. This is depicted, as it is beheld from "the Table Rock," and is a ſuperb piece. It looks up the river over the rapids. Mr. V. has ſketched the double rainbow, which the rays of the ſun form in the ſpray driven up by the daſhing water. The ſize of the prints is thirty inches by twenty-three; and when properly framed and glaſed, they diſplay, in an impreſſive manner, the power of this able artiſt to copy one of the grandeſt natural ſcenes, which this world contains.—*Ib.*

....

Botanick Garden at Norfolk.

The underſigned, late founder and proprietor of the *Cabinet of Natural Hiſtory*, of New-York, preſuming on the favourable diſpoſition of the ladies and gentlemen of Norfolk, to promote uſeful inſtitutions, and confident that they agree, with all intelligent perſons, in their opinion of Natural Hiſtory, which freed from the obſcurity, in which it was heretofore involved, has acquired a high degree of importance, in the ſcale of eſtimation, and conſequently that an eſtabliſhment, having for its object to promote the ſtudy thereof might be acceptable to them, makes bold to invite them to form a ſociety, for the purpoſe of providing their town with an *Elementary Inſtitution*, connected with a *Botanical Garden* and a *Muſeum Naturæ*, which might ſerve at once as an uſeful ſchool for the inſtruction of their youth, in a valuable branch of ſcience, and as an ornament to their place of reſidence.

To the learned and to the true friends of ſcience, it is needleſs to ſtate how much Commerce, Agriculture, Medicine and Arts, are aided and promoted

by Natural Hiſtory, and how nearly they are connected with all the concerns of human life; but as theſe preponderant conſiderations may decide in favour of the propoſed plan many of thoſe, whoſe contributions are ſolicited, it has been thought expedient, to make this mention thereof. The ſpirit of liberality and the improved taſte which characteriſe the inhabitants of the populous and wealthy State of Virginia, will, it is truſted, not be wanting at Norfolk, on an occaſion, where an object, both uſeful and honourable to the ſame is propoſed.

The ſum neceſſary for the formation of a Botanical Garden, and of a Muſeum Naturæ, and for defraying the expenſes attending the ſame, may be obtained, if four hundred friends to ſcience, of Norfolk and its vicinity, are willing to ſubſcribe 25 dollars each, towards the fund to be raiſed; for the only diſburſement of ſome import would be the erecting of the neceſſary buildings, and the providing of the firſt collection: ſince it may be reaſonably expected that the gratuities, which the lecturer would obtain from thoſe who ſhould attend his lectures would be ſufficient for his annual maintenance, and that the perquiſites to be paid by the publick, for their admittance at the Garden and Muſeum, would not only be ſufficient for defraying the expenſes attending the ſame, but even leave an overplus, which might ſerve to augment, and ſucceſſively to complete the collections.

Animated by the ſanguine expectation that his propoſition will meet with the approbation of the publick, the underſigned takes the liberty of ſubmitting to them the following plan, and of offering his ſervices for the execution thereof.

A ſubſcription to be opened by ſhares of 25 dollars each. The ſhares to be ſaleable and transferable without reſtriction. The fund to conſiſt of, at leaſt, eight thouſand dollars, and of as many more, over and above that ſum, as may be obtained. The inhabitants of the State of Virginia, in general, to be invited to contribute to the ſucceſs of the undertaking. The ſubſcribers to the fund to be convened in a general meeting, as ſoon as the ſaid ſum of eight thouſand dollars ſhall be ſubſcribed; for the purpoſe of conſtituting themſelves in a regular ſociety; of framing rules and regulations for its government, and of appointing a committee charged with the general adminiſtration. The ſubſcribers to uſe their influence with the Corporation of the town, to obtain the grant, or, at leaſt the uſe, for a length of time, of a ſuitable lot of ground, on which a competent building might be erected, connected with a garden, furniſhed with green houſes. The underſigned to lay before the Committee, as ſoon as it will be appointed, a plan for procuring, with all poſſible economy, the ſubjects, which are to compoſe the collections, and to be bound to deliver Elementary Lectures on Zoology, Botany and Mineralogy, as ſoon as the collections will be extenſive enough to illuſtrate the ſame with ſpecimens of each claſs, order, genus, and ſpecies. DELACOSTE.

New edition of Adam's Latin Grammar.

A new edition of this valuable ſchool book will ſoon be iſſued from the preſs of Meſſrs. Penniman & Co. of Troy, N. York. By omitting all the Engliſh part, the long catalogues of words which are better learned from a dictionary, the uſe of which they are never expected to ſupply, and ſome other unimportant clauſes, it is intended to render it cheaper, more lucid in arrangement, and more convenient and uſeful to the ſtudent. We are decidedly againſt the too prevalent practice of abridging elementary treatiſes; but the adopted, and we humbly think judicious, method of education in this country making it the ſcholar's duty to learn Engliſh grammar, before he enters upon the ſtudy of the Latin language, the benefit, which may ariſe from interlarding his Latin grammar with Engliſh elements, cannot poſſibly compenſate for the additional expenſe and the confuſion and hindrance ſuch a mixture ſometimes occaſions.

As this edition is edited by the Rev. Doctor Fitch, Preſident of Williams's College, we feel confident that nothing will be expunged, which would be of any material uſe to the Latin tyro, nor any thing retained to ſwell the ſize of the book, which can be deemed ſuperfluous. It is abridged from the *third Edinburgh edition*, and is recommended

by the conſtituted authority of Williams's College to be uſed in the claſſical exerciſes of all who may repair to that flouriſhing ſeminary for inſtruction.

It is greatly to be wiſhed that our academies and ſchools would adhere to uniformity in the books uſed in any one ſcience or language; and as this work in its original form had juſtly acquired the preference before all Latin grammars, we cannot but anticipate, for an edition which will be every way competent to its object, a general and flattering reception. Among thoſe acquainted with its editor's character, and among the lovers of claſſical improvement, we are ſure of its ſucceſs.—*Troy Gazette.*

....

Dictionary of Merchandize.

Among the valuable publications which ingenuity and induſtry are furniſhing to the world, we have ſeldom met with one of more real practical uſe, than that above mentioned, which Mr. James Humphreys has lately iſſued from his preſs. The author profeſſes that the object of his dictionary is to give an account of the origin, places of growth, culture, uſe, and the marks, by which the goodneſs and value of the principal articles of commerce may be aſcertained; as well as the names, by which they are known in the different languages of Europe; and it is due to him to ſay, that as far as we can judge, he has well executed his undertaking. If ſo, there are few men, who will not be benefited by this book. To all who buy and ſell it muſt be valuable. Every ſuch man is intereſted that what he buys ſhould be good, and as the opportunities of few men have given them a perfect knowledge of every article in the line of their buſineſs, it is wiſe to remedy the want by the experience of others, eſpecially when obtained at ſo ſmall expenſe. To thoſe perſons, who trade in the productions of the Weſt-Indies, and places beyond the Cape of Good Hope, the information it contains is particularly ſuited, and to retail grocers, and thoſe who are in the practice of buying at auction it is a moſt valuable manual. We are alſo informed, by perſons better able to judge than we are, that it contains much uſeful inſtruction to druggiſts, apothecaries, and others who deal in chymical preparations; and we have the warrant of an eminent phyſician in recommending it highly to medical ſtudents and young practitioners of medicine, particularly thoſe who reſide in the country.

I. Riley & Co. of New-York, have in the preſs Powell on Deviſes; the third edition of Democracy Unveiled, with large additions by the author, in two volumes duodecimo; Buller's Niſi Prius, printed page for page from the laſt London copy; Part III. Volume 3d of the New-York Term Reports; and Plowden's Hiſtory of Ireland.

The increaſe of printing in the United States has been conſidered with aſtoniſhment. American editions of valuable Engliſh works are no longer conſidered as of inferiour execution. Much work at the preſs is well done, and the beſt work may be expected upon far leſs encouragement, than ſuch works uſually receive in Europe. Among the laſt notices of works for the preſs, are thoſe of Dalcho's Botanical Outlines, with nine plates, at the requeſt of the Botanical Committee at Charleſton, S. C.—*Sal. Reg.*

A new periodical work will ſhortly be publiſhed in this town, entitled the Polyanthos. Each number will be embelliſhed with the portrait of ſome diſtinguiſhed character; and is intended to contain biographical ſketches (particularly of thoſe who have diſtinguiſhed themſelves in America), moral and literary eſſays, hiſtory, theatrical notices, poetry, &c. The editor requeſts thoſe literary gentlemen, who write on any of theſe ſubjects, for their own relaxation, or the amuſement of others, to ſend a portion of their productions to the bookſtore No. 45, Newbury ſtreet. The firſt number will be ornamented with an elegant portrait of Commodore Preble, from an original likeneſs taken at Naples.

A new periodical publication is promiſed in Philadelphia to be entitled, The Theatrical Cenſor, at the commencement of the opening of the Philadelphia theatre. A number, conſiſting of 8 pages 8vo. will appear every Saturday during the performances. This work will be conducted by a ſociety of gentlemen, who, by an unprejudiced view of the performers and perform-

ces, hope to contribute to the much desired reform of the American stage, and produce a change, which the lovers of the drama have long called for in vain; and to which American liberality fully entitles them.

BIOGRAPHY
OF
GOVERNOUR POWNALL.

DIED, at Bath, (England) on the 25th of February, 1805, in the 85th year of his age, Governour Pownall, universally lamented, because universally respected by all who knew him. He met his death with fortitude, being well prepared for the event, having long familiarised his mind to the contemplation of it. The excellent writings he hath left behind him give an ample evidence of his uncommon abilities. He retained his faculties, in perfect vigour, to the latest period of his life, as many scientifick men can witness, who attended him almost to the end of it. In his early days he filled a situation in the Board of Trade, and was much esteemed by Lord Halifax, who was first lord of that board. In those times, this board of office was the best school for young gentlemen to obtain a rudimental knowledge of the commerce, the politicks, and the interests of their country. Mr. Burke, however, by his bill of reform, in the year 1782, abolished this office, Mr. Thomas Pownall, (the subject of this sketch) constantly paid a particular and sedulous attention to the affairs of the colonies. At the beginning of the seven years' war with France, which commenced in America in 1754, (two years before it broke out in Europe) a number of persons, who were styled commissioners, being deputed from each colony, assembled at Albany, to consider of the best method they could devise to defend themselves against the French, who were making great and alarming encroachments on their back settlements. This assembly was called the Albany Congress, and was the first congress held in America. The precedent of this congress gave rise to the subsequent plan of a Congress Government, established at the revolution in 1775. As soon as the intention of the colonies to hold a Congress at Albany was known in England, Mr. Pownall immediately foresaw the danger to the mother country that this project of a general union would draw after it, if once permitted; and he presented a strong and impressive memorial to Lord Halifax on the subject. This was in the year 1754. The plan, which the Congress had in view, was to form a great council of deputies from all the colonies; with a governour-general to be appointed by the crown, and empowered to take measures for the common safety; and to raise money for the execution of their designs. The ministry did not approve of this plan; but, seeing that they could not prevent the commissioners meeting, they resolved to take advantage of this distress of the colonies to turn the subject of deliberation to their own account. For this purpose they sent over a proposal, that the Congress should be assisted in their considerations by two of the King's council from each colony, be empowered to erect forts, to levy troops, and to draw on the treasury in London for the monies wanted; and the treasury to be reimbursed by a tax on the colonies, to be laid by the British Parliament. This proposal was peremptorily rejected, because it gave to the British Parliament a power to tax the colonies.

This was the first idea of taxing the colonies by the authority of Parliament. These facts are but

little known. Although Mr. Pownall did not agree with the Ministry in the whole extent of their proposal, yet they thought him a gentleman so well acquainted with the affairs of the colonies that, in the year 1757, they appointed him governour of Massachusetts Bay, in the room of Mr. Shirley removed. He did not give his confidence to Mr. Hutchinson, Mr. Oliver, nor to any of their party; which they resented, by propagating a variety of slanders against him amongst the people, particularly amongst the clergy, with a view of making his situation uncomfortable to him. He was a friend to liberty, and to the constitution; and therefore he countenanced no plots against either. Being exceedingly averse to disputation, after two years residence, he solicited to be recalled. In the year 1759 Mr. Bernard (afterwards Sir Francis) was removed from New-Jersey to Massachusetts Bay, and Governour Pownall went to New-Jersey in his room. He staid in New-Jersey but a very short time, being almost immediately appointed governour, captain-general, and vice-admiral of South-Carolina, in the room of Mr. Lyttleton, now lord Lyttleton. He staid in Carolina until the year of 1761, when, at his own desire he was recalled. Upon his arrival in London, he was appointed director-general of the office of Controul, with the rank of colonel in the army, under the command of Prince Ferdinand in Germany. While in this situation, having permitted some oats to pass from Bremen for the use of the army, Mr. John Guest, who had been appointed inspector of the magazines in Germany, declared them damaged, and unfit for use; and he sent a memorial to the lords of the treasury in London, charging Governour Pownall with misconduct in this matter. After some examination the charge appeared to be unfounded, and in consequence Mr. Guest was dismissed from his employment. Guest came to London, and, in the spirit of revenge, sent a copy of his memorial to Mr. Wilkes, who caused it to be printed in the fortieth number of the North Briton. At the end of the war, Governour Pownall returned to England. His accounts were examined, and passed with honour. At the general election in 1768, he was chosen a representative in Parliament, for Tregony, in Cornwall. At this time the hostile designs of the British cabinet against America were become perfectly obvious. All America saw them, and every colony was seized with a general alarm. These designs, and the measures which were founded upon them, Governour Pownall strenuously and uniformly opposed in Parliament. His first essay was against the bill for suspending the legislature of New-York. In the debate on that bill he declared with a warm and strong emphasis, that "it was a fact which the House ought to be apprised of in all its extent, that the people of America, universally, unitedly, and unalterably, are resolved not to submit to any internal tax imposed upon them by any legislature, in which they have not a share by representatives of their own election." At this time very few people in England believed that America would make any serious resistance; but in a few years Gov. Pownall's words were found to be strictly true. His other speeches in Parliament, which are many in number and very interesting, were all printed by Mr. Almon, in his Parliamentary Register, from Gov. Pownall's own manuscripts. The governour also assisted Mr. Almon very considerably in his American Remembrancer, in twenty volumes; a work that has now become extremely scarce. At the general election in 1775, Gov. Pownall was elected representative in Parliament for Minehead, in Somersetshire. Throughout this Parliament, he continued to oppose every measure

that was inimical to America. He approved of Mr. Grenville as a minister, but not of his American measures, which he said were suggested and recommended by those persons in America, to whom he had refused to give his confidence; and who, he said, were the enemies of both countries. He highly esteemed the late lords Chatham and Temple, whom he always considered to be the truly disinterested friends of their country. With Dr. Franklin he was also upon terms of sincere friendship. And he was with equal ardour the opponent of that system of government, which Mr. Burke so happily denominated "a double cabinet." At the general election in 1780 he retired from Parliament; but he preserved his connection and friendship with Mr. Almon. Some time afterwards he quitted Richmond, and retired to Bedfordshire: but frequently visited London and Bath.—*Month. Mag.*

Deaths in Boston, from October 25 to November 21, as reported to the Board of Health.

	M.	F.	Ch.
Accident			1
Cholera infantum			18
Colic, bilious	1		
Consumption	6	8	2
Debility	2		
Dropsy	1	1	
Drowned	1		
Dysentery		1	2
Fever, bilious	2	1	1
—— nervous	3	3	
—— typhus	2		
Fits			2
Hooping cough			7
Infantile complaints			5
Jaundice	1		
Mortification		1	
Of a burn			1
Old age	3	4	
Quincy			3
Unknown	2	1	
	24	20	42
Total			86

MEDICAL REPORT.

Statement of Diseases for November.

Fevers of the typhoid class have, as usual in this country, been the prevailing diseases of this month; their number not so considerable as in October. Some of the graver cases have terminated fatally; and these often marked by delirium and the appearance of affection of the brain, with less arterial action than common. Pneumonic inflammation has been seen complicated with certain of these cases. Coughs and catarrhal affections have been very general; but not severe.

Scarcely any thing remains of the autumnal diseases of children, except a few chronic diarrhœas. A number of instances, some of them fatal, have occurred of the peripneumony of children. Those who have passed through the hooping cough, or are still labouring under it, seem to have been particularly exposed to this disease.

Vaccination is scarcely heard of.

Corrigendum.—In the note at the end of The Botanist, in our last, a sentence was omitted in transcribing. It should read thus:—With the history and the description (of the recently established botanical garden) came a copy of an elegant oration, delivered by the celebrated Roscoe, at the opening of the botanical garden in Liverpool.

Editors' Notes.

WE have received a communication from Dr. Morse and Rev. Mr. Parish in answer to our review of their work. We have recently refused to admit a letter from another author, who has many claims on our respect, and we were therefore justified in hesitating to comply with the wishes of our reverend correspondents. But as their letter contains charges of so serious an aspect, that we should be compelled to meet them in some other form, we shall insert their letter in our next number and submit to the easy task of our own vindication.

The account of a visit to the falls of Niagara is written by a gentleman of talents, and shall appear in our next.

THE

MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY,

FOR

DECEMBER, 1805.

Translated from the French for the Anthology.

MANUSCRIPTS OF M. NECKER, PUBLISHED BY HIS DAUGHTER.

Ours is a singular family! says Mr. Necker; and this opinion, which I should not have presumed to announce in this way, but which I have a right to repeat after him, appears to me strikingly just and true. Was it not in reality a singular sight to see this family together; Mr. Necker in unceasing admiration with Madame Necker; Madame Necker in adoration with Mr. Necker; Mr. Necker ravished with Madame de Stael; Madam de Stael in extacy with Mr. Necker; and each of them occupied without intermission in making others partake of their transports and enthusiasm? Hitherto they have not succeeded; so many praiseworthy efforts have been without success, or rather they have had such an unfortunate success, that, from politeness, I should not dare to describe it. But here Madame de Stael has again advanced into the arena to break a strong lance in favour of the memory of her father, and in a long disquisition *upon the character and private life of Mr. Necker* exhausts all that a rich and brilliant imagination can furnish of ideas and colouring; all the tender movements, the plaintive accents, mild recollections, and sad regrets of *melancholy* and sensibility; all that is most exalted in tenderness and love; every thing which rhetorick offers of expressions, figures, and oratorical movements; all that could be inspired by the most flattering eulogy; every thing which could be permitted in the most exaggerated panegyrick, and from so many faculties, sentiments, and resources she composes for the object of her adoration a shining crown of glory.

Mr. Necker is no more, and his death is yet too recent for us to hold towards him the severe tone of posterity. He is placed in the most fortunate position to be judged; in the position which commands the most caution in a writer. Living, he would provoke just reproaches, and hatred perhaps too merited; had he been longer deceased, he would be given to the judgment of a generation that would have a right to be more inflexible than his cotemporaries. But, at present, as he is not here to make apologies, to answer, to defend himself, to attack, or even to propose new constitutions which would recal too strong that which he has shaken, we are

in a manner disarmed; and if we still think of his demi-ambition, his demi-movements, his demi-talents, his demi-virtues, which produced misfortunes so entire and so deep, we know at least that so many calamities were not in his intention, and the crimes of so many others have made us forget his faults.

If any thing however were capable of recalling them, it would be the indiscreet and excessive praises of Madame de Stael. Without doubt it is allowable in a daughter, without doubt it is even praiseworthy in her, to swell a little the measure of the virtues and talents of her father; but I do not believe this permission extends itself to make it a duty to offer him to us as the greatest, the most virtuous, the most amiable, the most admirable, the most sublime of mankind; one to whom so many recollections, so many facts, so many events, so many proofs assign a very different rank among men. Without doubt much consideration is owed to a woman; but this consideration cannot carry me so far, as to applaud such an absurd want of truth and propriety, such foolish and ridiculous exaggeration.

This consideration will engage me at least not to derive from this ridiculous work an advantage which I might, but to treat seriously, what it would be much more easy and inviting to combat with the weapons of pleasantry. Madame de Stael appears to expect this mode of attack, and seems even to dread it a little. She places the wits notwithstanding at their ease; for she declares to them that, *sad, though faithful depositary* of the constant practice of her family, she will not exert her talent against them; she chooses rather to oppose to them her virtues, *a firm sentiment of pride and elevation of mind.* But it may be truly said of Madame de Stael in particular, as of men in general, that the arms of her virtue are less formidable, than those of her talents; but I will not take advantage of all that this declaration may have of consoling, and, faithful historian, or rather simple copyist, I will only transcribe the praises of Madame de Stael, without endeavouring to make them appear ridiculous.

It will not then be my fault, but that of the panegyrist, if a smile is excited, when we learn, that while in expectation of a detailed and political life of Mr. Necker, which is promised us, his abridged and private life is merely filled with phrases, repeated without ceasing, and varied in a thousand ways: "justice," "simplicity," "elevation of mind," "virtues," "genius," "perfection," "sublime soul," "ethereal soul," "celestial soul," "noble sentiments," "admirable sentiments," "sublime sentiments." "We see in Mr. Necker a simple man," "a sublime man," "a just man," "a powerful man," "a good man," "a man of genius," "a susceptible man," "an illustrious man," "the image of that Providence, who presides over the starry heavens, and who disdains not in his goodness to watch over the life of sparrows," "a man, like that god of fable, who reigned alternately in the heavens and served on the earth," "a man, who had a right to sacrifice so many present advantages to the suffrage of ages, and who could

patiently await that suffrage, because he would be eternal," and that, "like the divinity, he was patient because he was eternal.... *patiens quia æternus.*"

If Madame de Stael has not made a god of her father, she has at least prepared for it in presenting him to us as "a man altogether aerial, altogether celestial, entirely ethereal; loving only glory, because there is something aerial in glory, which places it between heaven and earth: his soul was celestial, his look was celestial; he had a justness in his voice, which supposes I know not what of celestial in the soul, which accords with the speech;" "but he was more celestial still in his last moments, because heaven had already descended into his heart; he has left a memory, which will make, in this last age, a luminous ethereal path, a path, which goes from the earth and is continued to heaven." "He was a man, who only possessed all his powers when he was struggling against difficulties worthy of those powers; he increased with circumstances, he was proud against the strong; he had the most noble pride and the truest modesty; he had in his soul treasures, which are forever lost, and something vast in the *coup-d'œil*, which will perhaps never be found again." "He could have done every thing which he should have willed firmly; the means of attaining it would have easily presented themselves to his genius." "He had qualities made to serve an ambition without bounds, but restrained by a scrupulous conscience; his generosity was only circumscribed by his duties;" "his faculties had no other bounds, than his virtues;" "a double virtue diminished doubly its force," &c. &c. &c.

That Mr. Necker was the most amiable man, the most tender father, the most desirable husband, that he had even a noble countenance, I agree. That he ought to be regarded as one of the best writers, from the brilliancy and magnificence of his imagination; that he was at the same time a poet and a calculator; that he has made excellent comedies; that he was unequalled from the universality of his faculties, as Voltaire by the diversity of his talents; that he was more continuedly beautiful than Bossuet, I am content not to deny. That he was celestial and divine, let that pass also; but I cannot recognise in him a man superiour to events, and who could master them at his will. I do not see in him that *power*, which developed itself with so much advantage, *when it found obstacles worthy of that power*. Did not the revolution appear to him an obstacle worthy of that power? Why did he not *grow great with that event?* Why did he not then become *proud against the strong?* Here *his genius* was not *circumscribed by his duty*. His duty was to save a monarchy, which he had been called to sustain; his duty was to save a king, who had honoured him with his confidence, and who to raise him had exceeded the laws of the state. Why did he abandon this unfortunate king, and, the only one among all the ministers, why did he refuse to accompany him on an occasion that might have been decisive? Was it not to designate himself to the factious as a partizan? Ac-

cordingly they did not fail to accord him every honour. They made him for some days a hero, soon after a conspirator, when he became of no use, or perhaps even dangerous by his virtues; for I wish to believe that he had some, at least by comparison.

But the colossal glory of Mr. Necker was the work of faction, as well as his proscription; and this is what Madame de Stael does not sufficiently distinguish, when she paints all France mad with joy at the return of Mr. Necker, *whose name, elevated to the sky, seemed to return to the heart of his daughter, after having passed the homage of the earth.* And what had Mr. Necker done, to merit that women should throw themselves on their knees on the ground, and that the most distinguished men should serve him as postillions, or unharness his horses to drag his carriage themselves? These extravagant demonstrations, which could hardly be justified by the most eminent services, attest the madness of the times, the power of factions, and are more disgraceful, than honourable to the memory of Mr. Necker.

I am obliged to refer to a second article the examination of the *thoughts*, and the novel, with which Mr. Necker terminated his literary career; but I cannot finish this without speaking of a singularity, which has struck all those, who have read this account of his *character and private life*. I had been told before, that Madame de Stael had complained twice, that she had not been the wife of her father. I have found this regret expressed four times. Page 5. "He retraced that part of his life, the recollection of which affected me so profoundly; that time, when I represented him to myself so amiable, so young, *so alone!* that period, when our destinies might have been united forever, if fate had created us cotemporaries." P. 111. "There was in the heart of Mr. Necker a love, pure like what is divine, agitated like what is terrestrial....Ah! what years my mother has enjoyed!" P. 126. "I should have lost in this defence my father, my brother, my friend, he whom I should have chosen for the only object of the affection of my life, if heaven had not cast me in another generation." P. 139. "If I had been told, you shall be reduced to the most complete poverty, but you shall have your father, *in his youth*, for the companion of your life, the most delicious futurity would have offered itself to my imagination." From whence it may be concluded, as *another singularity in the family*, that if Madame de Stael was jealous of her mother, the Baron de Stael ought to have been jealous of Mr. Necker.

"Men, says Madame Necker somewhere, (for every body speaks in this family) men love glory, women shew the way and decide the success; they are the white doves that conduct Æneas to the golden branch." It will not be the fault of Madame de Stael, if her father does not arrive at glory, and it may be said in her praise, that she has exerted herself to be one of the white doves, that will conduct him to the golden branch.

Manuscripts of Mr. Necker, published by his daughter.

[SECOND ARTICLE.]

I SHOULD like to see a life of Madame de Stael, written by Mr. Necker. I am persuaded that it would not be less curious, than that of Mr. Necker, written by Madame de Stael, and that the father would return to the daughter all her praises. I should subscribe for it at least more willingly. The greater part would be justly merited; the rest would belong to that language of gallantry, which is not commonly found in the mouth of a father, but which, even when misplaced, imposes upon every other man an obligation to applaud them. Whatever might have been, *fate*, having *thrown* these two illustrious personages *in a different generation*, has deprived us of this pleasure. We can nevertheless form an idea of the style and manner, in which Mr. Necker would have written such a work, by some opinions, which Madame de Stael has collected, and which she has been kind enough to transmit to us. We find, for instance, in the posthumous works of Mr. Necker a chapter *On the language of Madame de Stael*, and here is the chapter entire. "The style of Madame de Stael has the *je ne sçais quoi*, which belongs to beauty." At least this chapter will not be considered *tedious*. In another Mr. Necker is embarrassed to define *grace*; but he gets out of the difficulty by saying: "See Madame de Stael." It is unfortunate that this definition should not be adopted by all the world. This tender and gallant father does not conceal however certain faults of his daughter; but he describes them so agreeably, he surrounds them with so many fine qualities, that one may, without being less gallant than him, point out these slight shades in so charming a picture. "I have seen my daughter attacked with this madness, (the madness of indecision) although no one can be less susceptible than her of being led away by want of reflection; but in calm situations, in details, she does not know how to resolve, and it is a curious thing to see a person, whose *imagination elevates her above common ideas*, seek for a rule for employment, a motive of preference for a day of departure. In fine, it is a curious thing, when she writes, when her looks full of fire express enthusiasm, to see her not the less environed with every thing which may serve to decide her uncertainty; to have upon her toilette a watch as well as an almanack. What a mystery is our mind!"

I have quoted these thoughts in preference, because at least they interest from their object. The others, deprived of this interest, are for the most part vague and common, expressed with pretension, and often with bad taste; they are not remarkable by that pointed turn, that lively trait, or that depth, which distinguishes and imprints in the memory the thoughts of Pascal, of La Bruyère, of Larochefoucauld, of Duclos and some others. There is hardly a person among us, who has any education and any habit of observation and reflection, who, if he would write down and edite

with some ostentation what passes in his mind, and call it *thoughts*, but could make a collection full as agreeable and full as interesting. The reader will learn at least, that Mr. Necker was very fond of curtesies, and that he regrets very much, that the women have lost the custom of them. It was without doubt an enjoyment for him, when he was minister and entered into a saloon, to see all the ladies rise up and receive him with "that slow bending, their eyes cast down, their persons erect, and a manner of rising up and then regarding the person modestly, and throwing back the body with grace. All this was more delicate than words, but very expressive as a mark of respect."

But if such are the *thoughts* of Mr. Necker, what must be *his sketches of thoughts?* To give to the publick even hints of thoughts is being very scrupulous towards it, and to render a very faithful account of what it has a right to expect from the succession of a great man. I believe however, that the nearest heirs might in conscience have sequestered, for their own profit, such sketches as these :—*On old men.* "They ought not to make use of the word delicious, it does not belong to their time of life." So that a poor old man, who may have drank with delight a glass of Clos-Vougeot, cannot say it is *delicious;* this is hard !—*On women.* "Women must not allow themselves any false movement. There is a primitive reason for every thing which is done habitually." Women will do right not to make any false movement; but I cannot see what connection there can be between the first and second part. —*The revolution.* "The revolution has augmented in France the amount of understanding : a greater number of people have a little." This is very bad reasoning for a calculator; for if a small number of people have a great deal less, his addition might fail him.—*On a custom at Geneva.* "What a charming custom at Geneva! a man takes the name of his wife; what an admirable invention, that of a woman!" I have often heard this jest, but I should never have imagined that it had been written seriously, and above all printed.

If the thoughts or the sketches of thoughts of Mr. Necker sometimes pass the commonplace circle of puerility and silliness, they rarely distinguish themselves by any elevation of manner, truth, or profundity; nor by the graces of wit and refinement, the only characters which can make such a work exist. I shall say nothing of the chapter *On commerce and the legislation of grains*, a piece which by its extent and its object passes the class of *thoughts*, and is more particularly connected with the meditations and customary studies of Mr. Necker. I have said nothing about an ingenious piece of pleasantry entitled, *the happiness of fools*, because it has been long known. M. de Talleyrand, who if he were happy could not believe in the system of Mr. Necker, gave an answer, which was read with pleasure, but which I believe was never printed. This delicate passage in it was remarked. "Mr. Necker is the first innovator who is not of his sect."

An Englishwoman with a beautiful face, and an Englishman

with a superb face, become man and wife; they are ruined by a speculator, and they kill themselves. Such is the novel of Mr. Necker: in all, three personages, the married couple and the scoundrel who dupes them; and three events, a marriage, the ruin of a family, and two discharges of a pistol, which finishes the affair and the novel. The rest is filled up with long amorous conversations of the husband and wife, and, when they find they are not worth a farthing, by long desperate conversations, followed by the still more desperate project of shooting themselves. This is not very gay, as one may see; and what is worse, it has very little attraction. The happiness of two people might be interesting, without doubt; but this happiness should be put in action. Nothing can be more fatiguing, nothing more soporifick, than to describe these eternal conversations, where the husband and wife assault us with insipidity, converse mutually of their charms, of their beauty, their eyes, their hair, their heart, their soul, their love, *of that thee, which is me*, of that *thine, which is mine*, of that *universe which is gone* when they are no longer together, &c.

What could be more ridiculous, than the part played by the Chevalier Sommers, when he had a party in his house, and when he "entered every moment into the apartment of my Lady Sommers to know if she was ready to appear; and when she was, he preceded her with precipitation, and placed himself in a manner to judge of the effect, which would be caused among the circle by the dress and beauty of Eliza. Then he approached the persons, who had shewn the most surprize!—Well!.....said he to each one of them in particular." Let every one figure to themselves how excessive silly is that *well!* in the mouth of the husband. As to Lady Sommers, she talks much to her husband of his *noble beauty*, of his superb countenance, *of his beautiful eyes, of his beautiful hair, of his curls which become him so well, which she will roll herself on her fingers and think she is making a love-knot.* She even tells him some sweet things in dreaming.

I shall say nothing of the catastrophe, it is still more monstrous, than affecting. Is the loss of fortune then a sufficient motive for suicide? Ought the gentle soul of a woman to partake the ferocious madness of her husband? Madame de Stael has defended suicide in theory; Mr. Necker puts it in practice: Such are the conservatory ideas, that the father and daughter bequeath to their cotemporaries and posterity.

THE FAMILY PHYSICIAN. No. 3.

IN every place there are individuals, who can barely supply themselves with the necessaries of life, when in health, and who, when sick, require the assistance of charitable neighbours. In cities and large towns the number of such persons is more than proportionably great, and some general provision for their relief becomes indispensable. Among us, those who have not the means

of procuring their own subsistence, whether this be from any natural infirmity, from old age, or from occasional sickness, are entitled to claim assistance from the town to which they belong. At first view it might seem, that this arrangement would be sufficient for every purpose, for which a hospital could be wanted. So it has appeared to a correspondent, whose letter I subjoin.

To the Family Physician.

SIR,

In your paper inserted in the last number of the Anthology I observed a proposal, or something like a proposal, for the erection of a hospital. If it is agreeable to your plan to answer objections as well as to start projects, I beg leave to ask, whether the town is not already provided with a place for the sick? Is there not a spacious and magnificent almshouse, accommodated to receive all descriptions of diseased persons who present themselves? Does not that building include all necessaries and conveniences for such persons? Are there not nurses to attend the sick, and the best physicians to direct the treatment of them? I confess myself not fully informed in these matters, but I always have thought that this elegant new edifice was designed to afford every assistance which the poor could require. If this be the case, I cannot see the use of a hospital. I am, sir,

your's, &c. A CITIZEN.

Dec. 12, 1805.

Let us look into this matter, and perhaps some of my correspondent's objections will be answered. If I neglect to notice any one specifically, it will be because this would lead me into a detail, which circumstances do not now require.

We have an almshouse, a large and handsome building, where every pauper obtains easy admission. What prevents those who are sick, and who are destitute of property, from resorting to this asylum? I answer, because it is disreputable. This house receives all who cannot or will not provide for themselves. It therefore necessarily contains the victims of intemperance, the idle, and the profligate; and these give a character to the inhabitants of the house generally. It also incloses some of those wretches, who are too vicious to be suffered to range abroad, yet too contemptible to receive publick punishment. In short, this building serves at once for a poor house, a hospital, and a bridewell; and whilst its purposes are thus complicated, it answers neither of them perfectly. Suspicions of some vicious habits, or of peculiar incapacity will and do attach to any person, who has been in this house; and accordingly the most desperate necessity alone will induce those of good character to resort to it. With such persons the fear of death is sometimes less dreadful, than a removal to the almshouse.

As the œconomy of that house is chiefly accommodated to those, who permanently reside there, it is ill adapted to those who want only to be carried through a fit of sickness. The arrangements are such, as to maintain the profligate and worthless at the least possible expense, without an al-

solute breach of the laws of humanity. Accordingly the industrious man, suffering under an acute disease, cannot receive that constant and careful attention, which are necessary either to preserve his life, or to return him in the shortest time possible to the labours of his calling.

These difficulties may be inevitable in such an establishment, and I presume they are so, or some one would have attempted ere this to remedy them. However that may be, they do in fact exist; and the first mentioned in particular constantly deters women, who more frequently than men need the aids of charity, from seeking assistance, which must be at the risk of a good name. Such persons now rely on the aid of well-disposed neighbours. But the hand of private charity is sometimes cold and cramped; often slow. A large number of the sick poor have not the means of becoming known to those, who would listen to their tale of sorrow and relieve their distresses. They may indeed find a neighbour, who at a moment of leisure will perform for them the most necessary services; but these, while acting as benefactors, are unwilling to become beggars, and refuse to execute the unpleasant task of soliciting aid from others. Could I take by the hand some of our wealthy and benevolent citizens and persuade them to accompany me to the abodes of sickness and misery, I should exhibit scenes which would inspire them with ardour for the plan proposed. I would show them a feeble daughter at the bedside of a parent, consecrating with her health the remains of a little property to relieve his sufferings and to protract his life. I would point out to them an aged father overstraining his rigid limbs to procure the means of restoring health to his only child. They should melt at the sight of a wretched wife, scarcely risen from the bed of parturition, exerting herself in the service of a dying husband, and disposing of the last of her furniture to provide comforts for him and food for her children. These scenes are not the pictures of imagination. Too many victims of poverty and disease have been real actors in them.

Shall another correspondent ask me, what is the object of the Dispensary, and why, that does not afford relief to the most fastidious among the poor, since its assistance is in secret?—Of that institution I would say nothing but good. It furnishes to the sick physicians and medicines, and leaves them to derive the benefit of such assistance in their own dwellings. To many among the children of misfortune this relief is of all others the most desirable. But the doctor and his medicine are not all that the sick require. What avails it to a poor man if he be attended in his own house, if that house be cold and friendless; if he have not those indispensable comforts about him, and that care and attention from others, which the rich enjoy so constantly, as almost to forget that they are blessings. The Samaritan not only poured oil and wine into the wounds of the man, who lay mangled by the wayside; but put him on his own horse and conveyed him to a comfortable lodging and there watched over

him; and when he could no longer give him his personal care, he provided by his bounty for his future comfort and welfare.

In European cities hospitals have been founded either by royal munificence, or by the charity of wealthy individuals. Among us there are few or no citizens, who can alone accomplish so great a work. But there is sufficient wealth among us, and I trust there is sufficient charity. In order to the attainment of this desirable object it only seems necessary for some man of influence, zealous in the cause, to give it his patronage.

C.

OUR PLEASURES AND DUTIES IN WINTER.

Animi autem celsiores etiam versari inter medias voluptates possunt, si decreti constantiæ se muniant; quin et per hoc, virtutis suæ experimentum magis exquisitum capere gaudent; etiam voluptatum ineptias et insanias perdiscunt, potius contemplantes, quam obsequentes.

LORD VERULAM.

IN this frosty season of the year, a serious politician or moralist could hardly gain a single admirer among the beautiful, the gay, and the fashionable. The weather is too severe for reading long orations, and the universal desire is to keep off the cold, and seek for contentment or mirth. The study up stairs and the summer recess are deserted for the easy arm-chair by the blazing fire-side, where ennui may indolently loll, and fancy may indulge in luxurious reverie. Books of sober and systematick learning are left to slumber in the chamber cabinet till spring, and we willingly lounge among pleasant company below; or else, relaxing on the sofa, we carelessly read and easily forget an elegant extract or the adventures of an African traveller. Thus pass the hours of a gloomy day in winter, only interrupted by the necessary duties of life, and by those avocations, which demand unconditional obedience. This mode of existence is general among the wealthy and luxurious. It is so common, that with some it is an object of fashion; it is so natural, that perhaps it is pardonable. Imagination is asleep in common minds, when immediate beauty does not excite it. The generality of beings feel no expansion of sentiment or thought, while the storm is howling around; and perhaps from the frame of our constitution, a change of the animal feelings may originate in feeble natures analogous alterations of the powers of the intellect.

The fashionable day glides along in conversation or petty literature, and the evening rolls on with a train of diversions, which may gild the course of every moment, and fill the vacancy of every mind. Little circles of friends, private balls, card parties, publick dances, thronged concerts, and crowded companies of strangers, acquaintances, and others, occupy every hour of almost every evening. Amid such gaiety, splendour, and entertainment all are pleased, all are charmed. The dance and the laugh, the joke and the scandal, pleasant talk and vapid wit, compliment and scorn, open friendship and private hate are mingled together; the hours roll rapidly

away in the intoxication of mirth and the delirium of enjoyment; at midnight, the fop has expended his twenty times repeated singsong of foolish questions and answers; the old maid has lost another day without exciting admiration; the sweet girl of love retires to the pleasantness of her dreams; and before morning the tired company has dispersed, the town is quiet from the rattling of carriages, and all is buried in profound repose.

Such is the general condition of elegant society in populous cities, where there is any severity of winter. This state is however modified by circumstances of civilization, government, opulence, and religion. In republican countries, where there is little inequality of rank, it does not assume those diversified forms, in which it appears under monarchical institutions. In one country, it luxuriates into imperial magnificence of pomp; while in another, it shrinks into the contracted boundaries of miserly expensiveness and awkward imitations of elegance. During the dreary winter nights of Russia, favourites, feudal princes, and lords paramount give to society every form of exhibition, which the wantonness of fancy, operating on inexhaustible opulence, can create. In England elegance of taste, refinement of luxury, and splendour of appearance, riot in the polished circles of the metropolis during the winter residence of a gracious sovereign, the continuance of a brilliant court, and the session of the imperial parliament. In our country the trading citizen and the wealthy gentleman, often spend their riches and exert their taste in frequent dinners, parties, balls, routs, and crowds, where the company is large, the profusion great, and the entertainment universal.

With this condition of high society in winter, in this part of the world, I am little disposed to quarrel. I am not gloomy, and therefore I will not moralize severely. I am not cynical, and therefore I will not complain. I might indeed say with the author of "Les saisons,"

Mais quoi! pour triompher de l'ennui des hivers,
Faut il donc tous les arts, les bals, et les concerts

but the elegant amusements of polished society will always find an advocate. Many of them are innocent, and may therefore be pursued without present anxiety, or future sorrow. All are esteemed fashionable, and are practised by the ladies and gentlemen, who every month and season direct the proper changes of dress and the regulations of intercourse and etiquette, as the fabled monsters of the zodiack were supposed to govern the entrance and exit of times. Prudence therefore will dictate, that a censor without the ivory staff should not offend knights of the equestrian order; and reason perhaps might suggest, that establishments of polished life are not to be rudely attacked. I have sometimes thought them absurd, rather than wicked, and ridiculous, rather than contemptible. They are considered as evidences of civilization, and if so, they ought to be honoured. But Tacitus declares them to be testimonials of servitude, and therefore they ought not to be increased, if Tacitus and truth are accordant. The curious reader

will remark, that Agricola employed the winter season for thus enslaving the Britons, just as the leaders of high life here use that time for polishing the barbarians in manners, fashions, luxury, and taste. "Sequens hiems saluberrimis consiliis absumpta; namque ut homines dispersi et rudes, quieti et otio per voluptates adsuescerent. Inde habitûs nostri honor et frequens toga; paullatimque discessum ad delinimenta vitiorum, porticus, et balnea, et conviviorum elegantiam; idque apud imperitos "humanitas" vocabatur, cùm pars servitutis esset."

As I am not so polite to the ladies, as a member of parliament to the country gentlemen, when he translates Latin for their use, I shall here introduce to their acquaintance part of L'hiver, a beautiful *Cantate* by J. B. Rousseau. As it extols and merrily displays the pleasures of winter, and as I know, that the French language is fashionable, (I wish it were more so) and that it will be read and admired, I hope that the ladies will be grateful, and no longer be angry with Tacitus or me.

Vous dont le pinceau téméraire
Représente l'hiver sous l'image vulgaire
D'un vieillard foible et languissant
Peintres injurieux, redoutez la colère
De ce dieu terrible et puissant.

Mais si sa force est redoubtable,
Sa joie est encore plus aimable;
C'est le père des doux loisirs;
Il réunit les cœurs, il bannit les soupirs,
Il invite aux festins, il anime la scène:
Les plus belles saisons sont des saisons de peine
La sienne est celle des plaisirs.
Flore peut se vanter des fleurs, qu'elle nous donne,
Cérès des biens qu'elle produit,
Bacchus peut s'applaudir des trésors de l'autonne:
Mais l'hiver, l'hiver seul en recueille le fruit.

Les dieux du ciel et de l'onde,
Le soleil, la terre, et l'air,
Tout travaille dans le monde
Au triomphe de l'hiver.

C'est son pouvoir qui rassemble
Bacchus, l'Amour et les Jeux;
Ces dieux ne règnent ensemble
Que quand il règne avec eux.

Les dieux du ciel et de l'onde,
Le soleil, la terre, et l'air,
Tout travaille dans le monde
Au triomphe de l'hiver.

Winter is generally the season *of* social delight. Its pleasures are not confined to the inhabitants of a large metropolis, but they are communicated abundantly, tho' in different forms, to the distant village folk. The poor and labouring people have also their merry meetings, where they experience genuine mirth. This season certainly does not bring exclusive delight to the fair, the wealthy, and the great. Their pleasures are often artificial, and almost always transitory. The winter life of a man of letters is full of deep and durable satisfaction. In the long nights he devotes himself to study, with an ardour, which perhaps increases, as the storm arises, and with a steadiness, that resists the enchantment of distant musick and the dance.

—sous un toit modeste, aux muses consacré,
Et de chantres divins, de sages entouré,
Il poursuit en paix des charmes de l'etude.
Heureux l'ami des arts, qui dans la solitude
Sait goûter tour à tour l'Arioste et Milton,
Et revient s'eclairer entre Locke et Newton!

St. Lambert is strengthened by Thomson. They are unquestionably right. The whole description of the former is full of morals and genuine poetry; and the passage in the latter my feeble pen shall not eulogize. I know not, that I can persuade the lovers of feasting and late revelry to stay at home, and relish the mighty masters of French and English literature. I fear that the women love cotillions and Pleyel, more than their own thoughts and Cowper's Task, and therefore my advice will be as "the idle wind"; but to my friend, who, I know, seeks for renown among generations to come, I will give this strong and sober counsel, to gain materials of work in spring and summer, and fashion them into form and proportion and adjustment, during the long hours of his evenings in winter. Far from the folly of ceremonial intercourse, or the bustling of a crowded drawing room, in his own snug chamber, by a pleasant fire he may consult books for authority, and his own mind for reflection. Thus, confirmed by the knowledge of others, and full of raciness from the deep, strong soil of his own powers, perhaps he may feel the solemn inspirations of Stewart, which breathe a consciousness, that his great secret work will be immortal; and perhaps he may revel in the strange raptures and holy meditations of Milton, and hereafter "produce something, which may be of use and honour to his country, and which it should not willingly let die."

To all, whether high or low, rich or poor, learned or ignorant, this month of winter must bring one awful consideration, that they have been spared by a merciful Providence another year, and are the favoured monuments of his divine clemency. But while they have been thus protected, what homage have they made? Have they honoured the sanctuary of the Most High? Have they succoured the wants, and alleviated the sorrows of his creatures in the past summer, the season of sickness and disease? Have they, according to their ability, relieved the necessities of the destitute widow and stranger in these cold months of dreariness and dismal existence? If they have done these and similar good acts of piety and charity, they may enter on the new year with joy and great rejoicing, making merry in their habitations, with lively dances and pleasant minstrelsy, with the oldest of choice wines and the best fruits of the earth. But for the great blessings of the Antient of days, the bulk of mankind can make testimonials of gratitude only by soberness of devotion and cheerfulness of praise. Their situation excludes them from exerting the beneficence of wealth, the radiancy of power, and the benignity of condescension. Their sincere prayers and humble songs will however be graciously accepted by the Divine Majesty. Before him, excellence of intention, simple goodness, and devout humility are available to propitiate his mercy and receive his smile; and these offerings he will take in lieu of that splendour of all-cheering charity, which opulence only can diffuse, and of that magnificence of good, which power alone can command into existence and exertion.

But, notwithstanding the humble praises of poverty and the bright deeds of beneficence, we are all wanting in that deep gratitude, that solemn thankfulness of the heart, which is due for innumerable and unmerited mercies. *This* reflection is affecting to a religious being. It should awaken our resolutions of piety, and our devout utterance to the Holy Spirit. Instead of courting the illusions of sense in musick, merriment, and dancing, we should employ much of our time in thinking on the love and mercies of our Maker. Let the new year be better, than the last. Let the devotee to dissipation break off in the midst of her career, for her evil days will come, and the evenings of cheerless reflection are hastening along. For the debauchee and the gamester there is time for repentance, and there is yet mercy in heaven. May she, who has led the round of pleasure for unremembered years, think of her age and her Maker; and let the lovely being of retirement, who is consecrated to purity, as the willing nun to devotion, fortify well her mind before she commences the course, which leads to a life of pleasure, folly, and dissipation. For myself, I pray that my foes may forget their enmity, that my friends may continue their love and I finish in the language of Petrarch and piety,

Padre del Ciel, dopo i perduti giorni,
Dopo le notti vaneggiando spese
Con quel fero desio, ch'al cor s'accese
Mirando gli atti per mio mal sì adorni;
Piacciati omai, col tuo lume ch'io torni
Ad altra vita, ed a più belle imprese.

QUINTILIAN.

FOR THE ANTHOLOGY.

EXTRACT OF A LETTER

Giving an Account of the Earthquake, which took place at Naples, July 26th, 1805.

....ON the day previous to this event the heat was intense, though the atmosphere remained perfectly clear. Greater columns of smoke however had been observed to rise from the crater of Vesuvius for several days; but as the mountain had not been in a state perfectly quiet since the last eruption, this circumstance excited little or no apprehensions. Beside this there was no other indication of the approaching earthquake. But on the evening of the 26th the first shock, which was by far the most severe and the longest in duration, was felt at about twenty minutes after ten o'clock throughout the city. It lasted one minute and thirty-five seconds by the watch. The sensations on this occasion, exclusive of those arising from the violence of the motion itself, were distressing in the extreme; for the screeches and exclamations of the women and lazaroni, which instantly ensued, struck us with the greatest terror. The agitation at first, and the rumbling sound which accompanied it, was like that of heavily laded carriages passing along the streets, and we immediately ran

into the balcony to observe them. But before we had entered it the Neapolitans, who have so often experienced the dreadful effects of these convulsions of nature, and whose fears are ever excited by any symptom of their return, had mostly left their houses, filling the air with cries, crossing themselves, and calling on St. Genuario for protection. We now made all haste to get into the court yard, and if possible to secure a place in some of the publick squares to avoid being buried in the ruins of the houses. Before we had reached the yard the motion became more violent, and augmented cries of the women and children, together with the crashing of the walls and windows not a little contributed to increase our fears. When we had got into the street the crowd was immense, and although many voices were heard, some crying, "to the *publick squares*," and others "to the *country*," the people seemed confounded, not knowing which way to run. It was with the greatest difficulty we reached the *Largo di Castello*, an open square, and when we had arrived, there was so great a concourse of the inhabitants that there was scarcely room enough for us to stand. We would even have endeavoured to reach some of the boats at the Mole and got on board a vessel in the harbour; but these we were informed were already filled with women and children. We were therefore under the necessity of remaining here through the night. Nothing was now heard but the murmuring of prayers to St. Genuario, and every one was occasionally kneeling before little pictures, or images of him, round which they had placed small wax tapers.

At thirty-five minutes after eleven another shock was felt, which lasted nearly a minute. This was by no means so violent as the first, and the motion, which was altogether horizontal, was more regular. By this shock many of the houses, which before had been only disjointed, were now thrown down. The cries and shrieks of the populace at this moment were redoubled; they had been hitherto anxiously looking toward Vesuvius in expectation of an eruption, which in such times is always considered a favourable omen, and which they suppose terminates the earthquake. But nothing was seen there but volumes of thick smoke, at intervals illuminated by flashes from within the mountain.

At two o'clock the third shock was sustained; this though very considerable lasted only twenty-eight seconds, after which nothing more was felt of it within the city. After the second shock I perceived the atmosphere to be tainted with a sulphurick smell, a circumstance which I did not remark at the first shock.

This earthquake, although it was by no means so violent as that which took place in the year 1538, which produced Monte Nuovo; or other earthquakes which Naples has sustained, has effected much damage in the buildings of the city and its vicinity. Many of the walls of the houses have been opened from three to four inches; the roofs have fallen in, and some few monuments thrown down. Portici, which is in the neighbour-

hood of the mountain, has suffered most. The loss of property has been estimated from 12 to 15,000,000 dollars. The loss of lives is comparatively small; thirty-one people only were killed within the city. The first and second shocks of this earthquake were felt at Sienna and at Rome; but neither of these places have experienced any ill effects from it. It is now six days since this happened, and the inhabitants still continue to sleep in the streets and publick squares. The *Toledo* is every day crowded with processions of monks, friars, women and children, &c. who walk barefooted, with wreaths of pine and olive on their heads, to offer thanks to St. Genuario. The king and royal family, who were at Caserta during the earthquake, returned early the next morning to thank the saint for the safety of his kingdom.

The poor superstitious Neapolitans, who are as easily thrown into despair at the approach of calamity, as their spirits are exhilirated by any prosperous omen, have never patience to endure affliction. At every turn of ill fortune they seem to lose all confidence in that innumerable train of saints, whose names lengthen out their kalendar; and the possession of the mildest climate, the most fertile soil, a haven as commodious for the purposes of commerce as it is elegant in appearance, and a country luxurious and delightful, where spring seems to overtake the harvest; are in a moment forgotten, and all is melancholy and despair.

I saw an Italian gazette, printed at Naples, of the 30th July, in which they say, "Il corriere venuto da Roma jiri sera, assicura che fino a Cisterna non udi parlare di terremoto; lo che confirma nostra suposizioni. Iddio abbia misericordia di noi, sospenda i suoi flagelli, accetti le nostre lacrime, e il nostro penitemento; funesti miniaccie, ci accordi il perdono de' nostri falli, e la grazia di amarlo, e di servirlo costantemente; rinunziando alle mondane follie e ritornando nel cammino del vero e del giusto."

THE REMARKER. *No.* 4.

E cælo descendit, γνωθι σεαυτον.——JUVENAL.
Heaven sent us, KNOW THYSELF.——GIFFORD.

WERE we to judge of the state of American literature from the conversation of certain enlightened criticks, whom we occasionally fall in with, we might reasonably conclude, that we had already attained the point of perfection, and that the new world rivals, if it does not surpass the old. The literary adventurers of the day are the theme of every tongue, and their productions, whether in poetry or prose, receive such lavish encomiums from the editors of our publick prints, that, were we to adopt the opinions of these gentlemen, we we might proudly proclaim, that we can write better verses than Pope, and more elegant essays than Addison.

But when foreigners, excited

by our typographical puffers, interrogate us respecting the literary state of our country, and demand the names of our celebrated authors, we are unable to reply as satisfactorily as our vanity would wish. For notwithstanding the laudable partiality, which we feel for our native land, we should hesitate in preferring the Muses of Newengland to those of the Thames or Seine, and justice would hardly allow us to exalt the *Gleaner* above the *Spectator* or *Rambler*.

I am sensible of the danger, that I incur, of censure, for advancing so bold an opinion, since the profoundest criticks of our metropolis have considered the *Gleaner* as a *chef-d'œuvre* in essay-writing. But though I reluctantly dissent from these great authorities on this subject, yet I most willingly retract an erroneous assertion, into which I was inadvertently betrayed. I asserted that the *Gleaner* had departed this life. But as the author has corrected this mis-statement in the newspapers, by assuring the publick, that she is still living, I think it unfair to insist on the point, though I might plead the authority of Swift in my favour in the memorable case of Partridge. Be it known then, however extraordinary and incredible the intelligence may appear, that the Gleaner is still living, though, till lately, she had not been heard of for many years.

If we review our progress in science and literature, we shall have no reason, I fear, to be greatly elated with our success. Dr. Franklin, by his lucky discovery of the electrick fluid, has done honour to his country, and probably immortalized himself. But the literary character of the doctor has no claim to admiration. He writes on useful topicks, with good sense, in a style simple and perspicuous, and though he may have few faults, he displays no striking beauties.

Mr. Rittenhouse has acquired considerable reputation, which we believe however is chiefly confined to his own country; nor can I indeed discover that it has any other foundation than the execution of an ingenious piece of mechanism.

In poets, however, such as they are, we abound. But where can we find a single poem of distinguished excellence, or one which will be read fifty years hence? McFingal is a happy imitation of Butler, but the original is now little read, and fast hastening to oblivion. Novelty constitutes the chief merit of hudibrastick verse, which consequently must be confined to the inventor. Any imitator, then, can expect only temporary fame, which may arise from the wit and personal satire, with which his performance may abound, and which will terminate with the interest and memory of the fleeting occurrences it celebrates.

Connecticut has proved the fruitful nurse of epick poets, and Barlow and Dwight started nearly at the same time for the prize in the Olympick contest. But what original beauties can be pointed out in either? What passages can be discovered eminently distinguished by justness of thoughts, liveliness of description, or elegance of language? But the greatest defect in these

poems is an entire want of interest. We doze over the Vision of Columbus, and if we are kept awake in perusing the Conquest of Canaan, we are indebted to the thunder and lightning, that roars and flashes in every page, and which, like another JUPITER TONANS, the poet discharges in perpetual rumble and corruscation; so that, as a wit once observed, it is scarcely safe to read this poem without a conductor.

Humphreys will be considered a great poet, when the merit of a work shall be determined by its dimensions. But if we can say little in favour of his poetry, and still less of his prose, we may justly praise the type and paper with which they are ornamented; and the striking likeness of the author, which forms the frontispiece of the volume, must be peculiarly interesting to his friends and admirers. We doubt not that his generosity will amply compensate Messrs. Gilbert & Dean for the loss they have sustained by their good nature in undertaking the disposal of so unsaleable an article.

Other poets amongst us, who have not yet risen to the dignity of a volume, have displayed, in some instances, no inconsiderable genius. But they seem to have forgotten, or never known, that genius without judgment is useless or ridiculous, and that there can be no good poetry where there is not good sense. Broken metaphors, gorgeous epithets, and forced thoughts are the artificial flowers that adorn their gaudy parterres, and are substituted for the simplicity of nature and the justness of truth.

Nor are our prose writers entirely free from these defects. From want of true taste, and a misconception of real elegance, they are forever torturing their faculties for novel expressions, and newly-invented combinations; so that the dictionary of Webster will be absolutely necessary for the understanding of our own productions. We shall derive however this advantage from these fopperies that our literary goods will be in no danger of exportation in foreign bottoms, and, by debasing our currency, we shall be sure of retaining it in our own country.

Let us, then, follow the advice in the motto of this paper, and endeavour to know ourselves. In the aggregate we are better informed, perhaps, than any nation on earth, and unquestionably possess men, in the science of government, and in the transaction of political affairs, not inferiour to the great statesmen of Europe. But in literature we are yet in our infancy; and to compare our authors, whether in prose or poetry, to those of the old world, can proceed only from the grossest ignorance, or the most insufferable vanity.

A.

ORIGINAL LETTERS. No. 4.

Sienna, Jan. 5, 1805.

DEAR FRIEND,

I RECEIVED your letter from Holland, and should have answered it in Paris, had I any thing material to say, or had I not feared that you would have sailed for America before it could have reached you. Agreeably to our arrangement, we left Paris on the 21st of September. Little of consequence occurred until we arrived at a small village near the Pont du Rhone, where our carriage broke down. We lodged that night at what they called an inn; but we were convinced before morning it was nothing better than a stable. The next day we arrived at Geneva, where we remained a week; during which we visited Ferney, and went to see the house in which Rousseau was born. Voltaire's place is beautifully situated, and commands a fine view of Geneva. We were shewn his bed-room and study, where every thing remains in state he left them. We also saw his cook, who told us, that during the latter part of his life he usually composed in bed, and dictated to an amanuensis. Rousseau's house is still occupied by a shoemaker, and is not remarkable, except as being an excellent nursery for one of his gloomy and suspicious temper.

The country about Geneva is highly picturesque, and must certainly be interesting to all who are unaccustomed to similar scenes. But it has one disadvantage, which would render a long residence there wearisome; the being so entirely surrounded by hills. I would sooner be limited in the exercise of any other sense than that of vision, but the eye here can never enjoy the horizon without straining over mountains that bound it on every quarter; it will never be relieved by the grateful contemplation of successive objects, or the mysterious pleasure of journeying in imagination over distant countries, and tracing their boundaries from shade to shade until they vanish into space.

The lake of Geneva has been greatly admired. But I have known many, who admired a hill, only because it was a *hill*, and a piece of water, because it was a *piece of water*. Now I am of opinion that a lake may be very large, and a mountain very high, and yet they neither shall excite an emotion in the most ardent admirer of nature. They may be common-place, they may be without peculiarity, or so uniform as even to produce weariness. There is a certain expression among inanimate objects, which is analagous to that of the human countenance, and which, however produced, is always sure to captivate the beholder. But whether this expression arise from a certain disposition of the lines of the face, or from the particular combination of objects in a valley or a mountain, it is very certain that it is not a quality which is possessed in common by all of the same species. I have been led to this observation in consequence of my disappointment on seeing

this celebrated lake. It by no means deserves the commendations bestowed on it by travellers. The scenery on its shores is common and monotonous; and the lake itself, except at certain periods, has the comfortless appearance of a winter's sky reversed.

Not so is the lake of the Four Cantons. As it opened upon us from Lucerne, we seemed to have emerged from darkness, and to have entered into the sanctuary of nature; bounded on all sides by lofty mountains, sometimes gradually sloping to its margin, or abruptly precipitated into its waters, it exhibited the appearance of an extensive liquid plain, surrounded by gigantick pyramids, successively rising one above the other, until they were either enveloped in clouds, or only to be distinguished in the mist of distance by the partial illumination of their snowy summits. Surely no scene was ever so calculated to possess the imagination of the poet, or to purify the mind for the sublimest feelings of devotion.

Our next stage was at the town of Altorf, an insignificant village, which is, however, the capital of Uri. On the third day we proceeded towards St. Gothard. The valley of Schoellenan, which lies between them, is generally considered as the most romantick spot in Switzerland. It is finely varied with rocks, woods, and cataracts, and every way deserving of all its eulogies. The same day we crossed the Devil's bridge and arrived at Urseren. This village is situated on a small plain, which is called the foot of St. Gothard; but I know not why, as the whole country from Altorf appeared to be only a continuation of the same mountain.

Here, alas, we found that we were travellers. Overcome with fatigue, we sought relief in our beds; but neither our clothes, which we prudently suffered to remain on us, nor the careful addition of our gloves and night-caps, could secure us from the sensation of the numbing cold, or the dreadful apprehension of an *Alpine itch*. We were fortunate however, not to have realised the latter.

It is impossible to describe my sensations as we ascended St. Gothard. Cox considers it as the highest of all the Swiss Alps; but a later computation has discovered it to be considerably inferiour both to St. Bernard and Mont Blanc: It is nevertheless an object of admiration, and presents to the traveller an idea of terror, solitude, and grandeur, which could not be extended by any scene in nature. We met with snow soon after we began to ascend, and arrived at the summit about noon. The day was unusually serene; not a cloud was to be seen, except those at our feet; the air was dry and the sky blue, but of a depth so profound that, without the sun, we might have mistaken it for moonlight. A *palpable* silence seemed to envelope our senses; not a breeze was to be felt; all motion was suspended. The sun alone seemed to animate this region; but his power was perceptible only to the ear, as it could now and then distinguish the broken murmurs of rivulets, which, half-congealed, scantily trickled from the snow. Never was the sublime more awfully exemplified; the

objects were few, simple, and vast. I felt the sensations attributed to the ancient Pythia. All nature seemed to be absorbed in but one idea, and that idea in the scene before me. My heart swelled; my frame underwent an imaginary distension. But it was momentary; for the sublime is exhausting. I again descended to terrestrial objects, and devoted my thoughts to the memory of my friends. I was not unmindful of you; for I would not descend until I had offered a segar to the spirit of our friendship.

In three days we arrived at a small town called Bellinzona, which terminates the base of St. Gothard on the Italian side. Here we waited until the arrival of our carriage, which was obliged to be transported part of the way by men; the road being so steep in many places, that we ourselves were forced to dismount and follow our mules on foot. If there were any satisfaction in raking up past evils, I might easily fill a page in descanting on the horrors of Bellinzona. It is the den of spleen, and, to use the quaint phrase of Spenser, appeared to be the native receptacle of "nastiness and spight." We staid there only two days; but they were like two years. From this place we proceeded to Magadina, where we embarked, and crossing the lake Maggiore, landed the next morning at Sesto. The day after we arrived at Milan.

I shall say nothing of Milan, as it must be well known to you. From Milan we went to Piacenza; thence to Parma, Modena, and Bologna. We stopt, however, to visit Lodi, and saw the bridge which has been rendered so famous by the passage of Bonaparte. At Bologna we remained some time, indeed much longer than we intended; but I did not regret it, as it still possesses many things well worthy the attention of an artist. There is a statue here, by John of Bologna, that would not have disgraced Michael Angelo. The publick buildings also have many pictures that are worth seeing; particularly the Institute, and the Palazzo Sampieri. In the former is an admirable ceiling by Pellegini Tibaldi; it is painted in fresco, and represents the stories of Polyphemus and Eolus. The figure of Polyphemus is most poetically beastly; his one-eye looks like a lamp gleaming through the ragged jaws of a sepulchre. But nothing can exceed the conception of Eolus. His attitude is that of a being unused to the tread of earth; he seems to have always been in motion, or, if ever he rested, to have rested only on the top of Hecla, while he overlooked the winds that swept the regions of the pole.

By the date of this, you perceive that I have passed Florence, I staid there a month; but shall reserve what I have to say on it for my next. You may be surprised that I have proceeded no farther; but your surprise cannot be equal to my disappointment. *The fact is*, we have been detained in Tuscany nearly two months, in consequence of a *cordon* which the Romans have drawn, to prevent any communication between their state and this, which they affect to believe

infected with the yellow fever. There was a fever, supposed to be contagious, in Leghorn; but that has disappeared, and the city is at present perfectly restored. The cordon, however is not yet removed; and until it is, I cannot get to Rome.

SMELFUNGUS.

SILVA. No. 10.

*Silva rerum et sententiarum comparanda est.....*CIC.

I know not who in these disjointed paragraphs, I please or displease; but I certainly try to please myself. That is to say, I consult my own fancy. I sometimes record an anecdote, and sometimes a bon mot. Sometimes an extract from a sensible author, and sometimes an historical fact; sometimes I stay a floating thought, which was hurrying down the stream of forgetfulness, and sometimes give colouring to a trait of political character, which the wasteful hand of time was blurring forever. But in all these fugitive efforts of my lounging hours I confess myself more anxious to please than instruct, more desirous of being read than remembered. I reserve this task for those moments of sauntering, when I read as well as write nothing which does not please me. It is then that I banish from my sight those crispy writers, whose sentences, abrupt as broken pipes, grate as you pronounce them harshly on your teeth. It is then I seek the author, who can feel and describe the honours of chivalry; who, though a worshipper of truth, is yet not insensible to the graces of fiction; who can persuade me to believe, that Pactolus once rolled his golden sands along the shores of Sardis, and that on all sides of Parnassus one might pluck a thousand little beauteous flowers. It is then I love geography, but it is that of a country every where fertile and florid, every where embellished with trees of a luxuriant growth and fine foliage and affluent in means of subsistence for millions of happy inhabitants; or it is that which abounds in terrible description, which paints such falls as are the boast of Niagara, or reports the tremendous roarings of Catopha-si and Vesuvius. It is then I love to read of battles, but it is of those, in which Joan of Arc was an actress; and of characters, but it is those, whose eloquence like Chatham's, whose benevolence like Howard's, and whose conduct like Washington's has made an impression on the age, and given a bias to the customs of the world.

VIRGIL.

Mr. Burton has remarked, that the faults of Virgil are like the blemishes of a fixed star: if they exist, they are beyond the reach of human observation.

POETA NASCITUR, ORATOR FIT.

Poetry is the frolick of invention, the dame of words, and the harmony of sounds. Oratory consists in a judicious disposition

of arguments: a happy selection of terms, and in a pleasing elocution. The object of poetry is to delight, that of oratory to persuade. Poetry is truth, but it is truth in her gayest and loveliest robes, and wit, flattery, hyperbole, and fable are marshalled in her train. Oratory has a graver and more majestick port, and gains by slow advances and perseverance what the poet takes by the suddenness of inspiration and by surprise. Poetry requires genius; eloquence is within the reach of talent. Seriousness becomes one, sprightliness the other. The wittiest poets have been the shortest writers; but he is often the best orator, who has the strongest lungs, and the firmest legs. The poet sings for the approbation of the wise and the pleasure of the ingenious: the orator addresses the multitude, and the larger the number of ears, the better for his purpose; and he who can get the most votes, most thoroughly understands his art. Bad verses are always abominable; but he is a good speaker, who gains his cause. Bards are commonly remarkable for generosity of nature; orators are as often notorious for their ambition. These enjoy most influence whilst alive: those live longest, after death. Poets are not necessarily poor; for Theocritus and Anacreon, Horace and Lucian, Racine and Boileau, Pope and Addison rolled in their carriages and slept in palaces; yet it must be confessed, that most of the poetical tribe have rather feared the tap of the sheriff than the damnation of criticks. The poverty of a poet takes nothing from the richness and sweetness of his lines; whilst an orator's success is not infrequently promoted by his wealth. Nevertheless, were I poor I would study eloquence, that I might be rich: had I riches, I would study poetry, that I might give a portion of immortality to both. Could I write no better than Blackmore, I would sometimes versify; but were I privileged to soar upon the daring wing of Dryden's muse, I would not keep my pinions continually spread.

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MAXIMS

are esteemed too much by the little, and too little by the great. The weak need, but the strong can do without them. They tempt the inexperienced youth with the hope of finding some by-path to the seat of the muses, or some hidden key to the temple of fame. But the knowledge of manhood despises such deceitful promises, and trusts to its vigour and perseverance in climbing the difficult passes to science, virtue, and renown. If a man however will read reflections, let him avoid Zimmermann's, which are wearisome beyond measure. Rochefoucault's are full of wit and also of severity. I like better Lavater, who is so just, so benevolent, so desirous of improving both the individual and the species.

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CHARACTACUS,

carried a prisoner to Rome in A. D. 52, expressed surprize, that his conquerors, who dwelt in marble at home, should covet the miserable cabins of the *barbarous Britons*.

ACADEMIES.

To render these institutions useful to the community, there must be male academies, and female academies. There is not in Newengland an instance of a flourishing academy, in which both sexes have been taught. Notwithstanding they are instructed in separate apartments, their hearts will often be in the same. After this suggestion I need say nothing of the different studies and employments of boys and girls.

AUGUSTUS AND TIBERIUS.

The favour of Augustus and the tranquillity of his reign, it has been said, were as a gentle dew from heaven in a happy season, which caused the arts and learning to bud and flourish; whilst the sour reign of Tiberius, like a sudden frost, checked their growth, and at last destroyed their beauties.

CHEERFULNESS.

I pity the man who can live gloomily in this rich, variegated, and beautiful world; who can walk abroad and not admire the canopy of heaven; who in lifting up his eyes is not enraptured with the vast lights which illume and glorify the celestial expanse; who in roaming the fields is not charmed with the verdure and blossoms of spring, with the scenery and fruits of summer, with the business, the abundance, and the joys of autumn; and who, amidst the blasts and terrours of this dreary season, cannot cheerfully participate in the sweets of retirement. As the operations of nature continually call upon man to be diligent, so her varieties invite him to be cheerful. Because perpetual sunshine would dazzle and fatigue us, the face of the sky is regularly darkened by the shades of night, and occasionally veiled by angry storms. Because an uninterrupted series of prosperity would make us vain, arrogant, and luxurious, we are sometimes visited with affliction. Still it is the design of heaven to make us happy; and ours alone is the fault if we are otherwise. What though then, amid unnumbered blessings, we may recollect designs, which have failed, and hopes which have withered; what if we could find friends in sackcloth and enemies in triumph; what though the thunders of war are heard among distant nations, and black clouds begin to gather in our own hemisphere, yet sorrow and sadness were not made for man. Come hither cheerfulness, for thou art the health and sunshine of the soul. Thine are the tranquil spirits, the even temper, and the serene brow. Under thy smiling reign we will seldom be transported with mirth, and seldomer despond under trouble; we will receive with gratitude, and suffer with constancy; we will be moderate in affluence, and in want contented; and will meet the turbulent and fleeting vicissitudes of life with a manly fortitude and a christian composure.

SACONTALA : OR, THE FATAL RING.

Continued from p. 583.

ACT VI.

SCENE—*a Street. Enter a Superintendent of Police with two Officers, leading a man with his hands bound.*

First Officer. Striking the prisoner. TAKE that, Cumbhílaca, if Cumbhílaca be thy name; and tell us now where thou gottest this ring, bright with a large gem, on which the king's name is engraved.

Cumbh. [*Trembling.*] Spare me, I entreat your honours to spare me: I am not guilty of so great a crime as you suspect.

First Off. O distinguished Bráhmen, didst thou then receive it from the king as a reward of some important service?

Cumbh. Only hear me: I am a poor fisherman dwelling at Sacrávatará——

Second Off. Did we ask, thou thief, about thy tribe or thy dwelling-place.

Sup. O Súchaca, let the fellow tell his own story.——Now conceal nothing, sirrah.

First Off. Dost thou hear? Do as our master commands.

Cumbh. I am a man who support my family by catching fish in nets, or with hooks, and by various other contrivances.

Sup. [*Laughing.*] A virtuous way of gaining a livelihood!

Cumbh. Blame me not, master. The occupation of our forefathers, how low soever, must not be forsaken; and a man who kills animals for sale may have a tender heart though his act be cruel.

Sup. Go on, go on.

Cumbh. One day having caught a large Róhita fish, I cut it open, and saw this bright ring in its stomach; but when I offered to sell it, I was apprehended by your honours. So far only am I guilty of taking the ring: Will you now continue beating and bruising me to death?

Sup. [*Smelling the ring.*] It is certain, Jáluca, that this gem has been in the body of a fish. The case requires consideration; and I will mention it to some of the king's household.

Both Off. Come on, cutpurse. [*They advance.*

Sup. Stand here, Súchaca, at the great gate of the city, and wait for me, while I speak to some of the officers in the palace.

Both Off. Go, Rájayucta. May the king favour thee. [*The Superintendent goes out.*

Second Off. Our master will stay, I fear, a long while.

First Off. Yes; access to kings can only be had at their leisure.

Second Off. The tips of my fingers itch, my friend Jáluca, to kill this cutpurse.

Cumbh. You would put to death an innocent man.

First Off. [*Looking.*] Here comes our master.——The king has decided quickly. Now, Cumbhílaca, you will either see your companions again, or be the food of shakàls and vultures.

The Superintendent re-enters.

Sup. Let the fisherman immediately——

Cumbh. [*In an agony.*] Oh! I am a dead man.

Sup. ——be discharged.—Hola! set him at liberty. The king says he knows his innocence; and his story is true.

Second Off. As our master commands.——The fellow is brought back from the mansion of Yama, to which he was hastening. [*Unbinding the fisherman.*

Cumbh. [*Bowing.*] My lord, I owe my life to your kindness.

Sup. Rise, friend; and hear with delight that the king gives thee a sum of money equal to the full value of the ring: it is a fortune to a man in thy station. [*Giving him the money.*

Gumbh. [*With rapture.*] I am tranported with joy.

First Off. This vagabond seems to be taken down from the stake, and set on the back of a state elephant.

Second Off. The king, I suppose, has a great affection for his gem.

Sup. Not for its intrinsick value; but I guessed the cause of his ecstasy when he saw it.

Both Off. What could occasion it?

Sup. I suspect that it called to his memory some person who has a place in his heart; for though his mind be naturally firm, yet, from the moment when he beheld the ring, he was for some minutes excessively agitated.

Second Off. Our master has given the king extreme pleasure.

First Off. Yes; and by the means of this fish-catcher. [*Looking fiercely at him.*

Gumbh. Be not angry—Half the money shall be divided between you to purchase wine.

First Off. Oh! now thou art our beloved friend.—Good wine is the first object of our affection.—Let us go together to the vintners. [*They all go out.*

SCENE—*The Garden of the Palace.*

The Nymph Misracesi appears in the air.

Misr. My first task was duly performed when I went to bathe in the Nymphs' pool; and I now must see with my own eyes how the virtuous king is afflicted.——Sacontalá is dear to this heart, because she is the daughter of my beloved Ménacá, from whom I received both commissions.—[*She looks round.*]—Ah! on a day full of delights the monarch's family seem oppressed with some new sorrow.——By exerting my supernatural power I could know what has passed; but respect must be shown to the desire of *Ménaca*. I will retire, therefore, among those plants, and observe what is done without being visible. [*She descends, and takes her station.*

Enter two Damsels, attendants on the God of Love.

First Dams. [*Looking at an Amra flower.*] The blossoms of yon Amra, waving on the green stalk, are fresh and light as the breath of this vernal month. I must present the goddess Reti with a basket of them.

Second Dams. Why, my Parabhritiká, dost thou mean to present it alone?

First Dams. O my friend Madhucarica, when a female Cócila, which my name implies, sees a blooming Amra, she becomes entranced, and loses her recollection.

Second Dams. [*With transport.*] What! is the season of sweets actually returned?

First Dams. Yes; the season in which we must sing of nothing but wine and love.

Second Dams. Support me, then, while I climb up this tree, and strip it of its fragrant gems, which we will carry as an offering to Cáma.

First Dams. If I assist, I must have a moiety of the reward which the god will bestow.

Second Dams. To be sure, and without any previous bargain. We are only one soul, you know, though Brahma has given it two bodies.—[*She climbs up and gathers the flowers.*]—Ah! the buds are hardly opened.——Here is one a little expanded, which diffuses a charming odour—[*Taking a handful of buds.*]—This flower is sacred to the god who bears a fish on his banner.—O sweet blossom, which I consecrate, thou well deservest to point the sixth arrow of Cámadéva, who now takes his bow to pierce myriads of youthful hearts. [*She throws down a blossom.*

The old Chamberlain enters.

Cham. [*Angrily.*] Desist from breaking off those half-opened buds! there will be no jubilee this year; our king has forbidden it.

Both Dams. Oh! pardon us. We really knew not the prohibition.

Cham. You knew it not!—Even the trees which the spring was decking, and the birds who perch on them, sympathize with our monarch. Thence it is, that yon buds, which have long appeared, shed not yet their prolifick dust; and the flower of the Curuvaca, tho' perfectly formed, remains veiled in a closed chalice; while the voice of the Cócilà though the cold dews fall no more, is fixed within his throat; and even Smara, the god of desire, replaces the shaft half-drawn from his quiver.

Misr. [*Aside.*] The king, no doubt, is constant and tender-hearted.

First Dams. A few days ago, Mitravasu, the governour of our province, dispatched us to kiss the feet of the king, and we come to decorate his groves and gardens with various emblems: thence it is, that we heard nothing of his interdict.

Cham. Beware then of reiterating your offence.

Second Dams. To obey our lord will certainly be our delight; but, if we are permitted to hear the story, tell us, we pray, what has induced our sovereign to forbid the usual festivity.

Misr. [*Aside.*] Kings are generally fond of gay entertainments; and there must be some weighty reason for the prohibition.

Cham. [*Aside.*] The affair is publick: why should I not satisfy them? ——[*Aloud.*]—Has not the calamitous desertion of Sacontalá reached your ears?

First Dams. We heard her tale from the governour, as far as the sight of the fatal ring.

Cham. Then I have little to add. ——When the king's memory was restored, by the sight of his gem, he instantly exclaimed: "Yes, the incomparable Sacontalá is my lawful wife; and when I rejected her, I had lost my reason."—He showed strong marks of extreme affliction and penitence; and from that moment he has abhorred the pleasures of life. No longer does he exert his respectable talents from day to day for the good of his people: he prolongs his nights without closing his eyes, perpetually rolling on the edge of his couch; and when he rises, he pronounces not one sentence aptly; mistaking the names of the women in his apartments, and through distraction, calling each of them Sacontalá: then he sits abashed, with his head long bent on his knees.

Misr. [*Aside.*] This is pleasing to me, very pleasing.

Cham. By reason of the deep sorrow which now prevails in his heart, the vernal jubilee has been interdicted.

Both Dams. The prohibition is highly proper.

Behind the Scenes. Make way! The king is passing.

Cham. [*Listening.*] Here comes the monarch: depart therefore, damsels, to your own province.

[*The two Damsels go out.*

Dushmanta enters in penitential weeds, preceded by a Warder, and attended by Mádhavya.

Cham. [*Looking at the King.*] Ah! how majestick are noble forms in every habiliment!—Our prince, even in the garb of affliction, is a venerable object.—Though he has abandoned pleasure, ornaments, and business; though he is become so thin, that his golden bracelet falls loosened even down to his wrist; though his lips are parched with the heat of his sighs, and his eyes are fixed open by long sorrow and want of sleep, yet am I dazzled by the blaze of virtue, which beams in his countenance like a diamond exquisitely polished.

Misr. [*Aside, gazing on Dushmanta.*] With good reason is my beloved Sacontalá, though disgraced and rejected, heavily oppressed with grief thro' the absence of this youth.

Dushm. [*Advancing slowly, in deep meditation.*] When my darling

with an antelope's eyes would have reminded me of our love, I was assuredly slumbering; but excess of misery has awakened me.

Misr. [*Aside.*] The charming girl will at last be happy.

Mádh. [*Aside.*] This monarch of ours is caught again in the gale of affection; and I hardly know a remedy for his illness.

Cham. May the king be victorious! —Let him survey yon fine woodland, these cool walks, and this blooming garden; where he may repose with pleasure on banks of delight.

Dushm. [*Not attending to him.*] Warder, inform the chief minister in my name, that having resolved on a long absence from the city, I do not mean to sit for some time in the tribunal; but let him write and dispatch to me all the cases that may arise among my subjects.

Ward. As the king commands.

[*He goes out.*

Dushm. [*To the* Chamberlain] And thou, Párvatáyana, neglect not thy stated business.

Cham. By no means. [*He goes out.*

Mádh. You have not left a fly in the garden.—Amuse yourself now in this retreat, which seems pleased with the departure of the dewy season.

Dushm. O Mádhavya, when persons accused of great offences prove wholly innocent, see how their accusers are punished!——A phrensy obstructed my remembrance of any former love for the daughter of the sage; and now the heart-born god, who delights in giving pain, has fixed in his bow-string a new shaft pointed with the blossom of an Amra.——The fatal ring having restored my memory, see me deplore with tears of repentance the loss of my best beloved, whom I rejected without cause; see me overwhelmed with sorrow, even while the return of spring fills the hearts of all others with pleasure.

Mádh. Be still, my friend, whilst I break love's arrows with my staff.

[*He strikes off some flowers from an Amra tree.*

Dushm. [*Meditating.*] Yes, I acknowledge the supreme power of Brahmá.——[*To* Mádhavya.] Where now, my friend, shall I sit and recreate my sight with the slender shrubs which bear a faint resemblance to the shape of Sacontalá?

Mádh. You will soon see the damsel skilled in painting, whom you informed that you would spend the forenoon in yon bower of Mádhavi creepers; and she will bring the queen's picture which you commanded her to draw.

Dushm. My soul will be delighted even by her picture.——Show the way to the bower.

Mádh. This way, my friend.—— [*They both advance,* Misracési *following them.*]—The arbour of twining Mádhavis, embellished with fragments of stone like bright gems, appears by its pleasantness, though without a voice, to bid thee welcome.——Let us enter it, and be seated. [*They both sit down in the bower.*

Misr. [*Aside.*] From behind these branchy shrubs I shall behold the picture of my Sacontalá.——I will afterwards hasten to report the sincere affection of her husband.

[*She conceals herself.*

Dushm. [*Sighing.*] O my approved friend, the whole adventure of the hermitage is now fresh in my memory.—I informed you how deeply I was affected by the first sight of the damsel; but when she was rejected by me you were not present.—Her name was often repeated by me (how, indeed, should it not?) in our conversation.—What, hast thou forgotten, as I had, the whole story?

Misr. [*Aside.*] The sovereigns of the world must not, I find, be left an instant without the objects of their love.

Mádh. Oh, no: I have not forgotten it; but at the end of our discourse you assured me that your love tale was invented solely for your diversion; and this, in the simplicity of my heart, I believed.—Some

great event seems in all this affair to be predestined in heaven.

Misr. [*Asi.*] Nothing is more true.

Dushm. [*Having meditated.*] O! my friend, suggest some relief for my torment.

Mádh. What new pain torments you? Virtuous men should never be thus afflicted: the most violent wind shakes not mountains.

Dushm. When I reflect on the situation of your friend Sacontalá, who must now be greatly affected by my desertion of her, I am without comfort.—She made an attempt to follow the Bráhmens and the matron: Stay, said the sage's pupil, who was revered as the sage himself; Stay, said he, with a loud voice. Then once more she fixed on me, who had betrayed her, that celestial face, then bedewed with gushing tears; and the bare idea of her pain burns me like an envenomed javelin.

Misr. [*Aside.*] How he afflicts himself! I really sympathize with him.

Mádh. Surely some inhabitant of the heavens must have wafted her to his mansion.

Dushm. No; what male divinity would have taken the pains to carry off a wife so firmly attached to her lord? Menacà, the nymph of Swerga, gave her birth; and some of her attendant nymphs have, I imagine, concealed her at the desire of her mother.

Misr. [*Aside.*] To reject Sacontalá was, no doubt, the effect of a delirium, not the act of a waking man.

Mádh. If it be thus, you will soon meet her again.

Dush. Alas! why do you think so?

Mádh. Because no father and mother can long endure to see their daughter deprived of her husband.

Dushm. Was it sleep that impaired my memory? Was it delusion? Was it an error of my judgment? Or was it the destined reward of my bad actions? Whatever it was, I am sensible that, until Sacontalá return to these arms, I shall be plunged in the abyss of affliction.

Mádh. Do not despair: the fatal ring is itself an example that the lost may be found.—Events which were foredoomed by Heaven must not be lamented.

Dushm. [*Looking at his ring.*] The fate of this ring, now fallen from a station which it will not easily regain, I may at least deplore.—O gem, thou art removed from the soft finger, beautiful with ruddy tips, on which a place had been assigned thee; and, minute as thou art, thy bad qualities appear from the similarity of thy punishment to mine.

Misr. [*Aside.*] Had it found a way to any other hand its lot would have been truly deplorable.——O Ménacà, how wouldst thou be delighted with the conversation which gratifies my ears!

Mádh. Let me know, I pray, by what means the ring obtained a place on the finger of Sacontala.

Dushm. You shall know, my friend.—When I was coming from the holy forest to my capital, my beloved, with tears in her eyes, thus addressed me: "How long will the son of my lord keep me in his remembrance?"

Mádh. Well; what then?

Dushm. Then, fixing this ring on her lovely finger, I thus answered: "Repeat each day one of the three syllables engraved on this gem; and before thou hast spelled the word Dushmanta, one of my noblest officers shall attend thee, and conduct my darling to her palace."—Yet I forgot, I deserted her in my phrensy,

Misr. [*Aside.*] A charming interval of three days was fixed between their separation and their meeting, which the will of Brahmà rendered unhappy.

Mádh. But how came the ring to enter, like a hook, into the mouth of a carp?

Dushm. When my beloved was lifting water to her head in the pool of Sachitírt'ha, the ring must have dropped unseen.

Mádh. It is very probable.

Misr. [*Aside.*] Oh! it was thence that the king, who fears nothing but injustice, doubted the reality of his marriage; but how, I wonder, could his memory be connected with a ring?

Dushm. I am really angry with this gem.

Mádh. [*Laughing.*] So am I with this staff.

Dushm. Why so, Mádhavya?

Mádh. Because it presumes to be so straight whem I am so crooked. —Impertinent stick!

Dushm. [*Not attending to him.*] How, O ring, couldst thou leave that hand adorned with soft long fingers, and fall into a pool decked only with water lilies?—The answer is obvious: thou art irrational. —But how could I, who was born with a reasonable soul, desert my only beloved?

Misr. [*Aside.*] He anticipates my remark.

Mádh. [*Aside.*] So; I must wait here during his meditations, and perish with hunger.

Dushm. O my darling, whom I treated with disrespect, and forsook without reason, when will this traitor, whose heart is deeply stung with repentant sorrow, be once more blessed with a sight of thee?

A Damsel enters with a picture.

Dams. Great king, the picture is finished. [*Holding it before him.*

Dushm. [*Gazing on it.*] Yes; that is her face; those are her beautiful eyes; those her lips embellished with smiles, and surpassing the red lustre of the Carcandhu fruit: her mouth seems, though painted, to speak, and her countenance darts beams of affection blended with a variety of melting tints.

Mádh. Truly, my friend, it is a picture sweet as love itself: my eye glides up and down to feast on every particle of it; and it gives me as much delight as if I were actually conversing with the living Sacontalá.

Misr. [*Aside.*] An exquisite piece of painting!——My beloved friend seems to stand before my eyes.

Dushm. Yet the picture is infinitely below the original; and my warm fancy, by supplying its imperfections, represents, in some degree, the loveliness of my darling.

Misr. [*Aside.*] His ideas are suitable to his excessive love and severe penitence.

Dushm. [*Sighing.*] Alas! I rejected her when she lately approached me, and now I do homage to her picture; like a traveller who negligently passes by a clear and full rivulet, and soon ardently thirsts for a false appearance of water on the sandy desert.

Mádh. There are so many female figures on this canvas, that I cannot well distinguish the lady Sacontalá.

Misr. [*Aside.*] The old man is ignorant of her transcendent beauty; her eyes, which fascinated the soul of his prince, never sparkled, I suppose, on Mádhavya.

Dushm. Which of the figures do you conceive intended for the queen?

Mádh. [*Examining the picture.*] It is she, I imagine, who looks a little fatigued; with the string of her vest rather loose; the slender stalks of her arms falling languidly; a few bright drops on her face, and some flowers dropping from her untied locks. That must be the queen; and the rest, I suppose, are her damsels.

Dushm. You judge well; but my affection requires something more in the piece. Besides, through some defect in the colouring, a tear seems trickling down her cheek, which ill suits the state in which I desired to see her painted.——[*To the Damsel.*]—The picture, O Chaturicá, is unfinished.——Go back to the painting room and bring the implements of thy art.

Dams. Kind Mádhavya, hold the picture while I obey the king.

Dush. No; I will hold it. [*He takes the picture, and the Damsel goes out.*

Mád. What else is to be painted?

Misr. [*Aside.*] He desires, I presume, to add all those circumstances which became the situation of his beloved in the hermitage.

Dushm. In this landscape, my friend, I wish to see represented the river Málini, with some amorous Flamingos on its green margin; farther back must appear some hills near the mountain Himálaya, surrounded with herds of Chamaras; and in the foreground, a dark spreading tree, with some mantles of woven bark suspended on its branches to be dried by the sunbeams; while a pair of black antelopes couch in its shade, and the female gently rubs her beautiful forehead on the horn of the male.

Mádh. Add what you please; but, in my judgment, the vacant places should be filled with old hermits, bent, like me, towards the ground.

Dushm. [*Not attending to him.*] Oh! I had forgotten that my beloved herself must have some new ornaments.

Mádh. What, I pray?

Misr. [*Aside.*] Such, no doubt, as become a damsel bred in a forest.

Dushm. The artist had omitted a Sirísha flower with its peduncle fixed behind her soft ear, and its filaments waving over part of her cheek; and between her breasts must be placed a knot of delicate fibres, from the stalks of water lilies, like the rays of an autumnal moon.

Mádh. Why does the queen cover part of her face, as if she was afraid of something, with the tips of her fingers, that glow like the flowers of the Cuvalaya?—Oh! I now perceive an impudent bee, that thief of odours, who seems eager to sip honey from the lotos of her mouth.

Dushm. A bee! drive off the importunate insect.

Mádh. The king has supreme power over all offenders.

Dushm. O male bee, who approachest the lovely inhabitants of a flowery grove, why dost thou expose thyself to the pain of being rejected?—See where thy female sits on a blossom, and, though thirsty, waits for thy return: without thee she will not taste its nectar.

Misr. [*Aside.*] A wild, but apt, address!

Mádh. The perfidy of male bees is proverbial.

Dushm. [*Angrily.*] Shouldst thou touch, O bee, the lip of my darling, ruddy as a fresh leaf on which no wind has yet breathed, a lip from which I drank sweetness in the banquet of love, thou shalt, by my order, be imprisoned in the center of a lotos.——Dost thou still disobey me?

Mádh. How can he fail to obey, since you denounce so severe a punishment?—[*Aside, laughing.*]—He is stark mad with love and affliction; whilst I, by keeping him company, shall be as mad as he without either.

Dushm. After my positive injunction, art thou still unmoved?

Misr. [*Aside.*] How does excess of passion alter even the wise!

Mádh. Why, my friend, it is only a painted bee.

Misr. [*Aside.*] Oh! I perceive his mistake: it shows the perfection of the art. But why does he continue musing?

Dushm. What ill-natured remark was that?—Whilst I am enjoying the rapture of beholding her to whom my soul is attached, thou, cruel remembrancer, tellest me that it is only a picture.—[*Weeping.*]

Misr. [*Aside.*] Such are the woes of a separated lover! He is on all sides entangled in sorrow.

Dushm. Why do I thus indulge unremitted grief? That intercourse with my darling which dreams would give, is prevented by my continued inability to repose; and my tears will not suffer me to view her distinctly even in this picture.

Misr. [*Aside.*] His misery acquits him entirely of having deserted her in his perfect senses.

The Damsel re-enters.

Dams. As I was advancing, O king, with my box of pencils and colours,——

Dushm. [*Hastily.*] What happened?

Dams. It was forcibly seized by the queen Vasumatì, whom her maid Pingalicà had apprised of my errand; and she said: "I will myself deliver the casket to the son of my lord."

Mádh. How came you to be released?

Dams. While the queen's maid was disengaging the skirt of her mantle, which had been caught by the branch of a thorny shrub, I stole away.

Dushm. Friend Mádhavya, my great attention to Vasumatì has made her arrogant; and she will soon be here: be it your care to conceal the picture.

Mádh. [*Aside*] I wish you would conceal it yourself.——[*He takes the picture, and rises.*]——[*Aloud.*]—— If, indeed, you will disentangle me from the net of your secret apartments, to which I am confined, and suffer me to dwell on the wall Méghach'handa which encircles them, I will hide the picture in a place where none shall see it but pigeons. [*He goes out.*

Misr. [*Aside.*] How honourably he keeps his former engagements, though his heart be now fixed on another object!

A Warder enters with a leaf.

Ward. May the king prosper!

Dushm. Warder, hast thou lately seen the queen Vasumatì?

Ward. I met her, O king; but when she perceived the leaf in my hand, she retired.

Dushm. The queen distinguishes time: she would not impede my publick business.

Ward. The chief minister sends this message: "I have carefully stated a case which has arisen in the city, and accurately committed it to writing: let the king deign to consider it."

Dushm. Give me the leaf.—— [*Receiving it, and reading.*]——"Be it presented at the foot of the king, that a merchant named Dhanavriddhi, who had extensive commerce at sea, was lost in a late shipwreck: he had no child born; and has left a fortune of many millions, which belong, if the king commands, to the royal treasury."——[*With sorrow.*]—O! how great a misfortune it is to die childless! Yet with his affluence he must have had many wives:—Let an inquiry be made whether any one of them is pregnant.

Ward. I have heard that his wife, the daughter of an excellent man, named Sácétaca, has already performed the ceremonies usual on pregnacy.

Dushm. The child, though unborn has a title to his father's property.——Go: bid the minister make my judgment publick.

Ward. I obey. [*Going.*

Dushm. Stay awhile.——

Ward. [*Returning.*] I am here.

Dush. Whether he had or had not left offspring, the estate should not have been forfeited.—Let it be proclaimed that whatever kinsman any one of my subjects may lose, Dushmanta (excepting always the case of forfeiture for crimes) will supply, in tender affection, the place of kinsman.

Ward. The proclamation shall be made. [*He goes out. Dushmanta continues meditating.*

Reenter Warder.

O king! the royal decree, which proves that your virtues are awake after a long slumber, was heard with bursts of applause.

Dushm. [*Sighing deeply.*] When an illustrious man dies, alas, without an heir, his estate goes to a stranger; and such will be the fate of all the wealth accumulated by the sons of Puru.

Ward. Heaven avert the calamity! [*Goes out.*

Dush. Wo is me! I am stripped of all the felicity which I once enjoyed.

Misr. [*Asi.*] How his heart dwells on the idea of his beloved!

Dushm. My lawful wife, whom I basely deserted, remains fixed in my soul: she would have been the glory of my family, and might have produced a son brilliant as the richest fruit of the teeming earth.

Dams. [*Aside.*] What a change has the minister made in the king by sending him that mischievous leaf! Behold, he is deluged with tears.

Dushm. Ah me! the departed souls of my ancestors, who claim a share in the funeral cake, which I have no son to offer, are apprehensive of losing their due honour, when Dushmanta shall be no more on earth ——who then, alas, will perform in our family those obsequies which the Véda prescribes?——My forefathers must drink, instead of a pure libation, this flood of tears, the only offering which a man who dies childless can make them. [*Weeping.*

Misr. [*Aside.*] Such a veil obscures the king's eyes, that he thinks it total darkness, though a lamp be now shining brightly.

Dams. Afflict not yourself immoderately: our lord is young, and when sons illustrious as himself shall be born of other queens, his ancestors will be redeemed from their offences committed here below.

Dushm. [*With agony.*] The race of Puru, which has hitherto been fruitful and unblemished, ends in me; as the river Sereewatí disappears in a region unworthy of her divine stream. [*He faints.*

Dams. Let the king resume confidence.— [*She supports him.*

Misr. [*Aside.*] Shall I restore him? No; he will speedily be roused—I heard the nymph Devajananí consoling Sacontalá in these words: "As the gods delight in their portion of sacrifices, thus wilt thou soon be delighted by the love of thy husband." I go, therefore, to raise her spirits, and please my friend Ménacà with an account of his virtues and his affection. [*She rises aloft and disappears.*

Behind the scenes. A Bráhmen must not be slain: save the life of a Bráhmen.

Dushm. [*Reviving and listening.*] Hah! was not that the plaintive voice of Mádhavya?

Dams. He has probably been caught with the picture in his hand by Pingalicà and the other maids.

Dushm. Go, Chaturicà, and reprove the queen in my name for not restraining her servants.

Dams. As the king commands. [*She goes out.*

Again behind the scenes. I am a Bráhmen, and must not be put to death.

Dushm. It is manifestly some Bráhmen in great danger.——Hola! who is there?

The old Chamberlain enters.

Cha. What is the king's pleasure?

Dush. Inquire why the faint-hearted Mádhavya cries out so piteously.

Cha. I will know in an instant. [*He goes out, and returns trembling.*

Dush. What causes thy tremour?—Thus do men tremble through age: fear shakes the old man's body, as the breeze agitates the leaves of the Pippala.

Cham. Oh! deliver thy friend.

Dushm. Deliver him! from what?

Cham. From distress and danger.

Dushm. Speak more plainly.

Cham. The wall which looks to all quarters of the heavens, and is named, from the clouds which cover it, Méghach'handa——

Dushm. What of that?

Cham. From the summit of that wall, the pinnacle of which is hardly attainable even by the blue-necked pigeons, an evil being, invisible to human eyes, has violently carried away the friend of your childhood.

Dush. [*Starting up hastily.*] What! are even my secret apartments infested by supernatural agents?—Royalty is ever subjected to molestation.—A king knows not even the mischiefs which his own negligence daily and hourly occasions:—how then should he know what path his people are treading; and how should he correct their manners, when his own are uncorrected.

Behind the scenes. Oh, help! Oh, release me.

Dush. [*Listening and advancing.*] Fear not, my friend, fear nothing—

Behind the scenes. Not fear, when a monster has caught me by the nape of my neck, and means to snap my

backbone as he would snap a sugar-cane!

Dushm. [*Darting his eyes around.*] Hola! my bow——

A Warder enters with the king's bow and quiver.

Ward. Here are our great hero's arms. [*Dushmanta takes his bow and an arrow.*

Behind the scenes. Here I stand; and thirsting for thy fresh blood, will slay thee struggling as a tiger slays a calf.—Where now is thy protector, Dushmanta, who grasps his bow to defend the oppressed?

Dushm. [*Wrathfully.*] The demon names me with defiance.—Stay, thou basest of monsters.—Here am I, and thou shalt not long exist.—[*Raising his bow.*]—Show the way, Párvaytáyana, to the stairs of the terrace.

Cham. This way, great king!——

[*All go out hastily.*

The SCENE *changes to a broad terrace.*

Enter Dushmanta.

Dushm. Ah! the place is deserted.

Behind the scenes. Save me, oh! save me.—I see thee, my friend, but thou canst not discern me, who, like a mouse in the claws of a cat, have no hopes of life.

Dushm. But this arrow shall distinguish thee from thy foe, in spight of the magick which renders thee invisible.—Mádhavya, stand firm; and thou, blood-thirsty fiend, think not of destroying him whom I love, and will protect.—See, I thus fix a shaft which shall pierce thee, who deservest death, and shall save a Bráhmen who deserves long life; as the celestial bird sips the milk, and leaves the water which has been mingled with it.

[*He draws the bowstring.*

Enter Mátali and Mádhavya.

Mát. The god Indra has destined evil demons to fall by thy shafts: against them let thy bow be drawn, and cast on thy friends eyes bright with affection.

Dushm. [*Astonished, giving back his arms.*] Oh! Mátali, welcome; I greet the driver of Indra's car.

Mádh. What! this cutthroat was putting me to death, and thou greetest him with a kind welcome!

Mát. O king, live long and conquer! Hear on what errand I am dispatched by the ruler of the firmament.

Dushm. I am humbly attentive.

Mát. There is a race of Dánavas, the children of Cálanémi, whom it is found hard to subdue——

Dushm. This I have heard already from Nárad.

Mát. The god with an hundred sacrifices, unable to quell that gigantick race, commissions thee, his approved friend, to assail them in the front of battle; as the sun with seven steeds despairs of overcoming the dark legions of night, and gives way to the moon, who easily scatters them. Mount, therefore, with me, the car of Indra, and, grasping thy bow, advance to assured victory.

Dush. Such a mark of distinction from the prince of good genii honours me highly; but say why you treated so roughly my poor friend Mádhavya.

Mát. Perceiving that, for some reason or another, you were grievously afflicted, I was desirous to rouse your spirits by provoking you to wrath.—The fire blazes when wood is thrown on it; the serpent, when provoked, darts his head against the assailant; and a man capable of acquiring glory, exerts himself when his courage is excited.

Dush. [*To Mádhavya.*] My friend, the command of Divespetir must instantly be obeyed: go, therefore, and carry the intelligence to my chief minister; saying to him in my name: "Let thy wisdom secure my people from danger, while this braced bow has a different employment."

Mádh. I obey; but wish it could have been employed without assistance from my terror. [*He goes out.*

Mát. Ascend great king. [*Dushmanta ascends, and Mátali drives off the car.*

ACT VII.

Dushmanta with Mátali in the car of Indra, supposed to be above the clouds.

Dushmanta.

I AM sensible, O Mátali, that, for having executed the commission which Indra gave me, I deserved not such a profusion of honours.

Mát. Neither of you is satisfied. You, who have conferred so great a benefit on the god of thunder, consider it as a trifling act of devotion; whilst he reckons not all his kindness equal to the benefit conferred.

Dushm. There is no comparison between the service and the reward. He surpassed my warmest expectation, when, before he dismissed me, he made me sit on half of his throne, thus exalting me before all the inhabitants of the Empyreum; and smiling to see his son Jayanta, who stood near him, ambitious of the same honour, perfumed my bosom with essence of heavenly sandal wood, throwing over my neck a garland of flowers blown in paradise.

Mát. O king, you deserve all imaginable rewards from the sovereign of good genii; whose empyreal seats have twice been disentangled from the thorns of Danu's race; formerly by the claws of the man-lion, and lately by thy unerring shafts.

Dushm. My victory proceeded wholly from the auspices of the god; as on earth, when servants prosper in great enterprises, they owe their success to the magnificence of their lords.———Could Arun dispel the shades of night if the deity with a thousand beams had not placed him before the car of day?

Mát. That case, indeed, is parallel.—See, O king, the full exaltation of thy glory, which now rides on the back of heaven! The delighted genii have been collecting, among the trees of life, those crimson and azure dyes, with which the celestial damsels tinge their beautiful feet; and they are now writing thy actions in verses worthy of divine melody.

Dushm. [*Modestly.*] In my transport, O Mátali, after the rout of the giants, this wonderful place had escaped my notice.—In what path of the winds are we now journeying?

Mát. This is the way which leads along the triple river, heaven's brightest ornament, and causes yon luminaries to roll in a circle with diffused beams: it is the course of a gentle breeze which supports the floating forms of the gods; and this path was the second step of Vishnu, when he confounded the proud Vali.

Dushm. My internal soul, which acts by exteriour organs, is filled by the sight with a charming complacency.——We are now passing, I guess, through the region of clouds.

Mát. Whence do you form that conjecture?

Dush. The car itself instructs me that we are moving over clouds pregnant with showers; for the circumference of its wheels disperses pellucid water; the horses of Indra sparkle with lightning; and I now see the warbling Chátacas descend from their nests on the summit of mountains.

Mát. It is even so, and in another moment you will be in the country which you govern.

Dushm. [*Looking down.*] Through the rapid, yet imperceptible, descent of the heavenly steeds, I now perceive the allotted station of men.—Astonishing prospect! It is yet so distant from us, that the low lands appear confounded with the high mountain tops; the trees erect their branchy shoulders, but seem leafless; the rivers look like bright lines, but their waters vanish; and, at this instant, the globe of earth seems thrown upwards by some stupendous power.

Mát. [*Looking with reverence on the earth.*] How delightful is the abode of mankind!—O king, you saw distinctly.

Dushm. Say, Mátali, what mountain is that which, like an evening cloud, pours exhilirating streams, and forms a golden zone between the western and eastern seas?

Mát. That, O king, is the mountain of Gandharvas, named Hém-

cúta: the universe contains not a more excellent place for the successful devotion of the pious. There Casyapa, father of the immortals, ruler of men, son of Maríchi, who sprang from the self-existent, resides with his consort Aditi, blessed in holy retirement.

Dush. [*Devoutly.*] This occasion of attaining good fortune must not be neglected: may I approach the divine pair, and do them complete homage?

Mát. By all means.—It is an excellent idea!—We are now descended on earth.

Dushm. [*With wonder.*] These chariot wheels yield no sound; no dust arises from them; and the descent of the car gave me no shock.

Mát. Such is the difference, O king, between thy car and that of Indra!

Dushm. Where is the holy retreat of Maríchi?

Mát. [*Pointing.*] A little beyond that grove, where you see a pious Yógi, motionless as a pollard, holding his thick bushy hair, and fixing his eyes on the solar orb.—Mark; his body is half covered with a white ant's edifice made of raised clay; the skin of a snake supplies the place of his sacerdotal thread, and part of it girds his loins; a number of knotty plants encircle and wound his neck; and surrounding birds' nests almost conceal his shoulders.

Dushm. I bow to a man of his austere devotion.

Mát. [*Checking the reins.*] Thus far, and enough.—We now enter the sanctuary of him who rules the world, and the groves which are watered by streams from celestial sources.

Dushm. This asylum is more delightful than paradise itself: I could fancy myself bathing in a pool of nectar.

Mát. [*Stopping the car.*] Let the king descend.

Dush. [*Joyfully descending.*] How canst thou leave the car?

Mát. On such an occasion it will remain fixed: we may both leave it.—This way, victorious hero, this way. Behold the retreat of the truly pious.

Dushm. I see with equal amazement both the pious and their awful retreat.—It becomes, indeed, pure spirits to feed on balmy air in a forest blooming with trees of life; to bathe in rills dyed yellow with the golden dust of the lotos, and to fortify their virtue in the mysterious bath; to meditate in caves, the pebbles of which are unblemished gems; and to restrain their passions, even though nymphs of exquisite beauty frolick around them: in this grove alone is attained the summit of true piety, to which other hermits in vain aspire.

Mát. In exalted minds the desire of perfect excellence continually increases.—[*Turning aside.*]—Tell me, Vriddhasácalya, in what business is the divine son of Maríchi now engaged?—What sayest thou?—Is he conversing with the daughter of Dacsha, who practises all the virtues of a dutiful wife, and is consulting him on moral questions?—Then we must await his leisure.—[*To Dushmanta.*]—Rest, O king, under the shade of this Asóca tree, whilst I announce thy arrival to the father of Indra.

Dushm. As you judge right.——[*Mátali goes out.—Dushmanta feels his right arm throb.*] Why, O my arm, dost thou flatter me with a vain omen?—My former happiness is lost, and misery only remains.

Behind the scenes. Be not so restless: in every situation thou showest thy bad temper.

Dushm. [*Listening.*] Hah! this is no place, surely, for a malignant disposition.——Who can be thus rebuked?—[*Looking with surprise.*]—I see a child, but with no childish countenance or strength, whom two female anchorites are endeavouring to keep in order; while he forcibly pulls towards him, in rough play, a lion's whelp with a torn mane, who seems just dragged from the half-sucked nipple of the lioness!

A little Boy and two female Attendants are discovered, as described by the King.

Boy. Open thy mouth, lion's whelp, that I may count thy teeth.

1st Atten. Intractable child! why dost thou torment the wild animals of this forest, whom we cherish as if they were our own offspring? Thou seemest even to sport in anger.—Aptly have the hermits named thee Servademana, since thou tamest all creatures.

Dushm. Ah! what means it that my heart inclines to this boy as if he were my own son?—[*Meditating.*]—Alas! I have no son; and the reflection makes me once more soft-hearted.

2d Atten. The lioness will tear thee to pieces if thou release not her whelp.

Boy. [*Smiling.*] Oh! I am greatly afraid of her to be sure! [*He bites his lip, as in defiance of her.*

Dushm. [*aside, amazed.*] The child exhibits the rudiments of heroick valour, and looks like fire which blazes from the addition of dry fuel.

1st Atten. My beloved child, set at liberty this young prince of wild beasts; and I will give thee a prettier plaything.

Boy. Give it first.—Where is it? [*Stretching out his hand.*

Dushm. [*Aside, gazing on the child's palm.*] What! the very palm of his hand bears the marks of empire; and whilst he thus eagerly extends it shows its lines of exquisite network, and glows like a lotos expanded at early dawn, when the ruddy splendour of its petals hides all other tints in obscurity.

2d. Atten. Mere words, my Suvrità, will not pacify him.—Go, I pray, to my cottage, where thou wilt find a plaything made for the hermit's child, Sancarà: it is a peacock of earthen-ware painted with rich colours.

1st Atten. I will bring it speedily. [*She goes out.*

Boy. In the mean time I will play with the young lion.

2d Atten. Let him go, I intreat thee.

Dushm. [*Aside.*] I feel the tenderest affection for this unmanageable child.—[*Sighing.*]—How sweet must be the delight of virtuous fathers, when they soil their bosoms with dust by lifting up their playful children, who charm them with inarticulate prattle, and show the white blossoms of their teeth, while they laugh innocently at every trifling occurrence!

2d Atten. [*Raising her finger.*] What! dost thou show no attention to me?—[*Looking round.*]—Are any of the hermits near?—[*Seeing Dushmanta.*]—Oh! let me request you, gentle stranger, to release the lion's whelp, who cannot disengage himself from the grasp of this robust child.

Dushm. I will endeavour.—— [*Approaching the boy, and smiling.*] O thou, who art the son of a pious anchorite, how canst thou dishonour thy father, whom thy virtues would make happy, by violating the rules of this consecrated forest? It becomes a black serpent only, to infest the boughs of a fragrant sandal tree. [*The boy releases the lion.*

2d Atten. I thank you, courteous guest;—but he is not the son of an anchorite.

Dushm. His actions, indeed, which are conformable to his robustness, indicate a different birth: but my opinion arose from the sanctity of the place which he inhabits.—[*Taking the boy by the hand.*]—[*Aside.*]—Oh! since it gives me such delight merely to touch the hand of this child, who is the hopeful scion of a family unconnected with mine, what raptures must be felt by the fortunate man from whom he sprang?

2d Atten. [*Gazing on them alternately.*] Oh wonderful!

Dushm. What has raised your wonder?

2d At. The astonishing resemblance between the child & you, gentle stranger, to whom he bears no relation. It surprised me also to see, that altho' he has childish humours, and had no former acquaintance with you, yet your words have restored him to his natural good temper.

Dushm. [*Raising the boy to his bosom.*] Holy matron, if he be not the son of a hermit, what then is the name of his family?

2d Att. He is descended from Puru,

Dushm. [*Aside.*] Hah! thence, no doubt, springs his disposition, and my affection for him.—[*Setting him down.*]—[*Aloud.*]—It is, I know, an established usage among the princes of Puru's race, to dwell at first in rich palaces with stuccoed walls, where they protect and cherish the world, but in the decline of life to seek humbler mansions near the roots of venerable trees, where hermits with subdued passions practise austere devotion.—I wonder, however, that this boy, who moves like a god, could have been born of a mere mortal.

2d Atten. Affable stranger, your wonder will cease, when you know that his mother is related to a celestial nymph, and brought him forth in the sacred forest of Casyapa.

Dushm. [*aside.*] I am transported. This is a fresh ground of hope.—[*Aloud.*] What virtuous monarch took his excellent mother by the hand?

2d Atten. Oh! I must not give celebrity to the name of a king who deserted his lawful wife.

Dush. [*asi.*] Ah! she means me. Let me now ask the name of the sweet child's mother.—[*Meditating.*] But it is against good manners to inquire concerning the wife of another man.

First Attendant re-enters with a toy.

1st Atten. Look, Servadamana, look at the beauty of this bird, Sacontalávanyam.

Boy. [*Looking eagerly round.*] Sacontalá! Oh where is my beloved mother?

1st Atten. He tenderly loves his mother, and was deceived by an equivocal phrase.

2d Atten. My child, she meant only the beautiful shape and colours of this peacock.

Dush. [*asi.*] Is my Sacontalá then his mother? or has that dear name been given to some other woman?—This conversation resembles the fallacious appearance of water in a desert, which ends in bitter disappointment to the stag parched with thirst.

Boy. I shall like the peacock if it can run and fly; not else. [*He takes it.*

1st Atten. [*Looking round in confusion.*] Alas, the child's amulet is not on his wrist!

Dushm. Be not alarmed. It was dropped while he was playing with the lion: I see it, and will put it into your hand.

Both. Oh! beware of touching it.

1st Atten. Ah! he has actually taken it up. [*They both gaze with surprise on each other.*

Dushm. Here it is; but why would you have restrained me from touching this bright gem?

2d Atten. Great monarch, this divine amulet has a wonderful power, and was given to the child by the son of Maríchi, as soon as the sacred rites had been performed after his birth; whenever it fell on the ground, no human being but the father or mother of this boy could have touched it unhurt.

Dushm. What if a stranger had taken it?

1st Atten. It would have become a serpent and wounded him.

Dushm. Have you seen that consequence on any similar occasion?

Both. Frequently.

Dushm. [*With transport.*] I may then exult on the completion of my ardent desire. [*He embraces the child.*

2d Atten. Come, Suvrita, let us carry the delightful intelligence to Sacontalá, whom the harsh duties of a separated wife have so long oppressed. [*The attendants go out.*

Boy. Farewel; I must go to my mother.

Dushm. My darling son, thou wilt make her happy by going to her with me.

Boy. Dushmanta is my father; and you are not Dushmanta.

Dushm. Even thy denial of me gives me delight.

Sacontalá enters in mourning apparel, with her long hair twisted in a single braid, and flowing down her back.

Sac. [*Aside.*] Having heard that my child's amulet has proved its divine power, I must either be strangely diffident of my good fortune, or that event which Misracésí predicted has actually happened. [*Advancing.*

Dushm. [*With a mixture of joy and sorrow.*] Ah! do I see the incomparable Sacontalá clad in sordid weeds?——Her face is emaciated by the performance of austere duties; one twisted lock floats over her shoulder; and with a mind perfectly pure, she supports the long absence of her husband, whose unkindness exceeded all bounds.

Sac. [*Seeing him, yet doubting.*] Is that the son of my lord grown pale with penitence and affliction?—If not, who is it, that sullies with his touch the hand of my child, whose amulet should have preserved him from such indignity?

Boy. [*Going hastily to Sacontalá.*] Mother, here is a stranger who calls me son.

Dushm. Oh! my best beloved, I have treated thee cruelly; but my cruelty is succeeded by the warmest affection; and I implore your remembrance and forgiveness.

Sac. [*Aside.*] Be confident, O my heart!—[*Aloud.*]—I shall be most happy when the king's anger has passed away.—[*Aside.*]—This must be the son of my lord.

Dushm. By the kindness of heaven, O loveliest of thy sex, thou standest again before me, whose memory was obscured by the gloom of fascination; as the star Róhini at the end of an eclipse rejoins her beloved moon.

Sac. May the king be—

[*She bursts into tears.*

Dushm. My darling, though the word victorious be suppressed by thy weeping, yet I must have victory, since I see thee again, though with pale lips and a body unadorned.

Boy. What man is this, mother?

Sac. Sweet child, ask the divinity, who presides over the fortunes of us both. [*She weeps.*

Dushm. O my only beloved, banish from thy mind my cruel desertion of thee.—A violent phrensy overpowered my soul.—Such, when the darkness of illusion prevails, are the actions of the best intentioned; as a blind man, when a friend binds his head with a wreath of flowers, mistakes it for a twining snake, and foolishly rejects it.

[*He falls at her feet.*

Sac. Rise, my husband, oh! rise—My happiness has been long interrupted; but joy now succeeds to affliction, since the son of my lord still loves me.—[*He rises.*]—How was the remembrance of this unfortunate woman restored to the mind of my lord's son?

Dushm. When the dart of misery shall be wholly extracted from my bosom, I will tell you all; but since the anguish of my soul has in part ceased, let me first wipe off that tear which trickles from thy delicate eye-lash; and thus efface the memory of all the tears which my delirium has made thee shed.

[*He stretches out his hand.*

Sac. [*Wiping off her tears, and seeing the ring on his finger.*] Ah! is that the fatal ring?

Dushm. Yes; by the surprising recovery of it my memory was restored.

Sac. Its influence, indeed, has been great; since it has brought back the lost confidence of my husband.

Dushm. Take it then, as a beautiful plant receives a flower from the returning season of joy.

Sac. I cannot again trust it.—Let it be worn by the son of my lord.

Mátali enters.

Mát. By the will of heaven the king has happily met his beloved wife, and seen the countenance of his little son.

Dushm. It was by the company of my friend that my desire attained maturity.—But say, was not this fortunate event previously known to Indra?

Mát. [*Smiling.*] What is unknown to the gods?—But come: the divine Maríeha desires to see thee.

Dushm. Beloved, take our son by the hand; and let me present you both to the father of immortals.

Sac. I really am ashamed, even in thy presence, to approach the deities.

Dushm. It is highly proper on so

happy an occasion—Come, I entreat thee. [*They all advance.*

The scene is withdrawn, and Casyapa is discovered on a throne conversing with Aditi.

Cas. [*Pointing to the king.*] That, O daughter of Dacsha, is the hero who led the squadrons of thy son to the front of battle, a sovereign of the earth, Dushmanta; by the means of whose bow the thunder-bolt of Indra (all its work being accomplished) is now a mere ornament of his heavenly palace.

Adi. He bears in his form all the marks of exalted majesty.

Mát. [*To Dushmanta.*] The parents of the twelve Adityas, O king, are gazing on thee, as on their own offspring, with eyes of affection.—Approach them, illustrious prince.

Dushm. Are those, O Mátali, the divine pair, sprung from Maríchi and Dacsha?—Are those the grandchildren of Brahmá, to whom the self-existent gave birth in the beginning; whom inspired mortals pronounce the fountain of glory apparent in the form of twelve suns; they who produced my benefactor, the lord of a hundred sacrifices, and ruler of three worlds?

Mát. Even they—[*Prostrating himself with Dushmanta.*]—Great beings, the king Dushmanta, who has executed the commands of your son Vasava, falls humbly before your throne.

Cas. Continue long to rule the world,

Adi. Long be a warriour with a car unshattered in combat. [*Sacontalá and her son prostrate themselves.*

Cas. Daughter, may thy husband be like Indra! May thy son resemble Jayanta! And mayst thou (whom no benediction could better suit) be equal in prosperity to the daughter of Pulóman!

Adi. Preserve, my child, a constant unity with thy lord: and may this boy, for a great length of years, be the ornament and joy of you both! Now be seated near us.

[*They all sit down.*

Cas. [*Looking at them by turns.*] Sacontalá is the model of excellent wives; her son is dutiful; and thou, O king, hast three rare advantages, true piety, abundant wealth, and active virtue.

Dushm. O divine being, having obtained the former object of my most ardent wishes, I now have reached the summit of earthly happiness through thy favour, and thy benizon will insure its permanence.—First appears the flower, then the fruit; first clouds are collected, then the shower falls: such is the regular course of causes and effects; and thus, when thy indulgence preceded, felicity generally followed.

Mát. Great indeed, O king, has been the kindness of the primeval Bráhmens.

Dushm. Bright son of Maríchi, this thy handmaid was married to me by the ceremony of Gandharvas; and, after a time, was conducted to my palace by some of her family; but my memory having failed, thro' delirium, I rejected her, and thus committed a grievous offence against the venerable Canna, who is of thy divine lineage: afterwards, on seeing this fatal ring, I remembered my love and my nuptials; but the whole transaction yet fills me with wonder. My soul was confounded with strange ignorance that obscured my senses; as if a man were to see an elephant marching before him, yet to doubt what animal it could be, till he discovered by the traces of his large feet that it was an elephant.

Cas. Cease, my son, to charge thyself with an offence committed ignorantly, and, therefore, innocently.—Now hear me—

Dushm. I am devoutly attentive.

Cas. When the nymph Ménacá led Sacontalá from the place where thy desertion of her had afflicted her soul, she brought her to the palace of Aditi; and I knew, by the power of meditation on the Supreme Being, that thy forgetfulness of thy pious and lawful consort had proceeded from the imprecation of

Durvásas, and that the charm would terminate on the sight of thy ring.

Dushm. [*Aside.*] My name then is cleared from infamy.

Sac. Happy am I that the son of my lord, who now recognises me, denied me through ignorance, and not with real aversion.——The terrible imprecation was heard, I suppose, when my mind was intent on a different object, by my two beloved friends, who with extreme affection, concealed it from me to spare my feelings, but advised me at parting to show the ring if my husband should have forgotten me.

Cas. [*Turning to Sacontalá.*] Thou art apprised, my daughter, of the whole truth, and must no longer resent the behaviour of thy lord.——He rejected thee when his memory was impaired by the force of a charm; and when the gloom was dispelled, his conjugal affection revived; as a mirrour, whose surface has been sullied, reflects no image; but exhibits perfect resemblances, when its polish has been restored.

Dushm. Such, indeed, was my situation.

Cas. My son Dushmanta, hast thou embraced thy child by Sacontalá, on whose birth I myself performed the ceremonies prescribed in the Veda?

Dushm. Holy Maríchi, he is the glory of my house.

Cas. Know too, that his heroick virtue will raise him to a dominion extended from sea to sea; before he has passed the ocean of mortal life, he shall rule, unequalled in combat, this earth with seven peninsulas: and, as he now is called Servadamana, because he tames even in childhood the fiercest animals, so in his riper years, he shall acquire the name of Bhereta, because he shall sustain and nourish the world.

Dushm. A boy educated by the son of Maríchi, must attain the summit of greatness.

Adi. Now let Sacontalá, who is restored to happiness, convey intelligence to Canna of all these events: her mother Ménacà is in my family, and knows all that has passed.

Sac. The goddess proposes what I most ardently wish.

Cas. By the force of true piety the whole scene will be present to the mind of Canna.

Dushm. The devout sage must be still excessively indignant at my frantick behaviour.

Cas. [*Meditating.*] Then let him hear from me the delightful news, that his foster-child has been tenderly received by her husband, and that both are happy with the little warriour who sprang from them.—Hola! who is in waiting?

A Pupil enters.

Pup. Great being, I am here.

Cas. Hasten, Gólava, through the light air, and in my name inform the venerable Canna, that Sacontalá has a charming son by Dushmanta, whose affection for her was restored with his remembrance, on the termination of the spell raised by the angry Durvásas.

Pup. As the divinity commands. [*He goes out.*

Cas. My son, reascend the car of Indra with thy consort and child, and return happy to thy imperial seat.

Dushm. Be it as Maríchi ordains.

Cas. Henceforth may the god of the atmosphere with copious rain give abundance to thy affectionate subjects; and mayst thou with frequent sacrifices maintain the Thunderer's friendship! By numberless interchanges of good offices between you both, may benefits reciprocally be conferred on the inhabitants of the two worlds!

Dushm. Powerful being, I will be studious, as far as I am able, to attain that felicity.

Cas. What other favour can I bestow on thee?

Dushm. Can any favours exceed those already bestowed?——Let every king apply himself to the attainment of happiness for his people; let Sereswati, the goddess of liberal arts, be adored by all readers of the

Veda; and may Siva, with an azure neck and red locks, eternally potent and self-existing, avert from me the pain of another birth in this perishable world, the seat of crimes and of punishment. [*All go out.*

POETRY.

ORIGINAL.

For the Anthology.

Messrs. Editors,

During the retirement of the laſt ſummer, it was my good fortune to eſcort two lovely girls, on a rural promenade. Purſuing for ſome diſtance precipices, which ſeemed to guard from intruſion the mazes of a quiet ſtream; we were ſurprized at obſerving a little wherry tied to a ſtump on the margin, and which offered to us an opportunity of proceeding with greater ſecurity and pleaſure. While I was employed, however, in diſengaging this little veſſel for their reception, my fair companions, who remained on the rocks above me *ſportively* concealed themſelves. Determined however to betray no embarraſſment on the occaſion, and knowing that but *one* part of the ſtream offered them a paſſage, in caſe they meant to deſert me, I, like an able general, haſtened by *forced marches* to ſecure it; and on the coming up of the fugitives preſented them the following lines, which at their requeſt I now preſent to you.

SO on the Pilgrim's weary way;
(Woke by twilight's crimſon ray
That baſhful wooing conſcious earth,
Gave the brilliant treaſon birth)
Dancing oft in meteor light,
Streams the phantom of the night!
Still it flings its ſtarry hues,
Still th' enchanted ſtep purſues,
Through many a mazy thicket led,
And wild unknown to human tread;
Mountain drear, and ravine deep
Where echoes unmoleſted ſleep;
Till ſkimming ſome lone trackleſs height,
Sudden it vaniſhed in night!
Too late alas! the ſtep eſſay
To meaſure back the weary way—
Vain is the frequent long *hallos*,
That echoed, ſeems to mock his woe,
While many a lengthen'd howl affrights the vale—
No ear attends his fault'ring pray'r,
While ſad and pale,
The ſpirit of deſpair
Frowns from each mould'ring ſteep,
and ſighs in ev'ry gale!
Soon ſinks th' exhauſted wand'rer 'mid the gloom,
His ſhrowd the breeze of night; the autumn leaf his tomb!

LODINUS.

New York, Dec. 10.

THE RINGLET.

OH bleſt is the Ringlet, and envied its maze,
As down thy fair boſom of tranſport it ſtrays;
In thy tear-drop diſſolving; or fann'd by thy ſigh,
Or vieling the fugitive gleam of thine eye!
Though the Poet that loves thee, be e'er ſo forlorn,
All night doom'd to languiſh, to ſigh all the morn;
Oh ne'er may a pang that fair boſom moleſt,
And that Lock in its mazes forever be bleſt!

LODINUS.

New York, Dec. 10.

From Scott's "Lay of the Last Minstrel."

We make the following extracts from the Edinburgh Review of a work, the original of which we presume has not yet reached this country. It is described as an attempt to transfer the refinements of modern poetry to the matter and the manner of the ancient metrical romance. We first extract the description of the Minstrel, from the introduction.

THE humble boon was soon obtained;
The aged Minstrel audience gained.
But, when he reached the room of state,
Where she, with all her ladies, sate,
Perchance he wished his boon denied;
For, when to tune his harp he tried,
His trembling hand had lost the ease,
Which marks security to please;
And scenes, long past, of joy and pain,
Came wildering o'er his aged brain—
Amid the strings his fingers strayed,
And an uncertain warbling made—
And oft he shook his hoary head,
But when he caught the measure wild,
The old man raised his face, and smiled;
And lightened up his faded eye,
With all a poet's extacy!
In varying cadence, soft or strong,
He swept the sounding chords along;
The present scene, the future lot,
His toils, his wants, were all forgot;
Cold diffidence, and age's frost,
In the full tide of song were lost.
Each blank, in faithless memory void,
The poet's glowing thought supplied:
And, while his harp responsive rung,
'Twas thus the LATEST MINSTREL sung.

After concluding one canto with an account of the warlike array, which was prepared for the reception of the English invaders, he opens the succeeding one with the following beautiful verses:

Sweet Teviot! on thy silver tide
The glaring bale-fires blaze no more;
No longer steel-clad warriours ride
Along thy wild and willowed shore;
Where'er thou wind'st by dale or hill,
All, all is peaceful, all is still,
As if thy waves, since Time was born,
Since first they rolled their way to Tweed,
Had only heard the shepherd's reed,
Nor started at the bugle-horn.

Unlike the tide of human time,
Which, tho' it change in ceaseless flow,
Retains each grief, retains each crime,
Its earliest course was doomed to know;
And, darker as it downward bears,
Is stained with past and present tears.
Low as that tide has ebbed with me,
It still reflects to memory's eye
The hour, my brave, my only boy,
Fell by the side of great Dundee.
Why, when the volleying musket played
Against the bloody Highland blade,
Why was not I beside him laid!—
Enough—he died the death of fame;
Enough—he died with conquering Græme.

We add a specimen of the songs, which Mr. Scott has introduced in the mouths of the minstrels, in the concluding canto. This is intended to represent that wild style of composition, which prevailed among the bards of the northern continent, somewhat softened and adorned by the minstrel's residence in the south.

O listen, listen, ladies gay!
No haughty feat of arms I tell;
Soft is the note, and sad the lay,
That mourns the lovely Rosabelle.
—"Moor, moor the barge, ye gallant crew!
And, gentle ladye, deign to stay!
Rest thee in Castle Ravensheuch,
Nor tempt the stormy frirth to-day.
"The blackening wave is edged with white;
To inch and rock the sea-mews fly;
The fishers have heard the Water-Sprite,
Whose screams forebode that wreck is nigh.
Last night the gifted seer did view
A wet shrowd rolled round ladye gay;
Then stay thee, fair, in Ravensheuch:
Why cross the gloomy frirth to-day?—
—"'Tis not because Lord Lindesay's heir
To-night at Roslin leads the ball,

But that my ladye-mother there
Sits lonely in her caſtle-hall.
" 'Tis not becauſe the ring they ride,
And Lindeſay at the ring rides well,
But that my ſire the wine will chide,
If 'tis not filled by Roſabelle."—
O'er Roſlin all that dreary night
A wondrous blaze was ſeen to gleam;
'Twas broader than the watch-fire light,
And brighter than the bright moon-beam.
It glared on Roſlin's caſtled rock,
It reddened all the copſe-wood glen;
'Twas ſeen from Dryden's groves of oak,
And ſeen from caverned Hawthornden.
Seemed all on fire that chapel proud,
Where Roſlin's chiefs uncoffined lie;
Each baron, for a ſable ſhroud,
Sheathed in his iron panoply.
Seemed all on fire within, around,
Both vaulted crypt and altar's pale;
Shone every pillar foliage-bound,
And glimmered all the dead-mens' mail.
Blazed battlement and pinnet high,
Blazed every roſe-carved buttreſs fair—
So ſtill they blaze when fate is nigh
The lordly line of high St. Clair.
There are twenty of Roſlin's barons bold
Lie buried within that proud chapelle;
Each one the holy vault doth hold—
But the ſea holds lovely Roſabelle!
And each St. Clair was buried there,
With candle, with book, and with knell;
But the Kelpy rung, and the Mermaid ſung
The dirge of lovely Roſabelle.

The cloſe of the whole poem is as follows:—

Huſhed is the harp—the Minſtrel gone.
And did he wander forth alone?
Alone, in indigence and age,
To linger out his pilgrimage?
No—cloſe beneath proud Newark's tower,
Aroſe the Minſtrel's lowly bower;
A ſimple hut; but there was ſeen
The little garden hedged with green,
The cheerful hearth, and ſtricture clean,
There ſheltered wanderers, by the blaze,
Oft heard the tale of other days;
For much he loved to ope his door,
And give the aid he begged before.
So paſſed the winter's day—but ſtill,
When ſummer ſmiled on ſweet Bowhill,
And July's eve, with balmy breath,
Waved the blue-bells on Newark heath;
And flouriſhed, broad Blackandro's oak,
The aged Harper's ſoul awoke!
Then would he ſing achievements high,
And circumſtance of Chivalry,
Till the rapt traveller would ſtay,
Forgetful of the cloſing day;
And Yarrow, as he rolled along,
Bore burden to the Minſtrel's ſong.

EPIGRAM.

From the Life of Gilbert Wakefield.

"OMNE IGNOTUM PRO MAGNIFICO EST."

On which ſubject the Biſhop of Cloyne once repeated to me an epigram incomparably excellent. It was ſaid to be the production of a young man at college, the maſter of which, who had ſet him this impoſition, kept a pair of coach horſes, perfect *Roſinantes* in condition; thin almoſt to tranſparency.

HIS nags, ſworn enemy to pamper'd ſteeds!
On hay and ſtubble old Avaro feeds.
Bred in his fields, and in his ſtables born,
What *coaſt ideas* muſt they have of *corn*.

From the Repertory.

EGREGIO PICTORI DOMINO STUART.

Qui inter Graphicæ Artis Princeps.

Præclarus Emicat

Tabulis ſpectatis ac admiratis.

MIROR! viventes quo ſurgant ordine formæ!
Hic armis magnus, major virtutibus HEROS.*
Hic magnâ apparent Homines in ſede potentes;†
Hic Docti oſtendunt notam mentem, oraque notæ;‡
Hic Oratores facie quaſi voce loquuntur.§
Virginibus pulchris hic dant ſe corda videntum,
Ac ſic, arte tuâ miracula mille creantur.

MAC CARTHY.

* Waſhington. † Mr. Jefferſon, Mr. Madiſon. ‡ Dr. Prieſtley, &c. § Hon. Fiſher Ames, &c.

THE BOSTON REVIEW,

For December, 1805.

Librum tuum legi & quam diligentissime potui annotavi, quæ commutanda, quæ eximenda, arbitrarer. Nam ego dicere verum assuevi. Neque ulli patientius reprehenduntur, quam qui maxime laudari merentur.——Pliny.

ARTICLE 80.

Collections of the Massachusetts Historical Society for the year 1798. *Vol. V.* Boston. S. Hall. pp. 290.

The history of a nation can seldom be accurately known but from its records, memorials, and the relation of facts by unquestionable authority. Foreigners in writing the annals of nations are often misled by false information, are sometimes willingly deceived by favourite prejudices, and are seldom able to discriminate justly between the respective value of different statements of the same affairs. As we can ascertain only from history the passions, follies, virtues, and sentiments of governours and nations, it becomes a subject of serious consideration to every people, to know how far they will probably be represented fully and impartially to the inquiries of contemporary mankind and succeeding generations. Princes and subjects are therefore bound by no common obligation to be certain, that neither prejudice nor mistake, nor perversion of facts nor barrenness of materials, shall furnish any excuse or extenuation of the criminality of historians. As by the moral law every individual is under bond to act virtuously, so by the political law which grows out of the former and conforms to it by easy analogies and necessary consequences, every nation is under bond to govern its conduct by the laws, applicable to its nature. Hence it results, that as the municipal law of vicinage authorizes the citizen to notice the conversation and courses of his neighbour, so the nations of the world are legally commissioned to observe the practices of associated communities; and therefore these practices ought to be faithfully, recorded, impartially published, and suitably represented, as the agents are perpetual corporations, not transitory individuals. We believe that the common law of England will punish a libel on the memory and reputation of the dead, and we also believe with Burke, that an indictment cannot be drawn up against a whole people. Here indeed there is no apparent resemblance between the subjects, but the dissimilarity results from impracticableness of execution, not from deficiency of analogy. But if Paley and Puffendorf can furnish no precedents of process against nations, let emperours and kings, the citizens and the people, know, that "history makes a durable record" of their conduct; that Tacitus, Machiavel, and Hume will represent them to all ages and political congregations

in black or bright tints, accordingly as they have done well or ill, and have transmitted to the painter of history materials for colour and composition.

This kind of reasoning is considered by the multitude inapplicable and metaphysical; but as we know its justness and feel its importance, we trust that it will meet with welcome and courtesy from individuals of wealth and education, from the legislatures of our country and the separate states, from all corporate institutions, from princes in government and patrons of learning; we address it to them for assistance and encouragement and liberal donations to the Historical Society of Massachusetts. This association we believe to be among the most important in the United States. It is every where acknowledged as eminently useful and essentially necessary in the youthful period of our country. From this society alone, do we expect much information on the colonial history of America. The exertions of individuals must always be very limited, compared with the wide grasp and illuminating views of a liberal corporation. If therefore this country feels any obligation to perpetuate an impartial remembrance of its founders, their virtues, policy, conduct, and religion; if it is essential to know well its commercial history, the laws of its colonization, its early systems of finance, its modes of husbandry and generally the important statisticks of rising communities, we are not presumptuous in saying, that these objects can be attained only by the honourable spirit, the laudable perseverance, and the liberal knowledge of a society of gentlemen and scholars, like that which is the subject of our prayers and commendation. We have reason to think from good authority, that this institution has not met with powerful patronage; its means are small, its funds are nothing, or less than nothing, and its prospects are not more cheering, than its actual situation. The Society has already published nine volumes of collections at their own expence, for the reimbursement of which they rely on the sale of the books, and they are now printing a new edition of the three first volumes, for which they are obliged to borrow the necessary funds. This is noble, if it is not prudent; it is an instance of magnanimity, not common in literature; it is heroick chivalry, it is knight-errantry of letters. The field is full of danger; but of old, applause and good wishes accompanied the cavalier, whose enterprize was honourable, and whose atchievements had been illustrious.

In reviewing the fifth volume of the Historical Collections, we notice

A letter from Dr. Kippis to the editor of the European Magazine for September 1795. Dr. Kippis candidly acknowledges his wrong information respecting the orders of the American Congress to capture Capt. Cook, and is perfectly satisfied with the demonstrative evidence of the errour, afforded by Dr. Belknap.

General Lincoln's observations on the Indians of North America, in answer to some remarks of Dr. Ramsay's.

General Lincoln agrees with

Dr. R. as to the impracticability of civilizing the Indians and adds various satisfactory reasons why their population will continue to decrease for many years. He thinks however, that in time the Indians will be driven towards the northern regions, that they will never be followed thither, and being in quiet possession of hunting grounds of great extent, and in a country abounding with all kinds of game, that they will there subsist until time shall be no more. But we think that the General has extended his speculation too far, in supposing that they will never be annihilated. When we consider the civilization and progressive improvement of the Russian empire, we do not despair of the hope, that the cold regions of N. America may one day be the residence of laws, politeness, and religion. No assignable limit can be put to the progress of population, agriculture, and commerce. But we can see no reason why the Indian tribes should retire, faster than the white men force them by arms or by trade; there will therefore always be a kind of intercourse, and we well know that the consequences of this communication are disease, want, indolence, and continual decrease of population.

Report of a committee of the board of correspondents of the Scots Society for propogating Christian knowledge, who visited the Oneida and Mohekunuh Indians in 1796.

This valuable paper is long, and apparently very correct. It is in the form of queries and answers. The queries proposed respecting these Indian tribes, were only sixteen in number, but the Committee, Rev. Dr. Belknap and Rev. Dr. Morse, extended them to twenty four, and in the answers have given a large body of information on almost every subject relating to the situation, religion, arts, civilization, and probable future condition of those tribes.

Rev. Stephen Badger's letter upon the Indians in Natick.

Mr. B. had excellent means of information on the subject, because he had been in the ministry at Natick, during forty-five years. Much irrelative reasoning and reflection are introduced, but the letter adds to the general stock of knowledge of the Aborigines.

Law cases. Few in number and badly reported.

Account of the great fire in Boston in 1711.

Memorabilia of Yarmouth, by Timothy Alden, jun.

Mr. Brattle's letter on the delusion, called witchcraft, in Salem 1692, dated in October 1692.

This account of witchcraft was written by an eye witness of the horrible transactions related, and is therefore entitled to some credit; but his ridiculous superstition and absurd belief of the actual interference of the Devil at the trials; of his power and active influence upon "the afflicted," operating through confessors or self acknowledged witches, take from his reasoning all merit and throw a foolish obscurity and nonsensical appearance over the whole narrative.

Vocabulary of the Narroganset language, by Roger Williams. Some future Bochart or Bryant may hereafter investigate with

pleasure the roots and etymology of such phrases, as these, *Aetauantmauntamwock cummuckiaug, how do your children? Weguanantiganash, candles.* It is divided into thirty-two chapters on various subjects, and is very complete for an Indian tongue.

Colonel Revere's letter on the intended apprehension of Messrs. Hancock and Adams by the British in 1774 and on the battle of Lexington. Much ado about nothing.

Letter from Governour Samuel Shute in 1718 to Rallé, the Jesuit. Rallé was a Missionary among the Indians; and this letter treats of the conduct of the English to them, and of Rallé's duty as a faithful minister and political adviser.

Two letters from Col. Dwight and Col. Partridge to Governour Shirley, February 1754.

The intrigues of the French among the Indians of the Ohio, and the Six Nations are here detailed, and different means are proposed to the Governour for the counteraction of their diplomatick skill.

Account of a law case in the Circuit Court, at New York, in 1798, in which Jedidiah Morse complains against John Reid for printing Winterbotham's America, which was nearly a copy of Morse's Geography. The court decreed the nett profits of the sale of 1700 copies of Winterbotham to be paid to Morse, and no more copies to be sold.

Account of the present state and government of Virginia.

This paper is divided into twelve sections. It was written about the year 1696, while Sir Edmond Andros was Governour of Virginia, to whose character and conduct the author is inimical. It gives much curious and colonial information on that country, and exhibits a mind disposed to nice investigation and fond of accurate results. To those who wish to compare the present situation of Virginia with its state a century ago as it respects revenue, cultivation, government, &c. we recommend a diligent perusal. To collegians and men of letters we present an extract, concerning the college of William and Mary, which is now in a barbarous condition of ruin and dismal decay.

In the year 1691, colonel Nicholson being lieutenant-governour, the general assembly considering the bad circumstances of the country for want of education for their youth, went upon a proposition of a college, to which they gave the name of William and Mary college.

They proposed that in this college there should be three *schools*, viz. a grammar school for teaching the Latin and Greek tongues; a philosophy school for philosophy and mathematicks; and a divinity school for the oriental tongues and divinity; for it was one part of their design, that this college should be a seminary for the breeding of good ministers, with which they were but very indifferently supplied from abroad. They appointed what masters should be in each of these schools, and what salaries they should have.

For the government and visitation of this college, they appointed a college senate, which should be eighteen, or any other number not exceeding twenty; who were then, the lieutenant-governour, four gentlemen of the council, four of the clergy, and the rest named out of the house of burgesses, with power to them to continue themselves, by election of a successor in the room of any one that should die, or remove out of the country. They petitioned the king that he would make these

trustees for founding and building this college, and governing it by such rules and statutes, as they, or the major part of them, should from time to time appoint. Accordingly, the king passed his charter, under the great seal of England, for such a college, and contributed very bountifully both to the building and endowment of it.

Toward the building he gave near £.2000, in ready cash, out of the bank of quit-rents, in which governour Nicholson left at that time about £.4500; and towards the endowment, the king gave the neat produce of the penny per pound in Virginia and Maryland, worth £.200 per annum, and the surveyor-general's place, place, worth about £.50 per annum, and the choice of ten thousand acres of land, in Pamunckey neck, and ten thousand more on the south side of the Black-Water swamp, which were tracts of land till that time prohibited to be taken up.

The general assembly also gave the college a duty on skins and furs, worth better than an £.100 a year, and they got subscriptions in Virginia, in governour Nicholson's time, for about £.2500 towards the building. With these beginnings the trustees of the college went to work, but their good governor, who had been the greatest encourager in that country of this design, (on which he has laid out £.350 of his own money,) being at that time removed from them, and another [Andros] put in his place, that was of a quite different spirit and temper, they found their business go on very heavily, and such difficulties in every thing, that presently, upon change of the governor, they had as many enemies as ever they had friends; such an universal influence and sway has a person of that character in all affairs of that country. The gentlemen of the council, who had been the forwardest to subscribe, were the backwardest to pay; then every one was for finding shifts to evade and elude their subscriptions, and the meaner people were so influenced by their countenance and example (men being easily persuaded to keep their money) that there was not one penny got of new subscriptions, nor paid of the old £.2500 but about £.500. Nor durst they put the matter to the hazard of a law suit, where this new governour and his favourites were to be their judges. Thus it was with the funds for building; and they fared little better with the funds for endowments; for notwithstanding the first choice they are to have of the land by the charter, patents were granted to others for vast tracts of land, and every one was ready to oppose the college in taking up the land; their survey was violently stopped, their chain broken, and to this day they can never get to the possession of the land. But the trustees of the college being encouraged with a gracious letter the king writ to the governour, to encourage the college, and to remove all the obstructions of it, went to work, and carried up one half of the designed quadrangle of the building, advancing money out of their own pockets where the donations fell short.

Account of the settlement and antiquities of Windsor in Connecticut.

Abstract of the laws of New England as now established in 1641.

This is preceded by a letter from Milton to Sir Henry Vane in verse of little merit. Vane, in conjunction with Mr. Cotton, was the abstracter or digester of the laws, which are remarkable for being curiously protected by authorities from the Bible. The abstract is divided into ten sections on most of the subjects of colonial and municipal regulation. The lawyer and antiquarian will peruse it with interest, and to the merchant we offer two extracts, one on the fisheries and the other on commerce, observing on the second, that the economical doctrines recommended are very false, for reasonable rates or prices should seldom or never be affixed to any commod-

ties, and never should the price of labour be limited.

To the intent that all oppreſſion in buying and ſelling may be avoided, it ſhall be lawful for the judges in every town, with the conſent of the free burgeſſes, to appoint certain ſelectmen, to ſet reaſonable rates upon all commodities, and proportionably to limit the wages of workmen and labourers; and the rates agreed upon by them, and ratified by the judges, to bind all the inhabitants of the town. The like courſe to be taken by the governour and aſſiſtants, for the rating of prizes throughout the country, and all to be confirmed, if need be, by the general court.

Becauſe fiſhing is the chief ſtaple commodity of the country, therefore all due encouragement to be given unto ſuch hands as ſhall ſet forwards the trade of fiſhing: and for that end a law to be made, that whoſoever ſhall apply themſelves to ſet forward the trade of fiſhing, as fiſhermen, mariners, and ſhipwrights, ſhall be allowed, man for man, or ſome or other of the labourers of the country, to plant and reap for them, in the ſeaſon of the year, at the publick charge of the commonwealth, for the ſpace of the ſeven years next enſuing; and ſuch labourers to be appointed and paid by the treaſurer of the commonwealth.

The abstract is proved by internal evidence to be a system of laws recommended, but not actually existing, and this is further demonstrated by the explanatory communication, which follows, entitled,

Aspinwall's address to the reader of the abstract of laws and government.

Letter from his Majesty's commissioners to Governor Prince of Rhode Island, 1664.

Articles of agreement between the court of New Plymouth and Awasuncks, Squaw Sachem of Saconett.

Dartmouth Indians' engagement Sept. 4, 1671. Letter from Awasuncks to Governour Prince, August 1671. This relates to the treaty.

Letter from Governour Prince to Goodman Cooke, August 24, 1671. Letter from Governour Prince to Awasuncks. This is connected with the preceding treaty.

Letter from Jeremiah Dummer, Esq. to Dr. Benjamin Colman, Jan. 7, 1714. This is an interesting letter about Col. Byfield, Col. Dudley, & Dr. Noyes. Who was this Dr. Noyes?

Letter from Rev. Mr. Neal to Rev. Benjamin Colman, London Sept. 19, 1716. The author writes about his history of New-England.

Extract of a letter from Dr. Watts to Dr. C. Mather, concerning Neal's history of New-England. Dr. Johnson wished every one to imitate Dr. Watts in every thing but his non-conformity, to which we add his "persuasion, that there was much immediate agency of the devil in the witchcraft at Salem, and perhaps that there were some real witches also." These are certainly singular notions, but almost all nations have avowed their belief in witchcraft and sorcery; these crimes were severely punished by death in the civil and common laws; the English statutes against them were not done away till the beginning of the reign of George 2d. Voltaire thinks that by an edict of Louis 14, the tribunals of justice in France cannot punish them. But in Ireland a statute inflicting death on witches is still unrepealed, as is mentioned by Lord Mountmorres.

Judge Auchmuty's views of the importance of Cape Breton to the English nation.

Historical scraps; the most important are one on the first congregational church since the days of primitive christianity, and one on the population and small pox in Boston in the years 1721 and 1752.

A narrative of newspapers printed in New-England. This is a curious, minute communication; it is pleasant and we recommend the whole to our readers and present them in the mean time with such extracts as our limits will admit.

An account of newſpapers from the Boſton News-letter, the firſt ever publiſhed in America, about the fourth year of the preſent century, to the revolution of the country, muſt give peculiar ſatisfaction to all curious inquirers, and certainly comports with the object of our ſociety.

It is obſerved in the life of Dr. Franklin, that in 1720, or 21, the New-England Courant was publiſhed, and that it was the *ſecond* ever printed in America—the firſt being the Boſton News-letter. "Great men are not always wiſe;" they are very frequently careleſs and inaccurate, eſpecially in *little* matters of chronology. The doctor tells us, that his brother, who was engaged in this buſineſs, undertook it againſt the advice of his friends, who were perſuaded that the country could not ſupport a ſecond paper. It ſeems ſtrange, as he was in the office with his brother, that he ſhould not recollect which of the years the Courant was publiſhed. It was printed in the ſummer of 1721. It was not the ſecond paper. We have many papers of the Boſton Gazette, which was printed in 1720, toward the end of the year. This was the ſecond paper, and printed by *S. Kneeland*. In July and Auguſt, 1722, the numbers of the papers were,

Boſton News-letter, Monday, July 2, No. 961.

Boſton Gazette, Monday, July 2. 196.

New-England Courant, Monday, July. 48.

There are files of papers; which I mention, leſt a miſtake may be thought to ariſe from one or two numbers often found among typographical errors.

What makes it ſurpriſing that Dr. Franklin ſhould not recollect the Boſton Gazette, is, that it was the *poſt paper*. The poſt-office firſt gave riſe to the publication of newſpapers in this country. The Boſton News-letter was printed by *B. Green*, Newbury-ſtreet, for *John Campbell*, poſt-maſter. The Boſton Gazette was printed by *Samuel Kneeland* for *P. Muſgrove*, poſt-maſter.—Mr. *Green*, at this time, printed the News-letter for Mr. *Campbell*, who was not in office.

Some time after this, the old paper, or Boſton News-letter, fell into other hand: for we find Mr. *Green* undertook another paper, called only the *Weekly* News-letter. Thurſday, Auguſt 27, is the only paper I have ſeen—number 192. It is by *B. Green*; his office in Newbury-ſtreet. This was the fourth newſpaper in America. Soon after, the famous New-England Journal was iſſued from the preſs; the firſt number, March 27, 1727—printed by *Samuel Kneeland*; his office in Queen-ſtreet—and afterwards by *S. Kneeland* and *Thomas Green*—and continued to be publiſhed jointly by them from July, 1727, nearly 25 years.

Monday, September 27, 1731, began the Weekly Rehearſal—the printer, J. Draper—the editor, Jeremy Gridley, Eſq. who became one of the greateſt characters in the line of his profeſſion, and whoſe powers of ſpeech and thought are remembered by thoſe who were perſonally acquainted with him.

That the Rehearſal might appear with proper dignity, it is enriched with mottos from the claſſicks. The firſt is—

Floriferis ut apes in ſaltibus, omnia libant,
Omnia nos itidem.——Lucret.

Fungar vice cotis acutum
Reddere quæ ferrum valet, exſors ipſa ſecandi.——Hor.

This paper was printed only one year—the editor changed his printer toward the latter part of it; then it was printed by *Thomas Fleet*, at the Heart and Crown, Cornhill.

Mr. Elliot came from England, was among the zealous whigs that opposed Dr. Sacheverel and the high church party. He and his sons printed the paper called the Evening Post, which, for its impartiality, collection of facts, news, political speculations, and *journal of the times*, was always valued as one of the very best publications in any part of America. The first number was emitted soon after the *Rebearsal ceased*—and the last number was April 24, 1775.

In the year 1771, Dr. Franklin says there were twenty-five printed in America. I should suppose more, considering how many were then emitted from the presses in New-England.

None were printed in any other of the four New-England states, I believe, till after the year 1730.

In 1732, the first week in October, the Rhode-Island Gazette was first printed, by *James Franklin*.

There was no newspaper in New-Hampshire till Mr. *Daniel Fowle* left Boston, who set up the first printing press at Portsmouth, in August, 1756, and there published, on the 7th of October following, the first number of the New-Hampshire Gazette. Mr. Hall, the printer of our Historical Collections, was then with him, and, under his direction, performed the first printing which ever was done in that province. Mr. Fowle died in 1787, having, by himself or in company, edited the Gazette about 30 years.

I am not so well acquainted with Connecticut as to say when the first newspaper was issued—but am informed that some of the family of Green are now there in that line of business. Dr. Trumbull says, that there was no printer in Connecticut till they sent for Mr. Timothy Green, a descendant of Mr. Samuel Green, *the first printer* in America. He was invited by the council; and the assembly, for his encouragement, agreed that he should be printer to the governour and company, and have fifty pounds, the salary of the deputy-governour, annually. He was obliged to print the election sermons, the proclamations for fasts and thanksgivings, and laws which were enacted at the several sessions of the assembly. He came to Connecticut in 1714, and fixed his residence at New-London. He and his descendants were for a great number of years printers to the governours and company of Connecticut.

This respectable author mentions, in a note, that Mr. Thomas Short was sent by Mr. Green, in 1709, and should be considered as the first printer in the colony.

The typographers of America, and all who reflect how much indebted we are to the printing-press for the diffusion of knowledge, will ever respect the name of GREEN.—For mine own part, I experience a sensation similar to what I feel when I read the history of the family of Medici—

——parva componere magnis.

Brief account of the several settlements and governments in and about Narraganset Bay.

Charles 2d's letter to the Governour and Magistrates of Rhode Island. In this letter the Earl of Sunderland, after various reasons in the preamble, orders the governour and magistrates to signify to all claimants of the lands of Narraganset and Niantick countries to send authorised agents to England for the purpose of making their titles and rights to appear, and in default thereof that his majesty will make such disposition of the lands as he shall think consistent with right and justice. The Earl then signifies his majesty's pleasure to be made acquainted with the right and title of the colonies to Mount Hope, and with the extent, value and property of lands of said Mt. in order for a suitable disposition thereof. In answer to this letter follows

The address of the Governour and General Assembly of Rhode-Island to Charles 2d.

In this is contained the statement required concerning Mount Hope, and this is regularly followed by

A letter of the Commissioners

of the United Colonies of N. England respecting Mt. Hope.

This gives a history of the lands of Mt. Hope and of the Narragansett country in obedience to the king's letter, and further information is exhibited in the next paper, called

A true account of the rights of the petitioners to the Narragansett lands and country adjacent.

Charles however was not satisfied, and in the next paper he issues his "Commission to Edward Cranfield and others, to examine into the claims and titles to the Narragansett country," and these Commissioners issue their "Summons to all persons claiming rights in the Narragansett country to appear;" and finally these Commissioners, Oct. 20, 1683, make their "report to the king," and "an additional report." The result was, that jurisdiction of Narragansett belonged to Connecticut, and propriety of soil to the heirs and assigns of Winthrop, Chiffinch, Lynde, and others; but, notwithstanding this report, and perhaps in consequence of a *quo warranto* issued, though not prosecuted against the governour and council of Connecticut, the king assumed jurisdiction, as appears by the next paper.

In 1684, a writ of *scire facias* having issued out of the Court of Chancery against the governour and company of Massachusetts bay and "the good old charter" having fallen, we next find "James 2d's commission, constituting a President & Council for Massachusetts, Narragansett country," &c.

Order of the President and Council respecting the records of Narragansett.

Proceedings of a Court of his Majesty's Commissioners and Justices in the Narragansett country.

The next paper is called

Paukatuck river, the boundary between Connecticut and Rhode Island.

Act of the assembly of Rhode Island in favour of Humphrey Atherton and associates.

Description and history of Newton, by Rev. Jonathan Homer.

Natural history and description of the slug-worm, by Wm. Dandridge Peck, communicated to the Massachusetts Agricultural Society. This long and valuable paper having been published in the Massachusetts Mercury, in a separate pamphlet, and again in this volume of the Collections, we shall not attempt to abridge it. It obtained the Agricultural Society's premium of 50 dollars and the gold medal. It is worthy of diligent perusal by farmers and lovers of science, as it displays a mind, attentive to practical good, and curious in the minute researches of neglected entomology.

We now close our exhibition of the contents of this volume. We have been particular in the accounts of the several papers, in order that no subject may seem to be forgotten or despised. If a good history of America is ever to be written, materials of every kind must be diligently accumulated, and historical facts must be displayed in every point of view. We are therefore glad, that the first volume of "the American Annals," by Holmes has appeared, and that the second volume is preparing for the press; for, though we mean to give no opinion of their value, at present, we think that they must be valuable,

even if they are ridiculous. On the same principle we wish every encouragement to Mrs. Warren's history of the American war, and we would not discourage any compiler and historical poacher, however obscure and contemptible, if a single new fact is offered, or an erroneous statement corrected. The most weak and meagre journalists and scribblers made the road easy to Livy and Sallust. Bede, Baker, and Holinshed preceded the bright days of Henry and Hume. The history of Gibbon is indebted to monkish legends, ecclesiastical martyrologies, and the wildest reveries of sinners and saints. We do not mean to compare Ramsay, Marshall, Holmes, Trumbull, Morse, and Adams, with Stith, Smith, Beverly, Hutchinson, and Mather, yet we are bold to say that a good history of America, of any of the individual states, and the revolutionary war, is still wanting; that those writers have only collected and arranged some materials for building, which, with the future labours of equally industrious workmen, may serve to strengthen or adorn the eternal monument of an American Tacitus or Robertson.

ART. 81.

A compendious system of Greek Grammar, in English and Greek, by Edward Wettenhall, D.D. &c. For the use of schools. An edition literally translated (as far as prosody) from the latest and most approved editions of Wettenhall's Grammar, carefully inspected by several eminent professors and teachers, and published with a particular view to correctness in all the examples and variations. To which is added in notes a full variation of the examples of adjectives, with a table of abbreviations explained. Philadelphia, for W. P. Farrand, by H. Maxwell. 1804. *pp.* 103.

AS we unfortunately do not possess the original of this work, and after some inquiry have been unable to procure it in any of the publick or private libraries around us, we sit down to the examination of it, we confess, without the means of estimating the merit of Mr. Farrand with exactness. From the general perspicuity and purity of his language, we may venture to say, that, notwithstanding a few unauthorized Latinisms, the work appears neither awkward nor uncouth in its English dress. We do not however discern why the System of Prosody, which is inserted in the original Latin, should not be translated as well as the rest.

On opening the volume, our eyes were attracted by the recommendations of Mr. John Andrews, the Faculty of Dickenson college, and Mr. W. Stoughton; and we were in hopes of finding some information on the work to supply our deficiences. They confine themselves however to remarks on the merit of the translation, and the propriety of studying the grammars of the ancient languages in our vernacular tongue. This opinion has of late become fashionable, though it has received the countenance of none of the celebrated English schools; but whether it has not arisen from the decline of a taste for classical literature, and aversion to what Lord Bacon calls "deep, fruitful, and operative" study, may be ques-

tioned. The common plea, that boys should not be taught in a language that they do not understand, is worth nothing; for the nature and philosophy of grammar must be equally as incomprehensible to a child in English as in Syriack. The only thing to be hoped for is to teach them the mechanical application of rules; and rules, which are slowly acquired, because in an unusual language, will be firmly and lastingly associated with their examples.

With regard to the merit of the work itself, we do not discover that it possesses any extraordinary claims to distinction. If we must have an *English* grammar, the Gloucester, with all its imperfections, is in every respect more copious, more learned, and equally correct. Dr. Wettenhall follows Lancelot, the author of the Port Royal Grammar, in reducing all the inflexions of nouns to two, parisyllabick, and imparisyllabick, a division of doubtful utility to scholars, and certainly improper for boys who require many rules and few exceptions, rather than few rules with exceptions almost as numerous as coincidences with them. It would be easy to point out other instances of its inferiority to the Gloucester Grammar, and none in which it is superiour.

ART. 82.

Farrand's course of Latin studies: or classical selection, published in a cheap, correct, and improved form, comprised in five parts. For the use of American schools. Philadelphia. For Farrand & Co. by John Adams. 1805.

MR. Farrand's design is to collect into a single volume those parts of the usual introductory books, which are studied in schools, in order to avoid the useless expense of the original volumes. For the judgment with which this is executed he deserves the thanks of those instructors, who use the books from which he has selected.

ART. 83.

The Gamesters; or ruins of innocence. An original novel, founded in truth. By Caroline Matilda Warren. Boston. D. Carlisle, printer. 1805.

AMONG the ephemeræ of this species, that continually flit from the press and expire, this is unquestionably the most puny. It appears to have been conceived by an intellect in a state of stagnation, and to have been warmed into being by the affection of folly. The avidity, with which it was run after by the town the moment it was hatched, reminded us of *Sir Joseph Banks* in pursuit of a butterfly; and we were ready, from the finery of its appearance, to exclaim with *the president*,

"Morocco's Emperor, by the living Gods!"

In what way the ladies have been infected by this vermin, we confess ourselves unable to determine, for it appears on examination not only too inanimate to buzz; but too insignificant to sting. History settles the period of its nativity in 1805; the month and the day of its birth are left to the uncertainty of conjecture; that it existed during the inclemencies of the commencement of the year, or that it will survive thro' the ensuing frosts of the season, is, we apprehend, not a little problematical. As we experience no particular ex-

dilation to swinging a *club* to dislocate a flea, we resign this minimus, with one more observation to those whom it may interest, to be impaled on a pin, for the scrutiny of the curious.

"The *white* hours of innocence fled on *golden* wings, and love was chastened by reason." These same white hours, with their golden wings, are rather motley birds of rhetorick; and, to determine their species, we must arrange them, we apprehend, under the title of *buffaches*, with an additional *l* to the orthography of the fowl.

CORRESPONDENCE.

The following is a letter from the authors of a compendious history of N. E. whose receipt we acknowledged in our last. For the sake of being just to its merits, and of our own convenience, we give it to our readers by little and little; with a request however that, if they read it at all, they would first read it entire, a task which the difference of type will enable them readily to perform. If they should complain that we have little mercy on their pockets, by filling our pages with scraps of uninteresting controversy, they must comfort themselves by contrasting their condition with that of us, who, besides sometimes throwing away our cents, are often obliged, not only to write what is dull ourselves, but also to keep from sleeping over the dullness of others.

To the Reviewers of the Compendious History of Newengland. [See Anth. Oct. 1805. p. 541.]

GENTLEMEN,

WE should not trouble you with any remarks on your review of our Work, did we not deem it necessary to counteract injurious effects, which might follow, were we silent, from some of your misrepresentations.

Of your delay of more than a year in noticing our work, after you had received it; of the time and circumstances in which you have brought it before the publick; and of the *spirit* which obviously dictated your review we say nothing. They speak a language which we need not interpret to your readers.

You have already said too much. The review of Duffef's Grammar, an original and really meritorious work, did not appear until our last number, though we received it earlier than the Compendious History, which was reviewed in the number preceding. Had we been permitted to follow our inclination merely, the title page of your history alone would have appeared in the Anthology; for upon reading it we found it impossible to be at once just to the publick, and pleasing to you.

That a work like ours was "needed," though you "adventure to pronounce it *was not*," you have admitted, by giving your high approbation of one of a similar kind *since* published. Your *direction* of the history of New-England must, therefore, have some other exciting cause, than an unnecessary multiplication of books on that subject; for you admit that ours is but the *second* work of the kind.‡ Is it because an exhibition of venerable characters, and sound religious

‡ See Review p. 542, 1st col. 3d par.

principles, of our forefathers reproaches and wounds *some* of their descendants.

As for ourſelves, we feel neither wounded nor reproached by this inſinuation; and we bluſh for gentlemen, who have no more modeſty than to truſt it on paper.

You correctly quote from our preface, the reaſons given for our publication; that the materials for this hiſtory were ſcattered in volumes "too expenſive &c. to be uſeful *to the riſing generation.*" In your animadverſions on this quotation, why did you omit the phraſe, "*riſing generation,*"

Becauſe that phraſe, at that moment was not emphatical. In making quotations in reference to a particular point, it is unneceſſary to recite a whole paragraph, or even a whole ſentence; and if you have a particle of candour, you muſt acknowledge, that we had as much as was needed in the caſe before us. What we cenſured in you was the lumping of the Summary Hiſtory with the bulky materials of former writers on the ſame ſubject. "Volumes too expenſive and too disjointed" were therefore the emphatical words; for if Miſs Adams's work was as conciſe as yours, it was equally uſeful as yours to "the riſing generation."

and repreſent us as ſaying, the volumes were "too expenſive and disjointed to be *uſeful.*" We ſaid no ſuch thing.

A wretched quibble!

Nor did we ſay or intimate, that Miſs Adams' work was "ill arranged or deficient."

You implicitly *did* ſay ſo by claſſing her book among the coſtly and chaotick materials of Newengland hiſtory.

What we meant and *ſaid*, was, that in our opinion all previous hiſtories of New-England, including her's among the reſt, were too "voluminous and expenſive to be uſeful *to the riſing generation.* To the correctness of this opinion we have her teſtimony and your own; for ſhe has *abridged* her work for the uſe of ſchools, and you have approved the meaſure.

You ſaid no ſuch thing. What you meant we know not; what you ſaid was this: "The materials for the hiſtory of this favoured portion of the world though abundant, have hitherto been ſcattered in many volumes, too expenſive and too disjointed, to be rendered uſeful to the riſing generation. To reduce them to a form, order, and ſize adapted to the uſe of the higher claſſes in ſchools, and to families, has been our aim in compiling this ſmall work." This is what you ſaid, and we muſt try to reſolve it. What are too expenſive and too disjointed? Volumes? Disjointed volumes is nonſenſe, unleſs you mean to criminate the bookbinders. Beſides, it is *materials*, not *volumes*, which you would talk of reducing to form, &c. We muſt then underſtand you as ſaying, that MATERIALS for the hiſtory of Newengland have hitherto been too expenſive & too disjointed, &c. Of courſe the Summary Hiſtory of Newengland is among the rubbiſh. Now this is the very injuſtice and cruelty of which we complain. After the indefatigable and to herſelf detrimental labours of compilation, you allow no other merit to Miſs A's work, than that of making part of abundant, miſhapen materials, "for the hiſtory of this favoured portion of the world," to which your plaſtick hands were to give order, form, and beauty. And yet your hiſtory of Newengland is larger than hers![*] This we affirm is treating Miſs Adams not with uncourteous neglect merely, from which her ſex ſhould have ſaved her, but as an author with remorſeleſs contempt.

But your moſt injurious miſrepreſentations remain to be noticed. You ſay, that we have "a-

[*] See Month. Anthol. Vol. 2. p. 542.

vailed ourselves of important information contained in her work, which we were unable elsewhere easily to obtain ;" and refer particularly to an account of the settlement of Rhode Island, which you assert, was " borrowed from Miss A. and which she procured at the expense of her eye-sight and health."

We said no such thing. If you will read our words rightly, you will read the following: "ill arranged and deficient as they may deem her history, it is manifest that they have condescended to avail themselves of important information contained in that work, which they were unable, WE BELIEVE, elsewhere EASILY to obtain. We believe so still. If the researches of Miss A. almost deprived her of eye-sight, similar researches would have been attended with difficulty to you, wonderful as you are in the power of condensing.

Had you, gentlemen, with due candour and fidelity compared her work and ours, and referred to Hutchinson's history, Chalmer's Political Annals, and particularly to the sketch of the history of R. I. in the American Geography, which was compiled in 1788 from Callender's century sermon, Hopkin's Gazetteer, and MSS. lent by Dr. Stiles, you would not have made this unfounded charge. You would have found that she and we, received the *substance* of our information from the same sources; and that we were the first in examining the " old newspapers and mouldering rolls," on this subject. Indeed it can be shewn, that she has been, to say the least, as much indebted to the American Geography; as we have been to her history of N. England. We do not mean that she has made an improper use of it, nor have we of her work.

Old authors and manuscripts are more easily enumerated than read. It is impossible, gentlemen, for us to say how much you have read: doubtless much; but authors as well as other men are under strong temptation to make their labour as easy as possible. Were we to admit however, that you derived your information from the same sources, to which Miss A. had access, as her work was in some respect smaller than yours, and in all respects smaller than any previous history of the sort, we cannot but adhere to the opinion, that it has been useful to you in compiling the Compendious History; and we have no doubt of getting a similar verdict from the impartial publick. True, in her summary history, Miss A. was indebted for aid to the American geography, as well as to other publications; but what were her acknowledgments? This is a specimen of her humble and beautiful language: " In abridging the works of these excellent authors, she is sensible of her inability to do them justice, and has sometimes made use of their own words. The reader is always referred for further information to these ingenious performances, and the highest ambition of the compiler is, that her imperfect sketch may excite a more general attention to the large and valuable histories of the country." We blame you, gentlemen, not for making use of Miss A.'s book; but for withholding suitable acknowledgments to that aid, which, agreeably to your own confessions, you actually obtained. We think the American Geography owes as much to the View of Religious, as the Summary History does to the American Geography; but it also is our opinion, that Miss A. on this head has no cause of complaint against Dr. Morse, because along with the large quotations with which the theme enriched his work, he diffused a knowledge of their source, and respectfully paid her the tribute of applause. With what face then can this gentleman mention the debt of the Summary History to his Geography, when the author consulted him before her work was published, obtained his consent to the loan, and finally paid him in terms of handsome commendation? It would have been well, however, for the peace of the lady, if the

and let the American Geography alone; for it is well known that she afterwards received a cutting letter from Mr. Noah Webster, reproving her for giving credit to the American Geography for what had been taken surreptitiously from his works. *Non nostrum tantas componere lites.*

A heavier charge still you bring against us. You have *unwillingly discerned* in us "a design to supplant Miss A. in abridging her SUMMARY, and an inclination to withhold the tribute, which ought to be paid to her assiduity and merits." It is certainly, gentlemen, very remarkable, that you should "discern," and that too "*unwillingly*," what never had existence! It is a fact, with which Miss A. and her friends were long ago made acquainted, and which if it were not, *ought* to have been known to you, that *we had no knowledge* of Miss A.'s ever having entertained a thought of abridging her history, till ours was written, and (if we rightly remember) printed and ready for sale. How then could we have had a "design to supplant her in abridging her history?" We solemnly aver, that the idea of interference with any of Miss A.'s designs never entered our minds, till suggested by herself, at the time just alluded to; and then it was supposed our views were explained to her satisfaction. To her interests we have ever felt friendly. Her literary merits we have always appreciated and promoted. No work was ever published by us with purer intentions than our history of New England. The first hint of the utility of such a work was suggested by a judicious friend, on reading the article *New England*, in the Encyclopedia, and the plan was afterwards approved by some of the most respectable gentlemen in Boston.

It is, to say the least, gentlemen, very surprising, that you, who are so well acquainted with the scanty literary intelligence, which our community furnishes, should be ignorant of Miss A.'s design, which was familiar years ago to a number of gentlemen in this vicinity. But granting this ignorance, might you not, ought you not, to have apprised her of your intentions? Have you done towards her, as in similar circumstances you would have others act towards you? You, Dr. Morse, are said to have expressed great disapprobation of Dwight's Geography, on the principle, that it was trenching on your ground. Yet in the whole circle of literature it is not possible for an author more completely to cross the track of another, than you have done, or attempted to do, in the case of Miss Adams. After you had abridged and reprinted your Geography in multifarious forms, was it not natural for you to suppose that the design of *abridging* the Summary History had entered the thoughts of its author? It is passing strange, that such a supposition never came into the mind of a man tenacious as you are of literary property. Thus have we condescended to reason.

But there is a fact, gentlemen, which answers you in a moment. You very well know, that you privately endeavoured to dissuade Miss A. from abridging her work, and even threatened her, that the prosecution of her purpose might *provoke an abridgement of your Compendious History*. And yet you have always appreciated her merits, and befriended her interest!!! As to your motives, we do not judge you. It is enough that we demonstrate that we have not misrepresented you in a single instance; and that your conduct towards Miss A. we are sorry to discern it, is illjudged and oppressive; and we think that the most respectable gentlemen in Boston, who, you say, advised you to the measure, had better have been otherwise employed.

We never have believed, nor do we yet believe, that what we

have done will operate injury to Miss A. in any way, unless it be through the indiscreet counsel and conduct of some who profess to be her friends. We wish her to remember the advice of Solomon, that "some men are friends *for their own occasion*, and will not abide in the day of trouble."*

You might as well say you believe, that if Miss A. compile and publish a gazetteer of the United States, it would help the sale of your own. As to any poignancy in your quotation from Solomon you might for aught we see, have cited Adam, Seth, Enos.

Such being the state of facts, we have felt *ourselves injured by the false reports which have* been privately whispered and industriously circulated concerning this business, and which we have reason to believe have made very unfavourable impressions on the minds of some respectable people. Whatever we may think of your motives in giving publicity and your sanction to these reports, we feel ourselves obliged by the opportunity you have afforded us publickly to repel these unjustifiable assaults on our reputation, and to explain and vindicate our conduct. And we cannot believe, that you will for a moment hesitate to do us the justice, to publish this our vindication without delay.

We are, Gentlemen, with due respect, your humble servants,

J. MORSE.
E. PARISH.

* Eccles. vi. 8.

Concerning the two last paragraphs there is nothing worthy of our animadversion or notice. It may be proper to remark, that on a careful retrospect of the part we have taken in this business, we have acted conformably to the best lights within our reach, to a lively sense of our responsibility to the republick of letters, and the solemn behests of conscience. What we have known we have asserted, what we have believed we have stated with the reasons of our belief. If you should feel irritated, gentlemen, by any of the foregoing observations, it will be regretted no more by you, than it has been by us, that you did not more patiently submit to the gentle reprehension contained in our Review; and it is our dispassionate advice, if you would save your reputation from the lashes of future thongs, and your Compendious History from oblivion, that you present to Miss Hannah Adams the profits you may already have recieved from the sale, and the copyright of the work.

MONTHLY CATALOGUE

OF NEW PUBLICATIONS IN THE U. STATES FOR DECEMBER.

Sunt bona, sunt quædam mediocria, sunt mala plura.—Mart.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The life of George Washington, commander in chief of the American forces during the war which established the independence of his country, and first president of the United States. By John Marshall. Vol. 4. Philadelphia. C. P. Wayne. 1805. pp. 626.

An inaugural dissertation on respiration. Submitted to the publick examination of the faculty of physick, under the authority of the trustees of Columbia College in the state of Newyork, the Right Rev. Benjamin Moore, D.D. president; for the degree of Doctor of Physick, on 12th November, 1805. By Thomas Cock, citizen of the state of Newyork. New York. T. & J. Swords. 1805. 8vo. pp. 33.

An account of the malignant fever, which prevailed in the city of New York, during the autumn of 1805. By James Hardie. New York. Southwick & Hardcastle. 8vo. pp. 96.

The young carpenter's aſſiſtant; or a ſyſtem of architecture adapted to the ſtyle of building cuſtomary in the United States. Embelliſhed with valuable deſigns and elevations of ſome of the principal ſtructures in the city of Philadelphia. By Owen Biddle. Philadelphia. 1805.

A new grammar of the French tongue, originally compiled for the uſe of the American Military Academy. By a French gentleman. New York. I. Riley & Co. pp. 96. 12mo.

A ſyſtem of military tactics. Containing principles of diſcipline, and movements chiefly applied to infantry; the plan of inſpection, or review; the exerciſe of the great gun; with the various forms of reports. Illuſtrated by ſixteen copperplates. New York. 1805.

The conſtitutions of Maſſachuſetts and the United States, the declaration of independence, and Waſhington's farewel addreſs. Lately recommended by the General Court to be uſed in ſchools. Boſton. Manning & Loring.

Same work. Stockbridge. Willard.

Same work. Worceſter. I. Thomas, jun. Price 25 cents ſingle; 2,25 per doz. pp. 120.

A diſcourſe delivered at the requeſt of the American Revolution Society, before that Society and the State Society of the Cincinnati, on the death of Gen. Chriſtopher Gadſden, September 18, 1805. By Nathaniel Bowen, rector of St. Michael's, and member of the American Revolution Society. Charleſton, S.C. William P. Young. 1805.

A ſermon delivered at the ordination of Rev. William Baſcomb to the paſtoral care of the firſt church in Fitchburg, 16 Oct. 1805. By Abiel Holmes, D.D. paſtor of the firſt church in Cambridge. Cambridge. William Hilliard. 1805.

A diſcourſe delivered at the ordination of the Rev. John Sabin to the paſtoral charge of the church at Fitzwilliam, N. H. on the 6th March, 1805. By Nathaniel Thayer, miniſter of the church in Lancaſter. Keene, N. H. Prentiſs. 1805.

A ſermon preached at the ordination of the Rev. James Converſe, to the paſtoral care of the church in Wethersfield, (Vermont) Feb. 10, 1805. By Seth Payſon, A. M. paſtor of the church in Rindge, N. H. Keene. John Prentiſs.

A great faith deſcribed and inculcated. A ſermon on Luke vii. 9. By Iſaac Backus, paſtor of a church in Middleborough. Boſton. E. Lincoln. 1805.

A diſcourſe delivered at an evening lecture in the ſouth meeting houſe, in Portſmouth, N. H. 31ſt July, 1805. It being the evening ſucceeding the ſeſſion of the eccleſiaſtical council convened reſpecting the ſeparation of the Rev. Timothy Alden, jun. from his paſtoral relation to the ſouth church and congregation in that town. By Jonathan French, A. M. paſtor of the ſouth church in Andover. Portſmouth, W. & D. Treadwell, 1805.

A valedictory diſcourſe, delivered at the ſouth church in Portſmouth, N. H. Auguſt 11, 1805. By Timothy Alden, jun. collegiate paſtor with the Rev. Samuel Haven, D. D. To which is added an appendix, containing a reſult of an eccleſiaſtical council, and a recommendation of Mr. Alden, unanimouſly voted by the church and congregation of the ſouth pariſh in Portſmouth. Portſmouth. W. & D. Treadwell, 1805.

Diſcourſes by Rev. Abner Kneeland. Walpole, N. H.

NEW EDITIONS.

The 1ſt volume of the Collections of the Maſſachuſetts Hiſtorical Society, re-printed. Boſton. Munroe & Francis. 8vo. pp. 288.

Volume 1ſt of Anquetil's univerſal hiſtory, exhibiting the riſe, decline, and revolution of all the nations of the world. Price to ſubſcribers bound 2,25; in boards 2 dollars. Philadelphia. Caleb P. Wayne.

A northern ſummer, or travels round the Baltick, &c. by John Carr, Eſq. author of the ſtranger in France. In 1 vol. 8vo. Fine paper. Philadelphia, Samuel F. Bradford. 1805.

The ſtranger in France, or a tour from Devonſhire to Paris, by John Carr, Eſq. Baltimore, G. Hill.

Phyſician's Vade Mecum, being a compendium of noſology and therapeuticks for the uſe of ſtudents, by Rev. Joſeph Townſend, author of the Guide to Health. Boſton. E. Cotton. 1805.

A conciſe introduction to practical arithmetick; in which all the rules that occur in common buſineſs are applied to federal currency. Deſigned for the

uſe of ſchools in the United States. By Samuel Temple. Sixth edition. Boſton. Samuel Hall. 1805.

A ſequel to the Engliſh Reader; or elegant ſelections in proſe and verſe. A new and improved edition. New York. Collins, Perkins, & Co.

The Newengland ſpellingbook. Calculated for common uſe among children of both ſexes in the Newengland ſtates. Upon the ſame ſcheme, as to pronunciation, as Perry's; attempting, however, material improvements, by arranging the work in proper order for the pupil. By John Fiſke, A.M. Brookfield. Merriam & Co. 1805.

The excellency of Chriſt. A ſermon on Revelations, v. 5, 6. By Jonathan Edwards, D.D. late preſident of the College in New-Jerſey. Boſton. E. Lincoln. 1805. 12mo. pp 36.

The life of God in the ſoul of man, or the nature and excellency of the Chriſtian religion. By Henry Scougal, A. M. Boſton. Caleb Bingham. 1805.

IN THE PRESS.

The 2d volume American annals, by Abiel Holmes, D.D. Cambridge.

Sidney on government. 2 vols. 8vo. Philadelphia. Wayne.

Montague on the riſe and fall of the ancient republicks. Philadelphia.

The hiſtory of the life and achievements of Victor Moreau, including his trial, juſtification, and other events, till the period of his embarkation for the United States. Tranſlated from the French. Price in boards 1 dol.; 1,25 bound. David Weſt, Boſton; Thomas Clark, Portland.

Glover's Leonidas, with an elegant frontiſpiece, in 1 vol. Philadelphia. Caleb P. Wayne.

Pope's Homer's Iliad, 2 vols. 18mo. Boſton. Edward Cotton.

The Sabbath, a poem. 12mo. Fine paper. Boſton. David and John Weſt.

Paley's view of the evidences of Chriſtianity. 8vo. John Weſt.

Vincent's explanation of the Aſſembly's Shorter Catechiſm. Northampton. Butler.

The ſeaman's preacher, conſiſting of nine ſhort diſcourſes on Jonah's voyage, addreſſed to mariners. By Rev. James Ryther, miniſter at Wapping, England. —Cambridge. Hilliard.

Village Sermons; or plain and ſhort diſcourſes on the principal doctrines of the goſpel; intended for the uſe of families, ſunday ſchools, or companies aſſembled for religious inſtruction. By George Burder. Boſton. E. Lincoln. 12mo.

PROPOSED TO BE PUBLISHED.

A geographical deſcription of the ſtate of Pennſylvania. By Joſeph Scott, 1 vol. Philadelphia.

A northern ſummer, or travels round the Baltick, through Denmark, Sweden, Ruſſia, Pruſſia, and part of Germany, in the year 1804. By John Carr, Eſq. author of the Stranger in France. 12mo, pp. 400, fine paper. Price 1,25 bound. Hartford, Lincoln and Gleaſon.

The hurt that ſin doth to believers: to which is added an entreaty to all thoſe who name the name of Chriſt to depart from iniquity. By Nathaniel McIntire. pp 50. Price to ſubſcribers 25 cents. Boſton.

DEATHS IN BOSTON

From Nov. 29 to Dec. 30, as reported to the Board of Health.

Apoplexy	8		
Child bed		1	
Cholera infantum			2
Conſumption	2	7	
Dropſy		1	
Fever, nervous	3	1	
——, bilious		1	
Fit		1	
Infan. compl.			6
Jaundice		1	
Old age	3	2	
Palſy		1	
Unknown	3	2	
Total	13	18	8

STATEMENT OF DISEASES

FOR DECEMBER.

This month has been ſo healthy, that it is difficult to mark any prevalent diſeaſe. Some caſes of the milder typhus have been ſeen; ſome of pneumonick affections, both chronick and acute. The latter have been rather of the peripneumonick form, and in ſome inſtances fatal. This month ripens thoſe chronick diſeaſes of the lungs, the ſeeds

of which have been long ſown in the conſtitution. Rheumatiſm ſeems to have been leſs common than uſual at the ſeaſon; this is the more remarkable, becauſe the changes of the weather have been moſt uncommonly ſudden and frequent.

The cold weather preſents us more caſes of fractured bones, than the warm ſeaſon in general.

Many inſtances of vaccination, in this town, have not come to our knowledge. But we ſhall not ſpeak confidently on this ſubject, as by a letter from an eminent vaccinator in the neighbourhood of Boſton, we are informed that he had fifty one caſes during the month of November. He has not however told us how many he has inoculated this month; a circumſtance to be regretted, for we ſhould be glad to have his returns monthly, to aſſiſt in forming the general eſtimate.

NOTES BY THE EDITORS.

WITH this number we cloſe the ſecond volume of the Anthology. We diſmiſs it from our hands with neither pride nor depreſſion; with tranquillity, though not with indifference. The work, which it has been the amuſement of ſo many idle hours to adorn, we doubtleſs regard with ſome affection; but we have enough either of philoſophy or nonchalance, not to murmur if the world ſhould be leſs fond of it than ourſelves. We well know too, that if all our wiſhes ſhould be gratified, the writers of a magazine can have erected no very lofty or imperiſhable monument. We ſhall not therefore repine if we ſhould be unable like Horace and Ovid to laugh at the corroſion of time; nor ſhall we join the lamentation of Cicero, though our fame ſhould be circumſcribed by even narrower limits than the ſtream of the Ganges and the cliffs of Caucaſus.

If this volume is in any degree, what we have wiſhed to make it, it will be conſidered as a contribution to good literature and good principles. We have endeavoured to add ſomething to the general ſtock of innocent gaiety; ſomething to the improvement of the literature of our country, and ſomething to the revival and diffuſion of undefiled taſte. We claim at leaſt the praiſe of good feelings and good intentions. If it be ſaid that our obſervations have ſometimes been tinged with ſeverity, it is becauſe it is our belief, that the diſorders of American literature are to be cured by cauſticks and the lancet, and that palliatives and gentle remedies will only film over and conceal the diſeaſe, till its virulence is confirmed and diffuſed throughout the ſyſtem. It is true we have occaſionally given ourſelves ſome license. We have told ſome truth without much mercy, and called things by their names without much paraphraſis. But

> Je ne puis rien nommer, ſi ce n'eſt par ſon nom,
> J'appelle un chat, un chat. * * * * * *

We venture not however to ſay, that we have not written quædam acriter et quædam cum bile; but we ſay and we feel, that our criticiſm has not been embittered by perſonal rancour, and that we have not ſheltered ourſelves behind the ſhield of inviſibility in order to caſt with impunity the poiſoned weapons of diſhonourable warfare.

Most of the difficulties, which we felt at the commencement of the year, we have succeeded in overcoming, and have had the satisfaction of seeing the names of our subscribers doubled within that period. There is one however, which we have been unable to conquer. Our predecessors have been uniformly favourites of the ladies, while we have received from them only frowns and neglect. So, alas! it must continue to be. If they are grave, we cannot recal their smiles by tales of love or commentaries on fashions; if they are weary, we cannot reanimate attention by the liveliness of the acrostick, or the mysteries of the rebus; if they turn from us, we cannot allure them to return by the raptures of sensibility, or the musick of scandal. We can hope for no patronage from the divinities of the country for none of us have talents

> To sport with Amaryllis in the shade
> Or with the tangles of Neæra's hair;

nor can we have more ardent expectations from the belles of the city; for all our phizzes are too hopelessly ugly to be moulded into a simper, or tortured into an ogle.

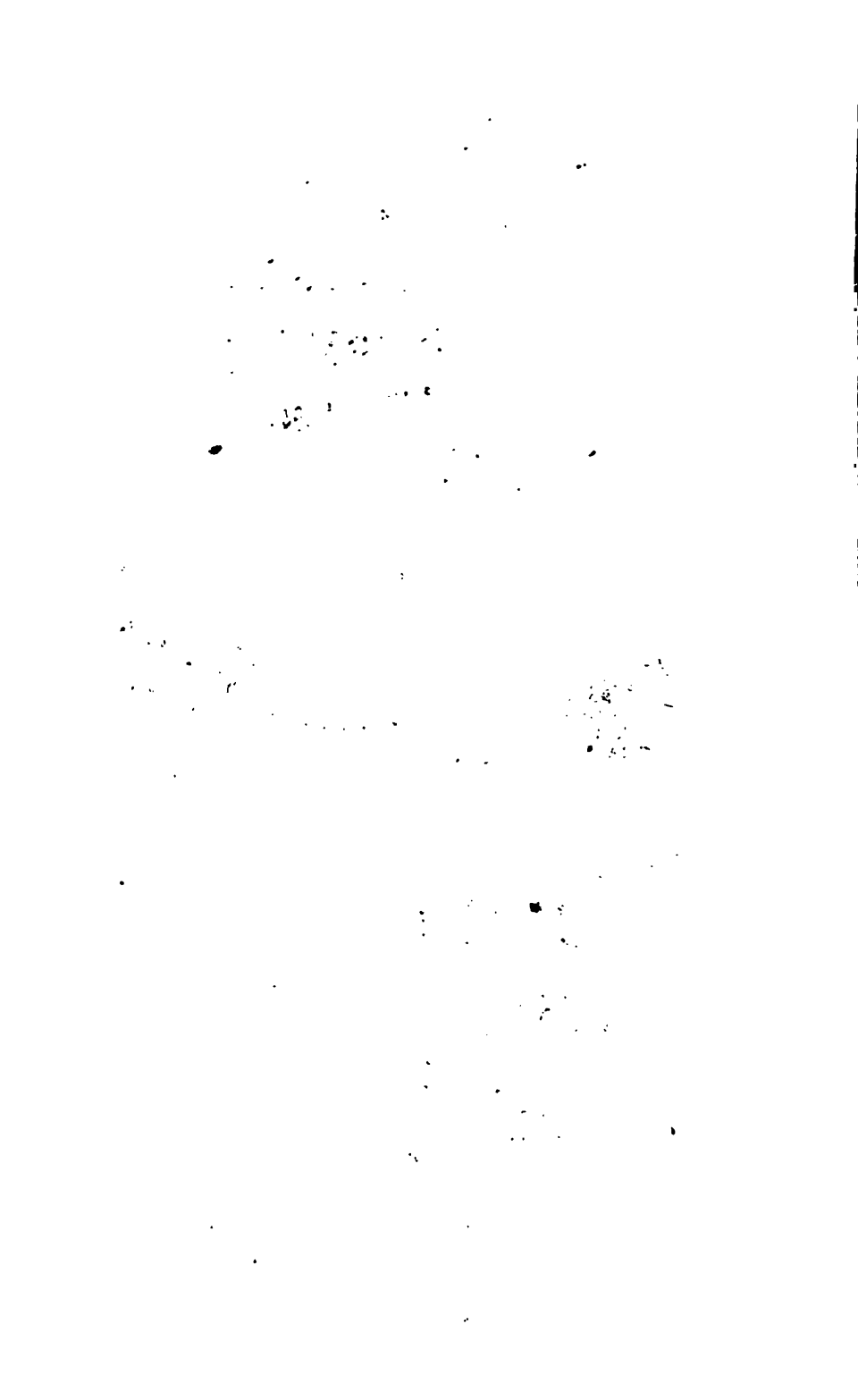
Seriously however. It is our pride and our praise that we have never sought patronage by making our work popular and insipid; that we have never sought the praise of any one who does not relish manly thinking and manly literature. We shall go on therefore with cheerfulness in the course we have begun; satisfied with the patronage with which we are already honoured; patronage from sources, which we must be indeed proud to think we merit. In order however to make our work more worthy their encouragement, we begin our new volume with augmented resources, and its size greatly enlarged.

Before however we commence a new year it is our duty to declare, that the object of our work is, and ever has been, EXCLUSIVELY LITERARY. On the solemn and awful mysteries of some of the subjects of theology, many of us are unqualified to judge, and on them all of us hesitate presumptuously to decide. We feel ourselves therefore pledged to the support of no system, and when any theological work passes under our examination, it will only be in the regular survey of the literature of our country. We reject too and disdain the accusation that the person or the opinions of any individual are the objects of our persecution; and if any man thinks thus of us, let him be told, that he exalts himself into an importance which we never dreamed of giving either to his talents, or his influence.

In order to finish the play of Calidas in the present number, we give eight additional pages. This, with the Index, has swelled the number to an unusual size, and will be an apology for the want of the usual punctilious regularity which we endeavour to observe.

We are unwillingly constrained to postpone the description of the falls of Niagara to the number for January.

The causes will be obvious, which make the Review in the present number more scanty than usual. We are compelled with regret to exclude reviews of the Transactions of the American Academy, of the Report of Judge Chase's trial, of the life of Dr. Johnson, &c. which our more enlarged limits the next year will enable us to present to the publick.



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